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A GROTESQUE BIRD.

Remarkable Assortment of Colors of the Brazilian Toucan.

The very peculiar looking Brazilian bird, the toucan, has a body about as big as that of a good sized parrot, but its beak is very different and easily its dominant feature, though this bird is by no means lacking in bright and striking colors. The toucan's beak is half as long as its body, and it is broad and thin and set on edge vertically, shaped something like a bluntly scythe, with the slightly curving, rounded edge on top and ending with a hook point turned downward—a remarkable beak in size and shape—and this beak is tinted with a remarkable assortment of colors, purple and red and green and yellow, while around the beak at the head runs a line of black.

The eyes of the toucan are surrounded by circles of a bright light blue, and on its breast, regularly outlined, is a broad and deep expanse of bright yellow in size and shape in proportion to the bird about the same as the generous expanse of shirt front shown by a man in evening dress with his waistcoat cut low and well rounded out at the bottom, this show of yellow being edged with a red line. The toucan's body for the bulk of it is black or a very deep blue black, but around at the base of the tail run two bands of color, one red and one white.

It is not a song bird. It is sold as a pet, not for children, but to adults, and it is more often fancied by men than by women. It takes \$25 to \$50 to buy a toucan.—New York Sun.

ROD AND LINE WON.

Contest Between a Strong Swimmer and an Expert Angler.

A novel contest took place some time ago at the Endinburgh corporation baths between one of the strongest swimmers in Scotland and a well known angler. The contest occurred in a pool eighty feet long and forty feet wide.

The angler was furnished with an eleven foot trolling rod and an undressed silk line. The line was fixed to a girih belt, made expressly for the purpose, by a swivel immediately between the shoulders of the swimmer at the point where he had the greatest pulling power.

In the first trial the line snapped. In the second the angler gave and played without altogether slackening line, and several porpoise dives were well handled. The swimmer then tried cross swimming from corner to corner, but ultimately was beaten, the match ending with a victory for the rod and line.

Another contest took place in which the angler employed a very light trolling rod ten feet long and weighing only six and one-half ounces, the line being the same as that used with the trolling rod. The swimmer, whose aim evidently was to smash the rod, pulled and leaped into the water. He was held steadily, however, and in about five minutes was forced to give in. The rod was again successful. At the finish both competitors were almost exhausted.

Want Their Children Thieves.

The Kakha Khels, a tribe that inhabits the country of the Khyber pass, in northern India, are thieves and consider thieving a most honorable occupation. A young woman of the Kakha Khel will not look at a young man who would like to become her husband unless he is proficient in the art. The dearest wish of a mother is that her little boy may become a cunning thief. Every child is consecrated, as it were, at its birth to crime. A hole is made in the wall similar to that made by a burglar, and the mother passes the infant backward and forward through the hole, singing in its ear, "Be a thief! Be a thief! Be a thief!" They are probably the only tribe in India who glorify peculation and raise it to the dignity of a regular calling.—Christian Herald.

WANTED HIS PAY.

The Husky Jamaican Didn't Care to Work For Nothing. An English naval officer tells of being on a war vessel which took provisions to St. Kitts, one of the British West India Islands. A hurricane had left many of the inhabitants in a destitute or even starving condition. Hungry crowds gathered at the wharf, but refused to help unload the food that was to be given to them unless paid for their work.

A similar story sheds light on the Jamaican negro. Some years ago a hurricane devastated the island, and a large relief sum was raised, much of it in England and the United States. The committee having charge of this fund sent a wagon load of lumber to a husky black man whose house had been scattered over the parish. He and his family were living in a rude shack, made out of odds and ends.

"What's that fur?" he asked of the men who were unloading the material in front of his patch of ground. "That's for your new house," was the reply. "It's from the relief fund and won't cost you anything." "Who's goin' to build mah house?" "You are, if anybody does." "Who's goin' to pay me fur mah work?"—Waynesboro Record.

Mark Twain's Definitions.

It is told of Mark Twain that during a conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance he had occasion to mention the word drydock. "What is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?" she asked. "A thirsty physician," replied the humorist.

