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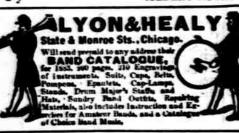
for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and am never without it in the house." Mrs. L. E. Herman, 187 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." B. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Charry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

with me. It is without a rival for the cure of bronchial affections." PREPARED BY

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goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this As the melody stole into Mike's ears world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune there floated out of the harbor of his first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely contained beside an old red barn on the one for reading purposes. sure. At once address, Trux & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Columbus



VOL. XVI.--NO. 42.

CHESTNUTS SET TO RHYME.

Oh, what did the chimney sweep?
And why did the codfish ball?
And why, oh why, did the peanut stand?
And what makes the evening call? Ob, why should the baby farm?
And why does the mutton chop?
Can you tell me what makes the elder blow?
Or what makes the ginger pop?

Say, why does the trundle-bed spring?
And why does the saddle-horse fly?
Or what mean cur made the pillow slip?
And why does the soap boilers lye? \$75.000

What made the monkey wrench?:
Or why should the old mill dam?
And who did the shoomakers strike?
And why did the raspberry jam?
—Boston Transcript.

FAMILY FINANCES.

Mrs. Finn Lays Siege to Mike's Heart and Pocket.

A big brown beetle blundered against

a window of the Finn shanty as the shadow of the tall chimney on the lime mill was thrown over Brown's pond by the setting sun, and, after humming a lively tune against a resonant whole pane, stumbled through a broken one into the meshes of Mrs. Finn's black hair. Mrs. Finn was seated before the fire, with her elbows resting on her knees, and evidently thinking of some very serious matter, as she paid no attention to the beetle, which vainly strove to liberate its serrated legs from their environment. The tame crow sat on the back of a chair, and regarded the insect as a bit of manna sent down to be transformed into crow meat. The beetle struggled, the crow waited for him to get free, and Mrs. Finn thought harder than ever how to regain control of her husband, who had unreasonably assumed that, as he was the bigger and stronger of the two, he must of necessity possess more ex-ecutive ability than his wife. This reasoning Mrs. Finn had proved to be fallacious, at least to the satisfaction of Mrs. O'Brien, who had called on the

previous day to sell a raffle ticket for Mrs. Malone's bedstead. "It's yourself knows well. Mrs O'Brien, there's ne'er a saviner woman than me on Cooney island—savin' yer prisince—but Mike is afther thinkin' he can buy more wid the money than meself, so he's carrying the money in his blessed pants pockets; an' if raffle tickets was sellin' fur two cints a dozen it's meself wouldn't have that much money as 'ud buy a straw in the Widdy Malone's bed."

Mrs. Finn had been sitting still for half an hour. The heat of the fire was very grateful on the chill October night, and she began to feel drowsy. As she looked dreamily into the grate through half-closed eyelids she saw coming out of the embers a spavined mule, which was also wind-broken, and whose painful wheezing seemed to impart an added brightness to the coals. Upon the mule's back sat a young man, whose well-knit frame was covered with an ill-fitting pair of trousers and a blue shirt. But what bright eyes he had, and how they danced in the firelight! And what a happy smile rippled over his face when he saw the young girl standing on the bridge awaiting him! Now he is off the mule's back in twinkling, and-yes, he is trying to kiss her. Then a gently protesting voice stole out of the grate: "Arrah, go way wid yer foolishness,

Mike"—then, in a whisper: "Mrs. Fogerty's lookin' over th' back fince!" By this time the brown beetle had become hopelessly entangled and the crow

had fallen asleep. When Mrs. Finn had wiped her eyes she looked into the grate again, and saw that the young girl was riding the mule, while the young man led the ani-mal. The Queen of Sheba, no doubt, had a braver palfrey, but no more knightly attendant, and her cheeks could have borne no more roseate a tinge when she met the King than that on the face of the girl as she sat upon the spavined canal mule and cautioned

