

FOR CASH ONLY

For ten days, beginning SATURDAY, January 21, we will give the people of Columbus and vicinity a chance to buy groceries at prices which no other house in Columbus ever dreamed of quoting.

California Canned Goods

Splendid goods, packed in good syrups—fruits fit for the best tables, at the following sensational prices:

Apricots, per can	18c
Pears, per can	18c
Peaches, per can	12 1-2
Cherries, (white or black)	12 1-2
Grapes, per can	12 1-2
2-pound can fancy Hawaiian pineapple (sliced)	15
1-pound can fancy asparagus (green or white)	15

20 Pounds of Granulated Sugar for.....\$1.00

Look at These Prices

Fancy sweet corn, per can	7c
Fancy 12 1-2c peas, per can	7c
3-pound can tomatoes	8 1-2c
String and wax beans, per can	7 1-2c
Kidney beans, per can	7c
3-pound can pumpkin	7 1-2c
Sweet corn, peas and beans in 2 dozen case lots, only	\$1.65.

What do You Think of These?

K. C. baking powder, 25 oz	20c
Health Club baking powder	18c
Arm & Hammer brand soda, pkg	6c
1 pound red salmon	12c
9 bars Swift's Pride soap (or \$2.75 a box)	25c
White Russian soap, 8 bars for (or \$3.00 a box)	25c
Sunny Monday soap, 7 bars for (or \$3.60 a box)	25c

We want to give our customers a taste of good things at prices no Columbus grocer ever before quoted. Remember that these prices stand for ten days, only, and that all sales at these remarkable prices must be for cash or produce.

Columbus Mercantile Co.

WONDERS OF LAVA

This Molten Rock Is a Most Peculiar Substance.

REDHOT SNOW SANDWICHES.

Curious Effect on Mount Vesuvius Produced by the Lava's Amazing Properties as a Nonconductor of Heat—Deadly Volcanic Ashes.

Vesuvius, the most famous volcano in the world, with its mighty vomitings of lava and dust, is guilty of many queer freaks. Mighty rainstorms have set in motion the lava dust and lava cinders that lie on its sides, and torrents of muddy lava have overwhelmed towns and villages as it swept down to the sea. The resulting effect from this has been so great that it changed the face of the coast line by forming a new promontory.

Lava is one of the most curious of substances. It is simply rock melted by a heat so intense that it flows like thin gruel. When Vesuvius is in eruption thousands of tons of it are squirted up the "pipe" and out of the crater. As it flows out over the edge it soon cools and leaves a thick, rosy coating, which spreads over the entire countryside.

But it is only on the top that it really cools. A few inches below the surface of the lava is often red hot. Visitors are often invited to light their cigarettes in the chinks of a bed of lava that has been lying out in the open air for twenty years or more.

It is the most wonderful nonconductor of heat known. Borings made through some lava beds have shown that they are made up of layers of lava and layers of unmelted snow. As successive torrents of lava came pouring down the surface that lay on the snow cooled at once, and the surface open to the air also cooled at once. But between the two surfaces there was blazing heat; so if you bored down through some lava beds you would find a cool upper surface, a redhot inside, a cool layer, snow, a cool layer, a redhot one, a cool one and then snow again.

In fact, a layer of lava will let neither heat nor cold through. If you built a house entirely of lava on a scorching summer day you would still have 95 degrees inside when there was snow outside. If you built it in the winter ice would form in your parlor in July.

This clearly demonstrates what an extraordinary nonconductor lava is. There is, indeed, on the slopes of Vesuvius a little lava hut into which summer visitors put bottles of wine to get them chilled.

When a volcano throws its lava out with such tremendous force that it jets high into the air it very often falls in the form of dust, owing to the explosive power of the high pressure steam that spurts out with it. It bursts into a fine spray and falls as dust—just far finer than any other dust known.

