

VERBAL PITFALLS.

Traps That Await English Speaking Tourists in Portugal.

THERE ARE NO TOES THERE.

But, then, one has twenty fingers to make up the loss, fingers of the hand and fingers of the foot—oddities of the verb "to walk."

The Englishman or American in Portugal who thinks in his own language and tries to speak in the language of the country he is visiting is a great smile producer.

For instance, you never marry anybody in Portugal unless—strange paradox—you happen to be a priest. You marry "with" your beloved Maria, and the priest marries you both. In the same way you never dream about anybody, but always "with" them.

When the landlady at your boarding house is lading out your soup you call out, "Arrive." You are telling her to arrive at the stopping point—in other words, that you don't want more than she has put out. When you see a child that you want to fondle at the other side of the room you say to her, "Arrive here." And the child promptly "arrives."

In England when we speak of walking we refer to a certain use of the legs. But the Portuguese verb "to walk" has many more significations. In Portugal not only do the people walk, but also the carts and cars walk, the trains walk, a balloon walks, and a boat walks. Stranger still, the hands of a clock walk round the face! A clock, by the way, never goes; it "works."

Unless you are very intimate or very rude you never say to your fair partner at dinner, "Will you have some bread?" etc. You inquire, "Will your excellency have some bread?" or, "Will the lady have some bread?" the "lady" meaning not some other lady, but your fair partner herself.

In spite of winter you are never cold in Portugal unless you are a corpse. You are "with" cold. In the same way you are occasionally "with" heat, "with" headache, "with" hunger or "with" thirst. When you have occasion to discuss the weather you say, "It makes cold," "It makes fog," etc. On your way home from an entertainment you tell your companion that it "makes" dark.

If speaking of her husband a wife says he is a "tame" man. She merely means that he is a man of peace and justice.

The word "button" means more than with us. Your houses share your own privilege of living in a house. The buttonholes are called "houses of the buttons." The squares on a chessboard are also "houses." You don't say, "I'm going to shave." You say, "I'm going to do the beard." Neither do you say on the way to the barber's, "I'm going to get my hair cut," but you say, "I'm going to cut my hair."

When you are in Portugal you have twenty fingers, but no toes. If you want to make a distinction you say "fingers of the hand" or "fingers of the foot." Instead of telling the servant to set the table you tell her to "put" it. When you go to the theater you "assist." You don't mean by that that you "come on" nor even that you do a little scene shifting. You mean that you are there.

Residents in flats who meditate taking a holiday in Portugal will be relieved to hear that no one plays the piano there. They merely "touch" it. Neither do they ring bells. They "touch" them also. But they "play" stones, meaning that they throw them, and a ship at sea "plays" when it pitches and tosses.

Be careful how you tell your landlady that you intend to dine out or she may think, with a shrug of the shoulders, that you intend dining "outside"—i. e. in the garden. In answer to the kind inquiries of your friends don't say that you are well; say that you are "good." Be careful in your use of words. Some words similar in form are widely different in meaning, as an American missionary once discovered to his cost, when preaching in Brazil, once a Portuguese colony. His subject was "The Fraternal Son," and he gravely informed his hearers that when the young man returned home his father killed for him the fatted beef! But he had merely made a mistake in one solitary word.

A "sleeping" bridge means a bridge that is immovable (not a drawbridge). Stagnant water also "sleeps." So do trucks or trains that wait anywhere during the night. When they laugh in Portugal they "untie" themselves "to laugh," and when they cry they "unmake themselves in tears." A persistently "unfortunate" man says, "I am so unlucky that if I fell on my back I should break my nose!"—London Answers.

Not a Chance! A man told another man a few days ago how he had been buttoning his wife's dress for five years and finally, in order to even the account, he had a shirt made to order with sixty-five buttons down the back.

"Did you make her button it?" eagerly inquired the second party, with a glad smile.

