



Vol. 16.

RED CLOUD, WEBSTER COUNTY, NEB., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1889.

No. 29.

The Western & Southern

MERCANTILE ASSOCIATION,

Red Cloud, Nebraska,

Have Bargains for you in

Felt Boots,

Rubber

Boots,

Grain Leather Boots,

Arctics. Over Shoes, Sandals,

Ladies' Gossamers,

Men's Rubber Coats,

Comforts, Blankets,

Flannels, Etc., Etc.,

Ladies' and Gent's Underwear,

Cloaks and Shawls,

The above goods must and will
be sold at

The Western and Southern Mercantile Association

MASON'S OLD STAND

Chas. Schaffnit, Manager

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL

—Prince Bismarck, though a capital French scholar himself, detests every other German who parades the same accomplishment.

—One of the best lawyers in Virginia says he would on no account leave his children any considerable amount of money, and he gives away not less than \$4,000 a year.

—The will of Edison, the late millionaire who was one of the founders of Oakland, Cal., is one of the briefest on record. It disposes of \$3,000,000 in less than one hundred words.

—A retired merchant, aged eighty-three, of Providence, and a Boston widow just one year his junior, were married the other day. It was a case of love at first sight, the couple having met for the first time only three weeks before.

—A certain English comic opera librettist went to see Mr. Gilbert's "Brantingham Hall." He came back quite enthusiastic. "It's a fine play," he said. "I like it very much. In fact, I think I like it better than any man in London—except Mr. Gilbert."

—The late Lord Eversley was a most successful Speaker of the House of Commons, and never failed to recognize the right man when a score or more sprang to their feet apparently at the same instant. "I have been shooting rabbits all my life," he once explained, "and have learned to mark the right one."

—The story is told of Mortimer Mempes, the portrait painter, that at the beginning of his career he went to Miss Ellen Terry, who is one of the hardest persons for an artist to get hold of, and said: "Look here, Miss Terry, I'm a young Australian, with few or no friends here, and I want to make my way in the world. Won't you let me paint your portrait?" She consented, and it gave him a long lift toward success.

—Miss M. E. Orr, of New York, a pale, delicate-looking young girl, recently gave a remarkable exhibition of rapid work on the typewriter in the assembly room of Packard's Business College. She printed sixty-six characters in five seconds, or an average of over thirteen characters a second. Then she printed from memory 137 words in one minute correctly. Upon a second trial she printed 133 words in a minute. Miss Orr holds the gold medal for the championship, which she won last August by writing ninety-eight words a minute for ten consecutive minutes.

—Zebulon Hancox, aged seventy-nine years, of Stonington, Conn., was jilted by a village maiden many years ago, and since that time he has lived in a little hut, cooking his own food and wearing rags. By fishing he has accumulated money sufficient to build nine good houses, which he rents, and \$10,000 more which is lodged in the Stonington Savings Bank. He never purchases anything he can't make. Buttons on his clothing are whittled from pine wood; he weighs his fish in wooden balances of his own making; and in catching eels he uses a wooden spear. His yearly expenses average less than \$20.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—A little girl, being asked to define a volcano, answered: "It's a mountain that throws up fire, smoke and liver."

—"De darkey's hour am jes' befo' day," said Uncle Aaron, as he invaded his neighbor's chicken-roost at three a.m.—Puck.

—"The churn must go," says an agricultural exchange. Of course it must, in order that the butter may come.—Burlington Free Press.

—Somebody recently tried to blow up a Chicago distillery with dynamite, but the whisky blew its breath upon the dynamite and it went out and rotted on the prairie.—Drake's Magazine.

—Mr. Popinjay—"They say that Judge Pompos has lost his voice, my dear." Mrs. Popinjay—"It was so heavy I should think he would have heard it drop."—Burlington Free Press.

—Aunty—"So you're studying Roman history, Bobby? Why did Caesar hesitate when he came to the Rubicon?" Bobby—"Oh, 'cause he wanted to see if he had the Gaul to cross it."—Harvard Lampoon.

