

If you're as careful in choosing your wearables as you ought to be, we know where you'll spend your money and what you'll spend it for. You'll buy our Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes; that's what you'll do; you'll know exactly what you're getting—all-wool cloth, best of tailoring, correct style and right fit.

And satisfaction guaranteed on everything you buy in this store

Suits \$15, \$20, \$25.

HART'S

One Price Clothing, Shoe and Hat House

COLUMBUS, NEB.

This store is the home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Route No. 1.

Nearly all the farmers on the route are planting corn.

Louis Wilken was hauling hogs to Columbus Tuesday.

Henry Buss shipped two cars of fat cattle to South Omaha Monday evening, returning Wednesday.

Miss Hulda Grutter of Loup City returned home last Saturday after a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. R. C. Schultz.

Route No. 4.

D. F. Donoghue shipped two cars of hogs to South Omaha Monday evening.

A number of the farmers on the route have been compelled to replant their potatoes.

A. Miksch was the first one on the route to commence planting corn, commencing May 3, and Ed Mayberger and Pius Poeschl were second.

Mrs. Mayberger is receiving a visit from her sister, Mrs. John Thauder of Denver, and her daughter, Mrs. John Powers of Colorado Springs, Colo.

Congregational Church.

The congregational church offers to the public the following services next Sunday to which you are invited: Sunday school 9:45; worship 11; Y. P. S. C. E. 7 p. m.; evening worship 8. Of the morning the pastor will speak from the subject "Christian Character the Basis of Divine Favor." Of the evening the following order of service will be followed:

- Organ prelude
- Gloria
- Invocation
- Hymn—Let Us Crown Him
- Hymn—He Will Hail Me
- Prayer
- Solo (selected)—Maurice Whitmoyer
- Announcements
- Dust (selected)—Mrs. Hoyle and Mrs. Greenwell
- Offertory
- Hymn—What a Friend We Have in Jesus
- Sermon—Investment of Friendship
- "Will There be any Stars in My Crown?"—Ohoir
- Benediction
- Postlude

WILLIAM L. DIBBLE, Pastor.

He Obeyed Orders.

Old world domestics make the best possible servants because they work like machines, never forgetting an order and doing exactly as they are told, without presuming to think for themselves. But once in awhile this literal adherence to duty produces some awkward results. An American woman living in India, with native servants, once told her butler to see that there was always a napkin at the bottom of the fruit dish, cake basket, etc., when these were brought to the table. The napkin was thereafter always seen in its place. But one day a tureen of vegetable soup was served, and the hostess began to wield the long, old-fashioned silver ladle about in it. Something very like a fringed rag made its appearance in the first plateful. The butler was summoned to replenish the dish. "I cannot be that the men said found no napkin at the bottom," he hazarded, much distressed because of this unexplained disappearance. "For I myself placed there the largest one I could find."

Queer Goldfish.

Beautiful and most interesting of all goldfish is a native of Japan, and it is noted for the beauty of its tail and the abnormal length of its fins. The tail resembles a delicate veil, and the fins are developed to such an extent that it is impossible for the fish to make rapid progress in the water. It is therefore solely on account of its beauty that it is prized and because in this respect it differs widely from other varieties of goldfish, such as the "telescope fish," the eyes of which bulge out of the head in most unsightly fashion; the "celestial eyed fish," which is also uncomely because its eyes are bullet shaped and are ever turned skyward, and the "egg fish," which is so called because its body is somewhat mottled, but resembles an egg more than anything else.

His Impartiality.

Lord Lansdowne once congratulated Lord Crewe on an eloquent speech in the house of lords. "I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention, not only on account of the importance of the subject, but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and his eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality." A pause. "Yes, until the last minute I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

Thoroughly Broken.

"Subter is a perfect husband." "I never heard he was so wonderful." "Well, every time he sees a mail box he feels in his pockets."—Buffalo Express.

There Was Fruit.

Jack—So your efforts to win the rich heiress were fruitless, eh? Tom—Fruitless! Oh, no! I got the lemon.—Boston Transcript.

