

Bargain Clearing Sale

We have

78 BOYS' OVERCOATS

on hand which we want to dispose of now, and not wait until the end of the season.

These Overcoats are good goods and well made, and run in sizes from age 7 to 20.

They are marked to sell from \$3.50 to \$10, and are well worth the money.

We make a Uniform **\$2.50**
Bargain Price of..

For Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 21 and 22 Only

405 Eleventh St. **FRISCHHOLZ BROS.**

GROTESQUE NAMES.

Burdens That Innocent English Children Had to Bear.

In England, as in other countries, thousands of people go through life cherishing a grudge against their parents for giving them absurd or incongruous names. It was most natural that a demure and pretty girl in a north suburb should feel resentful when she had to answer to the name of Busybody, given in honor of the winner of a race fifteen years before. Among the names registered at Somerset House are Ails and Graces and Nun Nicer, which were innocently borne by two little girls who found them most embarrassing in after years. The appalling name of Wellington Wolsley Roberts was borne by a young man who, in disposition and appearance, was anything but militant, and as little likely to win fame on the battlefield as his predecessors Arthur Welsley Wellington Waterloo Cox and Napoleon the Great Eggar. However, even these names, inappropriate as they may be, are to be preferred to Roger the Ass, Anna (sic) Domini Davies and Bonicea Basler. To parents of large families the advent of another child is not always welcome, but it is scarcely kind to make the unexpected child bear a token of disapproval. It must be rather terrible to go through life, for example, as Not Wanted James, What Another, Only Fancy William Brown, or even as Last of 'Em Harper, or Still Another Hewitt. And yet these are all names which the foolish caprice of British parents has imposed on innocent children.—Chicago Record-Herald.

OLD TIME GIRDLERS.

They Were Indispensable Articles of Wear in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages at the girdle were hung the thousand and one odds and ends needed and utilized in everyday affairs. The scrivener had his inkhorn and pen attached to it, the scholar his book or books, the monk his crucifix and rosary, the innkeeper his tallies and everybody his knife. So many and so various were the articles attached to it that the sippant began to poke fun. In an old play there is mention of a merchant who had hanging at his girdle a pouch, a spectacle case, a "punnard," a pen and inkhorn and a "handkercher," with many other trinkets besides, of which a merry companion said, "It was like a haberdasher's shop of small wares." In another early play a lady says to her maid: "Give me my girdle and see that all the furniture be at it. Look that pinchers, the penknife, the knife to close letters with, the bodkin, the ear picker and the scale be in the case." Girdles were in some respects like the chateaines of more modern times, but they differed therefrom in being more useful, more comprehensive in regard both to sex and to articles worn, and when completely finished more costly. It is partly for this reason that we find girdles bequeathed as precious heirlooms and as valuable presents to keep the giver's memory green after death. They were not infrequently of great intrinsic value.

The Price of a Life.

According to Anglo-Saxon law, every man's life, including that of the king, was valued at a fixed price, and any one who took it could commute the offense by a money payment upon a fixed scale. The life of a peasant was reckoned to be worth 200 shillings, that of a man of noble birth 1,200 shillings, and the killing of a king involved the regicide in a payment of 7,200 shillings. It has been pointed out that the heir to the throne could thus get rid of the existing occupant by murdering him and thereafter handing over the line, according to the scale, to the exchequer, when his offense would be purged and his money would come back to himself, for in those days the sovereign received all fines as personal perquisites. There is very little doubt that these rough means were practically applied in the case of some rulers of England in the pre-conquest period.—London Telegraph.

Baboons and Water.

In Captain Drayton's "Sporting Scenes Among the Kafirs" we find the following: "Well," said Kemp, "when I go into a country where there is not much water I always take my baboon." "You don't drink him, do you?" "No, but I make him show me water." "How do you do that?" "In this way: When water gets scarce I give the Babian none. If he does not seem thirsty I rub a little salt on his tongue. I then take him out with a long string or chain. At first it is difficult to make him understand what was wanted, for he always wished to go back to the wagons. Now, however, he is well trained. When I get him out some distance I let him go. He runs along a bit, scratches himself, shows his teeth at me, takes a smell up wind, looks all round, picks up a bit of grass, smells or eats it, stands up for another sniff, canters on, and so on. Wherever the nearest water is there he is sure to go."

