We extend To All

an invitation to come to our studio and examine the artistic photographs that we are making so reasonably for the Christmas giving.

A Finished Photograph

of yourself is something that all your friends would appreciate. Better engage a dozen or so right away as the final rush just before Christmas often causes delays.

ELITE STUDIO, Saley's Old Stand.

EXTRA SPECIALS

For Christmas

A Sample Line of Fine Linen Handkerchiefs.

The Latest Novelties in Scarfs and Veils

A few Choice Sample Furs

Ostrich Plumes, Corsage Bouquets at our Special Prices.

Cost you no more than the common things.

H. H. STIRES

Congregational Church.

Every individual is linked to the present and the future. Our senses are keen to the present our soul to the future. It is a cheap philosophy that over emphasizes either period of time at the expense of the other. Business, society and statecraft bear wonderfully on life. There is no quarrel between heaven and earth on these necessary matters conducive of a better present and a happier future. The call to man is not away from these but to better manhood in them. A man may be as much a prophet to business, statecraft or society as to christianity. In all of earth's dealings we should remember that today ends in tomorrow or that tomorrow roots in today; that this life ends in the next and that the next roots in this, and the wise man is he who lives with the future clearly before him, not in fear but in hope.

The Sunday services give a keener insight into right and strength for correct living. The Congregational people invite you to share the joy of their Sunday services. Next Sunday morning our pastor will speak from the subject "Why the Gospel Appeals to Some Men and not to Others." In the evening he will speak from the subject: A Little Creed for Every Day Life—Be True to Your Own Convictions but Respect the Opinions of Others. Many have said that this series of sermons have been very helpful to them. Will you be one to enjoy this?

WILLIAM L. DIBBLE.

Route No. 1.

Henry Luesehen, sr., visited Tuesday with his daughter, Mrs. Henry Cattau.

The neighbors of John Wurdeman, jr., helped him haul hogs to Columbus Tuesday.

While in Columbus last Saturday, Fred Cattau, jr., took home a nice hard coal burner.

Archie Ball, head lineman for the Independent Telephone company, was at Otto Heiden's Tuesday repairing his telephone.

Battle of the Herrings.

The battle of the herrings was the comical name given to a fight between an English force and a French detachment not far from Orleans in 1429. The English were conveying a large quantity of supplies, mainly herrings, for it was Lent, to the army that was besieging Orleans. The English had 1,600 men, the French 6,000. The former repulsed the assailants and saved the herrings, so the battle was named in honor of the supplies.

Willing to Take Them Back.

A letter came from the clothing firm saying that the cloth that had been sent them was full of moths. Was the wholesale house taken aback? Not it. By return post went a missive to this effect:

"On looking over your order we find that you did not order any moths. It was our error, and you will please return them at once at our expense."—Argonaut.

Holiday Presents

We are showing a very complete line of MERCHANDISE, and many articles that would make handsome and useful Christmas Gifts.

LADIES' KID AND FABRIC GLOVES, LADIES' NECKWEAR, HAND BAGS, KIMONOS, HAIR ORNAMENTS, FELT SLIPPERS, HANDKERCHIEFS, SHOES, DRESS SKIRTS, PETTICOATS, FUR SCARFS AND MUFFS, CLOAKS, SUITS.

Men's Neckwear, Hosiery Dress Shirts, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Suspenders, Shoes, Gloves and Caps.

Also a Complete line of Wool and Cotton Blankets, Comforts, Carpets, Rugs and Art Squares.

J. H. GALLEY

505 Eleventh St. Columbus, Neb.

One on the Judge.

The lawyer for the prosecution had finished his closing argument, and the judge, a pompous and long winded individual, was charging the jury.

He was in the midst of an unusually long and tedious address when he suddenly noticed that one of the jurymen had fallen fast asleep. The indignation of his honor was boundless. Rapping sharply on his desk, he awakened the slumberer, who seemed not at all abashed at being thus caught napping. After glaring at him angrily for a few moments the magistrate in his most sarcastic tone said:

"So that's the way you attend to your duty, is it? You're a fine speciment to have on a jury. Do you think your opinion will be of any value when I send you out to determine the fate of this prisoner?"

"Yes, sir," said the juryman quietly; "I think so."

"Oh, you do, do you?" shouted the exasperated judge. "Pray tell me, sir, how long you have been sleeping?"

"I don't know, your honor," was the reply. "How long have you been talking?"—New York Herald.

The Dinner Table of Old France.