It is so fine, indeed, that sometimes years elapse before it settles. When the mighty island volcano of Krakatoa blew itself nearly into bits in 1883 with a crashing sound of cannonading that smashed windows hundreds of miles away the lava dust was so thick in the air that for hundreds of miles round midday was as black as night. Volumes of infinitely fine dust sailed round and round the earth in the upper atmosphere and made England's sunsets of that year unusually splendid. It was three years before the upper air became quite clear again.

Lava dust has the same properties as lava. Shepherds on the slopes of Vesuvius sprinkle patches of snow in the winter with lava dust so that they may have it when the scorching days of summer arrive.

It was lava dust turned to mud by torrents of rain such as usually come with volcanic outbursts, that, nearly 2,000 years ago, destroyed the famous pleasure city of Herculaneum, and it was showers of volcanic ashes that overwhelmed Pompeii. Herculaneum still lies nearly forty yards from the open air.

There are rivers of lava mud that are blotting out towns and villages now. A curious point has always been noticed when Vesuvius is in eruption, and that is the strong odor of washing day that hangs around the mountain.

One might wonder why the slopes of such a mountain are so thickly populated when there is always danger of eruptions and of avalanches of lava mud. Well, the reason is that volcanic soil is always very fertile. Some of the best wine of Italy comes from Vesuvius vineyards, and people are ready to take the risk.—London American.

He Got His Answer.
"They who ask unpleasant questions," said a senator, "must be surprised if they get unpleasant answers. Yes, the interrogatory politician too often finds himself in the boots of Gobsa Golde."

"The aged Gobsa Golde was quarreling furiously with his young and beautiful wife."
"Didn't you marry me for my money?" he yelled.

"Mrs. Gobsa Golde tossed her head."
"Yes, of course I did," she said, "and if you weren't so stingy with it we'd never have a cross word."
—Washington Post.

Putting Him on His Mettle.
"The doctor says you have but an hour to live."
"Give me pen and paper," said the dying man feebly.

"To make your will?"
"No, I am going to give the doctor my not for thirty days. He will have to keep me alive at least that long to collect it."
—Judge.

Helps Trade.
"Do you believe in love at first sight?"
"Sure. It beats my business."
"How so?"
"I'm a divorce court lawyer."
—Detroit Free Press.

The World is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.—Basswood.

H. F. GREINER

CROCERIES AND STAPLE 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

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.

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

Coffee

We have a good stock on hand and can offer you real bargains in this line.

Dried Fruits

We always have a good selection on hand. Special attention will be given to telephone orders.

DOING GOOD.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does he is better still, and if he suffers from them to whom he did good he is served to that height of goodness that nothing but an increase of his sufferings can add to it. If it proves his death his virtue is at its summit—it is heroic complete.—Bryere.

Maintaining the Proportion.
Mrs. Nagston—Why, my dear, the last time I heard you tell that betting story it was only \$12 instead of \$25 that you lost.

What He Meant.
"So your old sweetheart is going to be married."
"Yes."
"Who is the happy man?"
"There's lots of 'em."
"Why, she can marry but one."
"That's what I mean."—Exchange.

Looking Backward.
"Boss, I can't live on \$2 a week any longer."
"Stick it out for awhile," urged his thrifty employer. "Think of how you can brag about it when you've made your fortune, my lad."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Mean Trick.
"That's the meanest man I ever ran across," said the book agent.
"What has he done?"
"Kept me calling day after day and finally said he didn't care anything about reading, but he enjoyed hearing me talk."

Low Church—and Salary.
"It must be understood," said the vestryman, who was extremely "low church," to the new rector, "that the rector here shall have no surplus."
"Gracious!" exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Newcome. "How could one have a surplus on the salary you offer?"

Flying Predictions.
In 1273 Friar Bacon predicted that flying would "shortly" become a general practice, and Bishop Wilkins in 1632 said, "It will yet be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going on a journey as it is now to hear him call for his boots."

