

Route No. 1.
Willie Lusche commenced plowing Monday.
Miss May Reed visited from Saturday until Monday at Valley with Miss Inez Beck.
John Osborn has moved into Columbus and Dan Martley of Dodge county moves on to the old sheep ranch.
Carrier No. 1 is again serving patrons on that portion of the route he was compelled to abandon during the winter.

Route No. 4.
A party of the young folks gathered at the home of Carl Mayberger last Friday evening and enjoyed a very pleasant time.
Mrs. Carl Mayberger was called to Denver last week on account of the serious sickness of her sister, Mrs. John Nordor.
H. T. Phillips moved from the Sheldon farm to the Freeman place, where he will live until he goes to Canada, in about a month.
Chas Gossman moved on to the Gentlemen farm, near Platte Center, which he purchased recently, and Adolph Schiltz moves on to the Gossman farm.
Mrs. Olive Cooper, who has been visiting friends and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dadds, for the last two months, leaves Friday for her home at Monaco, Penn.

Advertised Letters.
Following is a list of unclaimed mail matter remaining in the post office at Columbus, Nebraska, for the period ending March 9, 1910:
Letters—Forest Anderson, Mrs. C. Davidson, A. K. Henney, Eulman Jones, F. H. King, George Kimbrough.
Cards—Denny Calloun, Albert Elise, Johann Hegele, Mrs. August Meier, Mrs. E. E. Harris, Mrs. G. O. Smith.
Parties calling for any of the above will please say advertised.

Hard to Kill.
The Hawaiian Islands have always been famed for their freedom from snakes. People and animals could wander with impunity through valleys and over hills and mountains. An importation arrived on the steamship Alameda from California that might have put an end to such delightful serenity. This was the arrival of three slimy boxes containing fourteen large living snakes, five of them rattlers. Under a rule such animals arriving in the territory of Hawaii are ordered to be immediately destroyed or deported. "In the destruction of these snakes," says the narrator, "we had a surprising experience. I placed the boxes in one of our fumigating chambers and applied a charge of double density of hydrocyanic acid gas. The snakes were still alive at the end of fifteen minutes, whereas if they had been warm blooded animals they would have succumbed in a less number of seconds. They were again shut up, and a quadruple charge of the same deadly gas was administered. At the end of one hour and a half the fumigator was opened, and several of the snakes still showed signs of life. We then immersed them in 95 per cent alcohol. That soon put an end to their venomous existence."—Youth's Companion.

Well Placed Generosity.
In 1853 Liszt went on a tour in the French provinces. He arrived at the little town of L. to give a concert, as announced. But the inhabitants appeared to take but little interest in musical matters, for when the music found its way to the platform, he found himself face to face with an audience numbering exactly seven persons. Liszt stepped very calmly to the front, and, bowing respectfully to the array of empty benches, he delivered himself as follows:
"Ladies and gentlemen, I feel extremely flattered by your presence here this evening, but this room is not at all suitable; the air is literally stifling. Will you be good enough to accompany me to my hotel, where I will have the piano conveyed? We shall be quite comfortable there, and I will go through the whole of my program."
The offer was unanimously accepted, and Liszt treated his guests not only to a splendid concert, but an excellent supper into the bargain. Next day when the illustrious virtuoso appeared to give his second concert the hall was not large enough to contain the crowd which claimed admittance.

The Diagnosis.
The disastrous results of interference by relatives in the course of courtships was well exemplified in the case of a young Baltimore couple not long ago. When it became generally known that the affair was an end, "What was the trouble, Jack?" an intimate friend asked the youth, who, by the way, is a recent medical graduate.
"Well, as it was nothing relating to Nau personally, I don't know why I shouldn't tell you," he replied, with a sigh.
"I suppose it was some outside influence—you seemed to fairly dote on her," the friend commented.
"I did," the dejected lover replied. "She is the sweetest little girl in the world, but terribly fond of her relatives. Her old maid aunt from Kansas came along the other day and announced that she was going to live with us after we were married, and—well she proved an antidote."—Detroit Free Press.