Stevenson Obligated.

Robert Louis Stevenson once sent the following quaint letter to an autograph hunter: "You have sent me a slip to write on. You have sent me an addressed envelope. You have sent it me stamped. Many have done as much before. You have spelled my name aright, and some have done that. In one point you stand alone; you have sent me the stamps for my post-office, not the stamps for yours. What is asked with so much consideration I take a pleasure to grant. Here, since you value it and have been at the pains to earn it by such unusual attentions—here is the signature."
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Calculating.

"Why doesn't Mrs. Filmgit stop quarrelling with her husband and get a divorce?" "She realizes how much more of his income he would have left after paying alimony than she now allows him for car fare and lunches."—Washington Star.

Kindness.

Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the same dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love: make haste to be kind!—Amiel.



EVEN the most critical college man cannot but like our two button models. They have an elegance of tailoring and smartness of style which will force the attention of anyone having any ideas about clever style.

GREISEN BROS.
COLUMBUS, NEB.

A Joke on the King.

Sir Ernest Cassel was persona grata with King Edward VII. As a matter of fact there was a curious and striking resemblance between the back view of the late king and that of Sir Ernest. It was so pronounced that the great financier was known among his friends as "Windsor Castle." There is a good story and a true one told in connection with this. It happened at a garden party at Windsor castle. A well known peer of the realm was strolling about when, as he thought, he spotted Sir Ernest sitting in a chair. Going toward him on tiptoe, he gave him a resounding smack on the shoulder. "Hello, old Windsor Castle!" he cried. "How are you?" The occupant of the chair, startled, turned around. It was King Edward, who, unaware of Sir Ernest's nickname, was for a time exceedingly vexed at this undue liberty. However, when the circumstances were explained to him he enjoyed the joke hugely.—London M. A. P.

The Bull Snake.

The bull snake, a species of pine snake, inhabits the shady pine woods along the Atlantic coast from New Jersey to Florida, but other species are found almost everywhere except in New England. The bull snake is quite harmless, but is a powerful constrictor. It lays eggs and feeds upon birds, rodents and eggs. It swallows an egg whole, and after the egg has passed a few inches down the throat—where it forms a large swelling—the serpent lifts its head, elevates its back and exerts a downward pressure until the shell breaks. Owing to a curious constriction of its epiglottis its hiss is so loud and so well sustained as to resemble the sound of red-hot iron being plunged in water. The maximum length of these snakes is seven and a half feet. Their color is white, with the exception of the head and back, the former being spotted black and the latter brown.—Wide World Magazine.

Beggars and Bandages.

It was a case in which first aid to the injured was imperative, but no one present knew how to extend the aid. Presently a bandaged beggar who had been sitting on the curb cast off his pretense of helplessness. Out of linen strips provided by the women in the crowd he fashioned bandages and applied them skillfully. "Where did you acquire all that skill in nursing?" a bystander asked. "It is one of the first things the men of our profession learn," was the candid response. "Half our success depends upon arrangement of bandages that makes us look as if we had been half killed. No doctor can be depended on to fix us up, so we have to do our own bandaging. Every successful man in the business practices on himself and the other fellows until he can turn out a first class job."—New York Sun.

Johnny Roche's Tower.

Standing on the banks of the river Awberg, between Mallow and Fermoy, County Cork, Ireland, is a remarkable edifice known as "Johnny Roche's Tower." The whole tower was built by the labor of one man, who subsequently resided in it. This individual, who received no education whatever, also erected a mill, constructing the water wheel after a special design of his own. Long before the introduction of the bicycle he went about the country in a wheeled vehicle of his own construction, propelled by spot power. His last feat was to build his tomb in the middle of the river bed. John Roche died, but was not interested in the strange burying place which he selected for himself, his less original relatives deeming such a mode of sepulture unchristian.—London Strand Magazine.

