

Card of Thanks.
We wish to thank the many friends and neighbors for their sympathy and acts of kindness shown in the last sickness and death of our father.
CHILDREN OF LOUIS PHILLIPS, SR.
Route No. 4.
Miss Grace Dodds returned from Lincoln Tuesday.
Frank Hillmer has put in a Monroe Independent telephone.
Several farmers on the route had commenced cutting their alfalfa before the rain.
Otto Bolt returned from Denver this week and will remain here a short time before leaving for Catskill, N. Y., where he will spend the summer.
During the thunder storm of last week lightning struck the wire fence at Alois Mikst's place, splintering nineteen posts. Fortunately their cattle were not in the yard at the time, so that none of them were killed.

Advertised Letters.
Following is a list of unclaimed mail matter remaining in the post office at Columbus, Nebraska, for the period ending June 15, 1910:
Letters—H. E. Anderson, Frank Brunney, Brennenman Baking Co., W. W. Oasper, T. W. Chapman, J. M. Dowler, Miss Margaret Frerichs, Miss Serita Sfloiak, Carl—W. L. Andrews, C. B. Clayton, Miss Mac Davis, Miss Nettie Gregorson, Carl E. Goucher, Miss Ura Hagerman, John Macmillan, F. C. Turman.
Parties calling for any of the above will please say advertised.
CARL KRAMER, P. M.

MISS WISE SERVANT.
She Was Too Well Posted to Suit the New York Woman.
"Some girls may be green and easily imposed upon," said the woman, "but just as many more can give their employers points on law. The girl that came to my house the other day from an employment agency knew more in a minute about the rights of employer and employee than I would know in a year. About the first thing she did was to look out at that big hole in the ground at the other end of the lot, where they are preparing to build. She said:
"If I should break any dishes while that building is going up you couldn't make me pay for them."
"I asked why not, and she informed me that a girl working in a building that is likely to be shaken by blasting is protected by the same rule that governs employees in a dining car. Owing to the insecurity they are allowed \$20 a month for breakage. Dishes valued at less than \$20 may be smashed with impunity. She gave me a printed account of the trouble of two friends who had thrashed that matter out in court and had been sustained in their contention for a twenty dollar leeway. I didn't employ that girl. I don't want to impose upon any girl, but I didn't want to hire one who knows that she can smash my best dishes up to \$20 worth and get off without paying damages."—New York Press.

ANCIENT BRIDGES.
Some Built Before the Christian Era Still Standing in China.
Suspension bridges which were built in the time of the Han dynasty (202 B. C. to 220 A. D.) are still standing, striking examples of oriental engineering skill. According to historical and geographical writers of China, it was Shuang Lieng, Kien Tsu's chief of command, who undertook to construct the first public roads in the Flowery empire.
At that time it was almost impossible for the province of Shense to communicate with the capital. Lieng took an army of 10,000 workmen and cut great gorges through the mountains, filling up the canyons and valleys with the debris from his excavations. At places where deep gorges were traversed by large and rapidly flowing streams he actually carried out his plan of throwing suspension bridges, stretching from one slope to the other.
These crossings, appropriately styled "flying bridges" by early Chinese writers, are high and dangerous looking in the extreme. At the present day a bridge may still be seen in the Shense which is 400 feet long and is stretched over a chasm more than 1,000 feet deep. How those early engineers erected such a structure with the tools and appliances at their command is a mystery which will probably never be explained.

An Obstructionist.
"Speakin' 'bout large feet," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I don't know when I was so insulted dan I was dis afternoon. I was standin' on de carb-stone facin' de house, an' de policeman, he come along an' says 'I's got to turn around jes' a little."
"What for?"
"He says pointin' my shoes de same way de street runs is de onlies' way for me to keep fum obstructin' de sidewalk."—Washington Star.

His Alternative.
Even at the tender age of four little Benny was considering his future occupation. "Mamma," he said, "when I'm a man I'm going to have a wagon and drive around collecting ashes."
"Why, Benny," exclaimed his mother in horror, "mamma doesn't want her little boy to be an ash man."
"Well, then," replied Benny with a very self-sacrificing air, "I suppose I could collect swill."—Delimitator.