The Chinese Way.
In its wars with England and France in 1840-60 China was easily conquered and forced to a humiliating peace. The Peking Gazette, the official organ of the government, however, reported the following concerning that treaty of peace:
"As the western barbarians have admitted their wrongs and humbly solicited for peace, the emperor in his infinite goodness has granted their prayer and, moreover, has made them a present of a large sum of money (indemnity of war) to enable them to begin an honest life, so that they may not again be driven to murder and rapine."

The Crush.
It was at an afternoon tea, with the usual musical accompaniment. The man's man had been literally dragged there, an unwilling victim, by a zealous friend who liked afternoon teas with a musical accompaniment. Needless to say, the zealous friend was a ladies' man.
The man's man was very unhappy. He had sukked and had positively refused to be introduced to the bevy of charming girls presiding at the tea tables, much to the chagrin of the ladies' man, who naturally couldn't understand the attitude of the man's man. It was inexorable, from his point of view. But a ray of hope glimmered in his breast when the man's man rushed up to him, exclaiming: "I say, old fellow, introduce me to the fat lady sitting over in the corner, will you?"
The eyes of the ladies' man glistened.
"With the greatest of pleasure," he cried. "Have you got a crush on her?"
"No," replied the man's man savagely. "I should say it was quite the other way. She's sitting on my hat!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Saw More Lights.
In one of the hotels recently some new electric lights were put in use in a decorative way. A young man who lives on the hill happened in during the evening and noticed the lights.
"They're very nice," he said to the head waiter, "but why didn't you put up more?"
The head waiter, knowing the young man's fondness for articles enumerated on the wine list, replied, "I think you'll see more of them before you leave, Mr. So-and-so."
The young man remained in the cafe a couple of hours and imbibed rather freely of liquid refreshments. When he got ready to leave he sought the head waiter.
"Much obliged to you," he said. "Did you put the extra ones in for me?"
"Certainly," replied the head waiter, bowing.
The young man left the hotel feeling greatly honored.—Denver Post.

Suppressing Swearing.
Profane as well as legal oaths have been the subject of many parliamentary measures in England. No fewer than five separate bills having the prevention of swearing for their object were presented during the reign of James I., but it was not until 1623 that an enactment was finally carried defining and controlling the offense. In 1625 a public department was established to collect the fines enforced by this law. The officials of this department, of whom one was appointed in every parish, were allowed 2s. 6d. in the pound on the money thus collected, and the balance was paid over to the bishop for the benefit of the deserving poor. These penalties ceased to be enforced after the restoration, but were revived by a statute of William and Mary and still further increased under George II.—London Scraps.

Fire.
Max Beerholm's book "Yet Again" opens with the essay on "Fire."
"Fire in my grate," he writes, "is as terrible a thing as when it lit by my ancestors night after night at the mouths of their caves to scare away the ancestors of my dog. And my dog regards it with the old wonder and misgiving. Even in his sleep he opens ever and again one eye to see that we are in no danger. And the fire glowers and roars through its bars at him with the scorn that a wild beast must needs have for a tame one. 'You are free,' it rages, 'and yet you do not spring at that man's throat and tear him limb from limb and make a meal of him.' And, gazing at me, it flicks its red lips, and I, laughing good humoredly, rise and give the monster a shoveful of its proper food, which it leaps at and noisily devours."
The First Pantomime.
The first pantomime introduced to the English stage was "Tavern Bilkers" and was by John Weaver. This was in the year 1702. It was produced at Drury Lane. The great instructor of pantomime in England was, however, John Rice, who devised this form of entertainment in 1717. His first emphatic success was in 1724, when he produced "The Necromancer; or, History of Dr. Faustus." So successful was Rice with his pantomimes that Garrick, Quin and others became exasperated. Rice lived to see pantomimes firmly established at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He died in 1761.—London Stage.

