

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Wagon Maker, Shops near Foundry, south of A. & N. Depot.

All kinds of wood and iron work on Wagons, Buggies, Farm Machinery, &c.

TIMPKEN SPRING BUGGY, and other eastern buggies.

Furst & Bradley Plows.

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Nebraska Ave., South of Depot, COLUMBUS, NEB.

A new house, newly furnished. Good accommodations. Board by day or week at reasonable rates.

Sets a First-Class Table.

Meats, 25 Cents. Lodgings, 25 Cts.

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MRS. M. S. DRAKE HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF EVERYTHING BELONGING TO FIRST-CLASS MILLINERY STORE.

Twelfth St., two doors east State Bank.

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Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus, TABLES, Etc., Etc.

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One door east of Heintz's drug store.

CITY Meat Market!

One door north of Post-office, NEBRASKA AVE., - Columbus.

KEEP ALL KINDS OF Fresh and Salt Meats,

SAUSAGE, POULTRY, FRESH FISH, Etc., in their season.

Cash paid for Hides, Lard and Bacon.

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H. B. MORSE IS STILL SELLING WM. SCHILZ'S OLD STOCK

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Schilz's Milwaukee Beer constantly on hand.

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Successors to A. W. DOLAND.

The Leading Drug House IN THE WEST.

A full and complete line of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, &c., Painters' Supplies, Window Glass, Wall Paper,

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When you need anything in our line we will make it to your interest to call on us.

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I KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND a well selected stock.

Teas, Coffees, Sugar, Syrups, Dried and Canned Fruits, and other Staples a Specialty.

Goods Delivered Free to any part of the City.

I AM ALSO AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED

COQUILLARD Farm and Spring Wagons,

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Collections Promptly Made on all Points.

Pay Interest on Time Deposits.

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Light Pleasure and Business Wagons of all Descriptions.

We are pleased to invite the attention of the public to the fact that we have just received a car load of Wagons and Buggies of all descriptions, and that we are the sole agents for the counties of Platte, Butler, Boone, Madison, Merrick, Polk and York, for the celebrated

CORTLAND WAGON COMP'Y, of Cortland, New York, and that we are offering these wagons cheaper than any other wagon built of same material, style and finish can be sold for in this county.

Send for Catalogue and Price-list.

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Schilz's Milwaukee Beer constantly on hand.

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ELEVENTH ST., COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

Deposits received, and interest paid on time deposits.

Prompt attention given to collections and proceeds remitted on day of payment.

Passage tickets to or from European points by best lines at lowest rates.

Dratts on principal points in Europe.

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DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, WINES, LIQUORS.

Fine Soaps, Brushes, PERFUMERY, Etc., Etc.,

And all articles usually kept on hand by Druggists.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

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SPEICE & NORTH, General Agents for the Sale of

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Union Pacific, and Midland Pacific R. R. Lands for sale at from \$3,000 to \$10,000 per acre for cash, or on five or ten year time, in annual payments to suit purchasers. We have also a large and choice lot of other lands, improved and unimproved, for sale at low price and on reasonable terms. Also business and residence lots in the city. We keep a complete abstract of title to all real estate in Platte County.

633 COLUMBUS, NEB.

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GROCERS!

ALSO DEALERS IN Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Etc., and Country Produce of all kinds.

THE BEST OF FLOUR ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.

FOR THE LEAST MONEY!

Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the city. Terms cash.

Corner Eleventh and Olive Streets, Columbus, Neb.

HENRY GASS, Manufacturer and dealer in

Wooden and Metallic Burial Caskets

All kinds and sizes of Boxes, also has the sole right to manufacture and sell the

Smith's Hammock Reclining Chair. Cabinet Turning and Scroll work, Pictures, Picture Frames and Mouldings, Looking-glass Frames, Walnut Lumber, etc., etc.

WEBER & KNOBEL, AT THE

COLUMBUS MEAT MARKET!

On Eleventh Street.

Where meats are almost given away for cash.

