Route No. 4.

Miss Birdie Dodds closed her school in

where Mr. Dincen will consult a special-

the Gottberg district last Saturday. T. C. Dineen, accompanied by Miss Mary Dineen, went to Omaha Monday.

Route No. 1.

John Mohlman is putting up a ne building on his farm.

D. L. Martley had one of his best horses hurt in a harrow last Thursday. C. A. Beardsley was at the Loseke

Creek cemetery doing some work last Thursday and Friday.

Advertised Letters. Following is a list of unclaimed mail matter remaining in the post office at Columbus, Nebraska, for the period ending June 1, 1910:

Letters-Eddie Booth, Mrs Lizzie Drain, Calvin Jungblut, Roy L Moore, John Oversem, Milton Powers, Ferdinand Stankey, Swan Swanson, W D Sanford, Arthur B Wright.

Cards-Mrs Clara Duprey, R Huckleberry, M I Lyman, Mrs J B Mayhaffey, Mrs A J Olson, G Quilligan, Miss Elsie Shaffer.

Parties calling for any of the above will please say advertised.

CARL KRAMER, P. M.

The Fairies In Ireland.

There are many sorts of fairles in Ireland. The trooping clans, the friendliest, wear green jackets, and the solitary fairies wear red. According to McAnally, a peasant once witnessed a battle between them, and when the trooping fairies began to win he was so overjoyed "to see the green above the red" that he gave a loud hurrah. Immediatel; all vanished from view, and he found himself thrown headlong in the ditch. In Mr. Peats' classification the weird but not unkindly merrows, or sea fairles, come next, then the fairy doctors and witches, who inhabit puddings and pots, bewitch butter, steal milk and the like; the banshees, not always harbingers of death; the leprecaun, or fairy shoemakers, "the only industrious persons among them," for they dance their shoes away in a single night; the pookas, first cousins of the Scotch brownies, who for their sins are obliged to belp the housewife with nightly elfin labors; the giants, the ghosts and the satanic race of demon cats, and last, the "kings, queens, princesses, earls and robbers."-Sarah H. Clegborn in Atlantic.

When Lincoln Sat For His Bust. When Vinnie Ream, the sculptor, was a mere child still and her experience in modeling consisted of a few busts and medallions she timidly asked President Lincoln to permit her to model his bust. "I don't know why any one should want the picture or statue of so homely a man," he answered and at first declined to sit. But when Senator Nesmith told him that the western girl, "who was poor, but talented," would be disappointed if unable to secure this favor he turned quickly and said: "She is poor, is

and I will sit for the model." During the sittings the great man would watch with much incerest the hands of the girl sculptor at her work; but, speaking of him later, she said: "For the most part he was sad and silent, weighed upon by the stress of a nation in peril and his own recent personal loss of a beloved son. Ah, those were sad days at the White House! One day the president's eyes were full of tears as he turned from gazing out of the window, and he said to me, 'I am thinking of Willie.' "-Designer.

she? Well, that is nothing against her.

Curious Training Methods. Every baseball player seems to have his own system, and some of the methods used are laughable, and few are of any practicable value. One young catcher who joined a National league club a few years ago brought five gallons of iron, beef and wine in jugs in his trunk to make him strong. Cannon balls that weigh twenty-five pounds are used to roll over the abdomen. Iron rolling plus, special bandages, a thousand kinds of rubbing oils and lotions, ranging from patent medicines to horse liniments and oil made by boiling down fishing worms, vibrators of all sizes and shapes, odd arm bakers to be superheated with electricity and rubber bands are employed. Hotel rooms are turned into gymnasiums, and one of the funniest sights of a year is to sit in a card game with half a dozen players swath ed like puffy mummles in blankets,

sweaters and flannels until they look

as if they were starting on an arctic

journey.-American Magazine.

The Antiquity of the Organ. The organ is the most magnificent and comprehensive of all musical instruments. While the pipes of Pan, aside from that mythical personage, indicate a very ancient use of pipes as a means of producing musical sounds. the "water organ of the ancients" furnishes to the student of organ history the first tangible clew regarding the remote evolution of the instrument. In the second century the magripha, au organ of ten pipes with a crude keyboard, is said to have existed, but accounts of this instrument are involved in much obscurity. It is averred that an organ, the gift of Coustantine, was in the possession of King Pepin of France in 757, but Aldbelm, a mouk, makes mention of an orders, old man? First Commercialorgan with "gilt pipes" as far back as You bet! I took my wife with me! the year 700.