OUR FIRST MINT.
Some of its Curious Old Rules and Regulations.
The first United States mint at Philadelphia was naturally a very unpretentious affair. The material for coinage was secured from abroad. There was found much difficulty to get any one of experience to operate the coinage, and the salary list of the first mint employees was: David Rittenhouse, director, \$2,000 per annum; Tristram Dalton, treasurer, \$1,200; Henry Voight, coliner, \$1,500; Isaac Hugh, clerk, \$312.
The regular coinage of copper began in 1793, silver in 1794 and gold in 1795. The following curious extracts are taken from the mint rules and regulations of the early days:
"The allowance under the name of drink money is hereafter to be discontinued."
"The operations of the mint throughout the year are to commence at 5 o'clock in the morning."
"Christmas day and the Fourth of July—and no other days—are established holidays at the mint."
"The watchman will keep in a proper arm chest, securely locked, a musket and bayonet, two pistols and a sword."
"The watchman must attend from 6 o'clock in the evening to 5 o'clock in the morning, must ring the yard bell every hour and send the watchdog through the yard immediately after ringing the bell."
Besides the Philadelphia mint, which is now established in palatial quarters at Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets, there are mints at San Francisco, Denver and New Orleans and an assay office at Carson City.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.
It Linked the Twelfth Century With the Eighteenth.
For centuries old London bridge, with its double row of houses, was the home of generations who lived and traded over the Thames waters.
Holben lived and painted there. Osborne, the prentice lad, leaped through a window in the house of his master, Sir William Hewet, to the rescue of Sir William's daughter, who had fallen into the swollen flood of the river below, and by winning her for his wife laid the foundation of the dual house of Leeds. Crispin Tucker had his shop on the bridge, to which Pope and Swift and many another author of fame made pilgrimages to purchase books and gossip with the wagging shopkeeper. Crocker's Dictionary was printed "at the Looking Glass on London bridge," and gigantic corn mills dominated the south end of the structure, not many yards from the wonderful Nonsuch House, a huge wooden pile with turrets and cupolas brought from Holland.
Such in brief outline was the London bridge which linked the twelfth with the eighteenth century and which when it was on its last tottering legs was removed to give place to its fine successor of our day, the stone in which is said to be "nearly double that employed in building St. Paul's cathedral."—Montreal Standard.

His Danger.
In these days of almost pre-eminence German music and musicians it is rather amusing to read the opinions of former generations concerning Teutonic singers.
Frederick the Great was so impolitely unpatriotic as to declare that he would rather hear the neighing of a horse than the singing of a German prima donna. Perhaps in his day there was some excuse for such a remark, but the times have changed.
There is a diverting anecdote of an Italian who was convinced that no German could sing. A friend induced him to go to the opera where Hendlette Sontag sang. After hearing her first aria the Italian got up to go. The friend urged him to stay, assuring him that he would be convinced soon.
"I know it," replied the Italian, "and that's why I go."

Doves and Ceremonies.
At the ancient ceremonies of coronation of the French kings after the anointing had been performed some white doves were let loose in the church. This was supposed to symbolize the power of the Holy Ghost in directing the king's actions. A similar idea seems to have inspired all early kings, for among the English regalia is the rod of equity or the scepter with the dove. This is simply a golden rod with a mound at the top, which supports a cross. On this cross is a dove, fashioned of white enamel, with expanded wings. Some fine diamonds ornament the rod in various places.
Gender of Garlic.
"Why is garlic masculine gender?" asked the man who markets. "It must be masculine because the green grocers buy from call it 'he.' They are mostly Italian and ought to know the sex of garlic if anybody does. Of all the vegetables and aromatic herbs I buy garlic is the only one to which masculine virtues are ascribed. Everything else is neuter. To call garlic 'it' would be an insult. The garlic, he is fresh, he is fine, he is cheap, he is dear. Funny, isn't it?"—New York Times.

He Had Quit.
"You say you have quit smoking?"
"Yes; never going to smoke again."
"Then why don't you throw away those cigars?"
"Never! I threw away a box of good cigars the last time I quit smoking, and it taught me a lesson."—Houston Post.
Not what you do, but how you do it, is the test of your character.—Studdy.

