

# AUTOMOBILE BARGAINS

In order to make room for new stock, we offer the following Automobiles at very low prices—far less than cost. If you are going to buy a car, better come and see these before buying. They are remarkable bargains and will sell in a short time, so act promptly.

4 Cylinder 30 H. P. Overland Touring Car, Green Color, 5 passenger, all new tires, paint in good condition and runs as good as new, has a Speedometer, mud chains and extra tire. Costs as it stands \$1,495.

## OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$1,000

Reo 2 cylinder 5 passenger Touring Car, with top, Speedometer, etc., in good running condition, all tires good. Cost new \$1,150.

## OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$750

Reo 2 cylinder 24 H. P. 2 or 4 passenger roadster, new paint and new tires, engine overhauled and in best condition, color black with cream running gear, cost new \$1,050.

## OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$600

Reo runabout, has only been run a little, paint as good as new and the car is not damaged \$500 worth. Has windshield, extra tires and mud chains. Cost as it stands, with extra back so it easily carries four, \$595.

## OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$450

If you are interested in any of these, come in and look them over before they are gone. Remember all of them are in good condition, as we sold them all new, but have taken them in on other cars where the owner wanted a larger car of a new model. Come and see them or write immediately.

**Columbus Automobile Co.**  
Columbus, Nebraska

# Crockery Crockery

We have a few odds and ends left, such as plates, cups, saucers, meat plates, etc., also a stock of China and Japanese goods, which will go at a

**50 per cent Discount**

## DINNER SETS

in 50 and 100 piece sets at a very low price.

Try and see us on these prices.

**JOHANNES & KRUMLAND**

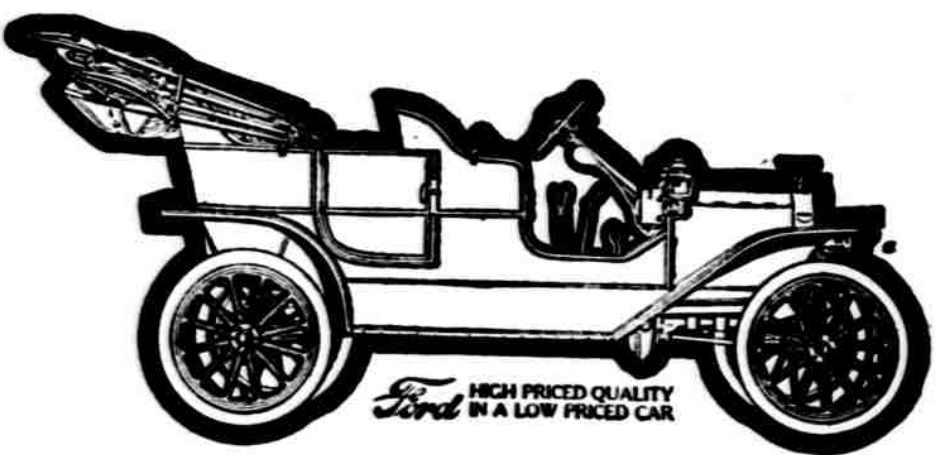
### Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of unclaimed mail matter remaining in the post office at Columbus, Nebraska, for the period ending August 28, 1910:  
Letters—Miss Jessie Colman, Eugene F. Coon, Jack Davis, A. C. Eibel, Mrs. Lucetta Green, E. C. Henderson 2, Frank R. Johnston, J. W. Neely.  
Cards—H. J. Beattie, Pat Curtis, Miss Eva Davis, W. H. Finney, Mrs. R. W. Green, Mary E. Hagans, Miss W. Hainer, E. C. Henderson 2, Jim Halloran, J. C. Kimble 2, Miss V. Meyer, F. W. Meyer, Fred Miller 3, Leonard Miller, W. C. O'Sullivan, Jack B. Rockefeller, Miss Hattie Schorke, J. C. White.  
Parties calling for any of the above will please say advertised.

CARL KRAMER, P. M.