Not a Bouncer.
"Mother," said a six-year-old hopeful, "isn't it funny that everybody calls little brother a bouncer baby?"
"Why do you think it's funny, Willie?" remarked his mother.
"Because when I dropped him on the floor this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He only hollered."
A Mean Suggestion.
Pierrot—the only way for a man to understand women is to get married. Pierrette—And study the ways of his wife, eh? Pierrot—No. Listen to what she tells him about the other women.

The Spenders.
"How are you getting along, Jones, since you got married? Saving any money?"
"Yes, but for heaven's sake don't tell my wife."—Judge's Library.
Descriptive.
"Is he broke?"
"Broke! Why, his assets rattle around in his liabilities like a pea in a coal bucket."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
Couldn't Walk.
Wife—You told me the other day we must avoid all luxuries and confine ourselves to absolute necessities only. Hubby—That's so, my dear. Wife—Well, last night you came home from the club in a cab. Hubby—Yes, but that was an absolute necessity.—Fliegende Blatter.
Not an Earthquake.
Mrs. Houser (hearing tremendous noise in the kitchen)—Great goodness, Jane, what was that, an earthquake shock? Jane (calmly picking up the pieces of glass)—No, mum; only a little jar.

NORTH Theatre
Monday, March 14
Weekly return of the
WM. GREW PLAYERS
in the great farce comedy
"Is Marriage a Failure?"
Popular Prices 25c, 35c, 50c
Come out if you want to Laugh

COMING
"Polly of the Circus"
Thursday, March 14
The Girl from the Golden West
Saturday, March 26

Music Writing Made Easy.
Miss Salk was in the eighteenth century the most accomplished and fascinating balletuse at the famous French Opera. In addition to her other qualifications, she played and sang with extraordinary artistic skill and depth of expression. She once confided to Rameau, the noted musician, that her ardent wish was to be able to compose and asked him to give her a few lessons in the art. "Nothing easier in the world," Rameau gallantly replied. He handed her a sheet of paper ruled for music and asked her to take her valuable breastpin and prick holes in the lines wherever she thought proper. After the lady had completed her task Rameau took the sheet of paper, turned each puncture into a note, determined its length, selected a suitable key, and the thing was done. This remarkable composition turned out a lively piece of dance music, which was afterward entitled "Les Sauvages Dans les Indes Galantes" and was popular in France for a great number of years.
Macaulay as a Child.
Thomas Babington Macaulay should perhaps have ranked with the universal geniuses, but it is true that his precocious gift was largely in the direction of literature. He read incessantly from the age of three. At seven he had composed a very fair compendium of universal history from the creation to 1800. At eight he had written a treatise destined to convert the natives of Malabar to Christianity. As a recreation from this weighty work he wrote in the same year a romance in the style of Scott in three cantos, entitled "The Battle of Cheval." A little later came a long poem on the history of Olaf Magnus and a vast pile of blank verse entitled "Finlay—a Poem in Twelve Books." But he disliked mathematics and did not pass his examinations in that subject, thus standing out among all child prodigies. His memory was such that he literally never could forget anything and after twenty years could repeat bits of poetry read only once.

Her One Wish.
The wandering peddler stopped at the southern cabin and opened his pack.
"Mammy, let me show you some self raising umbrellas," he began.
"No use, man, no use," interrupted the old colored woman as she busied herself about the pot of clothes.
"Cyant use nuffin lak dat."
"How about self raising window shades?"
"No good heal, kase deh alit no windows with talkin' about."
"Self raising buckheat?"
"No good to me—we eat cohn pone. But, mister?"
"Well, mammy?"
"If you'll tell me how to tuh dese heal fohteen had chillun into self raising picaninules Ah'll be yo' friend for life, dat Ah will, saa."—Chicago News.

Spirit Rock.
A memorial to an explorer is that in honor of Jean Nicolet at Menasha, Wis. It is a huge boulder of Wisconsin Manitowish stone, known as "spirit rock," and is mounted on a plain pyramid of sandstone twelve feet high. An inscription relates that Nicolet the first white man in Wisconsin and that he met the Winnebago tribe and held the earliest white council with 5,000 of its braves. The monument was erected by the city of Menasha and women's clubs of that place.

