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ARMERS, stock raisers, and all other interested parties will do well to remember that the "Western Horse and Cattle Insurance Co." of Omaha is the only company doing business in this state that insures Horses, Mules and Cattle against loss by theft, accidents, diseases, or injury, (as also against loss by fire and lightning). All representations by agents the recruits. Seizing his cap and sword of other Companies to the contrary notwithstanding

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NO HUMBUG!

But a Grand Success.

thing very strange in his asking you "Right here! at the door standsabout your father. stands-" repeated the orderly, and when his hair became gray. Hoary-Schmidt No. 1 looked at Lieutenant once more he looked at Schmidt No. 2 headed Lieutenants are quite common Scholz with astonishment. with a scared expression of counte-"Why shouldn't he ask you how nance. your father is coming on?" repeated Lieutenant Schmidt had married very "Can't you talk? Who is outside?" early in life. In due time a son was Scholz. "Lieutenant Schmidt. He would like "Because," replied Schmidt No. 1, "it is a little unusual in a sensible perborn, to whom was given his father's to come in. name. As soon as the son was old The Captain and Lieutenant Schmidt son to ask after the health of a man enough he was sent to the military No. 2 looked at each other in a dazed academy, and after having graduated who is dead.' sort of a way. If Lieutenant Schmidt "Dead!" exclaimed Scholz. "Come, was assigned to the same battery in was outside he could not possibly be which his father was a Lieutenant. now, don't joke on that subject. My dead. dear Schmidt there should be no levity "Lieutenant Schmidt No. 2." said the There were, therefore, two Lieutenabout a thing of that kind." ants by the name of Carl Schmidt in orderly, looking at the young Lieuten-"It don't occur to me to joke, but the same battery. But what was more ant with awe. can certainly say that my father is peculiar still was the fact that father "What do you mean? Lieutenant and son were identical in form and dead. That is a mere statement of a Schmidt No. 2 is in the room here." feature, except that while the hair and moustache of the father were snowy fact. "Ye-Yes," replied the orderly, "but Lieutenant Scholz's arms dropped by he is outside there, too. white, those of the son were a jet, his side, and he became as pale as did the "Are you crazy?" ejaculated old glossy black. The son had an old look, Braun, "or have you been drinking?" And turning to Schmidt No. 2, he said: sympathetic Braun. 'Then it is true-really true; but tell which gave him a more venerable apme for God's sake how did it happen?" pearance than that of most men of his "You are here already. You can't well "His horse fell on him and broke his | come a second time, can you?" age, while the father, who was of a neck. I thought you knew it.' lively turn of mind, seemed to be Schmidt No. 2 did not know what to Lieutenant Scholz looked the picture | say. "Tell him to come in." ordered Capt-At first the son lived with his parents of despair, and Schmidt gazed at him in utter amazement." but on the death of his mother, father ain Braun. "My poor, poor friend, said Scholz, The orderly drew up his shoulders taking both of Schmidt's hands and and cast a look towards Heaven, as if and son no longer lived together. Each The shaking them, "may Heaven give you he was going to pray, and stumbling strength to bear up under this terrible over his own feet, he opened the door. younger man preferred this mode of life, as it gave him more liberty. In