Could we restore for half an hour the dinner table of old France and obtain half a dozen instantaneous photographs of a royal banquet at any era between the reign of Francis I. and Louis XIV. such laughter would be heard as might disturb the serenity of Louis in paradise. The duchess, her napkin tied securely around her neck, would be seen nibbling a bone, the noble marquis surreptitiously scratching himself, the belle marquise withdrawing her spoon from her lips to help a neighbor to sauce with it, another fair creature scouring her plate with her bread, a gallant courtier using his doublet or the tablecloth as a towel for his fingers and two footmen holding a yard of damask under a lady's chin while she emptied her goblet at a draft. All of these at one era or another were the usages of polite society. During a feast of inordinate length it was sometimes necessary to substitute a clean cloth for the one which the carelessness or bad manners of the guests had reduced to a deplorable condition.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Transformation.

They sat hand in hand on the yellow sands, in the shelter of a bowlder, watching the fleecy wavelets creep timorously shoreward.

"Frankie," she sighed, "say I'm oos ickle petsie once more."

"Oo's my ickle petsie, blessums ickle heart," came from the youth in the puce socks.

Up to the blue heavens rose a fat guffaw from the other side of the bowlder.

"Ickle petsie! Ickle petsie!" chuckled a corpulent gentleman with a four day stubble growth.

"Go it, Frankie! You ain't arf done yet. Eight years ago"—

"'Enry!" interrupted a shrill voice from the cliffs above. "You'll sleep wot little sense you 'ave got away if you ain't careful. Thought you was goin' to get some wheiks for tea!"

"Eight years ago, Frankie," continued the stout gentleman, mournfully, jerking his thumb cliffward, "she was my ickle petsie!"—London Tit-Bits.

Florence Nightingale.

There is a story that after the return to England of the troops from the Crimea Lord Stratford at a dinner suggested that those present should write on a piece of paper the name of the person whose Crimean reputation would endure longest. When the votes came to be examined it was found that not a single soldier had received a vote. Every paper bore the same two words—Florence Nightingale.

The "Lady With the Lamp" used to relate the following story: "Calling one day on one of her humble neighbors, she was surprised to see the usually tidy cottage in a state of great disorder. 'Why, Mrs. ——,' said Miss Nightingale, 'what is wrong with you? I never saw your home looking like this.' 'Beg your pardon, miss,' said the abashed woman, 'but, you see, I am expecting the visiting lady, and if she seed my place looking clean and tidy she'd think I didn't need no helpin'!'"

Chihuahua Dogs.

The true Chihuahua breed is the smallest race of dogs in the world. They are also the most highly strung, sensitive and valiant of their kind. Their sense of sound, sight and smell is developed to a marvelous degree, and they have a bark which would rise supreme above the noises of a boiler shop. A strange step sets one of the little hair trigger animals into a frenzy of ear splitting rage, and yet they are so keenly intelligent that they can distinguish between friend and foe almost at first sight, sound or whiff. Long before the duller senses of man can detect a foreign presence these little marvels of nerve force will have "sized up" the intruder, and if not satisfied that all is well their staccato warning will wake the echoes.—Los Angeles Examiner.

The Ruling Passion.

Among the well known figures of the Paris salons mentioned in "An Eighteenth Century Marquise" was Bossut, mathematician and abbe, who had translated Maria Agnesi's work on the infinitesimal calculus. "When he was dying Maupertius was by his bedside. No one knew whether the agony was ended. 'Twelve times twelve?' asked Maupertius in a distinct voice. 'One hundred and forty-four,' came the automatic answer as Bossut breathed his last."

Appearances.

It is the appearances that fill the scene, and we pause not to ask of what realities they are the proxies. When the actor of Athens moved all hearts as he clasped the burial urn and burst into broken sobs how few then knew that it held the ashes of his son!—Bulwer-Lytton.

His Impression.

Mrs. Knicker—Now, will you remember everything, John? Knicker—Yep. I'm to turn the flowers out at night and sprinkle the cat.—Harper's Bazar.

Brandegee, Kincaid & Co. Clothes.

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.

There Was No Applause.

Just before the operation began the operating surgeon said to the students, "Now, gentlemen, no applause, if you please."

When he was convalescing the patient declared that that warning remained his most vivid impression of the ordeal.

"I wondered then how any human being could have the heart to applaud an act that had brought another face to face with death, but later I understood. On account of heart trouble they did not dare administer an anaesthetic, so I was conscious of everything, and in spite of the pain I realized that the surgeon was doing a mighty skillful piece of work. No wonder the students wanted to applaud. They were justified in it.

"'Some years ago they would have clapped the house down after an exhibition of that kind,' an old hospital attendant told me, 'but nowadays doctors discourage any such demonstration.'"—New York Sun.