Dreams as Omens.
From the earliest times recorded in history men have believed in the prophetic character of dreams. So far as we know, the first to deliberately and systematically attempt the interpretation of dreams was Amphyctyon of Athens, who lived about the year 1490 B. C. The Bible mentions dreams in many places, and we are entitled to conclude from the Biblical references that there were professional interpreters of dreams who were not infrequently resorted to by the dreamers.—Exchange.

Punishment of Children.
Parents should remember that every distressing, bloodcurdling story told to a child, every superstitious fear instilled into its young life, and their mental attitude toward the child, their whole treatment of it, are simply making phrenographic records in its nature which will be reproduced with scientific exactness in its future life, says Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. Whatever you do, never punish a child when it is suffering with fear. It is a cruel thing to punish children the way most mothers do anyway, but to punish a child when it is already quivering with terror, and especially when you are angry, is terrible. The same principle applies to punishing children in school.

Gossip and Scandal.
Many people confuse gossip with scandal, but the two things are quite different. The scandalmonger is usually detected, while the gossip is often universally popular. In fact, the popularity which it brings in its train is

one of the strongest incentives to gossip. A really accomplished gossip is a social acquisition. Thousands of people who do not gossip themselves like to listen to it. It saves them the trouble of talking. The scandalmonger seldom is. After all, what is more interesting than human nature? That is the stock in trade of the gossip, as it is of the novelist and dramatist.—London Gentlewoman.

The Other Side of It.
"Wake up, call," said the burglar, shaking the man by the shoulder.
"The man wakes up and jumps up."
"What do you do you want?" he asks.

"I want two dis house last week an' got \$10 an' a bum gold watch," explained the burglar, "an' de papers said dat you said your loss was \$100 an' joolry to de amount of five or six hundred."
"Ye-yes."

"Well, make good, sport. Me partner dat was watchin' on de outside made me cough up de difference between what I got an' what you said I got. Now, you got to make good. You can't beat me dat way."—Judge's Library.

Between Two Fires.
"The fads of sovereigns with their royal etiquette were frequently carried to such lengths," says H. T. Dyer in "Royalty in All Ages," "as to make martyrs of them. What can be more ludicrous than the following: The palace was on fire. A soldier who knew the king's sister was in her apartment and must inevitably have been consumed in a few minutes by the flames rushed in at the risk of his life and brought her out. But Spanish etiquette was woefully broken, and the loyal soldier was brought to trial and condemned to death. The Spanish princess, however, in consideration of the circumstance, consented to pardon the soldier and saved his life."

Agincourt.
Agincourt, from which Henry V. made his triumphant entry into London, is our English way of spelling. Agincourt, just as Blenheim is a similar corruption of Blenheim. In about two and a half hours Henry's little army slew 10,000 Frenchmen, nearly twice as many as England lost outright in battle during the Boer war, lasting over two and a half years, and yet we talk complacently of our "modern arms of precision." A monument at Agincourt marks the cemetery of the slain. Few battlefields have changed their appearance so little. The field may be reached within a railway hour from Boulogne, but few tourists go to the scene of England's most wonderful feat of arms.—London Chronicle.

American Influence in Canada.
Wherever the American goes in force and in proportion to his sympathetic reception he leaves as a side issue the indelible impression of his vivid personality. In such wise he is changing the sedate old maritime provinces so very rapidly that you can hardly find any difference between them and Maine or Massachusetts. This is in obedience to a natural law which must bring about such results. His manners, his speech, his courage, his means of communication, whether by land or sea, are entirely reciprocal with Canada, but as he is mighty and Canada is feeble numerically the greater, as usual, includes the less.—F. T. Bullen in London Mail.

Your Occupation.
Every occupation lifts itself with the enlarging life of him who practices it. The occupation that will not do that no man really has a right to occupy himself about.—Phillips Brooks.

A Bad Cold.
"There are two stages in a bad cold," averred Uncle Allan Sparks. "In the one stage it afflicts the man that's got it, and in the other it afflicts everybody else."—Chicago Tribune.