order to prevent confusion the father affliction," and he wiped a manly tear Lieutenant Schmidt No. 1 entered. was known among his army friends as away, and off he went with his head The orderly sneaked in also. He Schmidt No. 1, while the son was called hanging down. wanted to see how this thing was going "Another lunatic." Schmidt No. 2. They were so identical remarked to end. Schmidt No. 1 to himself, "or is he in personal appearance that had the son "Why, Heavens preserve us! You drunk, too? Perhaps it is I who am are, also, Schmidt No. 2," said Braun. powdered his hair, the most intimate friends of the two Lieutenants Schmidt loony "How many of you are there?" Only a few minutes later the Sergeant "Captain, you will excuse me, but I am Schmidt No. 1." would not have been able to decide in who was drilling the recruits, not obwhat relation they stood to each other. serving the old white-haired Lieutenant Old Braun put both hands to his head Schmidt No. 1 was in the habit of in-Schmidt on the parade ground came up to steady his brain, then said: "But and in a round about way asked Schmidt that is not possible. If you were viting officers, who visited the town in which his battery was stationed, to No. 1 where his father was, that officer lodge with him. He had a large num-Schmidt No. 1 you would be your own father and the father of Schmidt No. became justly exasperated. ber of acquaintances among the older "It is a plot-a damnable plot, and army officers, one of whom was stop-2 also, and even if you are your own will not stand any such triffing. I am ping with him at the time at which our father you are dead, and then you story begins. This officer, who betoo old an officer to be humbugged in could not be here. My poor brain that way, and particularly about the longed to the dragoous, although no needs a rest." death of my father. I will go at once In the meantime the two and see Captain Braun about it, for looked sharply at each other. somebody is going to get hurt if this "Father," said the son, "where did foolishness is kept up." Leaving the old officer Schmidt No. you get all the black hair from?" "Black hair?" exclaimed the father, to take care of himself for the present, and then looked in the glass; he said: et us see what his son Lieutenant "Well, who ever heard the like. The Schmidt No. 2 is about. He stepped out of his room dressed in full uniform cursed stuff in the bottle is to blame for this. and in the best of humor. Old Captain Braun laughed right out. A complacent smile was playing upon "So you have been dyeing your hair, and for that reason I supposed you his lips. As he sauntered down the street he met Lieutenant Scholz, who were your son, and asked you what your father was doing. No wonder you were astonished. It is the best joke of the looked like the nicture of despair. "Good morning, Scholz, how are you season. But you told me your father coming on, my boy? Have you got the toothache or colic, or has your sweetwas dead. How did you know all this,' heart gone back on you, or what is the said he, turning to Schmidt No. 2. matter with you, anyhow? What "I met Lieutenant Scholz." makes you look so sorrowful this fine "So did I." said old Braun. "Well, that is a good joke." morning And the red-faced orderly so far for-Lieutenant Scholz was almost parayzed with astonishment at this extragot himself and military discipline as to ordinary conduct of his friend. xelaim "Look here, Schmidt, do you know "Yes, that is a good joke."-Transthat I can't understand you, anyhow?" lated from the German for Texas Sift-"What don't you understand? Are ings. you surprised that I wonder at your

