

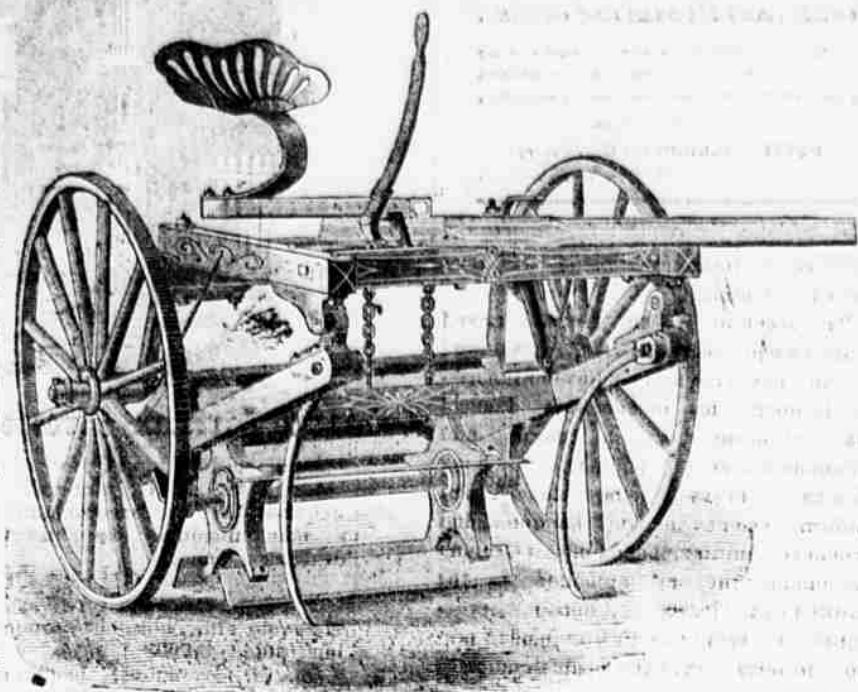
# Van Brunt, Thompson & Co.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

## AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

THIS IS A CUT OF THE  
**N. C. THOMPSON**  
**Single Row Stalk Cutter,**  
 Which has been through a good many  
 sons, and has always given entire  
 satisfaction. It is one of the first  
 stalk cutters ever put on the market,  
 and to-day there is none superior. The  
**Double Row Stalk Cutter**

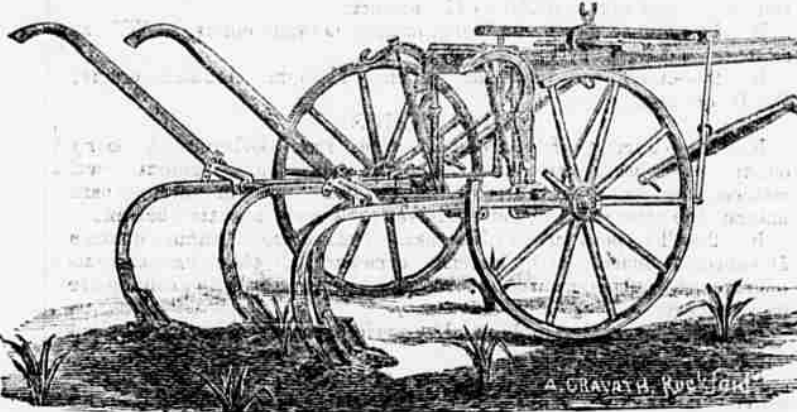


is as well known as this. We would  
 request dealers to place their order  
 with us early, as the demand for stalk  
 cutters will be larger than ever before.

AMONG OUR GOODS ARE THE FOLLOWING:

# N. C. Thompson's

Plows, Reapers, Cultivators, Mowers,  
 Hay Rakes, Harrows, Hay Tedder,  
 Stalk Cutter, New Tongueless Cultivator.