"Walk him aisy, Mike, dear; bekase ve know well I'm afeard he might run awa'," a possibility which was further away than the North Pole. The fire was burning low in the

grate, but Mrs. Finn could see the mule stop before an old red barn. She saw the girl loosen her hold of the mule's mane and drop to the ground. While the mule was eating hay between his wheezes, the couple seated themselves on the grass beside the stable door, and the young man told of his race over the twenty mile level up the canal with Paddy Feenan. "Ye wouldn't think, Biddy, whi

ve're lookin' at th' ould meule as she had that strin'th as 'ud pull hay out o th' rack, but you tie her on the ind i a tow-line, an' give her a gintle dig in th' ribs wid a spade, or annything

handy, an' she'll pull yer boat out o The fire was burning very low and the voices sounded faint to Mrs. Finn's listening ear. The flame burned up brightly for a moment, flickered and suddenly went out. The vision had departed. Mrs. Finn bathed her lushed face and in arranging her hair she discovered the beetle. She placed it upon the window, whence it fell out on the ground. Mrs. Finn put on a dress which closely resembled the one which the young girl had worn when she rode the mule. Pleasant thoughts had conjured up the lovelight into her eyes. Experience had taught her that there are more vulnerable parts in a married man's anatomy than his heart. Profiting by this knowledge, she boiled a salt mackerel, toasted some bread, boiled some potatoes until they burnt their jackets, and was arranging a dish of water cresses when the door opened and her husband came in. There was an unusual kindliness in Mrs. Finn's manner, and an evident desire to anticipate his wants which attracted Mike's attention. He said nothing to her about it. It troubled him, however, during the night. The next morning when on his way to work he stopped on the corner and did some very hard thinking. He knew that the Finn income had not been as economically administered since he had taken charge of the money as before. He was also aware that his headaches had been more frequent and

that Bacchus had been his patron

saint, and—no, he wouldn't give up—
"Shure, Biddy 'ud be laffin' at me"—
but then she was so kind to him last

night and spoke so pleasant—"Yis, but whin she's mad she has an eve in her

head like a coal iv fire, an' a v'ice like

a saw filin'." While Mike stood unde-

cided whether to go back and make up

with Biddy a boy went by whistling "Barney Brallaghan's Courtship."

upper end of Cooney Island. Their heads were very close together, and he could hear the refrain the young man was singing to his sweetheart:

"Don't say nay, charmin' Judy Callaghan, Only say you'll be Mistress Brailaghan." Almost unconsciously Mike found himself hurrying homeward. When he arrived at the door of the shanty he hesitated a moment with his hand on the latch. He half turned to go down the steps again, then suddenly he opened the door and floundered in. Putting his brawny hand deep down in his pocket, he drew it forth full of nickels and rolls of pennies, which he slapped upon the table with such a sounding thwack that the rolls were burst open, and the pennies rolled over the floor. Mrs. Flinn attered a cry of alarm, but her fears took wings when Mike lifted his head and she saw his big, brown, honest face twitching, and his eyelids doing double duty. The next moment her hands were resting on his brawny shoulders.

"Biddy!" There was a rush of hurrying feet in the back yard, the door opened with a slam, and little Mike appeared. Said

"Mother, the crow is swallyin' a big brown beetle!"-N. Y. Sun.

LIMEKILN CLUB. Why Brother Gardner Formally Espelle "I can't see dat Prof. Trespass John

son am in de hall to-night," said Brother Gardner, as he looked up and down. "De fack am, I didn't 'zactly spect he would be. Sartin events hev occurred to render his absence a necessity. De Seckretary will turn to his name on de roll an' scratch it off, and write across it in red ink de word 'expelled.""

