Proprietors and Publishers



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scholar, but she was the 'squire's daugh-

One day, as the scholars were hang-

ing over the school-vard fence, or sit-

"Does he live far from here?"

they call the place 'Biscuit City.' "

they did, and so call it that. All 1

really know about it is that there does

not seem to be any one there to cook

much, anyway; for farmer Miller lives

alone with his grand-daughter, a girl

"Couldn't she make biscuit?" persist-

exclamations, drove the cart up to the

"Pile out, Becky," he roared, "and

be skeered, gal. Be you the school-

The question was addressed to Miss

Peters, the principal, who, at this junct-

"I haven't much learnin' myself,

ma'am," he continued, "but I'm bound

that my gal, here, shall have as good

a chance as the rest of 'em. She's a

good gal, Becky is, only a trifle wild-

like, and needs settlin' a bit. I'm a

better hand at settlin' bills than lively

young creatures like this one; so if

you'll tend to one I'll tend to t'other,"

and handing the poor girl over, tumb-

"How do, Cynthia?" she said, nod-

a moment without making the slight-

est sign of recognition, then, wheeling

around on her heels, she turned her

A titter went around the yard. Every

one seemed amused but poor Becky,

who shut her mouth tightly, and her

heart, too, for that matter, and hated

her kind. As she joined the crowd

squeezing into the school-house she

vondered why she had ever consented

to be brought to school. The old wild

life perfectly contented her. To roll

about for hours under the widespread

oaks, with friendly squirrels, or to chase

the brook as it dashed gayly down the

hills, was pleasanter than the society of

But the fact was her grandfather had

taken it into his dear old head to make

point the kind soul who had done so

much for her, Wild Becky made a des-

morning into a civilized girl, and

It was harder even than she had im-

agined. The close school-room almost

stifled her, while the dull, monotonous

hum of voices had such a stupefying

effect that before she had been seated

long her head dropped on her desk and

she fell asleep. She was wakened by

something tickling her nose; putting

her hand up quickly a great bouncing

butterfly fluttered through her fingers

and shot up into the air. Now, this

was a playmate Wild Becky never could

resist; without half realizing where she

was, she burst into a loud laugh, and

was making a dive for it, when, recol-

lecting herself, she slid down again in-

to her seat, with the painful conscious-

ness that all eyes were upon her. The

pair that terrified her most were those

upon the platform-not Miss Peters'

eyes, but those of another teacher who

had come into the room during Becky's

the woman sharply, for she was indig-

"Where did you come from?" asked

"Unless you can command yourself

Wild Becky did not need much urg-

you had better return there at once."

ing on that score. As quickly as possi-

ble she sprang from her seat, and vault-

ing through the open window, swung

herself down to the ground as neatly

as a boy could have done it, for she was

in great wrath. So off she trotted, never looking behind her until she

Through the opening she could see her grandfather bending over the big

"Sakes alive! School ain't out yet,

be it?" he asked, li ting himself up to

brought up at the kitchen door.

get a good view of the clock.

girls, she had always thought.

mingle with her fellow-beings.

ure, came politely forward,

would be settled or not.

squire's daughter.

back squarely upon her.

school-house gate.

marm?"

Cynthia shook her head.

ing Millie King.

about our age."

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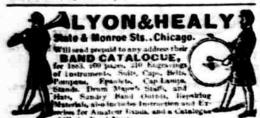
NO HUMBUG!

nant at the interruption of her class. But a Grand Success. "Biscuit City, ma'am," was the

"A land productive of biscuits and R. P. BRIGHAM'S AUTOMATIC WArude girls," returned the teacher facetiously, at which the other scholars, every man who has it in use. Call on or leave orders at George Yale's, opposite particularly the older ones, laughed Ochlrich's grocery. most obligingly.

she continued.

brick oven.



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Decky flung herself down on the steps WILD BECKY. and poured forth her injuries, winding up with a declaration of independence.