Best beef, per lb., 3 @ 10 cts. Best steak, per lb., 10 " Mutton, per lb., 6 @ 10 " Sausage, per lb., 8 @ 10 "

Special prices to hotels. 562-1y

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MONEY TO LOAN in small lots on farm property, time one to three years. Farms with some improvements bought and sold. Office for the present at the Clothier House, Columbus, Neb. 473-x

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Dublin Stout, Scotch and English Ales. Special Whiskies a Specialty.

OYSTERS in their season, by the case or on their dish.

11th Street, So th of Depot

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Up-stairs in Gluck's Building, 11th street, Above the New Bank.

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PLATTE CENTER, - - - NEB.

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12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, Columbus, Neb. 491-y

DR. M. D. THURSTON, RESIDENT DENTIST.

Office over corner of 11th and North-st. All operations first-class and warranted.

CHICAGO BARBER SHOP! HENRY WOODS, Prop'r.

Everything in first-class style. Also keep the best of cigars. 396-y

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M. MACFARLAND, B. E. COWDRY, Attorney and Notary Public, Collector.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE - JOHN M. MACFARLAND, Columbus, : : : Nebraska.

F. H. RUSCHE, 11th St., nearly opp. Gluck's store,

Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Curry Combs, Brushes, etc., at the lowest possible prices. Repairs promptly attended to.

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BYRON MILLETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbus, N. B. - He will give close attention to all business entrusted to him. 248.

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All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Buggy, Harness, etc., made to order, and all work guaranteed.

Shop opposite the "Tattersall" Olive Street. 735

F. J. SCHUG, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Columbus, Neb. Office - Corner of North and Eleventh Sts., up-stairs in Gluck's brick building. Consultation in German and English.

JAMES PEARSALL IS PREPARED, WITH FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS,

To remove houses at reasonable rates. Give him a call.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS. J. E. Moncrief, Co. Supt.

Will be in his office at the Court House on the first and last Saturdays of each month for the purpose of examining applicants for teacher's certificates, and for the transaction of any other business pertaining to schools. 167-y

DRS. MITCHELL & MARTYN, COLUMBUS MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

Surgeons O., N. & E. H. R. R., 407 N. Broadway, U. P. Bldg.

COLUMBUS, - - - NEBRASKA.

TUTT'S PILLS

INDORS BY PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a distention to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having changed some duty, weariness, Distress, Fluctuating of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Constipation at night, Highly colored urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They increase the Appetite, and cleanse the body to take on flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 Cents. 25 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE, Gray Hair or Whiskers can be changed to Black by a single application of this Dye. It gives a natural color, acts immediately, and is not rubbed off by washing, or worn by perspiration, or by the use of soap.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York. (Local Agents will be named FREE on application.)

The Settler's Stratagem. BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

Mark Stanton was one of those hardy pioneers who, in the early settlement of the country, moved from the more thickly settled seaboard and pitched his cabin in the valley of the Saco, far away from the seats of civilization. His nearest neighbor lived at a distance of two miles, near the western border of Lovewell's Pond. A wife and one child accompanied him into the wilderness.

The Indians at this period were peculiarly troublesome. Pangus indeed was dead—the great Sagamore whose name had been a source of terror for years, to even distant settlements; but the remnant of his tribe still made their home upon the broad meadow of the Saco and among the adjacent hills. Unable to make any large or connected attacks upon the invading whites the red men contented themselves with pillage and theft and other annoyances. Against these numerous depredations the settlers had no adequate means of defense, and if they found their fowls, swine or cows missing, they had to submit to the loss as best they might.

Stanton had been a victim to these depredations on several occasions, but had attempted no retaliation. The chief leaders of the savages in these plundering inroads were two brave noted for their strength and ferocity, named Mattampa and Kalarua. On more than one occasion these warriors had even burned cabins and scalped the owners, and the settler deemed himself fortunate that no such injuries had been offered him.

One September day Mark found it necessary to visit his neighbor Drover's to obtain a few supplies that they stood in need of. So kissing the four-year-old daughter, and bidding his wife to guard carefully against any attack of the Indians, the settler took his rifle and departed for the settlement.