### Marriage Licenses.

Ralph L. Drake, Columbus..... 23  
Florence A. Hagel, Columbus..... 23  
Lester W. Carson, Silver Creek..... 21  
Mattie Bump, Silver Creek..... 18  
Byron B. Bond, Silver Creek..... 22  
Mary Frantzen, Silver Creek..... 22  
Carl Swenberg, Columbus..... 27  
Mary Bumgartner, Columbus..... 24  
John H. Zipper, Osceola..... 23  
Balbina Kotlar, Columbus..... 18  
Fred W. Bruggeman, Columbus..... 26  
Mary J. Dineen, Platte Center..... 24  
Ernest Bather, Clinton, Ia..... 26  
Mary F. Christian, Genoa..... 23



**Everyone Should Turn Out**

**And See the Omaha Motor Club**

When they arrive at Columbus

**Friday, August 26th**

At noon. They all stop at the GOTTBERG GARAGE for gasoline. Columbus has been tendered the honor to place a FORD car in this contest, to be driven by a Columbus driver.

**GOTTBERG AUTO CO.**  
Columbus, Nebraska

## AUCTION STORIES

Unexpected Prizes That Have Been Won by Bidders.

### A GREAT BARGAIN IN EGGS.

How Two Specimens of the Great Auk Species Were Bought For \$9 and Sold For \$2,000—An Old Picture That Had a Valuable Lining.

"Of course I have met with a good many interesting experiences during my career as an auctioneer," relates Henry Stevens in a London magazine, "but the most striking of them all occurred, I think, in connection with a great auk's egg."

"Some years ago a young fellow rode over to an obscure furniture sale at the country village in the hope of securing a bargain to help in furnishing a home in view of his intended marriage. And a bargain he did get, though not of the kind he originally thought of."

"One of the lots put up for sale was a basketful of shells, eggs and other ornaments which had attracted the attention of an old lady who happened to be present. Just as they were on the point of being knocked down to her the young man was struck by the appearance of two large eggs in the basket, and, thinking he might as well have them as curiosities, he started to bid, with the result that the lot was knocked down to him for \$9."

"Upon examining the eggs it occurred to him that he might be able to make a profit on their sale. He accordingly wrapped them up in a handkerchief and brought them to me."

"As soon as they had washed off the grime which covered them I discovered that they were eggs of no less a bird than the great auk, and as a result of their sale a few weeks later I handed the astute young bargain hunter a check for \$2,000."

"At another sale which I conducted there was an old picture so covered with dirt and grime that it was almost impossible to see what it was like. This was hung upon the wall in a prominent position, but did not apparently find favor in the eyes of any of the dealers who were present. No reserve price was placed upon this picture, which had been put into the sale by a local pawnbroker to whom it had been pledged and not redeemed."

"In spite of every effort on the part of the auctioneer, it was eventually knocked down to a young man who had looked into the sale quite casually in order to waste half an hour during which he had to wait for a train. Taking a great fancy to the frame, which was of oak, blackened with age, he hazarded a bid of \$5, at which price it was knocked down to him without any competition."

"As he did not want the picture, he asked the auctioneer whether he would mind trying to get a bid for it if he cut it out of the frame, and, being answered in the affirmative, he took out his knife and neatly cut through the canvas all round the edge."

"Imagine the astonishment of himself and all present when, hidden behind the canvas, he discovered five bills for \$100 each. Evidently the picture had been used to conceal the savings of some previous owner, who had died without disclosing the secret and whose hard won fortune thus came into the hands of a total stranger."

"I should quote as very interesting a sale at Rutland Gate, where there were only the remains of the furniture, a firm having been allowed to take what they chose to their rooms. It was accordingly after the nature of a rummage sale, but in one cupboard which had been overlooked were what the junior clerk described as three silver cups. The auctioneer was sitting in his office when a gentleman drove up in a hansom cab, anxious to speak about these cups, for which he offered no less than \$1,500."

"The auctioneer was so much surprised that he thought his visitor must have some reason for this high bid, and he wisely determined not to take the first offer he received. 'Oh, I don't think they will take that,' he said, and with this answer the gentleman had to be content. An expert was called on to examine the so called cups, and he discovered them to be in reality sixteenth century chalices, for which he himself made an offer of \$2,100. The three cups were subsequently sold for \$2,750, but it was only by the slightest chance that they had not gone for a mere song."

