

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made from Royal Group

cream of tartar

NO ALUMINA OR LEAD PHOSPHATE

Petit Jurors.

For the February, 1911, term of the district court of Platte county, Nebraska:

Theodore Meyer, Frank Hather, Fred Clausen, Geo. E. Willard, W. J. Gregorius, Henry H. Wolken, E. E. Morgan, Adolph Marty, Fritz Miller, Fred Sander, Hubert Braun, Joe. Nicklas, Martin Burnas, Geo. W. Lamb, Jacob Stohr, W. M. Thomazin, John Friebsauf, John Schaefer, Martin Valcon, Frank Kernan, Nels Nelson, Jos. Buettner, Chas. Hildebrand, Lincoln Johnstone.

Humanity in War.

The first man, so far as history can speak on the subject, to do anything to mitigate the hardness of the usages of war was Marcus Aurelius, the noblest of the Roman emperors. Of this illustrious man De Quincy writes, "Marcus Aurelius first resolutely maintained that certain inalienable rights belonged to every soldier simply as a man, which rights capture by the sword or any other accident of war could do nothing to shake or diminish."

Coroners in England.

In early times the coroner in England was a revenue officer of the crown, and his business was to find out the criminals, extort their confessions and confiscate their goods to the crown. From records it appeared that King Alfred had a predilection for hanging his coroners because they did what was unjust.

Sumptuary Laws of Cape Town.

Cape Town once lived under so severe a code of sumptuary laws that anything like display was restricted to the governor and his immediate circle. Thus runs article 6 of the Dutch laws against luxury and ostentation: "No one less in rank than a junior merchant and those among the citizens of equal rank and the wives and daughters only of those who are or have been members of any council shall venture to use umbrellas."

A Literary Coincidence.

"My father, W. Clark Russell," said Herbert Russell in telling of a literary coincidence, "had finished maturing the plot of his novel 'The Death Ship,' which is a version of the legend of Vanderdecken. I was his amanuensis at the time. He said to me, 'Tomorrow we will begin the story.' On the following morning when I entered his study to take his dictation of the opening lines he showed me a letter he had just received. It was from W. B. Gilbert, the well known dramatist, asking him why he did not write a novel about the Flying Dutchman."

Made a Cigar Lighter.

"Ma," said a nine-year-old prodigy whose parents live in Oak Lane, "if I change this box of cigars into a cigar lighter will you give me a nickel?" And he held up a box of his father's cigars.

When Water Was Avoided.

Until comparatively recent times there was a medical prejudice against drinking water. Sir William Vaughan in his "Natural and Artificial Directions For Health" declared that water "ought seldom to be drunk." Another doctor admitted that it might be healthful for children, but not for men—except some odd, abstemious one among a thousand per chance, degenerate and of a dogmatic nature, for dogs of nature do abhor wine."

Could Be Useful.

"Mamma says that if you could make up your mind to go into papa's business, Arthur, he would very likely consent to our engagement."

His Talent.

"Is he a great artist?" "No." "But he gets good prices for his stuff."

The Past, like an inspired rhapsodist, fills the theater of everlasting generations with her harmony.—Shelley.

MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY.

Every human soul has the germ of some flower within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in. I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there in.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

UNEXPLORED CANADA.

Vast Areas Where the Feet of a White Man Has Never Tread.

There are vast areas in Canada of which even the government has no definite knowledge, and there are thousands of square miles where the foot of a white man has never trod. Practically all knowledge of this big wild country has been secured again and again along a few chosen and well worn routes, outside of which investigation has seldom gone.

Imagine a dozen or so well beaten vehicle highways traversing a country one-fourth as large as Europe—narrow highways hemmed in by impenetrable wilderness—and one may form some sort of idea of the little that is still known of 600,000 square miles of the North American continent.

Along these routes nearly all "explorers" have gone. Along them are situated most of the fur posts, and beyond their narrow lines but little is known. And in this world of forest and ridge mountains and eternal desolation, still buried in the mystery and silence of endless centuries, are its "people."