An Afterthought. Nervous and Inexperienced Host crising burriedly at the conclusion of a song)-Ladies and-er-gentlemen, before he started to-er-sing Mr. Bawnall asked me to apologize for his-ervoice, but 1-er-1 omitted to do soer-so I-er-apologize now.-London M. A. P.

What Kept Her From It. "Have you ever thought of going on the stage?"

"Yes, frequently." "What has kept you from doing so?" "The managers, the mean things!"-Chicago Record-Herald.

Henry Clay's Elequence. It was the remark of a distinguished

senator that Henry Clay's eloquence was absolutely intangible to delineation, that the most labored description could not embrace it and that to be understood it must be seen and felt. He was an orator by nature. His eagle eye burned with patriotic ardor or flashed indignation and defiance upon his foes or was suffused with tears of commiseration or of pity, and it was because he felt that he made others feel. A gentleman after bearing one of his magnificent efforts in the senate thus described him: "Every muscle of the orator's face was at work. His whole body seemed agitated, as if each part was instinct with a separate life, and his small, white hand, with its blue veins apparently distended almost to bursting, moved gracefully, but with all the energy of rapid and vehement gesture. The appearance of the speaker seemed that of a pure intellect wrought up to its mightiest energies and brightly shining through the thin and transparent veil of flesh that invested it."-St. Louis Republic.

Cleanliness In Persia.

The Persian spends hours in the "hammams" (Turkish baths), which are very handsome buildings decorated with tiles and embellished with numerous exhortations as to the value of cleanliness. The smallest village in Persia has its "hammam," and bathing is almost a religious function. When the hot room and massage are finished the Persian is shaved, and the whole top of his head is likewise shaved, though the hair over the ears is left and allowed to grow down to the neck. This strange coiffure has a religious meaning, for the two locks on each side of the head are meant for the angel of death to hold when he carries the believer to paradise. All Persians dye their hair with a mixture of henna and vesmeh, and the hair dyeing is the last part of the bath, but tea and smoking are indulged in afterward. and the frequenters of the "hammams" find them very pleasant lounging places.-Chicago Journal.

A Whale's Breathing. An eminent naturalist says concerning the breathing apparatus of the whale: "The windpipe does not communicate with the mouth. A hole is, as it were, bored right through the back of the head. Engineers would do well to copy the action of the valve of the whale's blowhole. A more perfect piece of structure it is impossible to imagine. Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works its breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets down into the lungs. Again, the whale must o necessity stay a much longer period under water than seals. This alone might possibly drown him, as the lungs cannot have access to fresh air. We find that this difficulty has been anticipated and obviated by a pecutiar reservoir in the venous system, which reservoir is situated at the back of the

Is the Universe Running Down? It is absolutely certain that the machinery of the solar system is running down. The earth, with its mass of three thousand trillion tons, moving through space a thousand times faster than the express train goes, is being retarded by the friction of the atmosphere and tides to the extent that it loses about an hour in 16,000 years, a very slow process, it would seem, but one that will inevitably bring the earth to a standstill ultimately. And what is true of the earth is true of all the worlds and suns. Sir Isaac Newton maintained that the motions of all bodies in space suffer retardation and that their velocity is steadily becoming less and will finally cease. Solar systems, like everything else, have their time to be born and their time to die.-New York American.

How Scott Bore Adversity. Once when I was staying with Mr. Ruskin he took delight in showing me his Scott manuscripts. He took down "Woodstock" from the shelf, and, turning the leaves over slowly and lovingly, he said: "I think this is the most precious of them all. Scott was writing this book when the news of his ruin came upon him. He was about here, where I have opened it. Do you see the beautiful handwriting? Now look as I turn over the pages toward the end. Is the writing one jot less beautiful? Are there more erasures than before? That assuredly shows how a man can and should bear ad-

versity."-London Graphic. Failed to Catch the Tune. A professor in an old Pennsylvania college was conducting a review in Latin. Of a sleepy looking youth he asked the question, "What construction is that at the top of page 12?" "I don't know." was the prompt re-

"Why not?" thundered the professor. "I have been harping on that construction all term." "I know you have, professor," was the soft reply, "but I haven't caught

the tune yet."