Winning Her Papa.
She—When you go to ask papa the first thing he will do will be to accuse you of seeking my hand merely to become his son-in-law.
He—Yes? And then—
"And then you must agree with him. He's a lot prouder of himself than he is of me."

The Tail of a Fish.
A fish's tail is its wings. Owing to the machinery of muscle set along its spine and to its clearing form a trout or salmon can dart through the water at a tremendous pace, though its rapid flights, unlike the bird's, are not long ones. It is soon tired. The water is not so friendly to flight as the air. The stroke of the fish's tail is one of great power, and by means of it and the writhing, snakelike flexion of the body a high speed is reached. The strength behind this speed is shown in the way a fish or sea mammal out of the water will raise its tail and strike the ground or boat.

Roundsabout Bribery.
At one old time British election a candidate won by means of an umbrella. Sheer absence of mind caused him to leave the game behind at every house at which he called to canvass, and of course when it was returned by the voter a sovereign was only a suitable reward for honesty.
Impatience.
"Impatience," said Uncle Eben, "is generally de feelin' you has when you wants somebody else to hurry an' make up foh de time you's been wastin'."—Washington Star.
Just the Other Way.
"Did you ever hear Gaddy say anything particular about me?"
"No. He never was very particular what he said about you."
To ply distillie to men; to reheve it is godlike.—Mann.
John and the Franchise.
A woman suffrage lecturer in England recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"
A Real Regret.
Editor—I am obliged to decline your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but—Poet—But what? Editor—The management insists upon my declining all poems that way.

The "Long" Sitze.
The Sitze family was long in person, long drawn out in speech and eternally long about doing things. Over miles of pine hills they were known as the "long" Sitzes. Miss Lydia, the eldest, went to a crossroads store to buy Christmas presents. In the course of a half hour she became interested in some blue and scarlet petticoats. "I'll take one of these petticoats," she said, slowly counting out the price.
The busy proprietor wrapped up the parcel and handed it over with a polite "Something else?"
"I'll take another petticoat."
He did up a second bundle, took her carefully counted money and was turning to the next impatient customer.
"I'll take another petticoat," came the slow drawl.
This went on to the seventh time. The man, being up to his ears in work, ventured a question:
"Buying for the neighborhood, Miss Lydia?"
"I'm buying two apiece for my sisters."
"How many sisters have you?"
"Nine."—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Cut the Ace.
The greatest delight of Pat Sheedy, according to a friend of the famous gambler, was to "double cross" the crooked card sharks.
"Sheedy once strolled into a tough gambling resort in the west where he was not known and stood watching the games," the friend relates. "One of the dealers was 'spelling' to several countrymen and had about convinced them to take a chance at his game."
"I'll bet you 2 to 1 that I can shuffle the deck and cut the ace of hearts the first time," he announced.
"I'll take \$50 of that if you'll let me shuffle the cards," Pat said.
"The dealer agreed, and the money was staked. The countrymen also made small bets.
"Are you satisfied?" the dealer asked when the cards were shuffled. The proposition is that I am to cut the ace of hearts the first cut."
"Every one agreed. Then the dealer—he was a tough one—whipped out a half hunting knife and slashed the deck in two. But he didn't take the money. Sheedy had palmed the ace of hearts while shuffling the cards."