To Show It Off.

"The Cross of the Legion is a wonderful thing for health." "How's that?" "There's nothing like it to encourage long promenades in the park."—Fleegende Blatter.

Just the Opposite.

An Irishman at a fair got-poked in the eye with a stick and took proceedings against the offender. "Come, now, you don't really believe he meant to put your eye out?" "Faith, you're right this time," said Pat. "for I believe he tried to put it farther in."—London Tit-Bits.

The Moral Stimulus of Good Clothes.

Men grow in self respect as they wear good clothes. Their clothes earn them the approval of their fellows. In turn they are forced to grow to fill the measure of good opinion, so that, forced forward by the clothes he wears, men attain to their highest capability.—Sartorial Art Journal.

The Exception.

"Doesn't your husband like cats, Mrs. Binks?" "No, indeed. He hates all cats except a little kitty they have at his club."—Baltimore American.

A man without patience is a lamp without oil.—De Musset.

MARITIME EXPRESSIONS.

Used in a Metaphorical Sense They Are Quite Common.

Maritime expressions used metaphorically are, in fact, very common. We say a couple are "spliced," a young man is the "mainstay" of his family, an intruder "puts his ear in," a man is "hard up," sometimes "taken aback" or has "the wind taken out of his sails," a toper is "alowed," a loafer "spins a yarn," sometimes "tries the other tack," and a ruler "steers the ship of state" through troublesome times.

This last metaphor is extremely ancient by the way. Horace refers to Rome as a ship at sea, and Plutarch says the Delphic oracle referred to Athens in the same way. A Tamil saying embodies a like metaphor, "The soul is the ship, reason is the helm, the oars are the soul's thoughts, and the sea is the port." An old collection of English proverbs contains this one: "The tongue is the rudder of our ship." A Malay maxim says, "The boat which is swamped at sea may be bailed out, but the shipwreck of the affections is final."

Aristophanes, Plautus and others use an expression which comes down to us as an English saw, "To row one way and look another." An old English proverb (114) was, "It is not good to have an oar in every one's boat."

BURN YOUR BRIDGES.

When All Retreat is Cut Off, Then You Must Go Ahead.

Young men often make the mistake when they start on an important undertaking of leaving open a way of retreat if things go too hard, says Orion Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. No one can call out his greatest reserves, do the greatest thing possible to him, while he knows that if the battle gets too hot he has a line of retreat still left open. Only when there is no hope of escape will an army fight with that spirit of desperation which gives no quarter.

Many a great general in his march on the enemy has burned his bridges behind him, cut off his only possible retreat, for the bracing, encouraging effect upon himself and his army, because he knew that men only call out their greatest reserves of power when all retreat is cut off and when fighting desperately for that which they count dearer than life.

We are so made that as long as there is a chance to retreat, as long as there are bridges behind us, we are tempted to turn back when the great test comes.

"Will you hold this fort?" asked General Rosecrans of General Pierce at Stone river. "I will try, general." "Will you hold this fort?" "I will die in the attempt." "That won't do. Look me in the eye, sir, and tell me if you will hold this position." "I will!" said General Pierce, and he did.

THEY SEPARATED.

But the Parting Was More Stronous Than Jim Expected.

A man named Roynor when gold hunting in Alaska had as partner a venerable prospector, who went about habitually with his boot legs stuffed full of dynamite sticks. The old man had a pleasantly casual way of filling the stove oven with these sticks in order that they might thaw out there. Sometimes, too, he forgot them, which was imprudent, to say the least. Roynor was not at all of a timorous disposition, but the ancient prospector's reckless carelessness troubled his nerves. He remonstrated with him repeatedly and strenuously, but his protest did not seem to have the slightest effect.

"Jim," he said finally when driven to desperation, "if you can't be more careful with that dynamite we'll have to separate."

That night as he approached the shack a terrific concussion rent the air and knocked him insensible. When he recovered consciousness he perceived one of the aged prospector's legs lying near. He stared at it a moment meditatively.