A CHINESE STRATAGEM.

Legend of How a Projected Invasion Was Averted.

Rajah Suran, who was one of the earliest rulers of India, overran the entire east with the exception of China, killed innumerable sultans with his own hand and married all their daughters. It is said that when the Chinese heard of his triumphant progress and learned that he had reached their frontier they became much alarmed. The emperor called a council of his generals and mandarins, and upon the advice of a crafty old mandarin the following stratagem was carried out: A large ship was loaded with rusty nails, trees were planted on the deck, the vessel was manned by a numerous crew of old men and dispatched to the rajah's capital. When it arrived—the most wonderful part of the story is that it did arrive—the rajah sent an officer to ask how long it had taken the vessel to make the trip from China. The Chinaman answered that they had all been young men when they set sail and that on the voyage they had planted the seeds from which the great trees had grown. In corroboration of their story they pointed to the rusty nails which, they said, had been stung from bars as thick as a man's arm when they started. "You can see," they concluded, "that China must be a very long distance away."

The rajah was so much impressed by these plausible arguments that he concluded he would not live long enough to reach China and abandoned his projected invasion.

SNEEZING.

It Must Have Been a Violent Operation Before Jacob's Time.

"We frequently hear the expression 'God bless you!' uttered after someone has sneezed. The expression, if we can believe Clodd in his 'Childhood of the World,' dates back to the time of Jacob. We are told in Jewish literature that previous to his time men sneezed but once in a lifetime and that was the end of them, for the shock slew them. Jacob prevailed in prayer and had the fatality set aside on the condition that among all the nations a sneeze should be hallowed by the words 'God bless you!' In the 'Jataka,' one of the books of the Buddhist Scriptures, we read that the expression was, 'May the blessed Lord allow you to live!'

Buddha on one occasion while preaching to his disciples happened to sneeze. The priests gave vent to the exclamation, and Buddha lectured them for interrupting his discourse.

"If when a person sneezes," he asked, "and you say, 'May he live,' will he live the longer?"

"Certainly not," cried the priests.

"And if you do not say it will he die any sooner?"

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Then," said Buddha, "from this time forth if any one sneeze and a priest says 'May you live' he shall be guilty of a transgression."—London Spectator.

The Kind Caddis.

"Once in a game," said the golfer, "I had the good fortune to be six holes up on my opponent by the time the eighth hole was reached. At the eighth green something went wrong with our reckoning of the strokes, and I claimed that I had won that hole, too, while my opponent claimed that it was halved. After a mild dispute I yielded.

"But as I moved on with my caddy I couldn't help grumbling: 'Well, you know, Joseph, I gave in. But I still think I won that hole after all!'

"The boy, with a frown, turned shocked and reproving eyes on me. Disgusted with my greed for holes, he whispered hurriedly, so that my opponent should not overhear:

"Shut up, can't you? Do ye want to break the man's heart?"—Exchange.

Profane History.

"Pop," "Well, what is it now? If it's foolish question No. 9,697 I'll spank you and put you to bed."

"No, pop; I just want to know what is 'profane history,' eh? Well—it's just a term to distinguish it from sacred history."

"But why is it called profane, pop?" "How the—that is, how do I know? I suppose it—say, you know when little George Washington cut down his father's pet cherry tree?"

"Yes, pop." "Well, what little George's father said to little George is profane history. I should think you could get your lessons without bothering me with your fool questions."—New York Times.

Encouraging.

A Philadelphia corymbian tells of an incident in connection with his first visit to town in Pennsylvania, where he expected to be called as pastor.

While tramping along a dusty road he was so fortunate as to encounter a man in a wagon who gave him a lift. During the conversation that ensued between the two the divine thanced to ask:

"Do the folks hereabout enjoy religion?" "I don't know exactly," replied his companion, "but I s'pose that them that has it enjoys it."

His Angel.

Miss Rogers—How did you imagine anything so beautiful as the angel in your picture? Artist—Got an engaged man to describe his fiancée to me.—Brooklyn Life.