Our Safety Valves.
The invention of the safety valve for steam engines has saved thousands of lives and millions of dollars in property. It is an invention that stands prominently to the front in this age of mechanical progress. But nature supplied us each with a safety valve which for effectiveness works better than any made by man. If we did not have this safety valve we could not live twenty-four hours. This safety valve is the perspirative, or sweat, gland, and to make sure that we should not run short of the supply she has furnished the body with some two and a half millions of them. If our temperature rose 7 or 8 degrees we should die within a few hours, and yet we could not run, row, indulge in any athletic exercises or even walk safely any distance without increasing our temperature to the danger point if we had no safety valve provided so ingeniously by nature.
Paddy's Cat.
An Irishman fresh from the "ould sod" secured a job with a lumbering crew in the Minnesota woods. While sound asleep in his bunk one night a lynx slipped in at the open window, espied Paddy's brindle whiskers and promptly pounced on its supposed enemy. A terrific contest ensued, during which Paddy's clothing was reduced to ribbons, but ending happily when the brawny son of Erin secured a half nelson on the beast and heaved it bodily through the window.
He was instantly surrounded by a score of excited and admiring workmen. After examining him slowly and remarking with distinct emphasis: "Behold, if I knew th' dom mon that owned that cat I'd be after rammin' me fist down th' throat av 'im—I wud that!"—Judge's Library.

A Fish With Teeth on His Tongue.
The biggest of fresh water fishes, the "arapaima" of the Amazon, in South America, which grows to six feet in length, has teeth on its tongue, so that the latter resembles the file and is used as such. Some kinds of trout also have the same peculiarity. Fishes that swallow their prey entire have their teeth so supported on scabbled bases as to bend backward, but pot forward, in order that their victims shall not escape after they have been once seized. In ages gone by there were ferocious sharks, seventy feet in length, such as would make a mouthful of you without blinking. Plenty of their teeth have been found which are five inches long, whereas the biggest of the teeth belonging to sharks that exist at the present day are one and a half inches long. Speaking of extinct creatures reminds us that all of the early birds—those of early geological times, that is—had teeth, with which they captured the early worms of the same period. It is natural that they should possess a dental equipment, but when they ceased to be carnivorous they had no teeth any longer.
Dumas' Wealth and Poverty.
Alexandre Dumas' rise to wealth and luxury was almost as marvelous as that of his most celebrated hero. He built a magnificent chateau, which he named Monte Christo. There he entertained all comers, friend and stranger alike, with more than oriental magnificence and sometimes with oriental mystery. His purse was open to all who sought it, and the day came when he experienced Timon's fate without acquiring Timon's disposition. He could not become a misanthrope, though his fortune disappeared almost as suddenly as it came, and then he learned the ingratitude of men. His last days were passed not in poverty, but in narrow circumstances. He left Paris in the fall of 1870 just as the German army was closing in to besiege it and when France was feeling its deepest woe. To the last he preserved his gayety and youthful spirit. "I had but one napoleon in my pocket when I first came here," he said. "I got away with two, and yet they call me a spendthrift!"

SPRING OPENING

On account of an early Easter this year, and the fact that we were so illy prepared to accommodate you last fall, we have doubled our force and made extra effort to meet your expectations this spring.

Our experience has convinced us that the best is none too good for the ladies of Columbus; so we not only continue our former management, but have greatly improved and enlarged our corps of assistants.

STYLE AND PRICE: It has been our special aim to supply copies of the high class importations and exclusive designs, which command prices far beyond our means or needs, by combining material and artistic workmanship, that distinguish them from the commonplace, and at the same time bring the price within the reach of all.

To accomplish this we have visited and searched all the principal markets and have studied the new designs with pains taking details, until we feel justified in announcing that we have succeeded beyond our expectations.

There is a great variety of styles, so that one can be artistically fitted, but all have that new unique air peculiar to the latest fashion.

Our \$3 to \$5 hats are beauties—from \$5 to \$10 they are "stunning," while above \$10 they are exclusive designs or close imitations of originals costing five to ten times our price, and all have that chic appearance that is always conspicuous and distinguishes the high class article from inferior work.