Ruse That Worked.
Roundsmun—How did you keep all those girls from rushing out of the moving picture show when the lights went out? Policeman—It was dead easy. When they started to rush I said: "That's right! Old ladies first!" And the way they held back was a caution.—Chicago News.
The Feminine Instinct.
"What on earth made your mother bring home that bundle of feathers?"
"I'm sure I don't know, dad, unless it was because she saw it marked 'down.'"—Baltimore American.

SAW THE BRIGHT SIDE.
He Made the Most of an Unpleasant Situation.
A group of men were discussing human nature and the difficulty of looking always on the bright and glittering side of things when the dingy, dark brown side is uppermost and seems destined to remain uppermost.
"It's a great thing to cultivate a disposition to make the most of things in this life," remarked a man who used to drive trotting horses for a living. "The most striking illustration I ever had of that was in a big horse race at a county fair down the state about ten years ago. The man driving alongside of me let his horse swerve on the back stretch, and my sulky was upset. That caused a general mixup, and a colored driver right behind me got un-loaded and his sulky broken to pieces. Well, I lay there for a minute, and then, as I didn't seem to be much hurt, I started to get up.
"Hey, boss, don't yo' go gittin' up!" yelled the colored driver at me excitedly.
"Why? I asked him, some puzzled.
"—"Cause, he answered, 'yo' all lay right 'wha' yo' an' in a minute they'll see 'roun' 'yah and haul us back 'paw' the gran' stan' in a cal-hi-ah."
"Sure enough, they did, and when we drove up that home stretch in the open back they sent for us that colored man was the happiest person I ever saw. Now, that's what I call making the most of things."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COURTSHIP IN PORTUGAL.
The Way the Young People Begin Their Lovemaking.
The most important event in the life of a Portuguese woman is marriage. Next in importance are the early days of courtship, for a Portuguese courtship is the essence of romance, and the ways of the Portuguese lover are singularly picturesque. Here is a little drama in which Cupid is stage director. If a young Portuguese sees in the street a pretty girl with whom he would like to become acquainted he follows her. Chaperons are not impossible obstructions. He follows her right up to her very door and notes the address. Next day he comes again, and if the young lady approves of him—for she certainly saw him the day before—she is on the lookout.
Sometimes hard fate in the guise of an angry parent prevents her, and then the gallant youth is kept waiting. Sooner or later she leans over the balcony and smiles at him. The happy youth ties a note to a cord which the fair lady drops from the balcony. The next day the young man comes again. This time he rings at the door. If the inquiries which the young lady's elders have made prove satisfactory the avain is admitted to make the acquaintance of the young lady. After that courtship in Portugal is about the same as it is in Kankakee or Kalamazoo.—Leslie's Weekly.

Not a Laughing Matter.
Cut off from family and home by a relentless tide, fat Mr. Bodger had been forced to clamber till he gained a pathway cut in the cliff's face. It was a narrow path, and Mr. Bodger was no narrow man. Getting more frightened every moment, he proceeded warily along the fast diminishing way till at last it faded sweetly into what the poets would call "sudden nothingness." Already he was overlapping, and it was impossible to turn.
An excited crowd watched his progress from above.
"What on earth am I to do?" gasped Bodger desperately on his four inch ledge as he gripped a tuft of seaweed with one hand.
"Do, gud'nor?" came back a voice.
"Do anyfink you like, but for goodness' sake don't lart or your weskit 'il bump yer off as sure as eggs is eggs!"—London Answers.

Birds and Insect Life.
Men of science are generally agreed that birds are nature's great check on the excess of insects and that they maintain the balance between plant and insect life. Ten thousand caterpillars, it has been estimated, could destroy every blade of grass on an area of cultivated land. The insect population of a single cherry tree infested with aphids has been estimated by a prominent entomologist at no less than 12,000,000. The bird population of cultivated country districts has been estimated at from 700 to 1,000 per square mile. This is small compared with the number of insects, yet as each bird consumes hundreds of insects every day the latter are prevented from becoming the scourge they would be but for their feathered enemies.—Harper's Weekly.