Avarice is to the intellect and heart what sensuality is to the morals.—Janeson.

A Cheap Hat.

She—I dreamed last night that you had bought me a hat for a present. He—Well, that's the first dream of a hat you ever had that didn't cost me money.

The Modest Man.

A modest man isn't one who has a poor opinion of himself. He merely keeps still about his good opinion of himself.—Cleveland Leader.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

ENGLAND'S LIGHTHOUSES.

Controlled by a Board Known as the "Elder Brethren."

The lighthouse service of England is controlled by a board composed of thirteen "elder brethren." When a vacancy occurs one of the "younger brethren" is selected by the "elder brethren" to fill it. The position is for life, and the salary is £500 a year. Any commanding officer of the navy or master of the merchant marine is eligible for election as one of the "younger brethren" by the "elder brethren." There is no salary attached to the position, but they are eligible for election as one of the "elder brethren."

England is divided into seven lighthouse districts, each in charge of a superintendent. The superintendents are persons who enter the service as apprentices at the age of thirteen and have worked up to the position of master on board of a steam tender. They are selected for the position of superintendent by the "elder brethren." A superintendent has control of his district and its employees. Lightkeepers are appointed for life. They enter the service between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, and their salaries are regulated according to length of service and not according to station. Lightkeepers as well as the other employees of the lighthouse service are pensioned when too old to perform duty. There is a regular lightship service, also for life, and the officers are selected from the men. The men enter between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, but must have been at sea. They are then eligible to work up to lampighter, mate and master. These men are pensioned when too old to serve.

FAMOUS GOODWOOD.

Something About a Historic English Race Course.

The Goodwood race course is quite unique. It is a long way from a station and is not near any town, says the London Tatler. It is on a hill the top of which is shaped like a horseshoe, the space between the two horns being represented by a deep ravine. The course runs round the horseshoe, the start being at the end of one horn and the finish at the end of the other. The result of this is that the equestrians who on other courses contrive to see both start and finish by the simple process of riding across while the race is in progress cannot do so at Goodwood. They must elect which they will see and remain there. On the other hand, the course is very easy to follow with glasses.

The races as an institution are comparatively modern, but there must have been hunt races and matches on this course since the days of William III, when we hear of the Goodwood hunt as in existence. In 1800, however, the then Duke of Richmond made a new course, which is practically the present one. In 1801 the course was completed, and in order to celebrate this a regular meeting was got up by the duke with the assistance of the hunt and some officers of the Sussex militia and yeomanry, and prizes to the value of about £1,000 were put up. This meant a good sum in those days. This was the first Goodwood meeting of importance, and from that year it became an annual event.

BIZET AND HALEVY.

The Story of the Origin of a Popular Air in "Carmen."

Bizet, the composer of the world famous opera "Carmen," and Halevy, his librettist, once occupied apartments whose outer doors opened on the same landing. As soon as he had finished an air Bizet would hasten to submit it to his neighbor, who subjected it to the most severe criticism. From morning to night the piano resounded in the composer's apartments. One night Bizet finished a dramatic bit in which he flattered himself he had successfully sketched the price of a triumphant tormentor after successful bullfight. But Halevy listened in silence and showed but a moderate enthusiasm. Bizet, somewhat piqued, asked the cause of this coldness.

"It's good, I admit," said Halevy. "In fact, it's too good. It lacks movement; it lacks snap—in short, it's not popular enough."

"Not popular enough?" shouted the piqued composer. "Do you want to write for the slugs?" He went out in a huff, but soon returned and in an hour returned with another air. "Listen to this," said he. "Here is my tormentor idea written down to your popular level. It was indeed the song of the tormentor and the only which on the first night received an encore and seemed to move the first night audience from its torpor."

An Old Family.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, was told roughly that he was "a mere mushroom."

"How is that?" he asked indignantly. "Why," said the other, "when I was in Wales a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me which filled more than five large parchment skins, and near the middle of it was a note in the margin, 'About this time the world was created.'"

Small Audience.