THIS IS A CUT OF THE  
**N. C. THOMPSON**  
**SPRING CULTIVATOR,**

Which gave such universal satisfaction  
 last season. We offer you this Cultivator  
 again and are still confident that it is nearer  
 perfection than any similar cultivator of  
 other makes. The record which it has  
 made in the past bears us out in the above  
 belief.

WE HAVE ALSO A FULL LINE OF

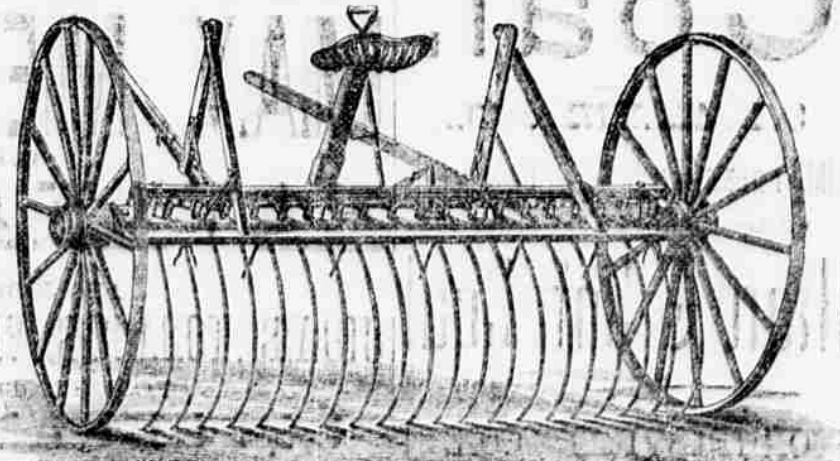
### Corn Shellers, Hay Forks, Harrows, &c., &c.

THE KETCHUM WAGON,  
 THE CHALLENGE PLANTER,  
 THE TRAVERN IRON PUMPS.

—ALL SOLD BY—

# Van Brunt, Thompson & Co.

To our former patrons and to  
 those who may in the future, be our  
 patrons, we will say that we are again  
 permitted to offer you the  
**N. C. THOMPSON**  
**Hay Rake**

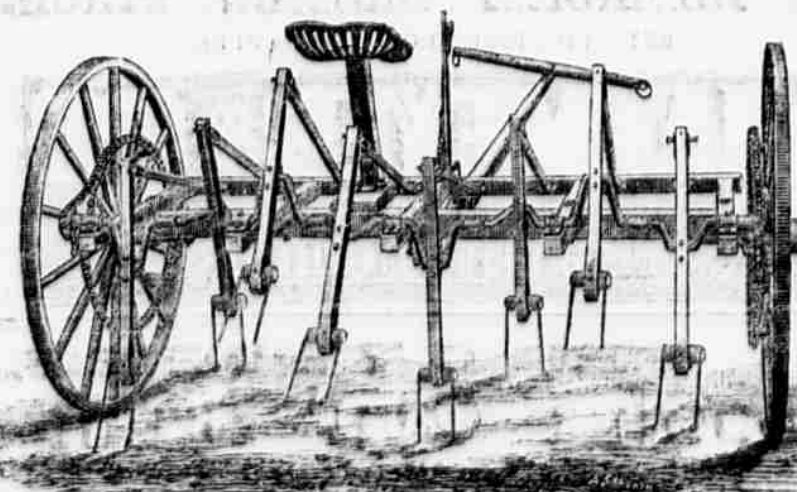


for the coming year. The success of  
 this Rake is so well known that com-  
 ments are unnecessary. It has higher  
 wheels than any other and for raking  
 stalks, as well as hay, it cannot be  
 beat.

WE ARE PROUD TO SAY THAT WE HAVE THE FINEST ASSORTMENT OF

### Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons and Spring Wagons,

To be found in the West, at corresponding low prices. You should investigate this before buying elsewhere



Did you ever see one of these ma-  
 chines work? Its the funniest thing  
 you ever saw. It is the  
**N. C. THOMPSON**

## Hay Tedder,

and will do more work turning hay than  
 twenty men can do in the same time.

We desire your trade, and in return we will furnish you with good goods.