Can't Please Everybody.
The manager of an asbestos mill conceived a novel idea for his announcements. He had them printed on thin asbestos and inclosed in envelopes of the same material. As he was uncertain of the correct addresses of some of the stockholders, he ordered his stenographer to write on each envelope "Please Forward."
The idea was clever, but one may appreciate the feelings of the widow of one of the stockholders when she received an asbestos envelope addressed to her late husband with the inscription "Please Forward" beneath the address.—Lippincott's.

All Were Pretty.
During an equestrian performance a number of ladies in the front stood up, thus obstructing the view of those persons who were seated. In vain were they collectively requested to sit down till at last a happy thought occurred to one of the sufferers. He called out in measured tones:
"Will the pretty lady in front kindly sit down?" whereupon about fifty old women briskly seated themselves.—London Tatler.
Old School Prejudice.
"Doctor, I met a medical practitioner of a new kind the other day, and I can't classify him. He diagnoses all diseases by looking at the finger nails of his patients. What would you call him?"
"I should call him a humbug."—Chicago Tribune.

A PATHETIC PARTING.
Last Meeting of William Winter and Richard Mansfield.
The last days of Mansfield were impressively afflicting and sorrowful. His condition underwent very many changes, his suffering at times was great, but slowly he gained a little strength. He had for some time been determined on a journey to England. His passage was engaged for May 4, but he was not able to sail. I saw him on the morning of May 11, 1907. "I told them I would see you, Willy," he said, "even if I were dying." We sat together for some time. He did not speak much, nor could I speak much to him. It seemed best that we should both pretend to believe that he would soon be well, but I knew that I should never see him again. When he did speak it was little more than a murmured word or two. His mind was busy with the past. Several times he mentioned Jefferson and his paintings. "Studies in green they are," he said. Once he spoke aloud to himself. "I have not lived a bad life." Presently I rose to go and clasped his hand and said goodby. At the door I turned to look at him once more. He was sitting huddled in his chair. His figure was much emaciated; his clothes hung loosely about him; his face was pale and very wretched in expression, and I saw in his eyes as he looked at me that he knew our parting was forever. I went back and kissed his forehead and pressed his hand and so came away. We never met again. Since then I have stood beside his grave. Life seems to be chiefly made up of farewells like that and memories like these.—"Life and Art of Richard Mansfield," by William Winter.

BLOTTING PAPER.
Its Discovery Was the Result of a Workman's Carelessness.
Blotting paper was discovered purely by accident. Some ordinary paper was being made one day at a mill in Berkshire when a careless workman forgot to put in the sizing material. It may be imagined what angry scenes would take place in that mill, as the whole of the paper made was regarded as being quite useless. The proprietor of the mill desired to write a note shortly afterward, and he took a piece of waste paper, thinking it was good enough for the purpose. To his intense annoyance the ink spread all over the paper. All of a sudden there flashed over his mind the thought that this paper would do instead of sand for drying ink, and he at once advertised his waste paper as "blotting."
The reason the paper is of use in drying ink is that really it is a mass of hairlike tubes which suck up liquid by capillary attraction. If a very fine glass tube is put into water the liquid will rise in it owing to capillary attraction. The art of manufacturing blotting paper has been carried to such a degree that the product has wonderful absorbent qualities.
The original blotting paper was of a pink color, due to the fact that red rags were used, rags which could not be used for making the ordinary paper, as the color could not be removed. Here was a method for using the apparently useless matter, and so for a long time pink was the predominant color.—London M. A. P.

Sounded Best When Silent.
In a railroad office in West Philadelphia there is an old and trusted clerk of Celtic extraction who keeps his as a constant state of good humor by an unending series of witticisms interspersed occasionally with "bells" so glaring that even he himself has to join in the laugh that invariably follows such a "break" on his part. There was some trouble on the telephone one day recently, and Mike, as he is called among his friends, lost much of his usual good nature in his efforts to get the gist of a message that was being sent from another office. The man on the other end of the wire finally became exasperated and asked Mike if he was losing his hearing.
"I can hear you all right until you begin to talk," said Mike, "and then I can't understand a word you say."—Philadelphia Times.