His stay was protracted to a later hour than he had anticipated, and it was nearly sundown when he set out on his return. He hurried his step almost to a run as he thought of the anxiety that would be his wife's at his prolonged absence. Yet in his haste, he neglected not to use both eyes and ears; for the settler was a true hunter, and had more than once saved his life by his craft and forest lore.

When about half the intervening distance had been passed, Stanton heard a noise that made him pause. It sounded like the cry of a child, and it was not far from his path. He listened in suspense and again heard the cry repeated. This time he recognized the voice as that of his own child, his darling Annie, whom he had last seen in her mother's arms at home. The cry was one of entreaty, of terror, too, and Stanton's heart beat loudly at the thought of the girl's danger.

He guessed instinctively what had happened. The Indians had visited his home during his absence and accomplished their fell purpose. As soon as the first shock of horror was passed he was nerved to action. Bending his ear to the ground he plainly heard the jar of footsteps, but he was surprised to discover that there was but a single savage. Quickly, but cautiously, he crept through the bushes, and finally got a glimpse of the red man, at a little distance, hurrying through the deep wood. The Indian was tall and powerful, and he bore the light form under his arms as though it had been a mere feather's weight. The little thing had ceased to struggle, for one of the great red hands was pressed hard over her mouth, and she seemed nearly exhausted.

It took Mark Stanton but a moment to conclude what to do. He did not dare to rush upon the savage, and attempt to beat him down, for he knew that if the red man was alarmed before he reached him the life of his child would be sacrificed. On the other hand, if he trusted to his rifle, there was a bare possibility that the girl might be injured, but it was far the better course. Hurrying cautiously forward until he reached a favorable point, he raised his trusty weapon to his shoulder. Leveling it full at the center of the red man's head, he took a careful aim and pulled the trigger. The next moment a sharp report rang through the forest.

Without waiting for the smoke to clear away, Stanton rushed forward and found the savage just gasping in his death struggle, while little Annie lay screaming by his side. He soon pacified the child who he found was uninjured. Then he reloading his rifle and made a hasty examination of the fallen Indian. The settler did not recognize him, but from his dress and ornaments he

judged he was a warrior of some note. Leaving him where he had fallen, and wended his way homeward. It was quite dusk when he reached there, and he found his wife waiting for him nearly crazed with grief. The mother's strength returned when she saw her child, and after the congratulations of the hour, Mrs. Stanton told her story.

She had left Annie sleeping in her bed, and went out to milk the cow. When she returned the child was missing. She had immediately begun a search but without avail, and was fast approaching hysterics when her husband returned. She now urged an immediate flight to the Pond, and Stanton promised to accede to her wishes as soon as their ripening crops were harvested.

The following morning the settler went to the place where he had left the dead Indian, with the intention of burying him; but he found that the body had been carried away. There were heavy tracks about the spot, and Stanton readily conjectured that some of the warrior's friends had effected the removal. With this conclusion he retraced his steps, determined to keep his eyes open and his rifle ready.

The second morning afterwards as Mark Stanton stepped from his cabin he saw something lying upon the door-stone. He stooped and picked it up, and saw that it was an arrow, with the skin of a rattlesnake around about it. He knew what the fatal signal meant at once. The man who left that snake-boned shaft at his door had sworn to kill him.

The settler was a brave man, but this stern, significant token affected him as the presence of the avenger himself would have not. At first he thought he would not tell his wife, but on reflection, he concluded it would be better to let her into the secret. It would be better for her and better for him, for a constant watch must now be maintained.

Mrs. Stanton's first impulse, as soon as she understood what her husband told her, was to hasten to the settlement.

"That would hardly be a safe undertaking," returned the settler; "for my enemy may be even now watching near the cot, and were we to start out I might get a rifle-ball through my body."

The young wife was sorely frightened, but she saw the reasonableness of her husband's statement and she urged her point no further. All that day they kept within doors, and during the night Stanton did not relinquish his watch. But no signs of Indians were visible.