—Senator Gordon possesses the manuscripts of George Washington," read Mr. Faugle in the evening paper. "I wonder why Congress doesn't buy them for the Washington museum," commented his wife.—Drake's Magazine.

—Wormley—"T've al inst discovered the answer to the question: Is marriage a failure?" Wife—"Have you my dear? Why, that's very interesting!" Wormley—"When it takes place it's a failure, and when it doesn't, it's a success."—Epoch.

—Dr. Ebbie—"Dat chile of yours am lookin' purly Mrs. Yaliby. What he done givin' an swallowed his time."

—"H'm! What he wants now, ma'am, am an erasive remedy. I recommend him ter chew a piece ob inju-rubber half an hour afore each meal."—Judge.

—George—"That is a beautiful piece, Laura, and you have played it most soulfully. But what is that rumbling noise I have been hearing nearly all the time since I came in?" Laura—"It must be the wind. Excuse me a moment. (Goes into the kitchen.) Mother, can't you take that wash tub into the back basement? It doesn't chord with the piano."—Chicago Tribune.

FLORIDA ORANGES.

Amusing Proportion to Which Their Cultivation Has Grown.

This delicious fruit, unlike any other, requires a full year to develop. The trees are white with bloom in February, and though the oranges attain their growth by October and are yellow in November, they grow sweeter by hanging on the trees till February, when they are perfect, though the bulk of the crop is marketed long before, owing to the demand and fear of freezing.

This year the crop is estimated to be fully 3,000,000 boxes, more than double that of any previous year. Each box holds an average of least 150. Each freight car carries an average of about 300 boxes. So to move the crop will require five trains of twenty cars each per day for 100 days, and the 450,000,000 oranges will allow nearly ten each to every inhabitant in the United States.

To such amazing proportions has this fascinating business developed within a very few years, and the young trees yet to come into bearing promise in a few years to multiply the above figures by ten. Many are satisfied when buying to learn from the dealer that they are getting "Florida" oranges, ignorant of the fact that the varieties are as numerous as their grades of quality. In buying apples one generally selects fall pippins, greening or Baldwins to suit, whereas in purchasing oranges the brand of "Florida" is sufficient. Consumers will soon find out, if they have not already, that the variety in oranges is greater than in apples, and learn to select Homosassa, Nonpareil, sweet Seville, Indian river, Tangerine or Satsuma as readily as they now do various apples.

There is one trade-mark on many Florida oranges that can not be counterfeited; when the peel is discolored by what is known as "rust," you may know the fruit was grown in the land of flowers. So far from this being a drawback except for looks, this rust is a positive advantage. Russets are invariably solid, sweet and juicy; the tiny insect that caused the discolored peel thereby hermetically seals the pores, confining the juices that otherwise would evaporate; yet you may buy russets for about \$1 per box cheaper than brights. So much for "looks" or the whims of taste. Few oranges are now marketed as carelessly as apples, all sizes and qualities being dumped into a box. Instead, each box is carefully packed in layers containing exactly the same size and number, the boxes holding 128, 140, 176 to 220. The medium sizes are considered best, the boxes being stenciled with the number as well as the quality of the fruit, as 176 russets, brights, fancy, etc.

The orange-growers' packing houses adjoining the groves in Florida are scenes of great activity. Rolling negroes mount long ladders into the trees with sacks swung on their shoulders, and, prising shear in hand, clip the golden fruit from its rough stem and place in the bag, which, when full or burdensome, is carefully emptied into boxes under the tree to be hauled by teams to the packing houses. The fruit is never pulled from the tree, as the stem comes out "plugged" and worthless for shipping; neither can they be tossed about, or the delicate sacs burst and the orange decays. In the packing house the sorter rolls each fruit singly down an inclined track with gradually spreading sides, so each fruit drops in the box underneath containing exactly the same size; thence the boxes are taken to the wrappers, who dexterously twist each in tissue paper and place in regular layers. The packing houses, where possible, like a railroad side track, so the boxes as packed are loaded into the cars, which run direct from the groves to the Northern cities without change.—N. Y. Independent.