Forgery in Excelsis.

The most remarkable literary forgery on record was perpetrated in 1870 on Michael Chasles, a French scientist of European reputation. Chasles, who was in his dotage, purchased within a few years from one Vrain-Lucas no fewer than 27,000 autographs. A. M. Broadley tells the story in his "Chats on Autographs:" "Beginning with a supposed correspondence between the youthful Newton and Pascal, Vrain-Lucas proceeded to fabricate letters of Rabelais, Montesquieu and La Bruyere. Before he had finished M. Chasles became the possessor of letters in French, and written on paper made in France, of Julius Caesar, Cleopatra, Mary Magdalene and even of Lazarus after his resurrection." Vrain-Lucas was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and among other forged manuscripts from his pen there were produced in court letters from Alexander the Great, Herod, Pompey, Judas Iscariot, Sappho, Pontius Pilate and Joan of Arc!

The Llama With a Saddle.

In his native country the llama is trained as a beast of burden, and in this capacity is very useful for, hard and wiry by nature, he can carry as much as a 100 pounds. As a mount, too, he is quite easy to train. Indeed, both the llama and the oneiko take to the saddle as to the manner born when once they have assured themselves that their teacher wishes them well. Their most striking peculiarity as saddle animals, however, is a strong objection to having their heads in any way pulled about by their riders. So long as their mouths are left alone they will amble along quite contentedly at a fair rate of speed, but if they are ridden by some one with a heavy hand they show a tendency to stop at once, whipping round in a manner distinctly disconcerting to those who do not quite realize what is going to happen.—Wide World Magazine.

Turn About.

In a certain southern city the colored servants, as a rule, go to their own homes at night. The cook in the family of a clergyman not only does this, but of late has arrived at the rectory too late to cook breakfast. Hence her mistress lately told her that for each breakfast missed there would be a reduction in her weekly wages. Dinah passively assented to this, but next day the mistress heard the maid next door say to her:

"'Pears to me you get to work mighty late."

"I gets to work when I gets ready," was the reply.

"How does you manage about de brekfus?"

"Oh, I pays de missus to cook de brekfus.'"—Housekeeper.

What She Did Wish.

"Well, why don't you say you wish you were a man?" asked Mr. Potts during a little discussion he was having with his spouse about some matters of domestic management.

"Because I don't wish anything of the sort," she retorted; "I only wish you were one!"

What They Ate.

Tobias Smollett wrote his "Humphrey Clinker" in 1771, the last year of his life, giving therein a spirited account of the society and customs then prevailing in London town. He exposed the iniquities practiced by the purveyors of provisions at that time. Oysters were "bloated" and "floated" then as now; veal was whitened by repeated bleedings of the live animal; greens were boiled with brass half pence to improve the color; the wine in common use was a "pernicious sophistication, balderdashed with cider, corn spirit and the juice of sides," and other revelations not suited to repetition in this polite age indicated that almost every article of diet was profitably "treated" before it reached the ultimate consumer. That "bleached" flour is no new commodity was also shown, while Smollett's added comment furnishes excellent food for reflection:

"The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum and bone ashes, insipid to the taste and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration, but they prefer it to wholesome bread because it is whiter than the meal of corn."—Washington Post.

Fires and Insurance.

The agent of a well known insurance company stood on the fringe of the crowd watching the firemen retiring from the scene of a small blaze in an uptown flathouse.

"I'll do business tomorrow morning," said he grimly, "and most of it will be with women who have 'forgotten' their insurance has run out. There's nothing like a blaze on the block to set thoughts in the direction of insurance. Last week a woman was waiting for me when I opened my office. Her husband had given her money to take out insurance weeks before, and she had spent it for a new hat. The night before a fire had broken out on the second flat above theirs, and, believe me, that woman must have suffered tortures until the fate of the house was settled. She paid the premium in small change, which I believe she took from a child's bank, rather than confess her neglect to her husband."—New York World.

The Poor.

We all love the poor. It would be entirely unnecessary, if not positively caddish, to say that we hate the poor. But there are two kinds of poor—the individual poor and the collective poor. It is not the individual poor that we love; it is the collective poor. It is not the poor that we know and see, but the poor that we do not know and have neither time nor inclination to look at. We are afraid if we see them we shall cease to love them. We never say, "God bless the iceman, or the coal heaver, or the motorman." For them we find our execrations for not contributing to our comfort just so and so and so.

It is with great fervor, however, that we can say, "God bless the poor," because the poor do not interfere with our comfort to the slightest degree.—Life.