On opening the door in the morning, however, the settler saw another arrow lying near the door-step. To this one a roll of birch bark was attached. Carrying it into the house, he unrolled the bark and found it embellished with a rude drawing. It was not difficult to make out what was intended to be conveyed.

In one corner of the segment was the picture of a dead Indian, and from the hieroglyphics underneath, Stanton gathered the fact that it was meant for Mattampa, one of the noted braves of the Pequot tribe. Beyond him was another brave, with a drawn bow in his hand and an arrow speeding from it. Under this one was the name of Kalarua. The third figure represented a white man with an arrow piercing his bosom.

The settler's anxiety was not materially decreased by the knowledge that his foe was one of these distinguished braves. He knew he had to deal with one of the most crafty and relentless savages of that region, and he knew enough of the Indian's character to know that he would not swerve from his revengeful plan until he had performed the deed or fallen in the conflict.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" cried Mrs. Stanton, shielding Anne in her arms. "We may be surrounded by enemies at this moment."

"That is not probable," said her husband. "Kalarua is too much of a brave to suffer that. I have slain his brother, and he alone will seek revenge. He has given me fair warning, and now he will hang around my path till he accomplishes his fell purpose, unless I can contrive to circumvent him. He thinks he has put me on the rack, and his next step will be to put a rifle ball through my heart. But he will work in the dark."

"Could I not go to the settlement and inform them of your danger?" asked the heroic wife, brave now that she knew what the danger was that was to be met.

Stanton shook his head dubiously. "You would not be permitted to do that," he answered. "Besides, I would not have you undergo such risk."

The situation was truly a perplex-

ing one. The stout settler was imprisoned in his own cabin as surely as though he had been within the walls of a dungeon. The avenger was already on his track and might be, even then, hidden in the green-wood. He felt confident that should he step one foot out of doors his body would be the mark for a bullet.

In the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Stanton opened the door and went out to get a pail of water. The spring was situated a few rods from the cabin, near a thicket of trees and bushes. As she stooped to dip the water she saw the painted visage of an Indian glaring at her through some whitewood bushes. Though trembling with fear she did not betray by a sign that she had observed him and bore her burden with seeming carelessness into the house. Once within she sat down pale and trembling.

"I have seen an Indian," said she, in reply to her husband's questioning. "He is hid in the clump of white woods by the spring. Oh, you will be killed! Mark, you will be killed!"

Stanton stepped to one of the small loopholes between the logs and looked sharply out. The bushes in question were not over ten rods from the door. He could see no Indian there, but he knew it was a place where an Indian might hide, and he did not doubt his wife's eyesight. Kalarua was probably there waiting for his appearance.

The settler's craft did not desert him. He felt easier to know that his enemy was near him, for he could make his plans accordingly. He knew his enemy's position, and that knowledge placed him, as it were, on something like an equality with him.

"Mary," said he to his wife, "I am going to kill that Indian."

"What are you going to do?" she cried, in an agony of pain and suspense. "The moment you step a foot outside the door you will be shot."

"Of course if I go out I am sure to be killed; but suppose something should go out that only looked like me, what then?" he asked.

"What do you mean, Mark?" and Mrs. Stanton gazed into her husband's face as if to comprehend his meaning.

"I mean that we will send out a man of straw to draw the enemy's fire. After that it will be my turn at the rifle. Now do you understand?"

The wife said she thought she did. "Then let us go to work as quickly as possible, before the Indian changes his lurking place."

Stanton proceeded to clean up, and they proceeded to speedily carry it into execution. The settler doffed his clothes, which they stuffed with bedding. A proper looking head was fashioned from a pillow, to one side of which was tacked a piece of bearskin to represent hair. Upon this was placed a hat, and when all was completed it formed as respectable a looking effigy as could be gotten up, indeed, so well it was proportioned, so excellent was the likeness that the good wife declared that, had she seen it for the first time in the woods, she should not have known it from her husband.

In order to perfectly carry out the settler's plan a broom handle was fixed to the effigy, under the right arm, so that it could be held in an upright position. Mrs. Stanton then practiced upon it until she could move it about as if it had life.

When all was ready the sett