When the Secretary had carried out the request the President continued: "Up to a y'ar ago Prof. Johnson was an active, respected member of dis our cause, but he was industrious as a nan. If he couldn't get dollar. If he couldn't hev roast duck fur Sunday he put up wid a beef-bone soup. His family had plenty to eat an' to w'ar, an' when rent day cum around he had de cash ready for his landlord. "Jist about twelve months back some white man told de Professor dat he had just as good a right to a pianer, gold watch an' span of horses as a rich man. He was told dat de aristocracy war coinin' money out of his labor. He

was made to believe that the pusson who wouldn't pay two dollars to hev a kitchen ceilin' whitewashed was an oppressor. It was pounded into him dat, if he sot on de fence all summer an' talked agin de blue blood of dis kentry, somebody would furnish him roast turkey all

"Many of you saw how he was at fected. He begun to hate honest work. His mouf began to grow bigger While his cloze growed seedy his importance increased daily. When his wood pile grew low he cussed Vanderbilt. When his flour bar'l was empty he reviled Jay Gould. When his chil dren becum ragged he ripped at capital. When his wife becum bar'fut he swore at de aristocracy. When his landlord bounced him for non-payment of rent he howled an' raved about oppressors an' tyrants.

"De climax cum las' nite. I heard dat he had bin boastin' dat de rich must divide wid him, an' I concluded to watch my ben coop. About 'leben o'clock de Professor showed up. I had twenty-two choice hens. He had none. He was gwine to divide wid me 'an take 'leben. My frens, I can't 'zactly discribe what happened arter I got my paws on him, but I know he went away empty-handed, limpin,' sore an' in de hands of an officer. He am no longer member of dis club. If dar' am any odder member wid socialistic idea now would be a good time fur him to make a grab fur his hat an' back down sta's." - Detroit Free Press.

IN CANADA.

Description of a Typical French-Canadi St. Athanase would be like half hundred other villages in Quebec but that the noble river on which it stands gives it a beauty and character of its own. The bridge which connects it with the flourishing town of St. Jean on its opposite side spans nearly a mile of the waters of the Richelies. Its main street, where are the few stores that supply its few wants, runs parallel with the course of the stream. The rest of the village—some of the houses of stone, quaint and old-fashioned, others more modern, of wood-rises from it among groves of maple and elm on the gradual slope of its bank. Behind it, the mass of Mount St. Gregoire fills in the distance. Seen of a summer's evening, with the mingling lights falling on tree and house and water, while the notes of the angelus ring softly out on the air, it is a charming picture, at once sweet and soothing. sidewalks are an evidence. With progress, indeed, St. Atha-

But the place is under a doom-the doom that awaits on standing still, and of which its rotting nase has nothing to do. It transacts its own little business and goes on its own way. Life has gone on in it much the same fashion from generation to generation. When the father has passed away the son has stepped into the vacant place. Baptiste succeeds Alexandre, and Jean, Baptiste; and but that the names are changed, there seems no other change. Yet it is happy, with the happiness which has no written history. Outside such events as are inscribed in its parish register it has nothing to record. The place is full of the age-long quiet, the undisturbed content, which broods like wings of shadow over all the life of French Canada, in strangest contrast to the rush and the bustle of these times, in which St. Athanase has neither part nor lot. All its sympathies are with that vanishing, older world, of which it has its own survivals in its seigneurie; in the great high-steepled church, with its presbytere nestling among the elms; in its unquestioning beliefs; most of all, perhaps, in its finely drawn social

-There is something suggestive in the fact that a bronze statue of Bacchus had been found lying in the Led of the River Tiber. Devotees of Bacchus are frequently found lying in the bed of river. Mortality statistics Bacchus up in this statement.—Norristown Harald.

distinctions. In the idea of modern

democracy it has no share. - R. Machray.

-It is illegal in Paris for a news-dealer to lend out a newspaper to any

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

-The death rate in Dakota is only five in the thousand. -The Great Eastern is to be moore

at Gibraltar as a coal hulk. —A horseshoe has been invented that comes on and off like a man's shoe. A rim at the bottom and a buckle at the back hold it in place. A pad pretects the bottom of the hoof.—Troy Times. -A silver box, shut at a wedding in Hartford, Conn., the other day, is to be kept under seal, like that of Pandora, till the time for the silver anniversary, twenty-five years hence.