Our "Opening Days" will be Thursday and Friday, March 17-18

H. H. STIRES, Union Block

Pigeon Whistles of Pekin.
The smallest musical instruments in the world are the pigeon whistles of Pekin. They are made of thinnest bamboo and tiny gourds scraped to paper-like delicacy and fastened beneath the tail feathers of the carrier pigeons. As the birds fly through the air these instruments emit a weird aeolian melody like the harps of fairyland. Every morning and afternoon the result of Pekin's sky is swept by these sweet, mournful notes as the birds fly to and fro, carrying messages to the bankers, the merchants, the lawyers, invitations, letters, stock quotations, a system older than the telegraph or telephone or the oldest letter service, as old as time itself. There are some twenty different kinds of pigeon whistles, some of them simple bamboo tubes with but one top and some as elaborately constructed as miniature organ pipes. They are all of featherweight lightness and when held in the hand and swept through the air emit the same delicate whistling notes as when borne through the upper atmosphere by the carrier pigeons.

A Collector's Bargain.
Lord Spencer of Althorp, one of the greatest of book collectors, was at home only in his own field. One day in browsing about Bond street, London, he went into the shop of a dealer in bric-a-brac. The dealer, who knew him by sight, said persuasively:
"Here is a fine bit of pottery which your lordship really ought to have, and you shall have it very cheap—only 2 guineas."
So Lord Spencer bought it and took it home and set it in a high place. One day a connoisseur of china paid him a visit, and Lord Spencer showed his bargain.
"What did you give for it?" asked the connoisseur.
"Two guineas," answered Spencer rather proudly.
"If I'm" said the connoisseur. "At that price the marmalade should have been included."
"What do you mean?"
"Why, that precious piece of yours is nothing more or less than a shilling marmalade pot with a green tiling painted on it."

Another Kind of Walk.
Ethel did not rush into his arms and cry "Oh, Cuthbert!" as usual. When he was ushered into the drawing room she gave him the frigid eye, and the gas was kept on at full pressure.
"I've been studying pedomaney, Cuthbert," she announced.
"Pedomaney, pet?"
"Divination by the feet," she explained. "Feet that incline to fatness are a sign of meanness, Cuthbert." Cuthbert looked down at his No. 10 tans and sighed.
"A hurried yet silent walk," she continued, "is indicative of criminal instincts. Your walk is so hurried, so noiseless, Cuthbert."
"You are speaking of only one of my styles of walking, Ethel," he answered brightly. "I have another. I used it this afternoon to walk into a jeweler's shop and buy a \$150 engagement ring that I had hoped—"
"Oh, Cuthbert!" she cried, and the next minute the pedomaney expert and a spray footed youth were crowded into one middle-aged chair, and the gas was turned down into a little blue bubble.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Diplomatic Official.
During the reign of Emperor Napoleon III, he and the empress visited Normandy and had arranged to spend a couple of days at Evreux. M. Janvier de la Monte, who was the prefect, learned that the revolutionaries intended to hiss the sovereigns as they passed, and so he summoned the leaders of the movement and told them that he knew of their plot. "If you carry out your plan," said he to them, "you will get six months in prison. If you do not your friends will accuse you of cowardice and treason. As a way out of the difficulty I propose to lock you up at once until the emperor has gone. The conspirators accepted the terms offered them, and so the emperor was greeted only by cheers, as the revolutionaries, frightened at the arrest of their chiefs, had not dared to utter a sound. After the emperor and empress had gone the prefect went in person to release his prisoners, who had had such a pleasant time that they greeted him with cries of "Long live the prefect!" to which M. Janvier de la Monte, who was a man of wit, replied, "My friends, do not overdo it."

The Sting of Ingratitude.
A young physician in the east side, New York city, spends much time in charitable practice, such as the Newark Star. In fact, he sometimes gives to a poor patient enough money to pay for prescriptions. "I'm not getting rich," he explains, "but I simply can't see them suffer for medicines that may put them on their feet again."
Not many days ago the doctor had occasion to visit a woman who occupied one small tenement room with her three children. After making out a prescription he gave her \$2, telling her to buy the medicine and to use the change for needed food. On the following day as he was about to enter the tenement for a second call to meet the ten-year-old daughter of the patient.
"How is your mother?" he inquired of the child.
"Oh, she's all well!" was the answer. "She took the \$2 and got a real doctor."
When to Stop Advertising.
An English journal requested a number of the largest advertisers to give their opinions concerning the best time to stop advertising, and the following replies were received:
When the population ceases to multiply and the generation that crowded on after you and never heard of you stops coming on.
When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else.
When you stop making fortunes solely through the direct use of this mighty agent.
When younger and fresher houses in your line cease starting up.
When you would rather have your own way and fall than take advice and win.—Nashville American.