# VAN BRUNT, THOMPSON & CO.,

Nos. 10, 12 and 14 Fourth Street, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

### ON TO RICHMOND.

Joaquin Miller's Peaceful Progress.  
 Battle-Fields of the Past—Birthplace  
 of Henry Clay—Works  
 of Art.

Correspondence of the Liberator.

RICHMOND, (Va.), November 10, 1883.  
 Richmond is by rail to-day 110 miles distant  
 from Washington city. Twenty years  
 ago it was as distant as eternity to more  
 than 100,000 men. The fare to-day is \$4.  
 It once cost hundreds of millions to get  
 there. The fast mail makes the distance  
 easily in four hours now. It cost as  
 many years twice two decades ago. And,  
 oh! the large beauty of the landscape as  
 you glide out of Washington city across  
 the broad, tranquil Potomac; the stately  
 edifice on Arlington heights (Lee's home);  
 the stupendous dome of the Federal  
 Capitol fading away like a cloud as you  
 disappear down the Potomac toward the  
 burial place, and still further on the birth-  
 place, too, of George Washington. You  
 are glad to get out of the depot. Decent  
 enough it is except for the heaps of  
 knock-kneed, bow-legged, and altogether  
 gone-to-pieces colored men, tumbling and  
 hobbling, falling, fighting, brawling in a  
 lazy sort of way about the broad doors of  
 the brick edifice. But its presence, the  
 insolent presence of this depot in the  
 heart of our country's capital, is such an  
 impertinence that you get mad at the  
 sight of it and remain so till you get out  
 of sight of it.

A GRASSING CORPORATION.  
 You see, this railroad company asked  
 permission only to temporarily enter this  
 beautiful city and set down and receive  
 passengers till they could look about and  
 buy a suitable place for a depot. Well,  
 having got this much permission, they sat  
 down to stay and they built this substan-  
 tial brick and gray-stone structure as if  
 they owned the city. But, perhaps, as  
 they own congress, or a large majority of  
 it, that is all they desire.

And now permit me to make this  
 prophesy right here that some day soon,  
 not ten years hence, the people of these  
 United States will rise up and take all  
 this and all similar lands back from these  
 thieving, grasping roads. The first great  
 man who moves in this matter success-  
 fully will find his feet set solidly on the  
 stepping-stone to the presidency of these  
 United States. This railroad company,  
 which has just been incorporated, has set  
 up a little marble eagle above the  
 spot in this depot where General Gar-  
 field was shot. A little brass star—  
 it was plated with silver—marks the spot  
 where the president fell when shot.  
 It is a good advertisement for the com-  
 pany.

FREDERICKSBURG.  
 And now, with Arlington Heights fall-  
 ing away on the right and the dome of the  
 Capitol rounding its huge shoulders in  
 the rear, let us dash on through dull and  
 grass-grown Alexandria to Fredericksburg  
 on the low, sandy banks of the narrow  
 Rappahannock. This is a crooked, slug-  
 gish, dirty, stream, narrow enough for a  
 boy to pitch a stone across it, and as yel-  
 low, most of the time, as the tail-stream  
 of a miner's sluice. One would have  
 thought on reading the achievements of  
 General Burnside there that this was a  
 river of some importance. Fredericks-  
 burg has never been rebuilt. But up the  
 river a little way from the dirty surround-  
 ings of the railroad you see a good many  
 church spires still pointing up through  
 the oaks and magnolias. You see cart-  
 works up and down the river and dim  
 outlines of the great mine houses are still  
 visible.

"How many men did Burnside really  
 lose here?" I asked of an ex-confederate  
 general, who showed me about in his  
 buggy.  
 "Twenty-five thousand at least."  
 "And Lee?"  
 "Not 200."  
 "Heaven! but this is not history."