"Well, Jim," he remarked at last sadly, "I guess we've managed to separate all right, particularly you, Jim!"—Minneapolis Journal.

A Picture of Eternity.

The negro preacher is noted for his enthusiasm and his picturesque, almost poetic, way of expressing things. In "Life in Old Virginia," J. J. McDonald tells about a colored minister who was conducting a revival without much success. At last, however, he awakened his congregation by asking: "Does 'yo' know what eternity is? Well, I tell 'yo'."

"If one of dem 'it' sparrows what 'yo' see round 'yo' garden bushes was to dip his bill in de 'Lantic ocean an' take one hop a day an' hop 'cross de country an' put dat drop of water into de 'Cific ocean an' den he hop back to de 'Lantic ocean—jes' one hop a day—an' if he keep dat hoppin' up twell de 'Lantic ocean wuz dry as a bone, it wouldn't be break 'o' day in eternity."

"Dat, now," said one of the brethren, "yo' see for 'yo'sef how long eternity is."

A Tribute to Woman.

When everything around a man staggers and wavers, when all seems dark and dim in the far distance of the unknown future, when the world seems but a picture or a fairy tale and the universe a chimera, when the whole structure of ideas vanishes in smoke and all certainties become enigmatical, what is the only permanent thing which may still be his? The faithful heart of a woman. There he may rest his head; there he will renew his strength for the battle of life. Increase his faith in Providence and, if need be, find strength to die in peace with a benediction on his lips.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Parental Blunder.

"I know it's ridiculous for me to powder my face so thickly," said the dashing brunette, "but my parents named me Pearl, and I've got to live up to the name."—Chicago-Tribune.

Happier Days.

"My poor fellow, were you always a tramp?" "No, mum. Once I was known as a man about town."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ATE A WHOLE SHEEP.

One of the Feats of Nicholas Wood, a Famous Glutton.

The following account of a man named Nicholas Wood, famed for his gluttony, was written by John Taylor, the "water poet" of the seventeenth century: Nicholas Wood was a Kentish yeoman. "Be it known to all men to whom these presents shall come," writes John Taylor, "that I, John Taylor, waterman of St. Saviour's in Southwark, will, with plain truth, bare and threadbare, treat of the remarkable actions of Nicholas Wood.

"He hath eaten a whole sheep at one meal; pardon me! I think he left the skin, the wool and bones; and presently after he hath swallowed three pecks of daisies. Two loins of mutton and one loin of veal are but three sprats to him. Once at Sir William Sir Leger's house, so valiant and staunch of teeth he showed himself, that he ate as much as would suffice thirty men, and afterwards he slept eight hours.

"One morning I sent for him to the inn to eat breakfast. He had already eaten one pottle of milk, one pottle of pottage, and bread, butter, and cheese. He gave me thanks and said that if he had known any gentleman would have invited him to breakfast he would have spared his meal at home. Nevertheless he would do me the courtesy to show me some small cast of his office. Whereupon I summoned the hostess and commanded that all the victuals in the house be laid before my guest.

"The inn was slenderly provided, but six-penny loaves were mounted two stories high like a rampart, three six-penny veal pies, one pound of sweet butter, and a number of other dishes were set out, all of which were quickly brought to nothing."

RUBBER OYSTERS.

They Brought Trade and Saved Their Inventor From Failure.

"Rubber oysters laid the foundation of my success," said a millionaire hotel man.

"I had a small saloon in them days, and things looked very black. They looked, in fact, like bankruptcy. So in desperation I cut an old rubber doormat into oyster shaped pieces on April 1 and fried them in egg and breadcrumbs to a tasty brown.

"There was only one man in the bar when I fetched in that dish of smoking rubber oysters. His eyes glittered, and he grabbed a fork, jabbed it into a big fellow and took a hungry bite.

"Seeing the surprised look that spread over his face, I turned away to hide a smile. He gave an awkward laugh and said:

"These fine oysters, I'll bring a couple of the boys in to sample them." "Sure enough," he brought two friends a half hour later. The friends no sooner saw the appetizing rubber oysters than, setting down their beer, they each sunk their teeth in one.

"They, too, sent in friends for oysters. I tried up no less than three old doormats and two overcoats that April fool day. The whole town laughed, and the papers printed funny stories about my joke. My joint got real popular.

"In short, I was saved—saved from bankruptcy by rubber oysters."—Washington Post.

A Light on Mothers.

The late William James, Harvard's famous psychologist, would often illuminate a misty subject with an appropriate anecdote. Discussing motherhood in a lecture on psychology, Professor James once said:

"A teacher asked a boy this question in fractions: 'Suppose that your mother baked an apple pie and there were seven of you—the parents and five children. What part of the pie would you get for your portion?'

"A sixth, ma'am," the boy answered. "But there are seven of you," said the teacher. "Don't you know anything about fractions?'" "Yes, ma'am," said the boy. "I know all about fractions, but I know all about mother, too. Mother 'd say she didn't want no pie."

He Set.

It is related of the Rev. Matthew Clark that in the audience was once a young British military officer whose scarlet uniform far outshone any rival habiliments and so fixed the gaze of the young damsels present that the wearer, enjoying the impression he was making, not only stood through the prayer with the rest, but remained standing after all others had sat down until the pastor had proceeded for some time with his sermon, and at length, noticing a divided attention and its cause, the minister stopped, laid aside his sermon and, addressing his new hearer, said:

"Ye're a brave (brave) lad. Ye he're a brave suit of clothes, and we he're a' sen' them. Ye may sit down."

The lieutenant dropped as if shot.—From the "Autobiography of Horace Greeley."

Easy Marks.

"Talk about your easy marks," said Uncle Silas Geshaw, who had been passing a week in the city, "no rubes ain't in it with them air toowa chaps."

"Naw, I didn't," answered Uncle Silas, "but I seed a feller peddle artificial ice—had th' sign right on his wagon—an' blamed th' chumps did not buy it fer th' real thing, by grass!"—Chicago News.

Lots of Nerve.

Farmer's Son: My father sent me over to borrow your horse and cart. She—Goodness! Why, he already has all our tools, our axes, our hay-rakes and— He—I know. He just wants the horse and cart to bring them back.—London Telegraph.

A Safer Motive.

"Yes, he played the last two acts with a broken wrist." "Heroin, eh?" "Not at all. He was afraid to give his understudy a chance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sooner or later the world comes around to see the truth and do the right.—Hillard.

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- 28 bars of Lenox Soap... \$1.00
- Honey, per comb... 15c
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- Dill Pickles, per gal... 45c
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A fine line of Linen Scarfs, table linen, from \$1.25 to \$3.50.

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Scubbed the Composer.

Gustav Mahler had a queer experience in Munich one day for which his name was partly responsible. His new symphony was being rehearsed, and he took advantage of an hour's intermission to get some fresh air. "On returning to the building," says a Munich paper, "he lost his way and tried to reach the hall through a corridor in which plasterers were at work. 'You cannot pass through here,' he was told. 'But I am Mahler.' (Mahler is the German for painter.) 'You look it,' was the unsympathetic reply of the man who blocked his way. 'We are not ready for the painters yet, so run on.' And the composer, realizing that argument would be useless, plunged into the labyrinth and finally reached his destination.

Camels in Arabia.

There are two varieties of camels in use in Arabia, the dromedary and the freight camel. The dromedary dromedaries are celebrated for their easy riding gait and speed. A dromedary carries about 200 pounds and travels about six miles a day. It can be purchased for 100 to 150 Maria Theresa dollars (\$4.25 to \$6.25). A freight camel carries about 500 pounds and travels about two and a half miles an hour. It costs 200 Maria Theresa dollars (\$127) or more.

For the Serious Moment.

"I hear he refused to take chloroform when he was operated on." "Yes; he said he'd rather take it when he paid his bill."

A Precaution.

He—They're weighing the anchor. She—I don't blame them. The trades people aren't to be trusted nowadays.—Century Magazine.



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

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