Embarrassing Question. Police Justice-Have you any way of making a living? Vagrant-I bev' y'r honor. I kin make brooms. Police Justice - You can? Where did you learn that trade? Vagrant-I decline

Orders All the Time. First Commercial-Yes. I am just back from a three months' trip on the road. Second Commercial-Get many

to answer, your honor.-Home Heraid.

Make each day a critic on the last .--

She'd Remedy That.

Mrs. Hoyle-Your husband has a mind of his own, my husband says. Mrs. Doyle-I'll speak to him about it when he comes home.-New York Press.

Jack Ashore. Fond Mother-You are never satisfled, Jack. When you go to sea you're homesick, and when you come home you're seasick.-London Punch.

He that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer.—Shakespeare.

MEMORY IN FISH.

Striking Results Shown In a Test With Gray Perch.

Even the fishes of the sea have pictures on memory's wall. Experiments have been made with several fishes as to their faculties for remembering. but the most striking results have been obtained with the gray perch, which lives chiefly on small silvery hued sardines. Some of these were taken and colored red and were then put into the tank where the perch was with several silver colored sardines. Of course the normal sardines were at once seized and eaten, but it was not until hungry that the perch made a tentative meal of one of the red colored victims.

On recognizing the sardine flavor, however, he promptly demolished the remainder. Later the perch devoured the sardines irrespective of color, thus showing not only traces of a memory, but also the power to differentiate

Subsequently sardines colored red and blue were placed in the tank together with the silver ones. The same scene was repeated, the blue sardines not being attacked until the others were eaten and hunger compelled investigation of the newcomers. After this introduction the perch ate the sardines of all three types without any

Bollege Chap CLOTHES

to us.

It is just simply out of

the question for a young

fellow to find such clothes

as those known as "Col-

lege Chap" unless he comes

The shoulders, the grace-

ful waist, the delightful

lapels, all proclaim them

the clothes "de luxe" for

men who know cleverness

when they see it. Are you

one of these men? We

Columbus, Neb.

Willing to Chance It.

screen the portrait of a man well

known in the financial world, says the

captains of finance. I do not need to

mention his name. His face is famil-

"This," he said, "is one of the great

Chicago Tribune.

goes with it?"

His hearers rose en masse.

"I would!" they shouted in unison.

Dr. Yates' Trousers.

St. Catharine's was the first Cam-

bridge college to produce a don who

dared to stagger humanity by wear-

ing trousers. He was Dr. Lowther

Yates, "a large, square man from Cum-

berland," suspected of radical opin-

ions, who was master of "Cat's" dur-

ing the closing years of the eighteenth

century. As Yates, when vice chancel-

stead of the orthodox knee breeches,

Lowther Yates in pantaloons!

The profane impromptu poet was

captured and proved to be Yates' own

nephew. "Gadzoons!" was a Cum-

brian expletive with which Yates was

wont to express intense astonishment.

The Joke as Persia Sees It.

The "Man of Jam" was the Joe Mil-

ler of Persia, according to Charles

Johnston in Harper's Weekly. "For

some reason or other the 'Man of Jam'

seems to have had a deep detestation

of schoolteachers," says this author.

"A teacher whose son had fallen ill

and was at the point of death bade

them send for the washer of corpses

to wash his son. 'But,' they objected,

the is not dead yet." 'Never mind,'

said the teacher; 'he will be dead by

the time they have finished washing

To Bahlul a certain vizier said: "Re-

Joice at these good tidings. The prince

of the faithful has made thee ruler

over apes and swine." "Take my or

ders, then," quickly retorted Bahlul,

Little by Little.

The Young Wife (showing her furni-

ure-Here's the rocking chair for the

parlor. Isn't it just lovely? Mrs.

Oldly (rather critically)-But I don't

see any rockers, dear. The Young

Wife-Oh, they'll be here next month.

You see, we are buying the chair on

the installment plan, and we haven't

paid for the rockers yet."-San Fran-

abbey is "the Collegiate Church of St.