Needs Prodding.

"It is a great mistake, Mabel, to trifle with the affections of a man who loves you by encouraging some one else." "Well, he's a little slow, auntie. I think he needs a pacemaker."

PRIMITIVE PHYSIC.

John Wesley as a Physician and Some of His Remedies.

It is not generally known that John Wesley in one of his brief intervals of leisure published a sort of medical treatise called not inappropriately "Primitive Physic." It was first published in 1747, and it ran into at least twenty-four editions. The author was greatly surprised there was so swift and large a demand for it. In the later editions he was able to add the word "Tried" to certain remedies the virtues of which he had meanwhile found opportunities of testing. After five years' careful trial and notwithstanding the objections of the learned he recommends for the ague "to go into the cold bath just before the cold fit," but omits to say how to time the coming of the fit. To prevent apoplexy use the cold bath and drink only water. If this proves useless and a fit should declare itself you have only to "put a handful of salt with a pint of cold water and if possible pour it down the throat of the patient." To cure asthma "take a pint of cold water every morning, washing the head therewith immediately after." Wesley gives four ways of curing old age—"take tar water morning and evening" or "a decoction of nettles" or "be electrified daily" or "chew cinnamon daily and swallow your saliva." The two great panaceas in the Wesleyan doctrine are the use of cold water and the use of electricity, and at the end of the book are columns of every sort of disease which may be overcome by these simple expedients.—St. James' Gazette.

WANTED A JOB.

Therefore He Did His Best to Please the Manager.

A certain playwright relates how a manager was much annoyed by the persistent applications for a "job" made by a peculiarly seedy individual. Time and again the manager had referred this person to his stage manager. "See Blank," he would say, interrupting the man's attempts to set forth his qualifications.

At last the applicant did succeed in gaining audience of Blank, the stage manager, who was in the theater for the time "sizing up" candidates for the chorus.

There were, of course, a number ahead of him, but this fact did not prevent the seedy man from interrupting the stage manager between songs with requests for a job.

Exasperated, the stage manager at length turned to the pianist and ordered him to play an accompaniment for the stranger. With considerable hesitation the seedy person raised what voice he had in song. The result was had as had could be.

The manager suddenly commanded him to desist.

"What do you mean by this tomfoolery?" he demanded, disgusted. "You certainly have confounded impudence to ask me for a job!"

"Look here!" said the stranger, angry in turn. "I don't claim to be able to sing. In fact, I don't want to sing. I'm a stage carpenter. I only sang to please you because you insisted on it!"—Pearson's Weekly.

His Favorite Opium.

Ushers in theaters handle some peculiar people during a season, but the experience of the employee of a Chestnut street playhouse was a puzzle for some time. A well dressed, middle aged man would secure an end seat in the front row almost every evening. He would tell the usher if he fell asleep he was not to be disturbed until after the show. No sooner would the orchestra play the overture than the ushers would notice that the man was asleep. At the close of the night's entertainment some one would rouse the sleeper and he would leave with a polite acknowledgment. One night he explained his strange behavior: "I suffer from insomnia," he said. "The only relief I get is when I sit close to the drummer in an orchestra. There is something in the rhythmic beating of the drum that soothes me to sleep."—Philadelphia Times.

Found a Place.

The billposter had one poster left and no conspicuous place to put it. He stood on the corner and wondered what he should do with it. Presently an Italian woman carrying a big load of wood on her head passed by.

"Better than a Broadway electric tower for my business," said he. Paste brush and paste were requisitioned, the poster was clapped on the perambulating wood pile, and for fifteen minutes the ever curious Broadway crowd stopped, turned and even followed to learn something about the commodity that was advertised in that novel manner.—New York Sun.

Wanted to Know.

"Have you ever read any of my husband's poetry?" "Yes, I have had that—er—yes, ma'am." "What do you think of it?" "Madam, are you looking for a compliment for your husband's verses or for sympathy for yourself?"—Houston Post.

Different Now.