"I'll never go again, never. You will not ask it of me, will you, grand-"meetin'-house" it was the Millville Boarding-School, which capped the "Not if you're set agin it," said the old man, with a sigh, as he passed into very highest punacle of their village. the buttery and brought out a heaping A light set upon a hill, which shed its literary radiance over the whole place. dish of pancakes. "I thought as how you'd come home Cynthia Adams was the only day

hungry, and so I made a lot of 'em." Becky had a weakness for pancakes, ter, and it was a matter of course that and was quite touched with the attenher schooling should be something beyond that of the rest of the village tion. She moved a chair nearer them and tried to eat, but somehow they seemed to stick in her throat. The idea that her grandfather was sorely disappointed made them hard to swalting in groups on the steps, waiting for the school-bell to ring, they heard a

"What makes you care so much about man with a lusty pair of lungs shoutmy being a lady?" she said, at length, ing "Gee-haw, git up thar!" in a voice laving down her knife and fork, and so loud that it threatened to shake the looking fixedly at him. The farmer wiped his glasses care-"That is one of old Miller's whispers,

I do believe," laughed Cynthia. "He's a farmer about here with a roaring "I don't know," he answered; "p'r'aps it's 'cause your mother would have liked it; she used to take to learnvoice. Such a queer fellow as he is, to be sure. I wish you girls could see in' and to gentle ways, and grand "I wish I might," answered fun-lovfolks, nat'rally as horses take to hav. I wanted you to be like her; but laws me! 'taint in natur's you could be that kind any more than a hen could be a "His house is way down by the edge gosling. It don't matter.' of the town, beyond the pine woods;

"Yes it does, grandfather;" and Becky, jumping up, wound her arms around his neck, and shed a tear or "Why? Because they have so many biscuits there?" asked a dozen voices at two on the back of his old waistcoat. "It isn't that I'm so against the learning," she continued; "it's the "I guess it is because they don't have she said; "perhaps they wish

folks I can't stand." "Well, some of 'em's rather trvin' answered the farmer, "but there's one powerful queer thing in human natur'. f you feel ag'in a man, do a favor for him, an' you're sure to like him better. There's 'Squire Adams-I used to hate him like fury; but since I've been in the habit of lending him my yoke of oxen, I've got the better on it.'

ed Miliie, unwilling to give up the idea that they abounded in Biscuit "Well, grandpa, I'll go to school just one day longer to lend em to his daugh-"Becky! I'd like to see anything ter. Such fixed up city girls haven't the slightest idea of how to have a good decent that Wild Becky could make. No one in the village will have anything time. I might bring them down here to do with her, for she's such a wild. and show them how it is done." harum-scarum thing, and so green, too,

So, to the surprise of everybody, the ollowing day Wild Becky appeared at that you'd mistake her for grass, just as The scholars all laughed as Cynthia stopped abruptly, for the she came tearing in, and making a "Gee-haws" sounded nearer every moqueer little bob, which did duty as a ment, and now a pair of oxen came courtesy, begged to be forgiven for veslumbering over the brow of the hill. terday's misdoings. followed by a rickety haycart, at the end of which was poised a bare-headed

Perhaps Miss Peters knew by instinct what a penance this was to the child. young person in a cloud of dust. Her or it may be that, in spite of her prim ample bonnet swung from the top of little way, she had a real sympathy for one of the poles which formed the sides Becky, and disapproved of the offensive of the cart, evidently for the purpose of manner of her assistant. At all events, proving to the passer-by that she posthe matter was lightly treated, and the sessed the article, though she did not "wild girl" was soon established in her choose to wear it. She looked up at it rather wistfully, however, as her com-

At recess the girls paired off two by panion, farmer Miller, with thundering two, but no one spoke to her.
"Dear, dear," thought the child; "nobody isn't nobody here unless they are a couple, and I ain't." we'll soon fix it up with 'em here. Don't

When the afternoon session broke up that day a haycart, with two big workhorses, stood drawn up before the fashionable establishment. The bottom of the cart was strewn thickly with fragrant hay, while old farmer Miller, in his shirtsleeves, held the reins. Cynthia Adams was one of the last to leave the schoolroom. Who can describe her astonishment when, upon gaining the yard, she beheld Wild Becky standing upon a horse-block and actually inviting those city girls to "hitch on." Most of the scholars looked so horrified as Cynthia expected, but Millie King and four or five other jolly souls tumb-

ling her bonnet after her, he was halfled in for the fun of it. way down the hill before Wild Becky Farmer Miller shouted to Miss Peters had made up her mind whether she that he'd bring 'em home safe and sound afore bed-time, and, cracking It was very disagreeable standing there with all the girls staring at her, his whip, they were soon rattling down the hill, the girls getting such a shakeshe thought; and glancing shyly from up as they had never had before; but under her long lashes, her eyes rested they held on to the poles like monkeys, gladly on the familiar features of the filling the way with their merry shouts and laughter, and by the time they had reached the long winding road through ding in such a civil way that it surprised the pine woods they were thoroughly enchanted with their novel mode of Cynthia looked blankly into her face