Approximately there are from 15,000 to 25,000 human souls in an area fifteen times the size of Ohio, and there are no more than 500 of these who have not some Indian blood in their veins. On the other hand, fully one-half of the total population has its strain of white blood.—Leslie's Weekly.

RAILWAYS IN SPAIN.

Their Methods Are Not Those of the Strenuous Life.

A Spanish railway seems an excellent place for a rest cure. "I remember," writes Mr. S. L. Bensusan, "when going on a short journey in Andalusia, the train that carried me stopped at a short junction. While we were at rest here, after some hours of travel at the rate of at least twelve miles an hour, the driver uncoupled his engine and proceeded down the line with it in the direction we were not to take."

The passengers walked contentedly up and down, smoked countless cigarettes, ate oranges, resisted the importunities of beggars. At last I became uneasy and asked where the driver had gone. "Pedro has run down the line on his engine to take a birthday gift to his mother, who lives over there," explained the station master; "he is indeed a good son and will not trust his parcel to the post. Spain is full of thieves." And when the good son had come back from his mission he restored the engine to its proper position and we re-entered the train, which went on its journey after three-quarters of an hour's delay.—London Graphic.

THE MONKEY AND THE BOOK.

A story is told of an eminent naturalist (I forget his name) who was hoping to develop the intelligence of a monkey to whose education he was devoting himself. One day he saw with delight that the monkey was sitting at the end of the room turning over the leaves of a valuable book on entomology and looking at the plates with apparent interest. But on going nearer he saw, with dismay, that the monkey was turning over the plates in order that when he came to a particularly large beetle or butterfly he might pick it out and eat it. As the paper could not have had a nice taste, I think he may have been actuated rather by the fun of the thing than by a mere depraved appetite. Perhaps he was verifying the like method of learning among the philosophers of Laputa.—London Spectator.

FAME AND THE EDITOR.

Fame, so difficult a possession to obtain, lies oftener than one usually thinks in the power of the press. Oscar Browning in his interesting "Memories of Sixty Years" tells how Fox, then editor of the Monthly Repository, settled the fate of Robert Browning's "Pauline" when it first appeared by the mere word "halderdash."

The explanation given is that "a single line was required to complete the page, and the editor, taking up the first book on which he could lay his hands and thinking it insignificant and pretentious, described it as I have stated above."

Oscar Browning declares that the poet said "that by this accident his public recognition had been delayed for twenty years."

NAPOLEON'S FIRST LEVY.

The little French town of Auxonne is not associated in the popular mind with Napoleon; but, as Miss Betham-Edwards reminds us in "Unfrequented France," he spent some years of his captivity there. "In the Seine he twice narrowly escaped drowning, and here, too, as narrowly, so the story runs, marriage with a bourgeois maiden called Marianne. Two ivory counters bearing this romantic name in Napoleon's handwriting enrich the little museum."

COULD BE USEFUL.

"Mamma says that if you could make up your mind to go into papa's business, Arthur, he would very likely consent to our engagement."

"But, my darling girl, I'm a poet."

"That doesn't matter. You could write advertisement rhymes for our stuff."—Flegende Blatter.

HIS TALENT.

"Is he a great artist?"

"No."

"But he gets good prices for his stuff."

"Yes. He's a great salesman."—Exchange.

The past, like an inspired rhapsodist, fills the theater of everlasting generations with her harmony.—Shelley.

FORGOT THE KEY.

Then the Locksmith Showed Him How to Open the Door.

When Mr. and Mrs. Eastman started out to spend the evening in pursuance of an engagement they passed on the front steps long enough for Mrs. E. to propound the usual query, "Have you got the key, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Mr. E. "Wait a minute. No, I haven't, either. What do you think of that? Must have left it on the dresser."

"Well, here's a pretty how-do-do!" exclaimed Mrs. E. as her consort savagely but fruitlessly rummaged his pockets. "How are we going to get in to get it?"

Hubby first tried the lower windows. To find them all carefully locked. Neighbors awoke to the situation and began to be helpful.