By desiring what is perfectly good we are part of the divine power against evil.—George Elliot.

SHAVING IN ITALY.

The Barber Must Have Used a Cross-cut Saw on This Victim.

Italy may be the land of the sea, but it is not the home of the shave. The barbers there are generally recruited from the ranks of the butchers or the medical students. They must be able to stand the sight of blood. In the early days of medicine physicians called in barbers to do their bleeding for them.

In Italy a physician now does his own bleeding—if he visits a barber shop first.

Everything is done in an orderly manner in the Latin kingdom. The man who yearns to open a tonorial parlor appears before the municipality to request his license. No influence is required. He does not have to have a pull. No, he cultivates that later.

"Are you qualified?" demand the city fathers.

"Signori," responds the applicant respectfully, "does not my father own a horse, and have I not carried it every Sunday? Besides, I have worked in the stockyards."
"Bene," reply the license givers. "You are indeed suited in every way. Here are your shaving papers. Go forth and scrape acquaintance with the strangers within our gates, but cut only distant acquaintances. To cut your friends is bad form and bad for 'em."

Then, if the happy neophyte has the tin, he opens up a dissecting parlor. The tin is necessary for razor blades.

One Italian traveler was heard to remark: "I now believe that the martyr St. Luke was skinned alive. I know the man who skinned him. He shaved me this morning." Twelve good men and true looked at his face and then gave their verdict. He was a truthful man.

When a customer enters an Italian barber shop he is escorted politely to an operating chair. The back of the chair is stationary, but the headrest lets down to a remarkable degree. The result is that while the applicant's hips and knees are bent to an angle of ninety degrees his neck stretches so that his head makes an acute angle with his back, his chin pointing directly at the ceiling. It requires long practice for stout gentlemen to become

comfortable in this position. Then the operator dips his brush in ice water and brushes it lightly across the soap. He then, with a playful air, dampens his customer's beard as if to say, "This is really unnecessary, but I yield to the prejudices of a stranger." No, he never rubs the soap in—he might produce a lather. Then comes the major operation. Afterward the face is washed with a shaving brush full of cold water, and then the powder is applied; so, not talcum powder—powdered alum.

When the damages have thus been temporarily repaired the victim raises his head—if he is still able—and has a coat of brilliantine applied to his hair. He then totters home and, after his wife has fainted at sight of him, resolves to raise a moustache, sideburns, galways and a full beard. The barber, meanwhile having washed up the gore, sends himself in front of his shop and smiles benignly on the passerby. No, Italy is not the land of the shave, although it may be the home of the sea.—New York Sun.

His Advice Not Wanted.
"My dear," says the doctor to his wife, who is cuddling their new boy, "you should not feed the baby oftener than every three hours, you should not take it up every time it cries, it should sleep practically all the time, it should not be shown to every one who calls, your mother and father should not be permitted to dandle it, you should not chuck it under the chin that way, it should sleep in a room without heat and with the windows wide open, its clothing should be simple—none of those lacy, embroidered things—and—"

"Humph!" interrupts his wife. "You go and tell that stuff to people that pay you \$5 a visit. I don't want any of your old advice about this baby."—Life.

A Dining Hint.
Fletcher says you should "hold your face down" when you are eating, so that your tongue will hang perpendicularly in your mouth. To do this most comfortably get down on your hands and knees when you eat, explains the Chicago Record-Herald.

There is but one virtue—the eternal sacrifice of self.—George Sand.

ANNUAL BRED SOW SALE

POLAND CHINAS

The Big Boned, Big Litter Roomy Kind
AT THE CLOTHIER LIVERY BARN
COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA

Monday, January 30, 1911
AT ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

37--HEAD OF GILTS--37

There are 36 big, growthy, Spring Gilts in this offering, and one Fall Gilt. The majority are sired by Wille's Big Bone, he by Top Chief. The Gilts are bred to such boars as Wille's Long Price, he by Smooth Price, Big Wonder, by Long Wonder. Both boars are 1000 Prospects. Come early and see them sell.