Fielding at Lisbon.

Lisbon contains the grave of Henry Fielding. It was on Oct. 4, 1754, that Fielding died in the Portuguese capital, and it was in 1830 that his tomb was erected in the English cemetery. And Fielding didn't like Lisbon. "As the houses, convents, churches, etc., are large," he wrote, "and all built with white stone, they look beautiful at a distance, but as you approach nearer and find them to want every kind of ornament all idea of beauty vanishes at once." At that time a voyage to Lisbon was an undertaking not lightly to be contemplated. It took Fielding exactly fifty days of foul weather.—St. James' Gazette.

"Do as Rome Does."

The saying "Do as Rome does" originated with St. Ambrose in the fourth century. It arose from a diversity of the observance of Saturday. The Milanese made it a feast, the Romans a fast. St. Ambrose, being asked what should be done in such a case, replied: "In matters of little consequence it is better to be guided by the general usage. When I am at Milan I do not fast on Saturday, but when I am at Rome I do as they do in Rome."

Shot at Shakespeare.

"Shakespeare was a smart man," said Si Simlin, "but there was times when he didn't hit it right."

"For instance?"

"That remark about 'rather bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.' If that was the case there wouldn't be no hoss trades."—Washington Star.

Accomplished.

First Passenger—That is Conductor Punchem. He is one of the most experienced men on the road. Second Passenger—I knew it before you told me. First Passenger—How so? Second Passenger—Because he slams the door at the precise instant that he calls the station's name.—Judge.

One Better.

First Suburbanite—We've got a baby grand in our house. Second Ditto—We can go you one better. We've got a grand baby in ours.—Baltimore American.

Couldn't Help Himself.

"He lived next door to a man for ten years without even learning his neighbor's name."

"Can you imagine anybody being so unsociable?"

"Oh, yes. You see, the warden wouldn't let them talk."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

One Consolation.

"My wife is suing me for divorce," sighed the man. "I wish I were dead."

"Cheer up, old boy. It's a whole lot better to have your wife spending alimony than life insurance."—Detroit Free Press.

Close Mouthed.

Caller—So your sister and her fiance are very close mouthed over their engagement? Little Ethel—Close mouthed! You ought to see them together!—Auckland News.

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**

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
Honey, per comb	15c
Cranberries, extra fine, per quart	12½c
Dill Pickles, per gal	45c
Sour Pickles, per gal	35c
Sweet Pickles, per doz	10c
Home made Sauerkraut, per gal	30c
Sweet Cider, per gallon	30c

A fine line of

Christmas Candy

and Nuts of all kinds.

First Class Western Apples

all sound. 50c per peck. $1 90 per box.

50 Cigars for $1.00

A Bread Plate or Salad Dish free with 3 lbs of Fine Coffee **$1.00**

Best Imported Fat Herring, per doz 50c

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.

A good line of Cotton and Woolen Blankets from 48c to $3.50.

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.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Make a nice Christmas present, for 5c, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, and 50c.

The Silk Spun Head Scarf, something new, for $1.00 and $1.25.

Gentlemen's Ties 25c, 35c, 50c

A fine line of Linen Scarfs, table linen, from $1.25 to $3.50.

Stamped Pillow Tops 25c

Far From Upright.

Reilly and Coran were "having it out." They had been deadly enemies for years, but neither had offered to lay hands on the other up to now, both of them being somewhat afraid of the issue.

Before they commenced it was stipulated that it was to be a fair "stand up" fight, and with that they started. Coran had it all his own way from the beginning. He kept knocking Reilly down and down again until that worthy was about sick of it. He turned to the bystanders and said, "Sure, an' wasn't it to be a fair, stand up fight?"

"It was," returned an onlooker.

"An' 'ow, thin, can he be expectin' me ter foight 'im fairly if he do be knockin' me down all the time?"—London Ideals.

A Polished Diplomat.

"Did you see anything that particularly struck your fancy when you were looking round the furniture shops today?" asked a young husband of his lately made wife on her return from a tour of furniture inspection.

"Yes," she replied; "I saw something exceedingly pretty in looking glasses."

"I have no doubt you did," he observed, "if you looked into them."

The halo of a calm, sweet peace rests upon that home.

Broke It Gently.

"You broke your engagement with Miss Jaullier?"

"Yes, but I broke it gently."

"How?"

"Told her what my salary was."—Cleveland Leader

....VISIT....

POESCH'S

10c Candy Counter

Nothing Over 10c per Pound.

Special Prices to Churches and Sunday Schools

Post Cards, 1c each; 10c per dozen