"I shall never forget an incident which occurred in connection with the sale of some valuable shells. The bidding for one large shell in particular was much more brisk than I had anticipated, but the reason for this became apparent when at last it was knocked down to a gentleman in a very excited condition, who directly it was handed to him flung it upon the ground and trampled it to atoms, at the same time shouting out in a loud voice that now that one was destroyed he possessed the only specimen in the world."

### They're All a Bluff.

Scene—Railroad car on the New York Central going up the Hudson river, passing Yonkers.

First Traveler—Say, have you heard about the Palisades?

Second Traveler—No. What about them?

First Traveler—Why, they say they're all a bluff.—New York Herald.

The man who has not attained to self government cannot safely live under the law of liberty.—Wagner.

### Malicious.

Youngleigh—Which is the better way to propose, orally or by letter? Cynical—By letter, certainly. There's a chance that you might forget to mail it.—Exchange.

### Why, indeed?

She—Why does woman take a man's name when she marries him? He—Why does she take everything else he's got?

When death comes it is never our tenderness that we regret of, but our severity.—Elliot.

## THE OIL WELL SHOOTER.

Sometimes Blown Into Eternity With His Own Ammunition.

In certain of the petroleum producing districts it becomes necessary sometimes in opening an oil well—sometimes when the well has become clogged or apparently exhausted—to begin or renew the flow by exploding nitroglycerin at the bottom of the well. This explosive is employed because it is explosive readily by the dropping of a weight upon it. A man who carries nitroglycerin from well to well for this purpose is known in the oil regions as a "shooter."

The shooter has a wagon in which to carry his explosive. A square box under the seat is carefully padded, and when it has been solidly filled with cans of nitroglycerin, which is a molasses-like fluid, he fastens down the cover and drives slowly away to the well that he is to shoot. Usually he makes the trip very early in the morning to avoid the customary travel and so diminish the chance of danger.

For the most part the roads are bad, and the wagon jolts along in a way to make any one but an old shooter decidedly nervous. If it is dark there is great danger that a wheel may drop into a hole with force enough to detonate the explosive. Several wagons bearing shooters and their loads have been blown up, but no one ever lived to tell what sort of far caused the explosion.

In such a case little is ever found except the great hole in the ground which the explosion has dug, with possibly a wheel of the wagon a quarter of a mile away in one direction and another in the opposite direction.

The shooter generally takes from 80 to 240 quarts of nitroglycerin in his wagon. The smaller amount is quite enough if it should explode to leave no trace of the driver of the vehicle.

When the shooter reaches the well which is to be treated long torpedo tubes are placed within the casing of the well, and the nitroglycerin is poured carefully into them. The well may be 1,500 feet deep and is seldom less than a thousand. When one of the tubes is filled it is lowered with the utmost care to the bottom of the well. This operation is repeated until the shooter is satisfied that the load is heavy enough to accomplish the purpose. When all is ready a bar of iron, known as a "go-devil," is dropped into the well. The instant it leaves his hand the shooter takes to his heels, seeking a place of safety.

Suddenly the earth trembles; there is a crash, followed by a snap; a muffled sound arises and becomes louder and louder until a column of oil and water shoots from 75 to 100 feet into the air. The country for hundreds of feet around is filled with clouds of spray floating to leeward. When this subsides the well is in operation and the shooter receives his fee and drives away.—Harper's Weekly.

### The Dead Man's Hand.

Charmers as cures for sickness were common in England a century ago. Lady Wake, who was born in 1800, tells of a groomsman cure adopted for the removal of some birthmarks which disfigured her face. Her mother was persuaded that "a dead man's hand laid upon my cheek and hands would effectually remove the marks," she writes. "As a man could not be killed for the occasion, it was necessary to wait till some one died. An old man at last did die in one of the nearest cottages, and I was taken there in my sleep. I remember afterward being constantly stopped by the widow, who always examined my cheek in order to ascertain the state of her husband's body, as the marks, she told my nurse, would certainly fade away as he turned into dust. Whatever the cause of the cure, the marks in time disappeared."

### "It's the Cut."

An aged country rector who had an old tailor as his clerk, returning from his church one Sunday with the latter, thus addressed him:

"Thomas, I cannot think how it is that our church should be getting thinner, for I am sure I preach as well as ever I did and ought to have far more experience than I had when I first came among you."