Peter. Westminster." Very few peo

ple have heard the famous burial place

distinguished from a parish church, is

one that is administered by a "college"

of priests instead of an individual rec-

Another Way.

"Why don't you throw away this old

"But that would make me feel waste-

"Then give it away and feel chari-

Exercise is the chief source of im-

provement in all our faculties .- Blair.

tor or vicar. - Westminster Gazette.

junk? It is of no use to any one."

table."-Washington Herald.

"for surely thou art of my subjects."

him." "

cisco Chronicle.

somebody shouted from a window:

Gadzoons, gadzoons,

-Westminster Gazette.

Here the lecturer threw upon the

want to know you.

Some spines of the sea nettle were then fastened to the blue sardines. These were at once avoided by the perch, which promptly got out of the way of the newcomers. This showed traces of memory, as the results of contact with the sea nettle were shown and recognized.—Chicago Tribune.

THE WARM BREATH.

Why It Comes Out Cold Through Partly Closed Lips.

When one breathes out used air from the lungs through the wide open mouth the breath has the same temperature as the body, 98.6 degrees F., and frequently on a cold day we warm our fingers by breathing on them. If, however, we blow the breath vigorously from the mouth the temperature of the breath appears to be much lower than when breathed gently and with open mouth and is decidedly cooling in its effect, writes J. Gordon Ogden in Popular Mechanics.

The latter fact is due to the well known principle established by Lord Kelvin, that a compressed gas upon expanding will absorb heat. The breath, compressed by being forced to pass through the small orifice made by the puckered lips, immediately exands upon being admitted to the outer air and to do so must take up heat.

This is also the identical principle involved in the manufacture of artificial ice. Ammonia gas is first compressed into a liquid and then liberated into a network of tubes surrounding large sheet iron boxes filled with distilled water. The liquid ammonia. set free at one end of the pipe system. begins at once to evaporate, and by the time it has scampered through the long iron tubes it has become gas. As we have learned, to change a liquid to gas requires beat. This heat is taken from the iron piping, an excelleut conductor, which in turn robs the water of its heat, thus freezing it.

HIS ONLY REGRET.

The Sorrow That Consumed Bichat When He Was Dying.

Over a century ago died Xavier Bichat, the famous physician and anatomist, author of "L'Anatomie Generale." He probably dissected more human corpses than any other man in the world's history. He established a record when he opened 625 bodies during one winter.

Of his nerve a tale is told. When he lay on his deathbed he called his colleagues to him and said: "Dear friends, I am done, but what comforts me is the fact that my case is a remarkable one. I have had unusual symptoms for some days which I have analyzed. They have greatly surprised me." The doctors sought to reassure him. He answered that he was under no illusion with regard to himself. "I shall die fairly satisfied with my life and go to the grave with

only one regret, one great sorrow." "What is that?" he was asked. "I am distressed that after death I cannot dissect my own body. I could, I am certain, have made some beautiful scientific discoveries." Then he sank back, murmuring: "I must not think about it. It won't bear thinking of."-Westminster Gazette.

The Pearl Hunters' Superstition. The pearl hunters of Borneo and the adjacent islands have a peculiar superstition. When they open shells in search of pearls they take every ninth find, whether it be large or small, and put it into a bottle, which is kept corked with a dead man's finger. The pearls in the vial are known as "seed pearls" or "breeding pearls," and the native Borneose firmly believes that they will reproduce their kind. For every pearl put into the vial two grains of rice are thrown in for the pearls to "feed upon." Some whites in Borneo believe as firmly in the superstition as the natives do, and almost every but along the coast has its "dead finger" bottle, with from nine to fifty seed pearls and twice that number of rice grains carefully and evenly stowed away among them. That no results follow does not dim

The Wonderful Toad Bone. All early writers attribute wonderful qualities to toads and frogs and the various parts of their bodies. Pliny believed, for instance, that if a toad was brought into the midst of a mob or other large and unruly concourse of people "silence would instantly prevail." A small bone found in the right side of toads "of the proper age" was also believed to have powers over the various elements. "By throwing this bone into a vessel of bolling water." says Pliny, "it will immediately cool it, the water refusing to boil again until the bone has been removed. To find this bone, expose the dead tond on an ant bill. When the ants have eaten her all away except the bones. take each bone separately and drop it into boiling water. Thus may the

wondrous toad bone be discovered."

the superstition.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The Explanation of the Automobile Driver and a Climax. After the victim of the accident was carried to the sidewalk the automobile driver turned his machine and came back and explained how it happened with considerable warmth.