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fact that, when he went into the estabwe found such variety and such luxurilishment just after shaving Mr. Made ance. One would think there could approached him smilingly and said: not be so many, so beautiful and so

'Anything we can show you to-day. sir?" Of course it made a big laugh when the clerks saw that old Made had fragrant. All the rare plants whose stunted limbs struggle for life in the been trying to sell something to his own northern hot-houses and botanical gardens, are here in native glory and promanager, but that was not the trouble. fuseness. Tuberoses are as common as Mr. Ready himself told me that it astonished him to think they had ever currant bushes in a New England garden, camelias are as common as roses sought the advice of such a man, and of and the jassamine, both yellow and course now any mistakes that had happened in over purchase and that sort of white, grows as plentifully as the dandelion of our northern pastures. thing were laid to the charge of Stivers' suggestions. Now he is out of employ-ment, and no one ever prefixes the The orchid, which is regarded as the rarest of tropical plants, clings to every tree, and the great scarlet pas-"Mr." to his name. It is pitiful to sion flower nods from the hedges. The see the way his hand wanders aimlessly "Espiritu Santos" lily (the lily of the around his smooth face searching for Holy Ghost), so called from its resemthe lost beard.

Then there was Dr. Schwyler Brown. blance to a white dove, is found in the swamps and jungles, and is, I think, He saw his mistake in time, and has left the city till his beard grows on the loveliest flower we have seen. There is another, not so beautiful but again. His patients positively refused to be prescribed for by so boyish a lookmore remarkable, called the "turnsol" (turned by the sun) which is always as ing man. By the time he lost half his white as snow in the morning, but practice the facts of the case dawned on turns blood red during the day. At him, and his leaving will doubtless night it bleaches out again, and so bring back patients and beard.

changes color with every passing day. I see by the papers that Mrs. Simp kins Calendar has got her divorce from There is a vine, too, in the forests poor Simpkins. Of course the very which Nature in her wisdom has placed sight of his smugmug in court was where water is never found, but which, when cut by a knife, will furnish the enough to turn the case against him. Simpkins wasn't a bad-looking fellow thirsty traveler as pure and sweet a when bearded like a pard, but the liquid as ever bathed a throat.-San Jose, Costa Rica, Cor. Chicago Intertransformation was something awful Why the man was idiotic enough to Ocean. shave is a mystery to his friends. He ought to have remembered how he looked without a beard. Visit to King Mankoroane and His Kraal in

AN AFRICAN POTENTATE.

Bechuanaland.

The fashion spares neither old nor young. I met old John Mortimer yes-Yesterday afternoon so soon as terday out for the first time in three midday meal was over, I started off weeks, and he looked haggard with the gray stubble of a three weeks' growth on his face. I think it served John with a friend to explore the kraal. It was a two mile walk, and all the heat right. I told him a month ago that of the sun centered on the earth at this that brutal dog would kill somebody hour. Arriving at the outskirts, we vet; but Mortimer thought because the determined first to go and pay King dog knew him it was all right. It was Mankoroane, the chief or king of the useless to tell old Mortimer that the brute had selected samples of the clothtribe, a visit, whose place we found ing of every friend that had the courwithout difficulty-a common, large age to call at the house. When the old hut, made of mud plastered together man came home that night shaved with brushwood and reeds, and coarsely smooth the dog did not recognize him, thatched on the roof. The eaves proand so kept him up the tree in the front vard till Mrs. Mortimer and young jected over the walls about three feet. so that a verandah was formed around John came home from the singing the hut. The entrance was through a meeting. Young John would have yard which surrounded the hut, with a brought him down from the tree with wall of brushwood seven feet high. his revolver, too, if he had had it with There was only one doorway, into him, for the old man was so hoarse with shouting that he could not speak above which we entered on a smooth vard of red clay. Here, with their backs to a whisper, and they thought he was a the wall, sat some men, probably the treed tramp.

king's body-guard. They were all more It is rather curious how the scar on or less dressed, having trousers patched the upper lip of that McAdam who was arrested last week for the Chicago dewith every conceivable color and material, some with hats, others old govfalcation led to his being identified. ernment helmets. We walked into the No one was more astonished than Brown. Brown said he would have hut, which was divided in two by a low wall. The inside was lined with trusted him with any amount. The case has been so fully reported in the gray clay, and quaint figures and devices were made on it. Opposite the papers that it is needless for one to go door and close to the inside wall lay a over it. Seems to me McAdam would man on a couch with a folded-up shawl rather have consulted safety than fashunder his head. He had on a red flanion. His mustache will have a chance nel shirt, blue coat, very old cord to grow before he is at liberty to select trousers and boots with cloth tops, but his own barber again.

no socks. He was the king. At his You might have noticed in the society columns some weeks ago that young head sat another person, the queen, sit-Froman was engaged to Stimson Jones ting like a sailor, naked to her waist She had a quantity of beads round oldest. Well, that match is off. Came off with Froman's beard. She said she her neck of different colors, from which hung charms and such useful had no idea the corners of his mouth jeopardized his ears to such an extent. articles as keys. The king was sound

was placed at eighty years. - San Fran cisco Chronicle.

-American heires-es seem to have a penchant for Ltalian noblemen. In addition to Miss Mackay, the leading names on the list comprise Miss Field Princess Brancaccio; Miss Lorillard Spencer, Princess Vlearara Cenei; Miss Broadwood, Princess Ruspolli; Miss Courad, Marchesa Teodoli; Miss Kinney, Countess Grauotti; Miss Fisner, Countess Gherarde ca: Miss Roberts, Counte-s Galli; Miss Fry, Marchesa Torrogiani: Miss Lewis, Countess Barbolini Amadei; Miss Gillinder, Marchesa di Sao Marzarno, and Miss Hungerford, Countess Telfener. -N. Y. Sun.