"Indeed," replied Thomas. "I'll tell you what; old parsons nowadays are just like old tailors, for I'm sure I saw as well as ever I did in my life, and the cloth is the same, but it's the cut, sir. Ah, it's the new cut."—Pearson's Weekly.

### Funerals in England.

At the time of Queen Victoria's funeral a writer in the Undertakers' Journal complained that, while royal burials were still conducted in an impressive manner, a sad lack of ceremonial distinguished the funerals of the nobility. "Item after item has been abandoned, idea after idea has been dropped, each meaning a distinct loss to our business. An undertaker in the west end, referring to the recent death of a noble lord, confided to me: 'Forty years ago I buried a member of that family, and the funeral bill came to £1,250 (\$6,250). Ten years later I buried another, when it came to just over £700 (\$3,500). Fifteen years ago I buried a third, at a cost of £220 (\$1,100), but the bill for this one did not reach £75 (\$375).'"

### Origin of a Famous Saying.

Euclid, who is sometimes called the father of mathematics, taught this subject in the famous school at Alexandria. Being asked one day by the king of Egypt (Ptolemy Soter) whether he could not teach him the science in a shorter way, Euclid answered in words that have been memorable ever since. "Sir, there is no royal road to learning." Not many scraps of conversation have lived, as this reply has, for 2,200 years.

### Luck.

Tommy—Pop, what is luck?  
Tommy's Pop—Luck, my son, is what comes to a man who has the opportunity of buying something for a mere song, but who can't sing.—Philadelphia Record.

### A Bird in the Hand.

A woman is a person who would rather have her husband at home of nights than in the Hall of Fame.—Galveston News.

## WHIPPED THE LION

A Contest Between Human and Brute Strength.

### SANDOW WAS THE VICTOR.

Stripped to the Waist, the Strong Man Wrestled With the Enraged Animal, Who Was Mittened and Muzzled, and Thoroughly Subdued Him.

The story that Richard, later termed "Coeur de Lion," derived his name from the feat of tearing a live lion's heart out of its body is usually regarded today as apocryphal. At this distance of time it is impossible to tell what was the truth. But if Richard had the strength of Sandow and strove with the lion under conditions similar to those under which Sandow wrestled with a menagerie lion in San Francisco some years ago there may be a basis of fact for the legend. In the Strand Magazine Mr. Sandow told of the event:

It was to be a struggle between brute strength and human strength. Merely in order to prevent the lion from tearing me to pieces with his claws, mittens were to be placed on his feet and a muzzle over his head. This lion, I must tell you, was a particularly fierce animal and only a week before had enjoyed a dish that was not on the menu—his keeper.

Well, the engagement was accordingly made and "A Lion Fight with Sandow" widely advertised. The announcement, I am told, sent a thrill through the cities for a hundred miles round, and in order to be equipped for a performance which would be found to attract hundreds of thousands of people I decided to rehearse my fight with the lion beforehand.

I had it in my mind that the effect of muzzling and muzzling the beast might be to put him off the fight by frightening him, and, realizing how foolish I should appear facing a lion that would not fight, I was desirous of making certain that this should not be the case.

Accordingly the lion was muzzled and muzzled, but only with the aid of six strong men, and I entered the cage unarmed and stripped to the waist. What happened was in direct opposition to my expectations; bagging his paws and incasing his head in a wire cage only served to enrage the brute, and no sooner had I stepped inside than he crouched preparatory to springing upon me.

His eyes ablaze with fury, he hurled himself through the air, but missed, for I had stepped aside, and before he had time to recover I caught him with my left arm round the throat and round the middle with my right, and, although his weight was 500 pounds, I lifted him as high as my shoulder, gave him a huge hug to instill into his mind that he must respect me and tossed him to the floor.

Roaring with rage, the beast rushed fiercely toward me and raised his huge paw to strike a heavy blow at my head. As his paw cut through space I felt the air fairly whistle and realized not only my lucky escape, but the lion's weak point and my strong one.

If only he struck me once I knew it would be my coup de grace, and I took particular care that he never should.