"Before we were married," sighed the fond wife, "you used to call me up by long distance telephone just as you used to say, to hear my voice." "Well," retorted the rebellious husband, "nowadays you won't let me get far enough from you to use the long distance."—London Telegraph.

Patience, persistence and power to do are only acquired by work.—Holланд.

Careless.

She—My little brother shot off his gun this morning, and the bullet went through my hair. He—How careless of you to leave it lying around.—Exchange.

A Previous Question.

She—Papa asked what your intentions were last evening, George. He—Didn't say anything about his own, did he?—Boston Transcript.

If you get angry with a man or woman make up your mind what you are going to say and then don't say it.

H. F. GREINER

Groceries and Staple Dry Goods

Corner Eleventh and Olive Streets

Our goods are of the best quality, second to none, and will be sold only for cash.

Notice our prices in Groceries and see what a dollar will buy.

- 18 pounds of Sugar for... \$1.00
- 48 lb Sack Peter Schmitt's Best Flour... \$1.35
- 20 lbs Navy Beans... \$1.00
- 5 lbs of First Class Coffee... \$1.00
- 12 Cans of Sweet Corn... \$1.00
- 12 Cans Peas... \$1.00
- 28 bars of Lenox Soap... \$1.00
- 100 lbs of Cabbage... \$1.25
- 1 25c pkg of Star Naptha washing powder... 20c
- 5 lbs good rice... 25c
- 3 pks Egg-o-see Corn Flakes... 25c
- Cranberries, extra fine, per quart... 10c
- Dill Pickles, per gal... 45c
- Sour Pickles, per gal... 35c
- Sweet Pickles, per doz... 10c

DRY GOODS

Come in and examine our stock of Dry Goods. It is now complete and well selected

UNDERWEAR

We have it for ladies, children and men in single garments or union suits.

CALICOS

American prints of all descriptions, first class goods will be sold at, per yard... 5c

OUTING FLANNELS

Now is the season, they will be sold at 200 yards at... 5c
Fancy Outing, worth 15c... 10c
Dress Outing worth 15c... 12 1-2c

A good line of Cotton and Woolen Blankets from 48c to \$3 50.

Men's dress and working shirts, working pants, overalls and sweaters, also boys' knee pants.

A fine selection of Sofa Pillows and Japanese drawn work.

Have curtain and roller shades will be sold at reduced prices.

In Hosiery we have the Armor Plate, the best made. Try a pair.

Genius and Mediocrity.

Cornelle did not speak correctly the language of which he was such a master. Descartes was silent in mixed society. Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, said, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village into a great city." Addison was unable to converse in company. Virgil was heavy colloquially. La Fontaine was coarse and stupid when surrounded by men. The Countess of Pembroke had been often heard to say of Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Socrates, celebrated for his written orations, was so timid that he never ventured to speak in public. Dryden said that he was unfit for company. Hence it has been remarked, "Mediocrity can talk, it is for genius to observe."

Bad Arguments.

The best way of answering a bad argument is not to stop it, but let it go on its course until it overleaps the boundaries of common sense.—Sydney Smith.

Information.

Customer—Have you the papers for a week back? Newsboy—For a week back? Yer don't want papers; yer wants a porous plaster.—Exchange.

Decide but Once.

When you decide more than once not to do a thing, it is a sure sign that you will do it sooner or later.—Athenian Globe.

You never lift up a life without being yourself lifted up.—Emerson.

HORSE AND MULE SALE

I will sell at public auction at the

Clother Barn
in COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA

Saturday, Nov. 26, 1910

50 HORSES AND MULES 50

Consisting of

- 5 Span of Good Mules
- 5 Span of Good Mares
- 14 Two year old colts weighing from 1,100 to 1,300 lbs each now
- 3 Span of Yearling Colts that weigh from 900 to 1,000 lbs now
- 3 Span of 2 year old colts that will make good drivers
- 4 Good Single Drivers

Come and see them sell. Sale commences at 1 p.m.

10 months' time will be given on bankable notes at 8 per cent

W. I. BLAIN
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