OLD YOUNG CENTAURE.

The Marvelous and Daring Horsemen of Mexico.

One of the finest and most inspiring sights of small-town life in Mexico is the horsemanship of the boys from eight to seventeen—perfect young Centaurs, as much at home in the saddle as Arums. How they go thundering through the streets, what marvelous short turns they make, and how instantaneously they come to a short, sharp stop in a headlong gallop! These country towns of Mexico are the surpassing, as to numbers of

in which Mexico excels. The finest sight in the world, one on which the gods must look down approvingly, is a high-spirited lad astride a good horse. A Mexican boy takes to the back of a horse as a Cape Cod boy does to a boat. At no age is a rider bolder than in that enchanted period of existence lying between childhood and manhood.

A Mexican lad, in default of a saddle, will enjoy himself hugely horseback. He early learns to use the rope or riata, and, beginning with insoeing dogs and pigs, he advances to mules and cows, and finally essayes the roping of a lively bull. So expert do they become that in war they frequently drag their enemies from their saddles by a skilful cast of the rope. Some of my younger friends here seem to me to live on horseback. They come home at noon time to snatch a bite, as most boys will, but if they are again on their tireless horses. They have the good fortune to live in a country which enjoys a climate which makes out-door life possible all the year round, and the country lad, continually on horseback, grows up straight, robust and daring.—Mexico City. Bon-ton Herald.

THOUGHTFUL COYOTES.

Strategy They Display in Running Down Fleet Jack-Rabbits.

"There is fine fun over in the Fahrangat valley in Nevada now," said P. K. Merrimether, a bronzed ranchman of the Fahrangat. Mr. Merrimether has for a dozen years been engaged in the cattle business in the valley. He is something of a sportsman, too, and hunts a day or so almost every week throughout the winter.

"I haven't been hunting a great deal, though, lately," he said. "It's too much fun watching the coyotes round up the jack-rabbits. It makes the sheepmen mad, but it don't bother me any. They hate to see the coyotes. They are death on sheep, and rip them up whenever they get a chance. But this is not often now since the sheep-owners keep so close a watch on them. Consequently, the coyotes have a hard time of it for something to eat, and they are at their old tricks of going after the rabbits.

"The wolves come down in packs of eight or ten usually and rustle around in the sagebrush in the snow till they scare up some of their long-eared prey. Then there is about the merriest chase you ever set your eyes on. These jacks run like a streak of greased lightning, and the coyotes are no slouches, either. But they can't keep pace with the rabbits.

"So the way they do it is for one wolf to run as fast as he can, and then another chips in and runs until he is out of breath, when a third replaces him, and so on, until the rabbit is completely blown, and his arch-enemy nabs him up. All the others come up then and they have a feed, and this is the way they do till they get all they want.

"In general about three wolves are enough to run a jack-rabbit down, but sometimes it takes four, and now and then you will find a jack-rabbit with such tremendous staying powers that it will take five coyotes to get away with him.

"These coyotes are more up to snuff than any wild animal I ever saw. They string themselves along in such a way and around the rabbit in such a manner that no sooner is one coyote tired than he has the rabbit in such a place where a fresh coyote drops in upon the scene.

"Sometimes, too, there will be a dozen or more coyotes that will come down from the hills, having routed out eight or ten rabbits. They round them in and keep them going in a circle, two or three keeping going while the others act as sentries, thus preventing the rabbit from getting back into the hills."—San Francisco Examiner.

—The hotel clerk's training consists largely of inn tuition.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

LIGHTNING HAY KNIFE

WE LEAD! WE FOLLOW!

Where all indications, or so-called "Lightning Hay Knives" and scythes, are concerned, we are the leaders.

Our "Lightning Hay Knife" is the only scythe that can be used in cutting hay or straw.

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