Very Devout.
A new parson was presented to a living in a remote agricultural district and was anxious to make himself at home with his flock as soon as possible. He therefore began his pastoral calls at once. Among the first recipients of these attentions was Farmer Jones, whose family the new parson had noticed to be very regular and apparently very devout attendants at church. Farmer Jones was out, but his wife received the parson, when the following dialogue took place: "I am your new rector, Mrs. Jones. I have noticed with great pleasure your regular attendance at church and have lost as little time as possible, you see, in calling and improving our acquaintance." "Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Jones; "we're 'bliged to be regular at church, for if we didn't go Farmer Smith claims that pew, and we're not gonn' to give it up for the likes of him. So my son Peter stands at the door half an hour before service begins to keep 'im out."—Liverpool Mercury.

Big Hats in Colonial Days.
The question of high hats at public places was of some moment, even in colonial days. In 1789 the church at Andover, Mass., put it to vote whether "the parish disapprove of the female sex sitting with their hats on in the meeting house in time of divine service as being indecent." In the town of Abington in 1775 it was voted that it was "an indecent way with the female sex to sit with their hats and bonnets on in worshipping God." Still another town voted that it was the "town's mind" that the women should take their bonnets off in meeting and hang them on the pegs.
Too Costly.
King George II, once wished to add the Green park, in London, to his palace grounds, whether the people liked it or not. He inquired of his minister as to the cost.
His lordship, mindful of the general discontent then prevalent, answered: "The cost, sir? Oh, it would be a matter of three crowns!"
The king took the hint. The people kept their park and the sovereign his triple throne.
Merciful.
Mrs. A.—I do love lobsters, but I never have them at home because it seems so inhuman to kill them by putting them in a kettle of boiling water. Mrs. B.—Gracious! I never kill them that way—it would be too horrible. I always put them on in cold water and let them come to a boil.—Boston Transcript.
A Joker Among Birds.
The bluejay is a practical joker. It is his habit to conceal himself in a mass of leaves near the spot where small birds are accustomed to gather and when they are enjoying themselves in their own fashion to suddenly frighten them almost to death by screaming out like a hawk. Of course they scatter in every direction, and when they do so the mischievous rascal gives vent to a cackle that sounds very much like a laugh.
The Real Test.
"My husband is the kindest man—lets baby break his watch or pull his mustache and never scolds it at all."
"But did the baby ever get hold of one of his pipes? That's the real test!"—Buffalo Express.



"Not a hole! Another week without darning."
It's an Iron Clad that's why.

Ask for Cooper Wells & Co.'s No. 99 and get stockings that not only look well and fit perfectly with no seams to annoy, but which give remarkable service. We recommend them.

J. H. GALLEY
505 Eleventh Street Columbus

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When you would rather have your own way and fall than take advice and win.—Nashville American.

Very Devout.
A new parson was presented to a living in a remote agricultural district and was anxious to make himself at home with his flock as soon as possible. He therefore began his pastoral calls at once. Among the first recipients of these attentions was Farmer Jones, whose family the new parson had noticed to be very regular and apparently very devout attendants at church. Farmer Jones was out, but his wife received the parson, when the following dialogue took place: "I am your new rector, Mrs. Jones. I have noticed with great pleasure your regular attendance at church and have lost as little time as possible, you see, in calling and improving our acquaintance." "Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Jones; "we're 'bliged to be regular at church, for if we didn't go Farmer Smith claims that pew, and we're not gonn' to give it up for the likes of him. So my son Peter stands at the door half an hour before service begins to keep 'im out."—Liverpool Mercury.