-Three hundred and fifty-eight criminals, who have escaped from Georgia in the last few years, are wanted in that State. The rewards offered for them aggregate one hundred thousand dol-

Tex., that one-half the fairty million acres of school and university lands have been free-grazed for years, the State deriving no income from the cat-

clover or timothy, as there is a green

run in. As the land is improved and tame grasses are sown this scourge will be checked .- Chicago Tribune. -Blue Ribbon beer, manufactured in Toronto, and claimed to be a temperance beverage, was tested a few days ago on two men, each of whom drank seven glasses in an hour and a

half and then became drunk. The court thereupon decided that the stuff was intoxicating .- Chicago Herald. -The advantage of fresh air from the open windows in a sleeping room has received strong proof from an inciclub. He was not only a worker in | dent of the cholera in Spain. In the house of a rich merchant the cholera dollar an' a half a day he got it fur a | who slept in the only room of the dwelling which was without a window.

> the maple trees, is suggested by the surprise those who have never tried it It might be called the game of butter

> C. 1 News.

-A lady in Bath, Me., who is a firm believer in spiritualism, states that on

the last, has sickened and died soon

that little hamlets occupied by the descendants of the Norsemen are in exist ence, and that they contain a happy and contented population, uninfluenced by the events passing in the outside world, and unruffled by politics or base ball. Centuries ago the coast of Greenland was the Danish fishing ground, and the country, which then boasted a less rigorous climate than that which it is credited now, was not deemed unfit for settlement. It is something to know

that other than Esquimaux humanity is vegetating there. - Philadelphia Press -The territory of the United States where hops are successfully grown is very limited. A radius of forty miles. with Cooperstown, Otsego County, as its center, forms more than half of such territory east of the Rockies, the only other places being three of the northwestern counties of New York, small portions of Vermont and Michigan, and parts of Wisconsin. On the Pacific Coast the production of hops has increased from fifteen thousand bales in 1880 to seventy thousand in 1884, there being about one hundred and seventy-eight pounds to the bale. -Troy Times.

sive fashion the veteran pedestrian Spencer has completed the herculean task of walking six thousand miles in one hundred and ten days, thus entirely eclipsing the performance of the noisy, much-advertised Yankee, Weston. An obscure daily note in the columns of little read sporting papers is all that Spencer has had in the way of Raos and Iron! publicity while on his arduous journey; but until English pedestrians acquire the art of giving lectures and wearing picturesquely eccentric costumes they will not be in it, as money-makers, with their astuter, if less athletic Yankee rivals.-London Truth

-A French work of fiction is soon to appear in Euglish which is eausing struction and coloring it was considered untranslatable. Flaubert's great Carthage for its fascinating scenes of love and war and its splendfd descriptions of tropical nature. The transla-tion by M. French Sheldon is said to

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J. W. EARLY, HERMAN OEHLRICH, W. A. MCALLISTER, G. ANDERSON,

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1886.

-It has been discovered at Austin

it is just as well to consent. For with the little machines they have now, and carry around under the cloak, the artist has likely taken you to a dot while you are saying no.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. -It is reported from Dakota that prairie fires will not cross selds of

sprig at the bottom which checks it. It is the dry buffalo grass that the flames

-Tossing as high in air as possible the dryest of the long seed pods under Lawrence (Mass.) American as a new diversion of school children for recess. The peculiar motion while falling may

-If a wife's feelings are injured one nundred thousand dollars worth by the killing of her husband in Texas, where men are plenty, what must be the extent of damage inflicted upon her affections in a parallel case in Massachusetts, where the reserve supply is about seventy thousand short?—Charleston (S.