As I ducked my head to avoid the blow I succeeded in getting a good grip round the lion's body, with my chest touching his and his feet over my shoulders and hugged him with all my strength. The strength he scratched and tore the harder I hugged him, and although his feet were protected by mittens, his claws tore through my tights and part of my skin. But I had him as in a vise; his mighty efforts to get away proved of no avail.

Before leaving the cage, however, I was determined to try just one other feat. Moving away from the lion, I stood with my back toward him, thus openly inviting him to jump on me. At once he sprang right at my back.

Throwing up my arms, I gripped his neck, and in one moment shot him clean over my head, assisted by the animal's own impetus, and launched him before me like a sack of sawdust, the action causing him to turn a complete somersault.

While he lay there, dazed, the door was unlocked, and I went out, my legs and neck bleeding and with scratches all over my body. But for these trifles I cared nothing. I felt that I had conquered that lion and that I should have little difficulty in mastering it on the next occasion in public.

So thoroughly was he tamed, however, that the great fight lasted but two minutes. When he would fight no more I lifted him up and walked round the arena with him on my shoulders, he remaining as firm as a rock and as quiet as an old sheep.

### Flower of the Air.

There is a plant in Chile and a similar one in Japan called the "flower of the air." It is so called because it appears to have no root and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 600 to 700 miles and vegetates as it travels suspended on a twig.

### Different Style.

Edward, aged six, was sent to a barber shop to get his hair cut. The barber who was assigned to the job had red hair.

"Would you like to have your hair cut like mine?" asked the barber.

"No, sir," answered Edward. "Cut it some other color, please."—Chicago News.

### Poor Service.

As the fire truck came clanging along the street car tracks Uncle Ben stood at the corner and waved his hat.

"Ding it!" he exclaimed when the truck had passed. "That wouldn't stop neither."—Buffalo Express.

### Happiness is a bird we pursue our life long without catching it.—Virey.

Never quit when failure stares you in the face. A little more energy often changes a failure into a great success.

## Pioneer Crude Oil Burner Company

Incorporated under the laws of Oklahoma Capital Stock \$30,000.00

We are putting in burners every day, and our patrons are more than pleased with them.

We are furnishing our patrons a 60 gallon oil tank at a nominal cost so they can have a supply of oil on hand.

**M. VOGEL**

### A ROMANCE IN SIGHT.

Started by the Unmasking of the Pair of Frauds.

Not until boarding houses cease to exist will all their romances be written. Shabby romances, some of them are, like that of the young woman who got so tired of being called "poor thing" because she received no invitations and had to eat all her meals at the boarding house table that she took to eating alone once in awhile at a cheap restaurant and then brazenly lying about the friends who had invited her to dinner.

There was a young man in that house who never went anywhere either. The first night the girl stayed out life's desolation nearly overpowered him. "Even that poor little white faced son has made friends who want her," he said. "Nobody wants me. I'm no good on earth."

Then on rare occasions his place at the table was vacant. "New friends?" asked the landlady.

"Yes," lied the young man.

One night the man and the girl met in a twenty-five cent restaurant. They blushed; they fenced; they finally confessed.

"We're a pair of frauds," said the girl. "It's awful to think that tonight when we go home we will have to swear that we have been dining with friends."

"Well," said the young man, "ain't we?"—New York Press.

### SHE WAS AGGRESSIVE.

Lucky For the Little Man He Was Not Her Husband.

The lady in the office corner of the tramcar possessed a truculent air and a discolored eye.

"Funny thing any one can't take a penny ride without everybody glaring at 'em," she remarked, fixing a small gentleman wearing gray whiskers and a somewhat rusty top hat with her normal optic.

The small gentleman suddenly became interested in a soap advertisement.

"If any one can't 'ave a black eye without Tom, Dick and Harry asking questions things are comin' to a pretty pass," continued the lady.

Silence, allied with soap advertisement study, though eminently discreet, was ineffective.

"You 'm a-talkin' to." The lady prodded the small gentleman's knee with her umbrella. "Bin settin' there this last ten minutes, you 'ave, wonderin' if my 'usband gives it to me. If it 'ease yer mind, 'e did. Is there anything else?"