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.  
 "The gray old soldier drew up under an  
 oak, lazily and meditatively tapped the  
 top of a red pokeberry bush which towered  
 above the other weeds in the fence  
 corner, with his long ragged whip, and  
 said: "Do you remember the conversa-  
 tion of Napoleon and his generals after  
 one of his great battles, when one of his  
 marshals seemed to show some concern as  
 to what history would say? I shook my  
 head and he went on, as he lazily whipped  
 the berries till they ran blood. "Well,  
 sah, Napoleon said, sharply, "What his-  
 tory, gentlemen, what is history?"  
 One marshal answered this and one  
 answered that, but the Little Corporal  
 lifted his finger, and wagging it in the  
 face of his five great generals, said, very  
 firmly and very truly, "Gentlemen, history  
 is fiction agreed upon." The old soldier  
 stopped whipping the berries in the fence  
 corner and took out over the grassy  
 little ridges and shallow ditches a good  
 distance in silence. He was fighting over  
 this old battle-field once more. I was  
 looking down from the side of the buggy  
 into the trenches for shot, shell, bullets  
 or whatever I might see to take away  
 with me as mementoes of the place. But  
 I saw nothing nothing but weeds, little  
 bushes in the yellow sand, tall pokeberries  
 lowering in the corners of the field, Vir-  
 ginia worm fence, a few black pipes and  
 what then an indolent old colored man,  
 looking barefooted and ragged as an old-  
 time prophet, plodding down the dusty  
 lane. As we neared the central part of  
 the city we saw a pile of these people  
 thrown up together, head and heels in the  
 fence corner, asleep—thrown there, hun-  
 gry and helpless, by the cow-catcher of  
 progress.

HENRY CLAY'S BIRTHPLACE.  
 It is called Ashland, this birthplace of  
 Henry Clay, because it is an ash-leaved  
 land, bald, barren and white, not much unlike  
 the sagebrush land of Nevada; but for  
 the little pine and oak trees which stand  
 in the stead of our sage it might look ex-  
 actly like the plains, and this only a few  
 miles from Richmond. We have dashed  
 down through full fifty miles of this bar-  
 ren and impoverished land of bare land  
 since leaving the fertile tributaries of the  
 higher Potomac. Below us a little way  
 is the fearful corduroy road of dead  
 Here at this spot the trees fairly trem-  
 bled from the roar of cannon shot during  
 the dreadful seven-days fight in the Wil-  
 derness. Ashland is a desolate place pri-  
 vate residences, a few stores, stables and  
 hives—all present, inseparable, helpless  
 crowd of disheartened and hopeless col-  
 ored people; but, of course, back and away  
 from the road where they are at work  
 they are happy enough.

ART IN RICHMOND.  
 As the hospitality of Virginia people

is proverbial, I need not enlarge here on  
 that. I could not, indeed, without talk-  
 ing too much of myself. But as we have  
 been accustomed to look upon this capital  
 of the peaceful capital of the confederacy  
 as the paradise of the diabolist, the seat of  
 war in the south, and a great tobacco cen-  
 ter, I earnestly beg to call attention to  
 two great—very great—works of art now  
 in process of completion here. Think of  
 a man who has spent his best years in  
 Rome, famous in Europe, famous all over  
 the world in fact, sitting down here in  
 the midst of all these associations and  
 traditions and doing an immortal piece of  
 Homer in marble! Mr. Valentine, whose  
 recumbent statue of General Lee was  
 recently unveiled at Lexington, is doing  
 the most poetic piece of work now, to my  
 simple way of seeing things, that the  
 world has seen for a long time. The wife  
 of Troy's hero, weaving her web and  
 thinking sully of the possible fates of  
 war, has let her right hand fall heavily at  
 her side, while the child in her arms  
 with the necklace at her throat and looks  
 up lovingly in the mother's great, and  
 face. And then from under the folds of  
 the lion's skin and under where she sits  
 the lizard—the old Helene symbol of  
 death, coming out of the darkness, sud-  
 den, swift or slow, but always still, certain  
 —cuts the half-finished web from her  
 hand. Do you not see in the dim outline  
 great, tender story; half of the "Iliad,"  
 indeed! Ah, if you could but see her sad  
 and submissive face, you would under-  
 stand better than all I could say what  
 this marble means. The piece is of her-  
 oic size." It has employed Mr. Valentine for  
 years. It will take him years yet to com-  
 plete it. There is nothing in all Amer-  
 ica to match this, nothing, I think, in all  
 Europe now in process of completion that  
 can compete with it, and, this is the old  
 confederate capital.