> Such a queer, homely house as it was before which they stopped! Becky didn't try to hide any part of it, but made them welcome to the whole, and to the great barn, too, with its numberless hiding-places, mitiating them at once into the most approved way of sliding down hay-mows and riding on the barn doors. She took them across the meadows to the stream, with the little grove beside it, and there they fished for trout; not that they caught enough to boast of, for only the most venturesome of fishes would bite in that uproar of voices. When they got tired of that sport they chased the colts in the orchard and hunted out the squirrels, with whom Becky carried on such a droll make-believe conversation that the girls, as they said, "almost died of

a lady of her, and, rather than disap-The sun was getting low and the grass was all purple with shadows when she brought out a table and said that perate effort to plume herself down that they would have their supper under the shade of a great butternut tree. "This is the time they'll laugh, thought Becky: "but let 'em. I couldn't

get up a genteel tea to save my life, and And sure enough the girls did laugh. To see such great platters of smoking hot sweet corn, such huge pitchers of creamy milk, such stacks of freshly picked berries, was enough to make any hungry girl laugh, and in a way very pleasant to hear.

Then followed a shakedown on the smooth floor of the barn, accomplished by the aid of Farmer Miller, who whist led the tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away" from the cornbin.

It wasn't until the young moon shone out clear and silvery that the young girls found themselves in the haycart riding briskly forward to the school. "I believe I never had such a good time in my life before," cried Millie, as she saw, with regret, the outline of the building through the trees.

"Nor I, nor I, nor I," was heard in answer. Farmer Miller recognized one of the voices, and blessed it to his heart. It was Wild Becky's. As the others left them she crawled over to her grandfather's side and laid her hand, warm from the grateful grasp of the school-

girls, on his arm. This started a better state of things with Becky. She began to truly like the girls, then she loved one or two, dearly, in true schoolgirl fashion; and to be worthy of their love she tried to improve her manners. Next came ambition in her studies, and, as under it all lay a deep affection for the good

girls in the school. There were outbreaks of mischief now and then. As the old man roared to the teacher one day. "She couldn't be tamed all at once;" but this little girl had at last found the golden key. And so, in brightening the lives of the under the couldn't be couldn't be some time, and finally came to the conclusion that the joys of married life were preferable to her precarious if independent existence, and yielded to the young happy, and in making sunshine for all,

Becky became, in time, a lady in every sense of that misused term.

HAND-ORGAN BUSINESS. How the Olive-Complexioned Son of Italy Keeps Up with the Times-The Cost of an Instrument.

An olive-complexioned son of Italy, his hat, clothing, and particularly his shoes, evidencing long service and hard usage, struggled up the two flights of steep stairs that led to the factory of one of the most prominent manufacturers of street organs in this city, the other day, says the New York Star, and shifting from his neck the greasy leathern strap that supported an organ on his back. he placed the instrument on the floor with evident relief. Taking his hat off, he gave a nod of recognition to the proprietor of the establishment and proceeded to mop the great beads of perspiration from his low forehead with a very dirty and ragged silk handkerchief that might in its palmier days have been orange-colored. This operation finished, he said, pointing to the rusty-looking-box before him with an expression of the most absolute disgust and with a voice full of feeling: "No good!"

"What is the matter with it?" asked the proprietor of the place. "Ze instrument no piay a good tune. No make a money. It is too a zad, too zlow. Pull a out ze old tune. Make a play quick muzika. Put in zat new tune, 'Pop Goes ze Weasel.' Having been assured that the instru-

ment would be enlivened forthwith, and that he might call for it in a few days, the Italian gave a parting look at the picture of Genoa in the front panel, and shambled off. When he had disappeared, a reporter who happened to be present during the above dialogue said to the fat, jovial-looking organ-maker and repairer, whose countenance bore an amusing smile:

"What is the latest agony in handorgan music, or, in other words, what are to be the tunes that will set all New York crazy this fall?"

"That is a pretty hard question to answer," he replied, "as it depends very largely upon the taste and fancy of the respective musicians. Some of them what they want, and some But, as most of them leave it to me to make the selections for them, why, of course, I have to keep up with all the latest music, and I put in such tunes as I think will be most popular. That man who just went out of here is a fair illustration of how ignorant some of these men are. His organ was too sentimental for his gay nature, and he wanted a lively air or two to substitute for 'Old Hundred' or 'The Heart bowed Down.' Now someone has told him that "Pop Goes the Weasel' is the right thing. Of course, that is played out long ago, and I shall have to give him something of the same nature that is not

quite so ancient." "Do they come in often to have new tunes substituted? "O, yes; about every six months, sometimes oftener. You see it costs about \$4 or \$5 to get a new tune put in. They generally have two done at once. An ordinary street organ plays six or eight airs, and they keep changing them until they get what they like, and then very likely they will run along on the same barrel for quite a while. Some of the latest songs that will probably run this winter are Rocking the Baby, White Wings,' and the 'Cricket on the Hearth.' Then there is the 'Lullaby' and 'When Love is Young,' from that new comic opera Erminie. We get a good many songs that are popular from Engiand. 'Sweet Dreamland Faces,' Going to Market,' 'Tit for Tat' have taken very well and will, no doubt, run for sometime yet. Harrigan hasn't got out anything new as yet, but we will probably hear from him soon. In the meantime 'Baxter Avenue,' 'Denny Grady's Hack,' 'It Showered Again,' and Put on Your Bridal Veil' will still remain on the barrels. Scanlan's new songs, I expect, will take well, and I will probably put his 'Rose Song' and Gather the Myrtle with Mary' into some of these organs you see here. The 'Mikado' is beginning to get played out, and will have to take a rest. We will run the Gypsy Baron' and Little Tv-

coon' for some time yet." "Do old tunes ever revive?" "Yes, indeed. We generally give the new tunes a run for about a year, and then hang them up for a while. If they are very popular, they are sure to be wanted again."

"Is the hand-organ business on the decline?" "No, sir. There are more street organs about to-day than ever before, although you may not notice so manythe city has grown so large. The business is too good not to have plenty of recruits. A good player can always make money at it. He knows that if he goes into a fashionable neighborhood e will be regarded as a public nuisance

and be paid to move on, while in the tenement districts he is welcome and gets all the spare pennies about to remain. So, you see, in both cases he makes money.' There are several establishments in New York and vicinity that supply hand-organs to the itinerant grinder. and whether they are indictable or not as public nuisances is a question which the suffering public has refrained from | is to say, at the rate of \$70,000 a year testing. Most of the followers of this profession own their organs, but many of them rent them. A street organ is made by Sir Ashley Cooper. The three worth from \$30 to \$200, and weighs from twenty to seventy pounds. The fession in England at the present day average weight, however, is about thir- are Sir William Jenner, the court phyty pounds. They will last, if properly | sician, Sir William Gull and Sir Andrew made and handled, in the neighborhood of twenty years, and can be repaired so often in the meantime that very little of

the original instrument will remain in the end. There is the greatest difference between players, and it does not follow that two men will, with the same organ make the same amount of money. A poor player will collect barely 60 or 70 cents for a day's work, while a good, bright performer, with plenty of expression, will gather in \$4 or \$5 between sunrise and sunset. The business yields on an average \$2.50 or \$3 a day.

One of the best-known organ-grinders several years ago was a young and pretty Italian girl about 20 years of age. She was strong and well built, and considering the heavy load she carried, retained a very plump and attractive figure. She did well in the business and caught as many beaus as she did pennies. Her dark eyes and gentle music proved too much for a susceptible young German, whose blonde curly hair attracted all the servant girls in the neighborhood to his father's Third avegrandfather, she came out at the end of nue grocery. The fair organ-grinder the year one of the brightest, happiest soon became aware of this attachment, and managed to sorenade the shop with a tune or two every other day. She coquetted with the young Teuton for

grocer's suit. All might have been well were it not that the bride-groom's father woke up one fine morning to find the contents of his cash-drawer and safe gone, and his son and heir with it. They had eloped, no one knew where. CINCINNATUS.

The Person Who Made the Discovery That the Office Should Seek the Man. The first person to inaugurate the baneful theory that the office should seek the man, a theory which has caused more unhappiness than any other ever advanced in the great realm of politics, was a party called Lucius Quintius, or Cincinnatus, because he wore his hair in curls, also because he had at one time resided in Cincinnati. In the fail of 458 B. C., after a long. dry season and a prolonged and futile bull movement in which Cincinnatus

went forth to summer fallow the west field, hoping by that process and a judicious rotation in crops to head off the chinch bug and the bears. He was a good deal depressed mentally and physically. He had been trying to break a new pair of wild and fractious 4-yearold steers, and it had required a good deal of firmness and perspiration to accomplish this. He had not yet fully succeeded, in fact, for every little while the steers would light out for the marsh at a high rate of speed and Cincinnatus would have to follow them through the dewberry patch in his bare legs, for Cincinnatus did not wear pantaloons

winter or summer. I have given the reader a good view of Cincinnatus, as I remember him, in the accompanying drawing, which I have made in order that those who wish may see the features of the most celebrated politician of all time. He was the man who first advanced the doctrine that the office should seek the man, and ever since that time it is no uncommon thing to see a man holding on by the plow-handles and looking over his shoulder, expecting that a good office will climb the fence pretty soon and kidnap him.

Here, then, is Cincinnatus, the man who first made this discovery. The artist has happily caught the expression of this eminent man just as the office is solved to sell his life as dearly as possible. He will yield at last, however, and tear himself away from his precocious steers.

In the distance, too far off in fact to work into this issue of the paper, is the toga of Cincinnatus. It is hanging on a tall pole as a flag where he has used it to "sight" across the field while he struck out a long furrow. To look at the furrow few would believe that the great dictator had intended to strike The artist has caught the true idea in

man and general in the pose of a thoughtful and philanthropical man who has fully decided that at the prevailing price of wheat he would carefully and prayerfully consider any overtures that might be made by those having the good of the people at heart. Cincinnatus was an austere man of the patrician style of architecture and carefully roached his hair, as well as

this picture and shows the great states-

the tail of his Roman mule. He was imperious in the extreme and courted an investigation on whenever the papers got after him. He was the pioneer in this line. The day came at last when a dark horse was needed and the chairman of the Roman central committee went to Cincinnatus to seek out the great man. The chairman is just getting over the

barbed-wire fence and the eminent Roman agriculturist has at that moment got his eye on him, as our artist rapidy transfers the portrait to canvas. It is but the work of a moment to unvoke old Brin and Bally and accept the office of dictator. Putting on his toga, the great man began to dietate in less than forty-eight hours. He went to the house, washed his hands in a tin basin of cistern water, with soft soap, put some fresh fine-cut in the inside pocket of his toga, and was drawing a salary on the following Monday at 9 o'clock. The first thing he did was to call for more troops. He then marched against the enemy and captured everybody. He

then returned, having been dictator sixteen days at \$2 per day. He drew his pay and resigned to accept the portfolio of buckwheater on his own We have no American to-day who could accept the command of our regular army, whip the Apaches, and be back on the farm in sixteen days. And yet Cincinnatus conquered a hostile nation, paid the public debt, and got home in time to do his fall plowing.

If we read the history of Cincinnatus carefully and look thoughtfully at his equestrian portrait as it is here presented we are forced to admit that he was either one of the greatest men of whom we know or that he wrote the matter up himself for one of the Roman magazines. - Bill Nyc, in Chicago News.

WELL-PAID DOCTORS.

"Do London doctors earn more than queen's counsei?" As a rule they do not, but the incomes of the three leading physicians and those of the three leading lawyers are about equal-that each. The largest sum ever earned in one year by a doctor was \$100,000, men at the head of the medical pro-Clark. Just lately the last-named has obtained considerable notoriety. He was induced to visit a very wealthy lady at Nice, and he received the unprecedented fee of \$25,000. One-fifth of

this amount he retained as a remuneration for his services, and the remainder he divided between two charitable institutions connected with his profession. Speaking of fees, there is a tale told of a rich colonial gentleman living in Kent who had the misfortune to take a slight cold. Not satisfied with his local medical attendant, he desired to have Gull down from London in consultation. Gull happened to be away, and Sir William Jenner came instead. He was duly paid his fee of \$375 for the visit. The patient, feeling no better, then sent to Edinburg to a leading doctor of that city, who traveled the four hundred miles in order to see him, and in ordinary course received a guinea for every mile, that was four hundred guineas, or \$2,100. Again the patient felt no better, and this time Gull was summoned and attended.

"I suppose," suggested the local practitioner, "you will pay Gull what you paid Jenner-£75. "Nonsense," indignantly retorted the sick gentleman, "I am not going to pay Gull less than I did the Scotchman," and he drew a check for \$2,100. Before he got rid of his cold he had paid

\$7,000 in fees. Gull himself relates a story of an eccentric patient upon whom, in the days

when chloroform or ether was never used, he performed a difficult operation. from which the old gentleman recovered. But he refused to pay Gull his fees, and, as the doctor left the bedroom in an enraged state, the old man snatched off his night cap, and, flinging

it at him, cried: "Take that; I'll give you nothing more!"
Gull picked up the night-cap, and, cooling down in his brougham, he comnenced to rip up the lining. Concealed therein he found a crisp Bank of England note for £1,000. This story, by the way, has also been told of several other eminent doctors. Gull began life in an bumble way as assistant to a hospital lecturer at thirty-tive shillings per week. When admitted to practice his first years' fees amounted to \$135, but he himself says that each year they increased by one-third. He is a man of dry humor. Once the Bishop of Derry consulted him, and the great doctor gravely said:

"You must go to Nice, my lord." "Oh, I can't go to Nice. I'm too

was the doctor's retort. "Oh, then," quickly added the divine, "I'll go to Nice." "I will not question your judgment." replied Gull. "As a right reverend pre-

late you ought to know which is the preferable place." Sir Andrew Clark is Gladstone's physician. He accompanied him on the cruise the premier took with Tennyson, and again last year to Norway. He does not do this as a personal tribute, but as a matter of professional duty. Gladstone is very testy, faddy and auto ratic. Clark is equally tirm. Lady Clark is quite incensed when Giadstone orders her husband to spend with him those two months of the year when she great physician is accustomed to have the most leisure. It is said that Jenner and Gull are chosen to attend royal patients in preference to Clark because the latter is so closely identified with Gladstone. - London Cor. Philadelphia

Water Supply Service Pipes

"As regards size of service pipes for versal custom of plumbers is to put in pipes of insufficient caliber. Instead of following the principle of 'small waste pipes and ample supply pipes' the usual foolish practice is to use waste pipes of too large and supply pipes of too small bore, thus working a two-fold harm. Again, it is too often the case that no proper consideration is paid to the adastment of the various sizes of distribution pipes in a building. This question has a special bearing on high buildings and large office, factory or warehouse structures. In the case of ordinary twostory and attic dwellings the matter is not of great importance; yet even with these a certain saving may be effected by proportioning the different parts of a line of service pipe to the duty it has to perform, in other words by making a line of pipe and its branches of such sizes that no matter how many faucets are opened on different floors simultancously water will flow freely through each of them. Every householder knows what an annovance it is to try to fill a wash-bowl or a bath-tub when water is being drawn at some fixture on the floor below. This whole question belongs essentially to the science of hydraulies, and to solve the problem successfully requires a close study of the laws governing the flow of water through pipes of various areas and under variable heads or pressures. Houses piped scientifically are not often to be found. The average mechanic or socalled 'practical man' has too profound a distrust or contempt for everything savoring of theory to be induced to look up this question which is, in its results, decidedly a practical one."—William

Paul Gerhard, in Good Housekeeping. Buggy Tracks in Calhoun County. "I live down in Calhonn, one of the few counties in Illinois that have no railroads within their borders," said a passenger on the Chicago and Alton. "In our county we have no telegraphs or telephones, and are, in fact, pretty well behind the times. Guess I have to tell you a little story to illustrate the extreme backwoods character of portions of our county. A friend of mine drove down into the wild part of the county the other day to attend to some legal business, and was there two or three days. One afternoon he met a native, who acted a little shy at first, but final-

" What ye doin' down here? "Oh,' replied my friend, jocularly, I came down to see if there was a good piece of government land that I could

" I just knowed that some stranger had come into the county,' replied the " What made you think so?"

" 'Caus t'other day I was down to Silver creek hunting and I saw some buggy tracks. The last buggy tracks I seen in Calhoun county was 'bout seven year ago, when there was another durn fool drove in here thinkin' he could homestead gov'ment land, an' not knowin that it was wuth \$40 an acre. Hain't found any land yet, have you, stranger?"-Louisville Post.

Modern Children-Little girl to her friend: "Elsa, what are you doing with the book On the False Education of Our Children'? I hope you are not reading it?" Elsa, "O, no; I merely found it in mamma's room, and took it along to lock it up so that mamm may not read such an injurious book." Fliegende Blaetter. "Mistah Johnsing, I t'ink you's suf-

ferin' wid a affexion ob de heart. Yo'

heart-beats is ter'ble irreg'lar." "Dat's

Specialty made of Collections by C. J all right, doctah; but, sah, yo' has yo' ear right gin my watch, an' it hain't varied a minit in de las' free months, sah. Wid all respec' to yo', I guess I go ter some older practitioner, sah." Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips The Misses Beard-four sisters-of Blankets, Curry Combs, Brushes, trunks Georgetown township, are among the valises, buggy tops, cushions, carriage trimmings, &c., at the lowest possible prices. Repairs premptly attended to. most enterprising and successful farmers in Floyd county, Ind. They have a beautiful farm, which they personally manage. Their herd of Jerseys is one

of the best in the state. Clerk (to art-dealer)-That \$5,000 picture doesn't seem to go at the price. dadn't we better reduce it? Art dealer -- Yes. Cross off that last naught. I'll get rid of that picture if I have to sell it at cost.—New York

Nearly 1,500,000 cases of canned goods valued at \$4,500,000, are put up will guarantee satisfaction in work. every year on the Pacific coast. notice. Our motto is, Good work and

A citizen of Schley county, Georgia, tunity to estimate for you. Shop on 13th St., one door west of Friedhof & shingles his own hair, and does it as well as the most skillful barber. Co's, store, Columbus, Nebr.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Business and professional cards of fivelines or less, per annum, five

For time advertisements, apply

at this office. La Legal advertisements at statute

EFFor transient advertising, see rates on third page. MAll advertisements payable nonthly.

REV. ROBERT WEST, editor of the Adance, died suddenly Oct. 25th at Syracuse, Ill., where he bad gone to deliver a sermon.

"I would not live always." No: not if disease is to make my life a daily burden. But it need not, good friend, and will not if you will be wise in time. How many of our loved ones are mouldering in the dust who might have been spared the largest Paid in Cash Capfor years. The slight cough was unheeded, the many symtoms of disease that lurked within were slighted and death came. Dr. Price's "Golden Medical Discovery" cannot recall the dead though it has snatched numbers from the verge of the grave, and will cure consumption in its earliest

> Figure have been dying numerously and recently in Central Park Lake, New York, the water of which has not been changed for six years.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phæbe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., lows, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, had been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness and am able to do my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for baving renewed my youth, and recovered completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50 cents, at Dowty & Heitkemper's.

LADIES are said by a late Paris publication to be carrying on Masonic lodges composed entirely of wothe completest of ceremonial.

CHAMBERLAIN'S Eye and Skin Ointment is a safe and certain cure for sore nipples, skin eruptions, scald head, tetter, piles, and all smarting, itching diseases of the skin and it is unequaled for chronic sore eyes. Sold by Dowty & Heitkemper.

SIXTY thousand tone of coal, it is estimated, are stolen every year from the cars in transit. At one station on the Erie road the theft amounts to thirty tons every night.

ITCH, Prairie Mange, and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by O. B. Stillman, druggiet, Columbus.

A HUNDRED years ago Moest and Chandon thought 6,000 bottles of champagne in one year an enormous production. Their successors-one only in many-now bottle about 200,000 dozen.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant effort to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your loathsome disease?

Queen mishaps are noted. In a field of vellow grain near Merced, Cal, the driving wheel of a barvester struck a spark from a stone, the spark set fire to the wheat, and there was an uproarious race of billows of flame.

A Gift for All.

In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colde, will be for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat, Chest or Lungs, are especially requested to call at Dowty & Heitkemper's drug store, and get a trial bottle free, large bottles \$1.

It is stated that Harrison who was Gen. Grant's body servant, and who was discharged from the Government printing office a week or two ago. has been appointed a laborer in the Paymaster General's office.

HEADACHE, billious disorders and consumption are cured by St. Patrick's Pills. They are the most pleasant and most effectual physic in use. Sold by Dowty & Heitkemper.

MARTIN, a boy living near Indianola, fell into a well the other day and was killed.

Bucklen's Arnica Saire.

The Best Salve in the world for Cute, Bruises, Sores, Uncers, Sait Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and sil Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money relanded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Donty & Heit-All kinds of repairing done on short kemper. May 17-1y

fair prices. Call and give us an oppor A PRAIRIE fire near Hatton, destroyed 50 stacks of hay.