The Arch.
The consensus of opinion among the learned is to the effect that the arch was invented by the Romans. Some claim that Archimedes of Sicily was the inventor, while there are others who would make it to be of Etrurian origin, but there can be no doubt about the fact that the Romans were the first to apply the principle to architecture. The earliest instance of its use is in the case of the Cloaca Maxima, or Great sewer, of Rome, built about 638 B. C., by the first of the Tarquin line of kings, a work which is regarded by the historians as being one of the most stupendous monuments of antiquity. Built entirely without cement, it is still doing duty after a service of almost twenty-five centuries.—New York American.

The Word "Slave."
An interesting instance in history of the twisted application of the names of a people is afforded by the case of the word "slave." Now, the Slavs, tribes dwelling on the banks of the Dniester, derived their appellation from "Slav," meaning noble or illustrious. In the days of the later Roman empire vast numbers of these Slavs were taken over by the Romans in the condition of captive servants, and in this way the name of the tribes came in time to carry with it the idea of a low state of servitude, the exact antithesis of its original meaning and one that has survived to this time.
Where He Belonged.
"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent—"I say, sir, do you know to what sect I belong?"
"Well, I don't exactly know," was the answer, "but to judge from your make, shape and size I should say you belong to a class called the In-sect."—London Tit-Bits.

A Description.
"What kind of man is Witherington?"
"One of those fellows who depend upon their whiskers to lend them distinction."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SHE KNEW THE GAME.
A Nice Old Chicago Lady Who Was a Baseball "Fan."
I remember being on a Chicago street car, says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, sitting beside a nice old lady in mourning a year or so ago. She was nervous and kept glancing at me and then glancing away again. It made me uncomfortable. I thought she took me for a pickpocket or some other bad man. Finally she could contain herself no longer. She leaned over. "Excuse me," she said, "but have you heard yet how the Cubs' game came out?"
"I hadn't, and her face fell, but in a moment she saw a possible opportunity for consolation.
"Well," she asked, "can you tell me who they are putting in the box today?"
How was that for a gray haired grandma?
In Chicago they all talk baseball from the cradle to the grave. Up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon during the baseball season no one talks about anything but the game of the day before. From 3 o'clock on the only subject is the game that is being played. The school child who cannot add two apples plus three apples and make it five apples can figure out the standing of the Chicago nines with one hand and a pencil that will make a mark only when it is held straight up and down.

ART CRITICISM.
A Story a Painter Told About the Artist Constable.
A well known New York painter told at a luncheon a story about art criticism.
"All art criticism is tolerable," he said, "except that which is insincere. The great Constable at a vanishing day at the Royal academy passed before A's picture and said:
"Very good, especially the sky. The sky is superb."
"Then he passed on to B and said:
"A's picture is very bad. Go look at it. The sky is like putty."
"So B went and looked and then exclaimed as if to himself:
"Why, I like the sky!"
"Well," cried A, the painter of the picture, "why shouldn't you like my sky?"
"But Constable said it was like putty," B explained confusedly.
"So A in a furious rage strode up to Constable and shouted:
"Constable, you're a humbug. I never asked for your opinion about my picture, yet you came to me and praised it. You said that especially you liked my sky. Then at once you go off and tell some one else that my sky is like putty."
"Constable listened, with a smile. He was not at all confused.
"My dear fellow, you don't understand," he said; "I like putty."—Los Angeles Times.

A Fresh Start.
A girl came in and sat in front of them at the play, she and her escort. "What a lovely profile!" said he. "Beautiful! Delicate little upturned nose, small mouth, deep, pretty eyes! Isn't she beautiful—beautiful?"
"Beautiful," said she, "but not half so much so as the man she is with. Isn't he the handsomest chap you ever saw? Look at his color, his mustache, his lovely head of hair. So many men are bald or beginning to be bald. I do love to see a fine head of hair on a man."
"You know," he whispered, "it always makes me sore to speak of people beginning to be bald, and you know why."
"Will you let up on the pretty profile if I cut out the bald head?" she asked.
"Yes," said he.
"All right," said she.—New York Press.