"GUSTER'S LAST CHARGE."  
 There is another work here, not so  
 worthy, because the subject is less worthy.  
 It is a picture by Evans on a 10x15-foot  
 canvas of "Guster's Last Charge." Of  
 course, any man who chooses to take a  
 battle scene for his subject can do so. I  
 know it is a thrilling theme and one that  
 stirs the blood, this battle work; but be-  
 fore I would celebrate any war event  
 by either song or picture, I would  
 would stammer. Having said this and given  
 utterance to my prejudice against battle  
 pictures by which wars and deeds of blood  
 are perpetuated, if not inspired, I am free  
 to say that Mr. Evans' picture is almost  
 entirely great. Leaving the highest  
 masters of Paris to come here and serve  
 through the war, he got lessons while  
 campaigning, fighting, bleeding on the  
 field, that few artists ever receive and  
 live. This gives him rare and remark-  
 able skill in painting the grim tortures  
 of battle, as seen through the smoke of war  
 in which God veils men's pitiful butcher-  
 ica of each other. In these two studios,  
 with these two gentles of gentlemen, in  
 almost the last place in which you  
 would expect to find inspired artists, I  
 to leave you for the present.

LOSSES BY FIRE.  
 NEW YORK, November 29.—Congratu-  
 lations are general to-day that the fire in  
 the Windsor theatre was discovered after  
 the performance. Stevens, lessee, places  
 his individual loss at about \$200,000, par-  
 tially insured. Interruption of engagements  
 may cost him \$50,000 more.

Schitzer, Israel & Co., furniture and  
 carpet dealers, lose \$45,000. Loss on  
 building, \$20,000. The other losses are  
 about \$55,000, distributed among a num-  
 ber of people and about one-half insured.  
 BOSTON, November 30.—The latest  
 estimates place the loss on the burned  
 woolen mills in Saxonia at \$300,000.  
 Mills, machinery and stock insured at  
 \$105,000.

H. K. BURKET!  
 FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
 AND  
 EMBALMER.

1230 Douglas Street, Omaha, Neb., Mutual Block

**LSL**  
 CAPITAL PRIZE, \$150,000

"We do hereby certify that we approve the ar-  
 rangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual  
 Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company  
 and its prizes, including and control the same,  
 and that the same are conducted with  
 honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all pa-  
 trols, and we authorize the company to use this cer-  
 tificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached  
 in its advertisements."

*Gen. J. B. Maguire*  
*J. B. Early*  
 COMMISSIONERS

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION.  
 Over Half a Million Distributed.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.  
 Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the legisla-  
 ture for educational and charitable purposes—with a cap-  
 ital of \$1,000,000, which a reserve fund of  
 \$500,000 has since been added.  
 An overwhelming popular vote to franchise  
 was made a part of the present by the constitu-  
 tion adopted December 23, A. D. 1872.  
 Its grand single number drawings tak-  
 place monthly.  
 If you receive or possess, look at the follow-  
 ing distribution:

1631 Grand Monthly  
 AND THE  
 Extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing  
 AT NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, DECEMBER 15, 30.  
 Under the personal supervision and management of  
 Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisi-  
 ana, and Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of  
 Virginia.

Capital Prize, \$150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Half,  
 \$5. Fifths \$2. Tenth \$1.  
 LIST OF PRIZES.  
 1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF \$150,000 ..... \$150,000  
 20 GRAND PRIZES OF 20,000 ..... 400,000  
 2 LARGE PRIZES OF 10,000 ..... 20,000  
 4 LARGE PRIZES OF 5,000 ..... 20,000  
 20 PRIZES OF 1,000 ..... 20,000  
 100 " " 500 ..... 50,000  
 200 " " 250 ..... 50,000  
 400 " " 100 ..... 40,000  
 800 " " 50 ..... 40,000  
 1600 " " 25 ..... 40,000  
 APPROXIMATION PRIZES.  
 100 Approximation Prizes of \$100 ..... 10,000  
 100 " " 50 ..... 5,000  
 100 " " 25 ..... 2,500

279 Prizes Amounting to ..... \$22,500  
 Application for rates to state should be made out  
 at the office of the Company, 100 West Second St.,  
 New Orleans, La.  
 For further information write clearly giving full  
 address—Name, P. O. Money Order payable an-  
 address Registered Letters.

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK.  
 New Orleans, La.  
 Postal Notes and or Money Letters by Mail or Re-  
 gistered Letters.  
 W. A. DAUPHIN, M. A. DAUPHIN,  
 New Orleans, La. 907 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

**MANHOOD RESTORED.**  
 A victim of early impotence, passing months in  
 42 premature decay etc., having tried in vain every  
 remedy, he discovered a certain means of relief  
 which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers.  
 Address, J. H. KELLEY, 41 Chatham St., New York

# FURNITURE!

—THE—  
CHEAPEST

PLACE IN OMAHA TO BUY

## Furniture DEWEY & STONE'S

They always have the largest and best stock.  
 NO STAIRS TO CLIMB ELEGANT PASSENGER  
 ELEVATOR TO THE DIFFERENT FLOORS.

Double and Single Acting Power and Hand

## PUMPS, STEAM PUMPS,

Engine Trimmings, Mining Machinery, Bolting, Hose, Brass and Iron Fittings,  
 Steam Packing at wholesale and retail. HALLADAY WIND-MILLS, CHURCH  
 AND SCHOOL BELLS.

Corner 10th Farnam St., Omaha Neb.



## Anheuser-Busch BREWING ASSOCIATION

CELEBRATED  
 Keg and Bottled Beer  
 This Excellent Beer speaks for itself.

ORDERS FROM ANY PART OF THE STATE OR THE ENTIRE WEST,

Promptly Shipped.

ALL OUR GOODS ARE MADE TO THE STANDARD OF OUR GUARANTEE.

F. SCHLIEF,  
Sole Agent for Omaha and the West.

Cor. 9th Street and Capitol Avenue

## J. A. WAKEFIELD,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

## Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Pickets,

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, LIME, CEMENT, PLASTER, &  
 STATE AGENT FOR MILWAUKEE CEMENT COMPANY.

Union Pacific Depot.

**GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES**  
 The World's Best  
 TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED.  
 Sold with an Absolute Guarantee  
 of being the Finest and  
 Most Perfect Goods of  
 their kind Ever Made.  
 LANGE & FOITICK,  
 318-320 S. 13th St., near Farnam.  
 Manufactured by the Michigan Stove Co., Detroit and Chicago.

**H. PHILLIPS,  
Merchant Tailor!**  
 1504 Farnam St., Next Door to Washab Ticket Office.

## G. L. BRADLEY,

DEALER IN

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Building Paper

LIME, CEMENT, HAIR, ETC.

Office and Yrd, Cor. 13th and California Streets, OMAHA, NEB

## CUT RATES.

Lowest Prices Now Offered on Artist's Materials!  
 Winsor & Newton's Tube Colors, per dozen, 90c; Fine Sable Brushes from  
 10c up; Fine Bristle Brushes, from 7c up; Round and Oval Plaques, from 20c up;  
 Palettes, 30c; Cups, 10c; Japanese Tin Artist's Boxes, \$1.50; Brass Plaques, 50c up;  
 Panels, 10c; Wooden Plaques, 15c; Designs to Decorate, from 1c each up; Gold and  
 Silver Paint, Oils, Varnishes, from 20c upward; Canvas, 70c per yard; Stretchers,  
 25c up.  
 A. HOSPE, Jr., South Side Dodge Street