Bacon—Did you say the professor always counts ten before he speaks? Egbert—No; he only counted eight at yesterday's lecture.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Proof.

Mrs. Youngwife—What have you ever done to prove your love for me? Mr. Youngwife—Darling, I've contracted a lovely case of chronic dyspepsia.—Judge.

Remember you must die. Let this not startle you, but let it soften you while there is yet time to do some good in the world.

What He Remembered.

"Who was the man in the iron mask?" "I don't remember the catcher's name, but I can tell you who pitched."—New York Press.

By refusing to listen to secrets one is saved unlimited trouble.

STRONG PULSE BEATS.

Cases in Which They Are Perceptible to the Eye.

"It is not such an uncommon thing," said a physician, "to find a person whose pulse beats can be plainly seen, and yet I suppose there are but few outside of the profession who realize the fact. In most persons the beat of the pulse cannot be perceived, but the mere fact that the beating is perceptible does not mean that the pulse is other than normal. I have come across a number of cases where the throbbing of the wrist could be plainly seen, and yet the persons rarely gave evidence of abnormality in temperature. They were rarely feverish and were in good physical condition generally. Pulses of this kind, from this view, which is based upon actual observations of cases, do not indicate anything more than an abnormal physical condition in the formation of the wrist veins."

"I have met with one case which was possibly a little extraordinary in that it was palmer and much more distinct than any I had ever seen before. It could almost be heard. The artery would rise to a point almost as large as the ball of the little finger of a child and would change from the white of the skin to a blood purple with each beat of the pulse. I found it easy to count the pulse beats without touching the patient's wrist. I could see plainly enough to keep the record, and I order not to err in my calculation. It lasted it in several ways and found it was correct and that there was no mistake in my counting with the naked eye."

THE ARTIST WON.

His Nerve and His Drawing Combined Made the Editor Weak.

The editor had given the artist an order to illustrate the story and had drawn a rough diagram of the kind of sketch he wanted. It must show a deer vaulting in a high leap over a clump of bushes. The artist read the manuscript, made the picture and sent it in. It was well done. The deer was a magnificent fellow, with a pair of antlers that the most ambitious buck might well be proud of. The editor took one look at the drawing and then in disgust returned it to the artist, with a letter stating that the figure was plainly untrue because "the story mainly states that the buck was a yearling, consequently he would have had only spike horns and not the kind of antlers you have depicted."

The artist was not, however, dismayed. He stood pat for antlers. With courage born of immovable conviction he returned the drawing unaltered to the editor and wired him: "Composition demands antlers. Change manuscript to 'three-year-old buck.'"

The editor was struck so dumb by this manifestation of nerve that he actually took time to study the drawing. He let his imagination picture the spike buck instead of the majestic antlered beast and meekly decided that the artist knew a thing or two, so the editorial blue pencil was brought into requisition, the buck gained two years in a less number of minutes, and the periodical lost nothing by the change.—New York Press.

Obedient Instructions.

Mr. Dabbs was still out at 2 a. m. Unable to wait calmly any longer, Mrs. Dabbs began pacing the hall. She had gone back and forth about thirty-seven times when she heard a thump at the back door.

She walked back and peered through the glass. It was Mr. Dabbs, all right. He seemed to have fallen in the mud two or three times.

She let him in and steadied him upstairs.

"Why did you come to the back door?" she asked.

He collected his fugitive wits before he answered.

"There is a sign in front which says that all packages must be delivered at the rear," he said.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Why Turkish Women Go Veiled.

Turkish women do not wear veils because of their religion, as many suppose. It is merely the survival of an old custom. When the Turks still lived in Tartary, before the time of Mohammed, it was the habit of the men to attack women for wives as attracted them. This led to so much fighting that about the second century after Christ the Turks came together and decided that henceforth the women should go veiled and should not meet men, but dwell in harems, as soon as they arrived at womanhood, which was at about eleven years of age.—Mrs. Kenneth Brown in Metropolitan Magazine.

One Failure.

"It's funny our minister never gets married," remarked the young husband who had just refused his wife a new dress in his endeavor to change the subject. "I think he'd make a good husband."

"Well," replied the wife warmly, "he didn't seem to make a very good one when he married us."

He Got His.

A cynical old bachelor who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects recently asked a female friend:

"Well, m'dan, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" To which the lady responded calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue."

The King in Wrong.

"The king can do no wrong," quoted the wise guy.

"Oh, that's all rot!" retorted the simple mug, who had been up late the night before. "Suppose you were drawing to a straight and wanted either a deuce or a seven spot."—Philadelphia Record.

He Knew.

"Say, pa." "Well, what is it?" "Pa, what is alfalfa?" "It's a slang term for whiskers, son," replied the city man as he resumed his novel.—Washington Herald.

Soaked.

"What time is it?" "I don't know." "Isn't your watch going?" "Worse—It's gone."—Cleveland Leader.

A WINNING TRICK.

He Lost All His Bets and Made Money by Doing So.

The captain of one rather old and slow steamer of years ago, finding that he would have to be a long time in China before he received a full cargo of tea and would have probably to return in ballast, began, to every one's astonishment, to say that, owing to the repairs that had been done to his engines, he hoped to make a rapid passage back to England. Then, still more to the astonishment of the captains of the fast steamers and the world at large, he commenced to back himself to make the fastest passage home.

In such very considerable sums of money did he wager that people began to think there was something in it, and the merchants sent their tea almost entirely to his ship, arguing that as the captain stood to lose £250 the repairs to his steamer's engines had probably put him in a position to bet almost on a certainty.

Of course the steamer, whose great speed was eight knots an hour, arrived in England weeks after the others, and the captain lost £250, but instead of having to lie in China waiting his chance of cargo coming in from the interior, a probable delay of weeks, he had cleared in a few days after his bets became known to the public with a full ship, thus recouping to his owners, who, of course, paid his betting losses, a considerable number of thousands of pounds profit.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A DANGEROUS TRAITOR.

The Result of Pechantre's Plot to Kill the King.

Probably no well meaning poet was ever more taken by surprise than was M. Pechantre, a gentle and mild mannered French dramatist of the seventeenth century, who was one day arrested for high treason as he was peacefully eating his dinner at a village inn.

The landlord of the inn where he was in the habit of dining discovered on a table a piece of paper on which were written some unintelligible phrases and below in a plain, bold hand, "Here I will kill the king."

The landlord consulted with the chief of police. Clearly this clue to a conspiracy ought to be followed up. The person who had left the paper had already been remarked for his absent air and gleaming eye. That man was Pechantre.

The chief of police instructed the landlord to send for him the next time the conspirator came to dinner.

When Pechantre was shown the evidence of his guilt he forgot the awful charge against him and exclaimed:

"Well, I am glad to see that paper. I have looked everywhere for it. It is part of a tragedy I am writing. It is the climax of my best scene, where Nero is to be killed. It comes in here. Let me read it to you." And he took a thick manuscript from his pocket.

"Monsieur, you may finish your dinner and your tragedy in peace," said the chief of police, and he bent a hasty retreat.

Honest Mistake.

The story is told of a little New England girl the workings of whose Puritan conscience involved her in difficulties on one occasion.

She was studying mental arithmetic at school and took no pleasure in it. One day she told her mother, with much depression of spirit, that she had "faded again in mental arithmetic," and on being asked what problem had proved her undoing she sorrowfully mentioned the request for the addition of "nine and four."

"And didn't you know the answer, dear?" asked her mother.

"Yes'm," said the little maid; "but, you know, we are to write the answers on our slates, and before I thought I made four marks and counted up. Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen," and then, of course, I knew that wasn't mental, so I wrote twelve for the answer to be fair."

The Cautious Kind.

Before the customer paid his bill the hotel stenographer tore several pages out of her notebook and handed them to him. "Only the notes of his letters," she said to the next customer.