"This woman," he volubly remarked to the policeman, "was entirely to blame. She ran around from ahead of the street cur and deliberately put herself in my way. After she had dodged the coal cart it was too late for me to stop. I couldn't tell which way she was going, and when I saw that she was dazed and foolish I jammed on the brakes and tried to pass to the left, but of course she had to run the same way, and the consequence was that in endeavoring to avoid a baby carriage with twins in it and an old man who was walking with a crutch I suppose I must have hit her. But I wasn't going more than two miles an hour, and any woman who would dodge around in that foolish way and lose her head shouldn't be permitted to go on the streets without a bunch of guardians." The policeman nodded.

"Come over to the sidewalk," he said. "and take a look at her." So the driver went to the curb with the officer and looked at the unfortunate creature who had so actively con-

tributed to her own disaster. And, lo, it was only a dressmaker's dummy that had fallen off the rear of a delivery wagon! - Cleveland Plain

Why the Vases Were Valuable. There's a china expert in one of the large department stores here who has an amusing little trade of his own on the side. It is nothing more or less than deciding the value of rare china or glass ware broken by careless servants or packing houses.

"It requires a lot of diplomacy, too," he said, with a laugh. "Not so very long ago I was called in to arbitrate between an irate householder and one of the big moving firms. She said with sobs that the movers had broken a pair of vases which she valued at \$100. The movers, although willing to make restitution, considered the sum exorbitant. Well, I looked at the pieces and found the value about \$25. I told the woman so quietly. 'I know that,' she sobbed, 'but they belonged to my mother-in-law, and my husband will think I made the men do it purposely unless I get a lot for them.'

"And it was not until the men had promised to prove they had done it accidentally that the lady was content to accept the \$25." - Philadelphia

Too Much For Her.

iar to all of you. Look at his corru-"The newest laws of hygiene," said gated brow, the furrows in his cheeks, the pouches under his eyes, the deep a medical man, "can't be inculcated save among those who thoroughly unlines about his mouth. That face, my derstand them. Take the case of friends, bears the unmistakable and ineffaceable stamp of care. Anxlety

"Dash, a rich country scientist, dehas marked it indelibly. It shows the cided to encourage cremation among traces of sleepless nights, weary days the villagers. So when the old ash and bitterly fought campaigns, with millions of dollars at stake. Success man died Dash urged his widow to brings such a man no happiness. Look have the corpse cremated.

"'No, sir,' said the old woman, 'I'll at him! How many of you, my friends, not cremate him. I'll put him under would change places with him? How the sod. many of you would be willing to take "'But the cremation won't cost you his wealth if compelled to assume the

cent,' said Dash. 'I'll pay all the terrible burden of responsibility that expenses if you'll let me have him cremated.' "'Well, I agree,' said the old woman in a hesitating voice. 'I'm too poor

not to agree, sir.' Then she gave Dash a puzzled look, half of pity, half of "'But why do you do it, sir?' she

said. 'Is it a hobby like golf or stamp collectin'?"-Washington Star.

The Author's Grievance. The magazine editor looked up.

"I want to protest, sir," said the caller, "against the way in which one lor, walked in procession to the uniof your reckless proofreaders manversity church, wearing trousers ingled my copy. See here. The judge in the story looks down at the detective. 'Are you Pendleton King?' he asks, and the detective, removing his beard, replies, 'I am.' Now, just see what your proofreader made him say." The editor glanced at the line and read it aloud:

"The detective, removing his beard, replies, '1 a. m.' " The unhappy author groaned. "Where does that leave the readers?"

he demanded. The editor slowly smiled. "At 1 a. m. they are naturally left in the dark," he replied. "Take an extra chapter and get them out of it." The author suddenly laughed.

"Happy thought!" he cried. "I will."

Why They Smiled. It was the Sabbath day, and the eld-

-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

er was shaving himself prior to church time when he made a slight cut with the razor on the extreme end of his nose. Calling his wife, he asked her

if she had any court plaster. "You will find some in my sewing basket," she said. The elder soon had the cut covered. At church in assisting with the collection he noticed every one smile as he passed the plate. Very much annoy-

ed, he asked one of his assistants if there was anything wrong with his appearance. "I should say there was," answered the assistant. "What is that upon

"Court plaster." "No," said his friend; "It is the label from a reel of cotton. It says, 'Warranted 200 yards.' "-Pearson's.

your nose?"

Circus In Paris Str Writing of street life in Paris, Wil-The full legal title of Westminster helm Feldmann says in the Welt Spiegel that the unique features are the gymnastic and acrobatic performances which one sees there. Wherever trafso designated. A collegiate church, as fic will permit one may expect to see the street acrobats, men, women and children, spread their carpet, erect their apparatus and, to the accompaniment of a few instruments, sometimes only a drum, give their performances. Feats of strength, balancing and pyramid building are performed. and then one of the youngsters in tights collects the coppers from the crowd which usually congregates. This done, the performers throw long cloaks over their tights and move on with their wagon to the next halting place.

THE COLUBUS RACES

Will be held

JUNE 21-22 23

4,500.00 IN PURSES

Bigger and Better Than Ever Large Purses Good Races

Wellington's Coolness

The Duke of Wellington was one day sitting at his library table when the door opened and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.

"Who are you?" asked the duke in his short and dry manner, looking up for them. It varies in size from the without the slightest change of countwo foot wavy blade of Sulu down to tenauce upon the intruder.

"I am Apollyon. I am sent here to kill you."

"Kill me? Very odd." "I am Apollyon and must put you to

"'Bliged to do it today?" "I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission." "Very inconvenient; very busy; great

many letters to write. Call again or write me word. I'll be ready for you." The duke then went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old gentleman, backed out of the room and in half an hour was in an asylum.

A Legend of February. Here is the pretty legend which tells his money. Like other gamblers, he tried to recover it, and he said to his companions that if they would lend him some money he would give them as security one of his days. January and March, who were naturally assoclated with him more often than any of the other months, accepted his offer, and as poor February soon lost the money which he had borrowed

each of them acquired one of his days.

That is why January and March have

each thirty-one days and February has

twenty-nine in leap years.

The Little Things That Tell. A south side mother was dressing for a tea the other afternoon when the front door bell rang. She instructed why February has only twenty-eight the maid that if the visitor appeared or twenty-nine days. Long ago, they to be about to make a formal call to say, February was a gambler, and he say she was not at home. But the was so unlucky that he soon lost all mother had not counted on the fiveyear-old daughter playing in the front yard.

Malay Weapons.

The national Malay weapon, the

creese, is said to have been invented

by a Javanese monarch of the four-

teenth century. Its varieties are said

to exceed a hundred, and there are in

Javanese no fewer than fifty names

a mere toothpick. But the peculiarity

is that the weapon is never ground, but

kept rough and sawlike in edge by

scouring with lime juice or the juice

of an unripe pineapple, sometimes

mixed with arsenic, and it is on this

account that creese wounds are so

dangerous. Old specimens are so eaten

away by this practice that the blade

seems formed from a bunch of wires

roughly welded up. Such creeses are

highly valued, and some of the aucient

ones, heirlooms of chiefs, with gro-

tesquely carved and inlaid hilts and

sheaths, are almost unpurchasable.

The maid, seeing a woman dressed as if for calling, obeyed instructions. "She is not at home," the maid said. "Why, she is, too, Minnie," came a sharp interruption from the child on

the lawn. "I saw ber lower the curtain just now." "Perhaps she just came in." the maid responded weakly. "I'll see." The situation was saved by the fact

that the visitor was the mother's sisonly twenty-eight in ordinary and ter, whom the maid did not know .--Kansas City Star.

Better Plumbing

tried not only to do better plumbing than we ever did before, but better than anybody else can do. The volume of work we are now doing shows how we are succeeding.

We use only genuine "Stanford" plumbing fixtures and employ only experienced workmen. Our repairing service is prompt and reliable.

A. DUSSELL & SON. Columbus, Nebraska