-Mining was prospected within a few miles of Nogales, Cal., three hundred and three years ago, says the Nug-get, ages before the ground was dis-turbed by the miner's pick in any of the so-called older States or Territories, and the present indications are that ere long the most important mining field of that remote period of antiquity will become the most important of modern

a recent occasion, while trying to paper her parlor and while making a hard job of it, the spirit of a well known paperhanger appeared in the room, and on recovering from her surprise she found the paper had been put on the wall as neatly as the most skillful human hands could have done it .- Boston

-There was a lady in the White House the other day who always goes to call on the President when she makes a wedding trip, and she has enjoyed three of these interesting excursions since Grant came in. By strange ill luck, the husband, in every case but after the visit to the President. The lady is from Massachusetts, and she intends to persevere in her custom. She announced to one of the doorkeepers that she would be more careful with her present husband than with those who preceded him .- Washington Post. -From Greenland comes the story

-In a quiet and altogether unobtru-

much interest, as from its peculiar constory, "Salammbo" draws upon ancient preserve all the charming peculiarities of the author's pure style, who is the true founder of the naturalistic school of literature, so debased by many French authors. The work will be published by Saxon & Co., London and New York, with an introduction by Edward King, the American poet, and a dedication to Henry M. Stanley, the nous explorer.

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A STATELY CEREMONY. How the Doors of the Famous London "Tower" Are Locked.

Excess of ceremony was the old expedient for making power venerable. In these more practical days it oftener makes power ridiculous. A good deal of form and etiquette, however, are doubtless necessary in official places; at all events there is likely to be a good deal, especially under Imperial governments-and the poor fellows who hold the places, and whose duties are chiefly traditional, must do something to earn their salary. It is no very great affair for a smart man or boy to lock the doors of a building, but the Government of England makes a very solemn and deliberate job of it. Large bodies move

Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and from treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigidly precaution-ary as if the French invasion were actually afoot. Immediately after "tattoo" all strangers are expelled, and the gates once closed, nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sud-den illness can procure their being re-opened till the appointed hour the next merning. The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious and stately. few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven-on Tuesdays and Fri days twelve-the head warden (yeomar porter), clothed in a long red cloak bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother-warden carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house and calls out, in a loud voice: "Escort keys!"

At these words the Sergeant of the Guard, with five or six men, turns out, and follows him to the "Spur," an outer gate, each sentry challenging, as they pass the post: "Who goes there?"

"Keys. The gates being carefully locked and barred—the warden wearing as solemn an aspect and making as much noise possible — the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as be-

main guard-house, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and the following conversation takes place between him and the approaching party: "Who goes there?" "Keys.

Arrived once more in front of the

"Whose keys?" 'Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well. The yeoman porter then exclaims: "God bless Queen Victoria!"

The main guard devoutly respond:

"Amen! The officer on duty gives the word-"Present arms!" The firelocks rattle; the officer kisse the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions, and the veoman porter marches majestically across the parade alone, to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign; and any one who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprovided with his talisman, is sure to be made the prey of the first sentinel whose post he crosses. All of which is pleasantly absurd, and reminds us of the stately manner in which the crown was car-

on fire. - Youth's Companion.

ried about when the White Tower was

TONS OF MONEY. How Huge Sums Are Carted Through the There is always a good deal of hard cash being carted about the streets a Washington. Money is hauled about the streets of the National capital by the millions every day in the year. Boxes and bags of gold and silver, huge bales of bonds and treasury notes, and wagon loads of silver dollars. If you only had what is hauled about for one day, and you wouldn't have to pick your day (exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays) you would be several times over a millionaire. Un some days the money-changing is greater than on others, but the same ceaseless carting up and down, to and from the Treasury doors, of hard cash goes on. Big express wagons are always backed up at the eastern front, and the crashing and mashing of the heavy iron-bound boxes and road-safes upon the massive platform resound from morning till night. The rolling of the iron trucks transferring these boxes to and from the great vaults can be heard all over the building. People get used to most anything except starvation; so they grow accustomed to this daily shuffling and smashing noise. We who have dodged the boxes and wagons for years only notice them as a nuisance, while strangers do not understand what it all means Even Treasury officials forget all about it. For instance, the other day when steamers arrived at the navy-yard with silver dollars from New Orleans, the Treasurer of the United States suggested a guard of four armed marines with each wagon-load from the boats to the Treasury.
"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Super-

Plans and estimates supplied for either intendent of Adams Express Comframe or brick buildings. Good work guaranteed. Shop on 13th Street, near St. Paul Lumber Yard, Columbus, Ne-load of silver a dozen times a day, and often in packages which could be carried away by one man!" To see one of the heaviest Adams trucks loaded with \$60,000, in silver

dollars, drawn slowly up Pennsylvania avenue is to appreciate the humor of the, marines. The boxes are piled up half way to the level with the wagon side. Each one contains but \$4,000. and yet weighs about 275 pounds. Did you over lift 1,000 silver dollars? Well, I have lifted a sack containing that much, and I should not carry very far for it. On top of this load sits a Treasury clerk, armed to the teeth, with a sun umbrella. Nobody envies him up there on his borrowed start. - Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader

 A philanthropic inventor has de-vised a steam whistle which produces, instead of the ordinary shrick, a musical chord composed of the first, third and fifth tones of the musical scale, the effect being entirely agreeable. It remains, bowever, to be determined whether or not it will be as usesul as the old whistle in scaring cattle from the track .- Current.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD.

WHOLE NO. 822

An Iconoclast Who Spoils the Pretty Mar-shall-Sutter Story of Its Discovery. An official report made to the Director of the Mint brands as fiction the pleasing stories in the school histories that gold was first discovered in California at Sutter's Mill. James Marshall, so the fable ran, was walking by the mill-tail looking at the water, when the glistening of nugget in the sands caught his eyes. He stooped down, picked it up, and then rode at full speed to the fort, which stood on the present site of Sacramento. In subsequent years Marshall has had to divide the honor attached to the discovery of gold in California with Peter L Weimer, a poor man, who was with him when the nugget was found. Weimer claimed that he first saw the gold, and called his companion's at-tention to it, but Marshall had the horse and carried the unknown metal to the fort, so that he got the credit for

crease the heat of the controversy over this credit for discovery, and in the search for truth facts have been col-lated which greatly diminish the im-portance history has atta-hed to the incident at Sutter's Mill. Mr. Walter A. Skidmore, who makes the report to the Director, says that the existence of gold in California was well known nearly a hundred years ago.

General M. G. Vallejo, who reached
California in 1810, and who is an authority on the earlier annals of the coast, states that in 1824, while on military expedition to the region which is now Kern and San Bernardino Counties, he found a Russian living between the King's and Kern Rivers who was and had been for some time mining gold. This miner was fully equipped with all the then known appliances for sep-arating the metal. About that time and for years later, General Vallejo used to remit gold dust, in the sealed

The lapse of time has served to in-

quills of the vulture, to the authorities at the City of Mexico. Captain Walter Comstock, a whaler, who was in the employ of the Grinnells, of New York, has asserted that he took gold from California in 1824, and nearly every vessel which put into the harbor of Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, in those times, carried away gold.

Professor Hanks, the California minerologist, has evidence that a placer was discovered near the Colorado River. in San Diego County, in 1775. For twenty years before 1848, the date of the discovery at Sutter's Mill, gold diggings were operated on the upper waters of the Santa Clara River. Gold-dust to the value of \$200,000 was taken out. But for the last two centuries before these records of actual mining, California had the rather mythical reputa-

tion of possessing gold in abundance. An old work, published in Europe in the sixteenth century, contained this: "The soldiers of Vasquirus Coronatus having found no gold in Vevola, in order not to return to Mexico without gold, resolved to come to Quivera, Cal. for they had heard much of the gold

mines, and that Tatarraxes, the powerful King of that country, was amply provided with riches." Sir Francis Drake, in 1579, visited the coast of California and entered the bay which bears his name. On his return to England he gave such a powerful account of the country that Hakluyt, an Old Abe .- Chicago Tribune. historian of that day, in writing of California, said there was no part of the soil which did not contain a reasonable quantity of gold or silver. This early knowledge, however, was not altogether reliable. No precious metals have ever been found in the district around Drake's Bay. - Cor. St. Louis Globe

Democrat. RAILROAD BUILDING.

How it Was Done by General Dodge Dur ing the Chattaneoga Campaiga. General Dodge, beside being a most capable soldier, was an experienced railroad builder. He had no tools to work with but those of the pioneersaxes, picks and spades. With these he was able to intrench his men, and protect them against surprises by small parties of the enemy. As he had no base of supplies until the road could be sult together, and attend to each other's completed back to Nashville, the first business in case of absence, but we are matter to consider, after protecting his in no sense partners." "I see," was men, was the getting of food and forage from the surrounding country. He had his men and teams bring in all the grain zen. they could find, or all they needed, and all the cattle for beef, and such other food as could be found. Millers were detailed from the ranks to run the mills along the line of the army; when these were not near enough to the troops for protection, they were taken down and moved up to the line of the road. Blacksmith shops, with all the iron and steel found in them, were moved up in like manner. Blacksmiths were detailed and set to work making the tools necessary in railroad and bridge building. Axemen were put to work getting out tim-ber for bridges, and cutting fuel for the locomotives when the road was completed; car-builders were set to work repairing the locomotives and cars. Thus every branch of railroad building, making tools to work with, and supplying the workmen with food was all go-ing on at once, and without the aid of a mechanic or laborer except what the command itself fornished. But rails and cars the men could not make without material, and there was not enough rolling stock to keep the capacity. There were no rails except those in use. To supply these deliciences I ordered eight of the ten engines General McPherson had at Vicksburg to be sent to Nashville, and all the cars he had, except ten. I also ordered the troops in West Tennessee to points on the river and the Memphis & Charleston Road, and the cars, locomotives and rails from other railroads to be sent to the same destination. The military manager of railroads also was directed

eral Grant, in Century. -In some of the villages of Southern Germany children are taught, almost in infancy, to sew on the tiny white buttons to shirts, an industry which is generally farmed out to agents, who in turn employ poor families to do the work, whose children are allowed for every gross (144) of buttons the sum of one p enning (2) milis of United States cur-rency), which is paid them in store or-

to furnish more rolling stock, and, as far as he could, bridge material. Gen-eral Dodge had the work assigned him

finished within forty days after receiv-ing his order. The number of bridges

to rebuild was one hundred and eighty-two, many of them over deep and wide chasms. The length of road repaired

was one hundred and two miles. - Gen-

—In some parts of California gold is extracted from the ore by electricity. It is a French idea.—San Francisco

BATES OF ADVERTISING

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL. -The late H. W. Shaw ("Josh Bill-ings") is reported to have made one hundred thousand dollars by his writ-

—Captain Pardon Tripp, of Merion, Mass., thinks he has consumed over six thousand dollars' worth of tobacco in the past fifty years.

 —C. C. Palmer, of Los Angeles, has an affection of the eyes by which he is made to see the same object multiplied nineteen times. -May Fielding, who has been study-ing for six months in Florence and Milan, says she wishes she could say

personally to every ambitious girl in America, "Don't go to Italy."—Chicago -The four sons of Lieutenant F. L Kislingbury, one of the victims of the

Greely Arctic expedition, will each re-ceive a pension of ten dollars a month until they are respectively twenty-one years old. -Pope Leo is said to have an income of one million eight hundred thousand dollars annually, and it is stated on the authority of Monsignor Capel

that the Pope's personal expenses are limited to two dollars a day. -Bertha Wolf, a German girl living in Southwest Colorado, was the first discoverer of gold in the San Juan mountain. She is worth one hundred thousand dollars. That is the kind of

Wolf we should like to have call at our door .- N. Y. Times. -General Daniel Butterfield, who was chief of staff of General Meade at Gettysburg, resides in New York, and is described by the Tribune as "a short and well-built gentleman, with a head like that of Napoleon and an iron-grey mustache that would have delighted a grenadier of France." -George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

has among the historical relies in his office the silver vase presented to Henry Clay by the Whig leaders of Kentucky, and the silver tray given to General Jackson by the citizens of New Orleans after he was arrested for suspending the habeas corpus. -Rev. John Hall is on wealthiest clergymen in New York. His head deacon is Robert Bonner of the Ledger. Dr. Hall receives a salary

of thirty thousand dollars and many presents. He is paid ten thousand dol lars a year as Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, and receives twelve thousand dollars a year from the Ledger for one short article week. Other literary work brings his annual income up to about one hundred thousand dollars. Seventeen years ago the doctor preached in Dublin, Ireland. at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year .- N. Y. Tribune. -E. B. Washburne says that Lisle who called Abraham Lincoln "Old

Smith, the orator, was the first man Abe." It was in Chicago in July, 1847, when Mr. Lincoln was a young man of thirty-six. At that time he was tall, angular, and awkward. He wore a straw hat, a short-waisted swallow-tail coat, a short waistcoat, trousers that barely reached his ankles, and a pair of brogans. Seeing him on the other side of the street in Chicago Mr. Smith called out to Mr. Washburne and others: "There is Lincoln on the other side of the street; just look at Old Abe." And from that time on he was

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

-Hello, Judson, how are you?"

'Pretty well, thank you." you at home?" "Wife says I'm rather grumpy."-Columbia Spectator. -Now we have it that our own Mary Anderson has adopted the English trick of turning her toes in. This is abomineble. Turn the raseals out .- Albany

-A lady in this city declares that if

you will trim your finger nails every Friday you will never have the toothache. She began the custom twenty years ago, just after she purchased her store teeth, and it has never failed .-Philadelphia Call. -"No," said a physician, "Dr. Bis not a partner of mine. We often con-

-The conductors on the Sunset Route are a very bright set of men. A traveler asked one of them, "Will I have time to get something to eat at the next station?" "Yes, you will have time enough if you are not going any further on this train.—Texas Sift-

-A man whose daughter had married

away from home, wrote to inquire what

kind of a man her husband was, and

received for reply, "I tell you, father, he's a prime good whistler, and you never saw such a hand for flapjacks in all your days. He's got blue eyes, and his father belongs to church."—Chicage -Hobson Jones: "Yes; Miss Clara gave me every reason to think she was interested in me; but when I asked her to be my wife she unqualifiedly re-fused." Mrs. de Bullion: "On what

grounds did she refuse you?" Hobson Jones: "On the lawn tennis grounds in her father's own yard."—N. Y. Inde--Professor: "Why does a duck put his head under water?" Pupil: "For divers reasons." does he go on land?" Pupil: "For sundry reasons." Professor: "Next. You may tell us why a duck puts his head under water." Second pupil: "To liquidate his bill." Professor: "And why does he go on land?" Second pupil: "To make a run on the bank." Boston Post.

-As he sat on the steps one Sunday evening he claimed the right to a kiss for every shooting star. She at first demurred as became a modest maiden. but finally yielded. She was even so accomodating as to call his attention to flying meteors that were about to escape his observation, and then got to calling him on lightning bugs, and at last got him down to steady work on the light of a lantern that a man was swinging about a depot in the distance where trains were switching .- Chicago

-Jimmy Tuffboy is always on hand election days. He was up before the frost had disappeared from every liv-ing thing and gulped down a cup of coffee. "I say, ma, I shan't be home for dinner. It's 'lection to-day." "What have you to do with the election? You are not a voter, James." "I know all that. But I'm goin' to hear the men give each other away around the polls. Beats a sewin' so-ciety all to bits." And grabbing a doughnut, he hurried off to a good place where he could hear all that we aid. - Hartford Post,

R. H. HENRY. J. E. TASKER, Cashier.