"Get a ladder," said one.

"Get a jimmy," said another.

"Get an aeroplane," said a third.

Various other expedients, ranging from derricks to dynamite, were suggested. Finally one neighbor brought a ladder which wouldn't reach the second story windows by six feet. It was suggested that the fire department be summoned. Rejected.

By this time the engagement had to be called off, and the remainder Mrs. E. was making to the female contingent of the assemblage will not here be recorded. As a last resort a locksmith was suggested, and Mr. E. departed in search of one. At the end of an hour he returned with a stolid looking German bearing an armful of tools.

"Vitch too?" he inquired.

"This one," said Mrs. E., "and for goodness' sake don't jimmy it nor dynamite it unless you have to!"

"Dot's all right," granted the workman. Then he extended his hand and tried the knob. It turned. The catch had not been caught. The door swung open. He turned and gave the assemblage an expressive glance.

And now when Mr. and Mrs. E. leave their little home of an evening some neighbor is sure to stick his head out of a window and kindly inquire, "Have you got the key?"—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

WOMEN IN PORTUGAL.

Dig in the Fields and Do Laboring Work in the Cities.

A good part of the farm work is performed by the women, who see no reason why they should regard digging, hoeing and plowing as the work of men alone. The man who owns a few acres of land will often leave its cultivation to his wife and daughters, while he labors as carpenter, stonemason or cooper, for caskmaking is one of their important industries. He also likes to get a job as a waiter in one of the numerous hotels at seaside resorts, for the country has thousands of continental and English visitors.

Women share in the heavy work of the cities as well. There are female porters, laborers on the docks, market tenders and even women coal heavers, fishermen, or, rather, fishwomen, and sailers. They are as strong and hardy as their husbands and brothers and seem to stand long hours and hard labor as well.

Of course it rather takes away the glamour of romance when one sees a young woman with finely chiseled features and beautiful blue eyes digging with spade and mattock or heaving a basket of coal into a ship's hold with as much ease as the American girl plays tennis and golf. Women seem happy under what we would consider hard conditions, so the reformer would probably have his labor for his pains if he suggested a change in this department of Portuguese national existence.—Christian Herald.

KILL THEM YOUNG.

Do Not Tolerate Weeds in the Garden of the Soul.

An old man was once walking with a little boy. They came across four shrubs. The old man said to the youthful companion: "Pull up the last one." He obeyed with ease. "Now the next." He obeyed, but it did not come so easily.

"And the third."

It took all his strength to move its roots.

"Now the fourth."

In vain the lad put forth all his strength. He only made the leaves tremble. He could not move the roots. They had gone strongly into the earth, and no effort could dislodge them.

Then the wise old man said to the ardent youth:

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak one may by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self-denial easily tear them up, but if we let them cast their roots deep into our souls there is no human power can uproot them. The almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch well over the first movement of your soul and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SOMETHING IN THE EYE.

Small substances, like cinders, dust or small chips of stone or metal, can often be removed from the eye by very simple means. Sometimes catching the upper lid by the lashes and pulling it away from the eyeball and down over the lower lid, then letting it go, so that as it recedes its under surface is swept by the edge of the lower lid, will clear it out. If this does not prove successful a loop made of a horsehair or of a long human hair can be passed under the lid and swept from the outer side toward the nose and drawn down. Better than this, however, is the washing of the eye or flushing with the eye dropper. Every person should carry one in his traveling bag, for they are invaluable. Catch hold of the lower and upper lid, draw them away from the eye and then fill the dropper, which is like a small syringe, with water and flush the eye two or three times. This will always remove the cinder at once.—Family Doctor.

A man is called selfish not for pursuing his own good, but for neglecting his neighbor's.—Whately.

H. F. GREINER

GROCERIES AND STAPE DRY GOODS

Corner Eleventh and Olive Streets

Our goods are of the best quality and you don't have to pay for the other fellow's, as they are sold on a cash basis, and you receive full value for your money. Notice what a dollar will buy.