> ----HUMOROUS.

-"My son, why is it that you are always behindhand with your studies?" "Because, otherwise I could not pursue them." -- Golden Days.

-"Only a match box." remarked Fogg at the theat r the other night. referring to the seals where the young lovers sat. -Boston Transcript.

-Dubuque Conservatory girls carry noon lunch in a mesic-roll. It must sym-phony to see them at their hungerian rhapso fies. - Chicago Tribune.

-"I have a large dude trade," said the barber. "And don't your employes find any fault about their wages?" asked the other barber. "Certainly not. Why should they? "Because if you have a large dude trade you must constantly be cutting down."-Boston Courier.

-" How Love Is Made in Persia," is the title of a recent article. It is probably made there of the same componeat parts as here, that is, millionaire's daughter one part, imperanious nobleman one part, des re for title forty-nine par-s, desire for wealth, forty-nine paris. Mix. Boston Post

-A patent has been granted for an automatic fire-lighter. You wind it up, set it any hour you please, and when vou-or your wife, rat er-goes down stairs, the ta-kettle i- merrily singing. Some persons may object that it doesn't prepare the breakfast and pay the bill for fu-l, but it is mpo s bl: to please everybody. Norristow + Hera'd.

-"I am sorry, darling, that you are displeased with me, but then you know I can not help it. I am an emotionalist." "Well, then, I certainly can not marry you, George." "Why not?" "Well, you know perfectly well that my parents would never consent to my marry ng any one but a Metho list, and then she cr.ed. -. V. Y. Grank

-"I suppose I shall be an old maid all my life, " sigh d a young women of twenty-five. "That's a gra- ous complaint," responded an old batchelor. Very," again sighed the malden. "Do you want to cure it?" "Of course I do." "Take me for a husband. "Po you mean it?" "Certainly." "Well, des-perate diseases require desperate remedies, and I guess I'll try you." They fell upon each other's neeks - Merchant Traveler

-"I protest!" exclaimed the new our, barber, as the gentleman from the Emerald Isle d opped into the operating chair: "I draw the line right h re. in willing to my lather, but hang me if I'll lather micks." It was feared hat the Hibernian would razor row then and there, and whisker around a shill clah, perhaps; but as the jour, barber was a

surprised, for the alleged-cure for dand-Lieutenaut Scholz shook his head the behavior of his friend was totally ruff was simply hair dye, and the snowy hair and mustache of Schmidt No. incomprehensible. "I did not suppose 1 were as black as a raven's wing. The you could be guilty of such utter heartonly points of difference between himlessness.

"Heartlessness? What do you mean

perhaps never have recalled it had he not noticed the bottle a few days afterward. It then occurred to him that he. too, was troubled with dandruff in his

hair and moustache, so he applied the stuff his guest had left behind liberally. He had searcely done so when, glane ing at the clock, he perceived it was time for him to appear on the parade ground to superintend the drilling of

glass he would have been somewhat take breakfast together.

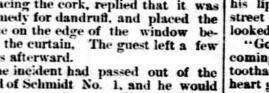
longer young, had remarkably black Schmidt No. 1, on coming into the room of his guest one morning, observed that he was holding a bottle in his hand, from which he had just taken

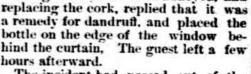
"What have you got there-liver reg ulator, or something for your stomach's

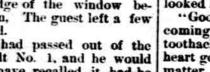
replacing the cork, replied that it was

hours afterward. The incident had passed out of the mind of Schmidt No. 1, and he would

sake?" queried old Schmidt. The guest seemed to be annoved, and







he hurried out. Had he looked in the

self and son were completely wiped

wi-like appearance-as a general thing ou are not so solemn. Let's go and

F H. RUSCHE,