OOL. T.C. CALLAHAN Auctioneer
O. I. FURDY ED. R. ROEHL Fieldmen
Send for Catalogue to
FRED WILLE
Columbus, Neb.

MAINED CERVANTES.

Bravery in Battle of the Famous Author of "Don Quixote."

An incident of the battle of Lepanto, which broke the power of the Turks in Europe, has an interest for students of literature. "In the Marquesa gallery," says a note from Commander Curry's "Sea Wolves in the Mediterranean," "was lying in his bed, sick of a fever, a young man twenty-four years of age, a Spaniard of Alcalá de Henares, the son of honorable parents, we are told, although these parents were poor. When this young man heard that a battle was imminent he rose from his bed and demanded of his captain, Francisco San Pedro, that he should be placed in the post of greatest danger. The captain and others, his friends, counseled him to remain in his bed. "Senores," replied the young man, "what would be said of Miguel de Cervantes should he take this advice? On every occasion up to this day on which his enemies have offered battle to his majesty I have served like a good soldier, and today I intend to do so in spite of this sickness and fever." He was given command of twelve soldiers in a shallop and all day was to be seen where the combat raged most fiercely. He received two wounds in the chest and another which cost him the loss of his left hand. To those to whom he proudly displayed them in after years he was accustomed to say, "Wounds in the face or the chest are like stars which guide one through honor to the skies." Of him the chronicler says, "He continued the rest of his life with honorable memory of this wonderful occurrence, and, although he lost the use of his left hand, it added to the glory of his right." How glorious was that right hand is known to all readers of "El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha."

A Cautious Boat.

Stonehaven lies to the south of Aberdeen. The London train had drawn up at Stonehaven on account of a slight mishap a mile or two ahead, and Andra, the old porter, had got into conversation with a Salvation Army officer, who had popped his head out of the compartment to ask the reason for the delay. "Aye, aye," mused Andra after giving the desired information, "ye'll be for Aberdeen, I'm thinkin'?" "Yes, my man," was the reply; "I'm bound for Aberdeen, a very wicked place, I'm told. "What might ye be goin' to dae there, sir, if it's as bad as that?" asked Andra, rather amused at the visitor's words. "Ah," was the pious answer, "I'm going to drive the devil out of Aberdeen." Like lightning came from the old porter the pawky reply, "See an' drive him north, chiel; haul him well to the north!"

RELIC OF ANTIQUITY.

The Seal That is So Often Used on Legal Documents.

A most absurd thing connected with legal business is the little piece of red, green or blue paper or daub of sealing wax which we often place at the end of a signature to a deed, will or other important document.

It is a very small thing in size, but one to which a great deal of importance is frequently given. It is a relic of antiquity, and no plausible excuse can be invented for continuing its use.

Some of the more progressive states have practically abolished its use by legislation, which deprives it of any technical legal significance. In others, however, it is still used with all seriousness and solemnity, and an all most magical value is given to it by dignified judges that is little less than ridiculous.

A man died years ago leaving part of his estate to another to enjoy while he lived, with the privilege of devoting it at his death to others whom he might select by a writing under his "hand and seal." A will was executed so devising the property, but it was contested by others claiming the property upon the technical ground that the paper contained no seal after the signature and the devise was therefore void.

A wise Philadelphia judge closely scrutinized the signature and after carefully listening to the arguments of lawyers decided that at the end of the signature there was an extra scroll or flourish made with the pen with which the signature was made and that this was sufficient in law to constitute a seal.—Case and Comment.

Be Yourself.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation, but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin or Washington or Bacon or Newton? Every great man is unique. Do that which is assigned to you and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.—Emerson.

Perplexed.
"Your daughter's brain, madam, appears to be normal."
"Dear, dear, we've never had anything of that kind in the family before, I'm sure!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Our generosity should never exceed our abilities.—Cicero.