- One-half bushel of Onions.....\$1.00
- 24 bars of Bob White Laundry Soap, for use in hard water.....\$1.00
- 5 pkgs., regular 25c size, Oat Meal.....\$1.00
- 18 pounds of Sugar for.....\$1.00
- 5 lbs of First Class Coffee.....\$1.00
- A Bread Plate or Fruit Dish free with 3 lbs of Fine Coffee.....\$1.00
- 14 cans Rex Lye.....\$1.00
- 28 bars of Lenox Soap.....\$1.00

- 12 Cans of Sweet Corn.....\$1.00
- 12 Cans Peas.....\$1.00
- Limburger Cheese, per pound.....25c
- Swiss Cheese, per pound.....25c
- Brick Cheese, per pound.....20c
- Cream Cheese, per pound.....20c
- 12 packages of Corn Flakes.....\$1.00

DRY GOODS

All our Winter Dry Goods will be sold at reduced prices to make room for our new spring stock.

We still have a good stock of Blankets, Quilts, and Underwear of all kinds on hand, which will be closed out.

DEADLY NINE GASES.

White Damp, Firedamp, Black Damp and the Fearful After Damp.

"White damp is the gas most feared by the miners, for its properties render it difficult to detect, inasmuch as it is tasteless, odorless and colorless and when mixed in the proportion of about one part gas to nine parts air is called "firedamp" and becomes explosive to a degree hard to realize unless one has seen its effects.

Black damp, unlike white damp, is heavier than air, a nonexplosive gas which may be detected by its peculiar odor. Again, unlike the other, its effect is to suffocate and extinguish fire. This gas is so heavy and moves with such a sluggish flow that occasionally, when miners have been trapped in a mine following an explosion and have detected the black damp creeping in upon them by its smell, they have been able to stop its advance by erecting dams or barricades along the floor, building them higher as the volume of gas increased and keeping the air within their little inclosure comparatively clean by rude improvised fans.

Following an explosion, these two gases become mingled and form a mixed gas, possessing all the dreaded qualities of each, which is known as "after damp," and it is the mixture of gases which destroys any life that may remain following a mine disaster.—Atlantic Monthly.

LATE RISING BIRDS.

A pair of singing birds had been advertised for sale.

"The property of a late rising family," the dealer stated.

"I would up with that clause," he said, "no possible purchaser would not be scared off by the prospect of an unearthly chattering at 5 o'clock in the morning. Birds can be trained to keep any kind of hours. If they are brought up by a family of nightworkers they learn to go to bed at midnight and get up at 9 a. m., along with the rest of the folks, but if they are tucked in right away after supper they wake up the neighborhood at a correspondingly early hour the next morning. It is advisable for any person who is likely to be abed until noon to inquire into the early training of a bird before buying."—New York Sun.

BATTLE WITH A BOG.

Redmie's Suction Tere the Leather Gaiters Off a Man's Legs.

Readers of "Lorna Doone" can never forget the terrible drowning of Carver in the bog. That death trap is still to be seen in the Exmoor country, and not long ago a valuable hunting horse was engaged in the mire, and his rider barely escaped with his life. S. Barling-Gould, who had a narrow escape from a similar bog, tells of it in his "Book of the West." The author was with an official from the ordnance survey, who was correcting the map of the country:

"In the dusk we lost our way and got into Redmie. It was winter, the bog was unusually wet, and we could scarcely trip from one stone to another. Six bullocks had been lost in that very spot during the year.

"All at once I sank above my waist and was rapidly being sucked in farther. I called to my companion, but in the dark he could not see me. The water reached to my armpits. Happily I had with me a stout bamboo six feet long. I placed it athwart the surface and held my arms as far extended as possible. By quickly jerking my body I gradually lifted it, and then I threw myself forward as fast as I could. Finally I managed to cast myself full length on the surface. The suction was so great that it tore the leather gaiters off my legs.

"For a quarter of an hour I lay stretched out, gasping, before I got breath enough to worm myself along to dry soil."

OLD POSTAL RATES.