Born to Starve.
Many years ago an American naturalist, Dana, discovered on the surface of the sea a little animal of so singular a character that he named it "monstrilla." It is a small crustacean akin to the cyclops so common in ponds. But, while the latter are furnished with all that is necessary to capture and digest their food, the monstrilla has neither apparatus for seizing prey nor any digestive tube. It is richly provided with muscles, nervous system and organs of sense; it lacks only what is necessary to prolong life by alimentation. The monstrilla is doomed, therefore, to natural death.—Exchange.

An Odd Wish.
A student at a technical school in Boston who had too frequently asked leave of absence offered on one occasion as a reason the necessity of attending the funeral of a cousin.
"Well," said the doubting instructor, "I suppose I must let you go, but I do wish it were a nearer relative."—Lippincott's.

His Closeness.
Visitor—I saw your husband in the crowd downtown today. In fact, he was so close that I could have touched him.
Hostess—That's strange. At home he is so close that nobody can touch him.—Puck.
Got It Mixed.
An amusing blunder was made in the case of a judicial declaration that certain resident magistrates "could no more state a case than they could write a Greek ode."
This was made to read that the magistrates "could no more state a case than they could ride a Greek goat."—London Serapee.
No Barrier.
Miss Payne—You can't marry Jack because I'm engaged to him. Miss Fair—What's that got to do with it?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE COLUMBUS RACES
Will be held
JUNE 21-22-23
4,500.00 IN PURSES
Bigger and Better Than Ever
Large Purses Good Races
Columbus Driving Club

BASEBALL.
The Gentle Side of the Game as Seen by a Humorist.
I have seen a quiet little Sunday afternoon game of baseball in which every man on either side told every man on his own and the other side just what he thought of his character. One captain, says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, began by telling his pitcher what he thought of him and ordered him off the field, and the catcher remarked that if he had a catcher who knew how to catch a ball once every week or so he would be able to use some speed. This seemed to displease the catcher, and he remarked in no gentle tones about the pitcher's general ability and the short-sightedness of a captain who would have such a man on his nine. This gave pleasure to the opposing nine, and they showed it by appropriately gaying remarks and were taken to task by the nine men of the other side. The 200 spectators who gathered to see the ball game then told both sides what they thought of them and were given to understand that not a man on either side cared a faded fig for—
An hour later the umpire went home or in the direction of home, but the two captains were still discharging their men. I have seen one stout catcher discharged eight times in one seven-inning game, during which he period he resigned four times of his own accord.
The Problem.
Howell—What are you trying to fix ure out? Powell—How long it takes my wife's age to pass a given point.—New York Press.
What makes life dreary is want of motive.—George Eliot.

THE MATTERHORN.
Its Pointed Peak and the Wonderful View It Unfolds.
There are very few Alpine peaks so pointed as the Matterhorn. Some—as, for instance, Mont Blanc—are merely large lumps of frozen snow, but the Matterhorn is quite pointed and thin, composed of a ridge formed by a perpendicular wall of rock on one side and a very steep rocky slope on the other, a slope which after going a few yards at an incline breaks off sharp into a precipice.
When on the top, therefore, one is absolutely perched up between heaven and earth. Never before have I seen so much space around and below me. It is wonderful, immense, unreal. The panorama unfolded to the eyes is a superb one, an inextinguishable mass of peaks—Rosa, the Breithorn, the Comblin, Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, and others. There at our feet lies Zermatt, seemingly a tiny toy village, where we can imagine the tourists paying their franc to the telescope man to look at us. These good folk do not dream of the great difficulty we have in keeping our feet because of the wind.
Alas, it is so cold and the position such a precarious one that about ten minutes after our arrival we are compelled to turn our steps toward the descent, which on the Alps is much more to be dreaded than the ascent.—Wide World Magazine.
The End in View.
Ella—Who do you let him call you by your first name? Stella—I want to encourage him to help me get rid of my last name.—Judge.
Never educate a child to be a gentleman or a lady alone, but to be a man, a woman.—Herbert Spencer.

Better Plumbing
MANY homes should have better bath rooms than they now have. We have always 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 "Standard" plumbing fixtures and employ only experienced workmen. Our repairing service is prompt and reliable.
A. DUSSELL & SON,
Columbus, Nebraska