"I tried to and fell down like slipping on a banana skin," replied the first party. "She promptly told me to button the top button and let the others slide, explaining that they would fall when I had put on my coat."—Chicago Tribune.

Hopeful Names. Two bright looking colored boys about seven years of age languishingly accosted a lawyer on the street. The man stopped and asked the boys their names.

"Johnsing," was the reply. "We're twins."

"Well, what are your first names?" insisted the amused questioner.

"Mah name," answered one, "is Soda, and his name," pointing to the other, "is Saleratus. Mah name lose all de others, and she give names she find successful in raisin'!"—Newark Star.

Greatness is its own torment.—Theobald

READY FOR A JOKE.

The Customs Official Had a Sense of Humor Himself.

In the smoking room of the Hotel des Britanniques at the lovely resort of Mentone, on the French Riviera, some three years ago two Englishmen met. After half an hour's conversation the Englishman from Manchester said to his new acquaintance from London:

"Lay, old fellow, would you mind taking a small parcel for me to Paris and have it sent to this address there? I'm leaving for Milan in the morning."

The Londoner willingly consented to do this much for one of his countrymen.

"Awfully good of you. I'll have the boy take the parcel to your room in the morning," acknowledged the Englishman bound for Milan.

In the morning the package was left at the other's room.

"So that is what he calls a small parcel," he exclaimed. "And what might it contain? A package of such size the custom officers would certainly want opened. What—cigarettes and 3,000 of them! Is it possible that any one could have the audacity to ask such a favor—to smuggle 3,000 cigarettes into France? That chap shall pay for this, for I shall declare these cigarettes and leave them to be called for when the duty is paid."

The Londoner left Mentone that afternoon. The following day he was in Paris at the Gare d'Est, his luggage ready for examination.

"Anything dutiable?" asked the customs officer.

"Nothing," replied the Englishman "excepting in that parcel there."

"What does it contain?"

"Three thousand cigarettes," said the Londoner, with a smile upon his face—a smile of embarrassment at having such a parcel with him.

The Frenchman raised his hands in the air and laughed heartily. He too was as ready for a good joke as any one, and on each piece of the Englishman's luggage went his O. K. cross.

Hardly realizing what had happened, the Londoner found himself riding in a taxi along the streets of Paris with the parcel of 3,000 cigarettes under his arm and nothing left to do but to deliver it as he had been asked.

BEAT THE BANK.

A French Naval Officer's Daring Expedition at Monte Carlo.

Those who have visited Monte Carlo have heard of or seen the pitiful ruin of many an unfortunate person who has lost his last franc in playing at roulette in that palatial gambling den. All are not so fortunate as to have an armored cruiser at their disposal, as was the case with a French naval officer some years ago. He had gone ashore in the morning with a few francs in his pockets but his own earnings. By noon it was all gone.

If he had had another 500 francs he was sure of winning. During those morning hours of failure he had worked out a system, and with just a few francs more success was certain. He would use the ship's money. Perhaps it was not just the right thing to do, but in another two hours he would be able to return it and have won who knows what fortune.

At sunset he returned to his ship a ruined man. The system, like all systems of the sort, had failed. What was to be done? To return home would mean a dishonorable discharge. Lifelong disgrace, if not even more severe punishment. Death seemed the only alternative. But no; he would make one final attempt to save himself. He would force the authorities of Monte Carlo to return to him what he had lost or he would blow up their gambling palace!

As soon as he was again on board his order was: "Clear decks for action. Raise the muzzle of every gun and let them point toward the heights of Monaco."

Whatever the sailors might think of such an order mattered little; obey they must. With all haste a messenger was sent ashore with a note, and the captain meanwhile paced the deck in silence awaiting the reply—a reply which meant life or death to him.

Finally the messenger returned carrying a bag of gold coins. That night the French cruiser weighed anchor and quietly steamed out into the Mediterranean, her captain happy that he had fared no worse and the authorities of Monte Carlo only too glad to be rid of so dangerous a visitor.—Washington Star.

The Largest Islands.

Australia has long been classed as the least of the continents and not as an island. The largest islands are graded downward in the order of their size, as follows: Greenland, 850,000 square miles; New Guinea, 312,000; Borneo, 280,000; Madagascar, 220,000. In the absence of exact surveys these areas are rough estimates and must be considered only as approximations, but it is not likely that careful measurements will introduce corrections so large as to change the order of the four. Australia is but slightly smaller than the continental United States excluding Alaska.—Exchange.

Already Trained.

"I suppose you always prefer to enlist men who are not married?" I remarked to the sergeant who has charge of the recruiting station on Cannon street.

"No; you're mistaken there," he hastened to reply. "I prefer married men every time. You see, we don't have to go to the trouble of teaching married men to obey."—Chicago News.

Heartless Husband.

"Want to go to the theater tonight?" "I have nothing to wear," said the wife pointedly.

"Then we'll go to one of those moving picture shows where it's dark,"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Right Ring.

The Father—That young fellow who has been calling here lately is a very fine young man. He has the right ring about him. The Daughter (tearfully)—Has he? Have you seen him? Is it a diamond?

Suspicion is very often useless pain.

NOTED RUPTURE EXPERT HERE

Seeley, Who Fitted the Car of Russia, Will Be at the Thurston Hotel, Columbus.

F. H. Seeley of Chicago and Philadelphia, the noted truss expert, will be at the Thurston hotel and will remain in Columbus Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 11th and 12th only. Mr. Seeley says: "The Spermatic Shield Truss is now used and approved by the United States government will not only retain any case of rupture perfectly, affording immediate relief, but closes the opening in 10 days on the average case, and costing only proportionate with common trusses." This instrument received the only award in England and in Spain, producing results without surgery or harmful injections. Mr. Seeley has documentary references from the United States government, Washington, D. C., for your inspection. All charity cases without charge, or if any interested, call he will be glad to show the truss with out charge or fit them if desired. Any one ruptured should remember the date and take advantage of this unusual opportunity. Home Establishment, 70 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

DINING ON SEA URCHIN.

Queer Way in Which the Glutton Starfish Devours Its Prey.

Fights to the death are common between sea urchins and starfish. The starfish when ready for battle raises one of his arms toward the sea urchin. The urchin shoots out all his bristling spines, or needles, and, in addition to his always visible arms, brings out an arm that is never seen unless it is needed for active use. This usually invisible weapon is a sort of nipper, edged with teeth. During one fight between a sea urchin and a starfish the starfish, with a sudden movement, broke off the pinners of the urchin.

The pinners remained imbedded in the flesh of the starfish. Finding his chief weapon gone, the urchin drove all his needles into the back of the starfish, not all together, but one after another, with all the method of calculated action. As the needles entered the back of the starfish the starfish broke them, one by one. The urchin, rendered powerless by the loss of his needles, made a few mechanical movements in self defense and then lay motionless and powerless on the water. After a few minutes' hesitation and a close scrutiny of his subject the starfish approached the urchin and prepared to devour him. But as the urchin was six times larger than his mouth he turned out his stomach in the manner noted by naturalists as a common maneuver of certain animals and, having rejected his stomach lining, inserted the urchin's carcass, spines and all. During the time consumed by him in the struggle of digestion he was closely observed. Having writhed in agony for some days, he began to show a change of appearance. The distention of his middle decreased, and his movements lost their spasmodic character. Later he was seen to move with more activity. One morning, warmed up for action by the power of the sun's heat, he moved his stomach rapidly from side to side and from top to bottom and rejected the spines, fins, bone plates, jaws—everything that had not disappeared during the process of digestion. The elimination accomplished and his appetite satisfied, the starfish replaced his stomach in its normal position and resumed the even tenor of his life.—Harper's Weekly.

TOUCHY SERVANTS.

Japanese Nansans Have to Be Handled With Gloves of Velvet.

Japanese servants must be treated with tact, however trying they may be, and often they are very trying indeed, especially the nansans, who are usually untidy, cross and lazy. Yet the dear little things have admirers who praise their kittenish ways, their tiny hands and even, of all things, their artistic temperaments.

A certain writer solemnly says: "A Japanese nansan—any nansan, even one in a hotel will set out your hairbrushes, clothesbrushes, nail scissors, collar box and tooth powder on the average hotel dressing table and make a design of them—a picture, an artistic whole." All I can say is that no nansan has ever arranged studies of still life with the nail scissors and the tooth powder for me, though, possibly by way of compensation, one has started little lakes of boiling water on my carpet when I rang for you, or toppled over the morning tea tray and arranged the fragments in an unconventional design on my bed quilt, or dragged a table with serapings in a minor key the whole length of the veranda.

If corrected roughly the maiden will first cry and then leave. The hotel manager is well aware of this—aware with all the nervous perception of a person whom one hasty or ill considered sentence can throw into a situation seriously threatening his comfort and prosperity; hence his attitude of habitual meekness. He dares not let his little lecture slide over the line which divides it from a scolding and is careful to deliver a necessary exhortation with a smiling face and frequent laughs just to show that it is really not a scolding at all.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Couldn't Kill Him.

"Spotted fever" received some queer treatment in John Wesley's day, according to Wesley's journal of September, 1746. A man named John Trembath had the fever, and Wesley wrote: "It was the second relapse into the spotted fever, in the height of which they gave him sack, cold milk and apples, plums, as such as he could swallow. I can see no way to account for his recovery but that he had not yet finished his work."

An Old Saying Amended.

The Man—'Won't you marry me, then?' The Bachelor Girl—Certainly not! When singleless is bliss 'tis folly to be wives.—Illustrated Bits.

FEATS OF MARKSMANSHIP.

Wonderful Shooting of Captain Bogardus and Dr. Carver.

Old gentlemen of the period just after the war will tell you sadly that there are no such shots as these used to be. In this connection it is interesting to note that \$1,000 was wagered against \$100 that the champion of the world could not hit a hundred consecutive birds. Many amateurs, not to speak of professionals, frequently make such a score without arousing comment in these days. Captain Bogardus was to be allowed three trials. If he lost the first two and made the third the money was his, and, by the way, he used a twelve gauge, full choke, ten pound gun, and his load was five drams of black powder with No. 9 shot. He loaded his own shells and had them loaded according to his directions.

While shooting in England his load was challenged by one of his defeated rivals, who asserted that the champion's phenomenal scores were the result of his superior shells. The captain suggested that in their next match both contestants should use his ammunition, to which the Englishman eagerly consented. The captain was delighted, for he knew what would happen to the action of the light and delicate English gun under such a charge. Before the match had proceeded very far the Britisher withdrew—for massage.

With the invention and success of the ball tossing machine a craze for ridiculously high scores swept the country. Five thousand balls in 500 minutes, 5,194 out of 5,500, in seven hours and twenty minutes—these were some of the stunts that delighted the hearts of the gun people of that day. One man, the English crack, Dr. Carver, shot for six consecutive days, breaking 60,000 balls out of a possible 64,881. The wonder is that there remained of his shoulder anything more than pulp. True, it is on record that after the three-thousand shot at such an exhibition in Gilmore's Garden, New York city, the contestant had to pry open his trigger fingers by main force and only succeeded in continuing in the match by frequent immersions of arm and shoulder in hot water.—Outing.

EDITING AN ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Strenuous Times in Getting Out an Early French Work.

Many adventures befell the French eighteenth century encyclopedia. More than once the production of that work, regarded by authority as revolutionary, had been stopped, eight days of imprisonment in the Bastille for the printer being one incident. At the very last moment, after Diderot had corrected the final proofs, the printer and his foreman secretly slashed the articles right and left, cutting out everything that seemed even possibly dangerous, and burned the manuscript. Diderot discovered the atrocity too late when referring to one of his own mutilated articles. But the most remarkable point is that for years very few persons knew of what had happened, even the contributors remaining in ignorance. They had had enough of their own articles when writing them.

Voltaire tells a pleasing story of Louis XV's conversion to the merits of the encyclopedia, according to the London Chronicle. The talk one night at a Trianon supper turned on sport and thence to gunpowder, as to the composition of which the party could not agree. Mme. de Pompadour lamented their all round ignorance. For instance, she herself did not know what her rouge was made of or how her silk hose were manufactured. "This is a pity," said the Duc de la Valliere, "that his majesty confiscated our encyclopedias, which cost us 100 pistoles."

The king recalled that he had a copy, and three valets were sent for the twenty-one volumes and staggered back with seven each. Gunpowder, rouge, silk stockings, were all found there. Some found answers to legal problems that troubled them. The king discovered the rights of his crown set forth, and in his satisfaction he allowed the confiscated copies to be returned.

The Great Art of Dying.

To die without rebellion and without weakness is the masterpiece of a man. A mountain guide whose name the London Mail does not mention in narrating the story of his heroism, with two others, was leading a party over one of the most dangerous passes of the higher Alps.

The men, as is usual, were tied together by a long rope. As they scaled a wall of ice they slipped on the edge of a frightful chasm. The guide was at the end of the rope.

Without his weight there was a chance for the others to regain their footing; with it his experienced eye told him there was none. With instant courage he drew his knife from his belt and said quietly to the man next him:

"Tell mother how it happened, Edmond."

He cut the rope and fell, never to be seen again.

Absentminded George Dyer.

At Clifford's Inn lived George Dyer, who lives in history chiefly as the man who walked out of Ella's house in Colebrook row and into the New river, neck deep, and had to be revived by Lamb and his sister with hot brandy. Lamb was never tired of relating the incident. Dyer, an inoffensive, absentminded old scholar, had Leigh Hunt's friendship as well as Lamb's, and the other essayist has told how, calling on Dyer in answer to an invitation to breakfast, it was to find no butter, no knives and no spout on the teapot. Dyer was so wedded to life in the inn that he wedded his laundress too.—London Spectator.

Abraham Could Read and Write.

Some people persist in thinking that the art of writing is recent and that in primitive times poems and literary productions had to be memorized. But more than 3,000 years before the Christian era people in Abraham's native town wrote receipts for garden and market products just as we have them now, showing that the patriarchs certainly must have known how to read and write.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson in Designer.

SUPREME COURT WORK.

How the Justices Prepare Decisions and Dissenting Opinions.

On Saturday evening each justice receives from the chief justice an envelope containing the names of the cases the chief justice has decided to allow the justice to write the opinions on, and the chief justice also notifies the justices of the hour of the conference on Monday morning. The conferences are usually held in the conference room under locked doors. The chief justice presides, and cases are taken up or postponed according to the wishes of the justices or their readiness to consider them. Each justice is furnished with a lock book, in which he may enter the details of a case, the record of the vote on conference and the final disposition. On a case being assigned by the chief justice to a justice to write the opinion when written must be agreeable to the justices. If not the dissatisfied justice will promptly write a dissenting opinion. In some instances four of the justices have each written a dissenting opinion, but the usual custom is for one to write it and announce that the others concur.

Before a case is reached for argument the justices familiarize themselves with its records and briefs, and when one is directed to write the opinion he makes a study of the case, long or short, as its gravity demands. This may take a few days or months. The opinion is dictated, and after being typewritten it is corrected, boiled over and revised; another copy is then made, further revised and sent to the printer. In order that the compositors who set the type may not know the decision of the case the foreman sets up the last few lines of the opinion, locks them in a safe, and after the opinion is set up he adds them to it, takes two proofs and forwards them under lock and key to the justice. It is again read and revised and sometimes completely altered and returned to the printer, corrected by the latter and nine revisions sent to the justice.

If the opinion is now satisfactory to the justice a copy is mailed to each member of the court. These are returned to the justice with the notations of the justices, and the opinion is revised or changed, if need be, to conform to their views. If there be a dissenting opinion the justice writing the majority opinion holds it until the dissent is completed.

Then on some Monday, the court being in session, the justice announces an opinion in the case, giving its number and title, and then proceeds to read it at length to the dozen people who may be present. If there be a dissenting opinion the justice writing the dissent reads it and announces the names of the justices who concur with him. Afterward the official reporter of the court sends a verified copy of the opinion to the publishers of the United States supreme court reports, and the case finally becomes one of thousands in the law libraries to be read and reread if of moment or to be forgotten if mere detail.—Independent.

IN A ROMAN CAB.

A Party of Disgusted Americans and an Overgrateful Driver.

In Mr. Howell's "Roman Holidays and Others" is this delightful story of an adventure in a Roman cab:

In returning from the Flincio the only cab we had been able to get was the last left of the very worst cabs in Rome, and we had bidden the driver wait for us at the church steps, not without some hope that he would play us false. But there he was, true to his word, with such disciplined fidelity as that of the Roman sentinels who used to die at their posts, and we mounted to ours with the muted prayer that we at least might reach home alive.

This did not seem probable when the driver whipped up his horse. It appeared to have aged and sickened while we were in the church, although we had thought it looked as bad as could be before, and it lurched alarmingly from side to side, recovering itself with a plunge of its heavy head away from the side in which its body was sinking.

The driver swayed on his box, having fallen equally decrepit, in spite of the restoratives he seemed to have applied for his years and infirmities. His clothes had put on some such effect of extreme decay as those of Rip Van Winkle in the third act; there was danger that he would fall on top of his falling horse and that their raiment would mingle in one scandalous ruin.

Via Sistina had never been so full of people before; never before had it been so long to that point where we were to turn out of it into the friendly obscurity of the little cross street which would bring us to our hotel. We could not consent to arrive in that form; we made the driver stop, and we got out and began overpaying him to release us.

But the more generously we overpaid him the more nobly he insisted upon serving us to our door.

At last, by such a lavish expenditure as ought richly to provide for the few remaining years of himself and his horse, we prevailed with him to let us go and reached our hotel glad, almost proud, to arrive on foot.

Ancient Spectacle Makers.

The ancient Guild of Spectacle Makers is numerically one of the strongest London companies. Its charter dates from the year 1629 and, though the exact date of its origin is lost, there is ample evidence that the calling of spectacle maker was extensively followed at a very early date. An old book of 1563 mentions the spectacle makers among other traders, and the biography of Carlo Zeno, an illustrious Venetian, who died in 1418, mentions that even at the age of eighty-four he needed no artificial aids to his sight. So presumably spectacles were common in Italy five centuries ago.—London Telegraph.

Different Altogether.

Visitor (consoling) to Tommy, who has upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet—Tut, my boy, there is no use crying over spilt milk.

Tommy—Course not. Any duffer knows that. All you've got to do is call in the cat and she'll lick it up. But this don't happen to be milk, an' mamma will do the lickin'.

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Stamped Pillow Tops

Books. For the greater part of its life a book is an article of furniture and stands upon the shelf to decorate the library with its patch of color and glow of kindly associations, but from time to time there occur those crises of its existence when it is taken down and read.—London Athenaeum.

A Riotous Pack. Uncle Eben—I tell ye that it's excessive indulgence in pleasure that is so many men. Uncle Ezra—You're right on that, Eben. Those fellows that stay up till a clock pitch quilts by lantern light won't read it till their eyes begin to fall from their sockets.

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