The high postal rates that prevailed in the earlier years of the last century made the transmission of a letter or parcel a matter of serious moment. "A packet weighing thirty-two ounces was once sent from Deal to London," writes Mrs. Eleanor Smyth in her life of Sir Rowland Hill. "The postage was over 16, being 4 s. 4 d. four times as much as the charge for an inside place by the coach. Again, a parcel of official papers small enough to slip inside an ordinary pocket was sent from Dublin to another Irish town addressed to Sir John Burgoyne. By mistake it was charged as a letter instead of as a parcel and cost 111. For that amount the whole mail coach plying between the two towns with places for seven passengers and their luggage might have been hired."—London Chronicle.

ZEAL.

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal.

The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.—Charles Buxton.

JUST AS GOOD.

"Did he leave footprints on the sands of time?" "No, but they took his thumb prints."—Judge.

SPEED CAKE.

When making spiced cakes always sift the spices with the flour. They will be more evenly distributed.

HOW SHE VOTED.

Mrs. A.—How did you vote today? Mrs. B.—In my plum colored gown.—Boston Transcript.

THE THERMOMETER.

About 1730 at Amsterdam Fahrenheit made his first thermometer, which has served as a model ever since.

THE INDIGNANT CENTER.

"Ere, missus, give over pinching them bananas. 'Ave a go at the coke-nuts instead."—London Sketch.

THE RAREST COIN.

The rarest of our cents and the highest in price are those dated 1793, 1799 and 1804.

ANY NEW METHODS?

"Ain't it strange th' way Kelly beats his wife?" "I dunno. How does he do it?"—Cleveland Leader.

SOUR ORANGE TREES.

Trees bearing sour oranges have grown wild in the Florida swamps for hundreds of years.

HIS VIEW.

Missionary—What is man, anyway? Cannonal—Nothing but a foodstuff.—New York Press.

HE CAN'T.

Blot—Woman is a conundrum. Blot—And man never seems to want to give her up.—Philadelphia Record.

NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN.

"I say, do you think much of Black?" "I do unfortunately; he owes me a bun spot."

ABDOMINAL SURGERY.

Abdominal surgery first was attempted in France in the fourteenth century.

READING THE BIBLE.

To read the Bible through at the rate of a chapter a day would require three years and three months.

FIG IRON.

Fig iron is so called because the ingots when first made have a fancied resemblance to a litter of pigs.

SPEND THE WINTER

in

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The Ideal Winter Resort

You will enjoy your trip from the start if you take the

Los Angeles Limited

via UNION PACIFIC

Standard Road of the West

EXCELLENT DINING CARS

ELECTRIC BLOCK SIGNALS

DUSTLESS, PERFECT TRACK

For literature and information relative to fares, routes, etc., call on or address

ELLIS G. BROWN

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA



REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK,

No. 518,

At Columbus, Nebraska, at the Close of Business, Jan. 7th, 1910.

Assets	Liabilities
Loans and discounts.....\$28,000 00	Capital stock paid in.....\$50,000 00
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....12,127 20	Surplus fund.....30,000 00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....20,000 00	Reserve fund.....5,000 00
Stocks, securities, etc.....12,200 00	Time deposits.....1,000 00
Banking houses, furniture and fixtures.....10,000 00	Other deposits.....1,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents.....52,472 00	Notes of other National Banks.....30 00
Cheques and other claims.....1,572 31	Fractional paper currency, notes and coins.....31 82
Notes of other National Banks.....30 00	Legal reserve fund.....4,500 00
Fractional paper currency, notes and coins.....31 82	Total.....\$111,481 61
Total.....\$111,481 61	Total.....\$111,481 61

State of Nebraska, ss I, Daniel Schuman, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

DANIEL SCHUMAN, Cashier.

[Correct—Attest:]
HERMAN P. E. OSBORN,
A. J. BROWN,
Individuals duly sworn to before me this 14th day of January, 1910.
W. M. CONNOR,
Notary Public.

Commission expires January 21, 1911.

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The Ideal Winter Resort
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COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA