



Columbia Welcomes.

Columbia, child of the setting sun,
Her course four hundred years now run,
Chief of the western lands,
Holds forth her w' leaming hands
And smiling bids the nations come.

Come to her feast now spread
In memory of him long dead,
Who, through appalling darkness,
Of superstition, doubt and fear,
Sailed westward to this hemisphere
And placed his seal upon it.

Come nations that were old and gray,
On that, Columbia's natal day,
Send treasures from afar.
Send your men of wisdom vaunted,
Send your warriors never daunted,
Proudly show your strength.

Youth with reverence for your age,
Bids you read the added page,
Added to earth's history.
Bids you see the gathered stores,
Products of these western shores,
Wealth in all profusion.

Wealth of forest, field, and sea,
Science, Art, and History,
Glittering gems of thought,
Pages traced in deeds of blood,
Where freemen for the bondsmen stood,
And yielded all, but victory.

Handicraft of freeman's hand,
Moving at no king's command,
Save the sovereign peoples'
Columbia great, by Heaven blessed,
Looks toward the world's oppressed
And bids the nations come.

—H. F. CARROLL.

Chicago, Oct. 15, '92.

Knew He Was a Presbyterian.

A pleasing little episode took place yesterday afternoon in the corridors of the Virginia hotel in which members of two historic American families drawn here to the world's fair met, shook hands, and exchanged pleasantries.

Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, Inspector-General of the United States army, who, by the way, is a brother of the Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge of Kentucky, stood talking with Lieut.-Gov. Bestow of Iowa when in strode a tall, gray-bearded man, straight as an arrow, and with striking features. Breckinridge said to Bestow: "That man must be a Sherman. He has the family features." Gov. Bestow at once introduced Gen. Breckinridge to the new-comer. Maj. Hoyt Sherman, a brother of Senator and the late Gen. Sherman. Gen. Breckinridge's remark being repeated Maj. Sherman retorted, "Yes, we Shermans have the mark of the beast on us." After the laugh had gone round Maj. Sherman continued: "You may not know it, General, but your family, too, has an identifying trait. In the minds of many people the name Breckinridge and Presbyterianism are closely identified," to which Gen. Breckinridge pleasantly replied: "That is unquestionably true, and I believe it shines out through our features. Let me inflict a little story on you. I stood recently on the street of a Western mining city. A gentleman came along, stopped, glanced, then turned and darted a steady look into my face. Uneasy under it I said, 'Well, sir?' He said, 'What is the chief end of man?' I thought swiftly back through the forty years during which I had not seen the Shorter Catechism. Memory rushed into action, and I answered him, 'Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.' He grasped my hand, shook it warmly, and fer-

Presbyterian. I can tell a Presbyterian as far as I can see him,' and the strangest part of it was that he, too, was an army officer."

Gov. Bestow looked at Maj. Sherman and said: "O, I'll buy the cigars on that story." The Major replied: "I'll purchase anything on that," and the three went laughingly away to the cigar stand to burn some wrapped tobacco to the author of the story of the two army officers and the Shorter Catechism.

Human Blood Flowing Like Water.

St. Louis Globe Democrat: "That hole in my head was made at the battle of Missionary Ridge," said Ezra Whipple to the writer. "The 'Johnnies' were pouring lead into us, and we were advancing in an irregular manner, every man taking care of himself. I dropped behind a stump that had been burned until but a shell of one side was standing. I was loading my gun and had the ramrod about half drawn when I saw a grand pyrotechnic display and felt my arm straighten out. I lay unconscious a few minutes, then I got up and started to the rear. The fight was at its hottest and the bullets sounded like a swarm of bees. The hollow stump through which the ball came that struck me had been shot to pieces above me. The bullets were cutting the bushes all around me like a mighty hail storm. It seemed impossible that any human creature could stand upright a moment without being shot to fragments. I felt weak and sick and sat down on a bowlder and watched the bullets clip the rocks and tear the bushes, but that another of them would touch me never occurred to me. I believed that the ball went clear through my head, and laughed when I recalled the epigram that when the brains were out the man would die. The roar of the guns and the cheers of the combatants sounded like the crash of worlds, but did not interest me in the least. A tall sergeant near me was shot through the breast and fell across my feet, the blood spurtling up from the wound like a tiny fountain, and I sat there watching it with an idle interest until I again became unconscious. The ball had penetrated my skull and lodged against the tissue that covers the brain."

A Kentucky Confederate Reunion.

What is known in Kentucky as the Orphan Brigade held a reunion at Paris, Ky. The Kentucky Leader of Sept. 20, published at Lexington, gives a full account of the reunion and prints in full the speeches made. Among them was the address of Col. William Clark. He said:

"Overthrown, but not whipped, and not disgraced. Overpowered by force of numbers, but not crushed in spirit or in manliness.

And, blessed be God, it is not yours to hear of a member of this command, whose achievements and deeds of valor will be written for generations to come, making abject apologies for service in the war.

We believed we were right when the clouds burst and the tocsin of war summoned us to the discharge of duty—we believed we were right in faithful continuance in the service as long as the struggle was prolonged.

We still believe—yes, we know that we were right—and, God helping us, we will never, by word, deed or thought make explanation of our conduct that would compromise our lofty standard of honor and right, bring reproach upon the memory of our fallen heroes, or endeavor by canting words of a cringing suppliant to ingratiate ourselves with those who did not have the moral or physical courage to go out and battle for principle and truth, or whose conception of right and wrong were of such a nature as to prefer ignominious submission to a manly strife for the glorious blessings of civil liberty."

Jennings' hotel of Omaha is the only "People's party hotel." Remember that.

Percheron and French Coach

HORSES.

MAPLE GROVE FARM.

Champion First Premium and Sweepstakes Herd

For the States of Kansas and Nebraska.

The Nebraska State Fair Herd Premium, for best show, all Draft breeds competing, was again awarded to my horses, making the fifth year in succession that my herd has been the recipient of this much coveted prize.

A Nebraska bred horse, raised on Maple Grove Farm, was this year awarded the First Premium and Sweepstakes at the Kansas State Fair, in competition with twenty-five head of horses from five different states, 150 head of registered, imported and home bred Percheron horses and mares.

A large portion of my present stock on hand, has been raised on my Farm and will be sold at prices below the reach of any importer in America.

I am in a position to give my patrons the benefit of not having paid any fixed sum, or expensive buying and transportation charges in order to own my horses.

I cordially invite a careful inspection of my horses, and will guarantee the buyer that my stock cannot be equaled in America, either in the quality or the prices that I am asking.

Write for catalogue, and don't fail to inspect my stock before buying.

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Breeding and Importing Establishment, One Mile from Depo Creston, Iowa.

200 Full-Blooded Percheron, English Shire, English Hackney,

Belgian French Coach, Cleveland Bays and Standard Bred Horses.



I have the largest assortment of European Breeds of any man in America; I handle none but recorded stock; I do not permit a mouthful of hot feed to be given; my horses are not pampered and are properly exercised, and fed cool food, which I think are the main reasons why my horses have always been successful breeders.

Come and visit my establishment.

I am always glad to show my stock.

A FEW GOOD DRAFT MARES FOR SALE

When arriving at Creston visitors will please telephone to the Crest City Farm and I will drive in after them.

I am prepared to give long time to responsible parties.

Every horse guaranteed a breeder and must be as represented.



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Another importation of 40 will arrive about October 1. We guarantee all our horses every respect. We make farmers companies a specialty, having a system whereby we can organize companies and insure absolute success.

We Will Send a Man to Any Part of the State,

On application to assist in organizing companies. We give long time thus enabling purchasers to pay for horses from services. Correspondence promptly answered. Mention this paper. Address,

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NOVEMBER 22, 1892.

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Seventy five head of thoroughbred Poland Chinas, consisting of 25 or 30 very fine young boars and the balance gilts and brood sows. Van Dee Lee, a son of Van Dee, has been at the head of our herd the past season. He is the best all around yearling boar we have ever seen, and his get only confirms our estimate. We have not sold a pig this season and shall not till the sale. The offering will be of our very best and no calls, the most of them the product of the fine and well known herd formerly owned by Rev. O. Compton of Bennett, Neb., he having put his Jerseys and Poland Chinas into the undersigned firm the past season.

20 HEAD OF JERSEY CATTLE REGISTERED AND UNREGISTERED.

Consisting of 5 bulls and 15 females, all giving milk. This is a lot of high bred cattle and a rare chance to buy thoroughbred Jerseys for family use or foundation stock. We are overstocked and must sell, no reserve, absolute sale and no postponement for bad weather. Sale will be in a large and comfortable barn. Terms: One year's time at 10 per cent. All paper must be good at the bank. Lunch at noon, and sale will be held immediately after dinner.

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