"Madam," the small gentleman commenced, "had I been your husband?"

"I should 'a' got off at th' cemetery with a wreath instead of goin' to the 'ospital with a visitor's ticket," snapped the lady, "and the wreath wouldn't 'a' been expensive either."—London Ideas.

### Alaska's Coast Region.

The coast region of Alaska has a mild climate, not colder than the northern part of Puget sound or of Scotland. The stand of trees is dense, averaging for considerable areas 25,000 feet per acre. Sitka spruce forming about 20 per cent of the stand and western hemlock about 75 per cent. Although by far the most abundant species, western hemlock does not produce as large individual trees as the spruce or western red cedar, the former occasionally showing a diameter of six feet with a height of 150 feet and the cedar diameters of from three to four feet.

### Cynical.

"You seem to find your book very interesting, Miss Maudstone."

"Yes; it is one of the most charming stories I have ever read, and so true to life. Every man in it is a villain."

### RATTLESNAKE BITES.

Simple Rules For Treatment If You Have the Nerve to Use Them.

The treatment of a rattlesnake wound resolves itself into the application of a few very simple rules. In the first place, a person wounded by a snake usually does the very thing he should not do—that is, goes tearing off at top speed for the nearest human habitation, thereby increasing the circulation and disseminating the virus through the system more rapidly. The man should sit calmly down and bind his handkerchief around the limb if it is a limb, break off a stout twig and insert beneath the handkerchief, producing a rude tourniquet, and twist until the circulation is effectually shut off.

With a sharp knife make an X incision over the wound, taking care to penetrate deeper than the fangs have done. If he has good teeth and no canker in his mouth, he may now suck vigorously upon the wound. It does no good to suck the original wound. It is quite difficult to get any virus back through an opening not greater in caliber than a fine needle. If all this is done without delay the chances are that the patient will suffer no greater inconvenience from his experience. If he chances to have handy a stick of silver nitrate he can cauterize the wound thoroughly. Failing that, a brand from the fire will serve. After a time he may release his tourniquet somewhat and permit a portion of the retained blood to enter the circulation. The system is capable of taking care of a great deal of poison if it is allowed to flow into the blood gradually.—Outing.

### SET HIM THINKING.

The Reason His Wife Gave For Disliking Postponements.

Just when Mrs. Ackroyd had finished packing her trunks and after William Ackroyd had bought railway tickets for her and their two daughters little Beanie came down with a severe case of whooping cough. The doctor positively refused to let the child start on a long journey, and even if he had thought it safe for the little one to leave home he assured Mrs. Ackroyd that she would not be permitted to take the patient into a hotel anywhere. "Isn't it a shame?" the distressed lady wailed. "Here we are with everything in our trunks, and my husband has even bought our berths in the sleeper."

"It is unfortunate, but I don't know what you can do except sit down and wait four or five days. It may be safe then for you to start away."

When her husband got home that evening Mrs. Ackroyd was weeping.

"Don't take it so hard, dear," he said. "It might be a good deal worse. Our little one is likely to get along all right. The doctor says the case isn't an unusually severe one, and when I telephoned him this afternoon he said he thought it might be safe for you to start away by the end of the week."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go. I never postponed anything yet that didn't turn out badly. I once postponed a wedding, and the marriage never took place."

Half an hour later William Ackroyd was still sitting in a corner alone thinking it over.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Matrimonial Felicity.

Mrs. Quackenbush—Am yo' daughter happily married, Sistah Sage?

Mrs. Sage—She sho' is! Bless goodness, she's done got a husband dat's skereed to death of her!—Woman's Home Companion.

You can conquer your cares more quickly if you do not continually carry a long face.

## STATE FAIR

SEPT. 5<sup>TH</sup> TO 9<sup>TH</sup> 1910

**LINCOLN**

THE STATE'S BEST PRODUCTS



**WRIGHT BROS. AEROPLANE**  
IN DAILY FLIGHTS  
**LOMBARDO SYMPHONY BAND**  
AND OPERA COMPANY  
**GREAT RACES—PATTERSON SHOWS**  
**BASE BALL—FIREWORKS**  
**NIGHT RACES—VAUDEVILLE**