"He is one of the cautious kind. There are not many like him. About once in six months somebody comes along who keeps such a watchful eye on his correspondence that he won't even let a stenographer keep his notes. Of course it is nothing to us, and we always give them up when asked to. I don't know what the cautious folk do with them. Destroy them, maybe. Anyhow, there is no record of foolish utterances left in the stenographer's books."—New York Sun.

He Got the Book.

Bishop Doane used to tell the following story on himself:

"Dr. Doane," said a parishioner at the end of a service, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not," said Dr. Doane.

"I have so," said the parishioner.

"Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it."

"I'll send it," was the reply.

The next morning an unabridged dictionary was sent to the rector.—Judge.

Little Worries.

In Chesterton's "Tremendous Trifles" is this: A friend of mine who was visiting a poor woman in bereavement and casting about for some phrase of consolation that should not be either insolent or weak said at last: "I think one can live through these great sorrows and even be the better. What wears one is the little worries." "That's quite right, m'm," answered the old woman, with emphasis, "and I ought to know, seeing I've had ten of 'em."

HURRIED THE WORK.

Peculiar Experience of a Turkish Literary Man.

Once upon a time a certain Turkish literary man living in Constantinople arranged to translate for a daily newspaper a novel then popular in England. Each day he rendered a sufficient part of it into the Turkish language to fill the space reserved for it. One day his peaceful home was entered by the police, who peremptorily arrested the man of letters and dragged him off to prison. No explanation was given for his arrest. The novel reflected in no way against the politics of the state, and he had broken no laws. He was not even given time to bid farewell to his family, but he was commanded to bring the work under translation with him. Arrived at the prison, he was given pleasant quarters, good food and drink and sternly commanded to complete his task. So for several days the frightened translator worked arduously.

When the work was done he was, to his astonishment, instantly liberated and presented with a large sum of money. Upon further inquiry as to his treatment it was explained that the sultan had become interested in the story as it appeared from day to day and was too impatient to wait for the end. He wanted to read all the rest of it at once! Truly, there are certain advantages in being a sultan.

STRANGERS IN BERLIN.

Their Comings and Goings Always Known to the Police.

"I had no idea that they kept such an espionage over strangers in Berlin until a friend of mine had occasion to look up some one there," said a traveler. "We had come up from Vienna, and as my friend was in the diplomatic service we called at the embassy."

"While there he happened to think of another friend, an American, who had gone to Berlin about three years before to represent an American concern and wondered how he could get a trace of him."

"Nothing is easier," said the embassy secretary. "Just wait a moment." "He wrote a note and handed it to a messenger."

"We shall know all about your friend within fifteen minutes," he said to us.

"Sure enough, within that time the messenger reappeared with an answer. From it the secretary read that So-and-so had arrived in Berlin on such a date three years previous, that he lived at a certain address, that he had gone the week before to a little town in the interior, but that he was expected back within three days."

"Well, he turned up on the day the police said he would be back, and we had dinner with him."—Detroit Free Press.

A Sensational Prophet.

One of the most sensational of prophets was a Koss negro named Umhlatam, who did his prophesying in British Kaffraria, Africa, in 1856. His niece had met some mysterious strangers near a stream, and Umhlatam, having gone to see them, reported that they were the spirits of his dead brother and others. They could muncate a prophecy which rapidly grew. On an appointed day in 1857 two blood red suns were to rise, the sky would fall and crush the Fingos and the whites, herds of splendid cattle would issue from the ground, great fields of ripe millet would spring up, the Koss dead would rise and live with their descendants, and trouble and sickness should be no more. Unhappily there was a condition—the Koss must slaughter all their existing cattle. And so 200,000 cattle, the wealth and sustenance of the people, were killed, and probably 50,000 credulous natives starved themselves to death.

Games in Germany.

Germany is a country of Nimrods. There are, we learn, 600,000 sportsmen, which means one gun for every hundred people. Each year fall to the gun on an average 400,000 hares, 4,000,000 partridges, 2,000,000 thrushes, 500,000 rabbits, 100,000 deer, 145,000 woodcocks, 40,000 wild ducks, 25,00