

OFFICERs:

remember just how everything looked, as in a picture-my husband's face, with its peace-

over now; I shall hear it when the next ng sun brightens his grave. He sions of civic festivity. a friend, just then appeared on the other side of the fence, and the object of their atseemed to be the Mikado.

"It is the beginning of the end, my friends," he said. "Monsters like the Mikado die of eubrer's Jewelry Store. their own greed. They are their own execu-COLUMBUS. tioners. Had he divided his abundance with 42-1 us we would all have had a layer or so of the fat which encumbered him and brought him W. M. CORNELIUS, to grief, and he might have been alive to-day. But, no-he must have the earth. Nothing was too much for him. We had to starve that he might live. All of you can testify Upstairs Ernst building 11th street. that he lived upon the proceeds of your labor, for you scratched and he came along just as SULLIVAN & REEDER, your bite was ready for your mouth and snatched it from you, and you dared not say ATTORNEYS AT LAW. your souls were your own." "But what of the lady with the purest blood

Office on Olive street, next to Brodngerous disease. Its re LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE. Dowty & Heitkemper. Office over First National Bank, Colum-

never failing safeguard against this NEBRASKA. as a preventative and cure for croup is fully and firmly established. In fact, it is the only remedy which can always be relied upon. Sold by BALD KNOB citizens to the number of one hundred undertook to play prohibition by destroying all the whisky in Chadwick, Mo. They were stampeded, and one of them kill-

people who sit down to "groaning boards," as the reporters happily express it, upon occa-

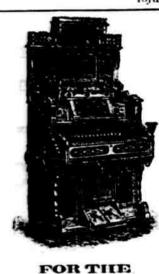
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WESTERN COTTAGE ORGAN A.&M.TURNER or G. W. KIBLER, Traveling Salesman. These organs are first-class in every particular, and so guaranteed. SCHAFFROTH & PLATH, DEALERS IN CHALLENGE MILLS AND PUMPS.



the old places; and a fleck of yellow sunlight that had fallen in through the warm south window upon the table cloth. I remember everything. I know that John had just bowed his head to ask a blessing on our food, and the children's eyes were closed, when I saw-I saw as distinctly as I see this paper upon which I write the words-a shadow fall across the empty chair.

I turned my head, and I saw him, my dead boy Willie. I know it was Willie. You need not doubt me, for I tell you I cannot be mistaken. Should not I know him, I, his mother! I looked deep, deep into his eyes. 1 saw the old, rare smile; I touched his own

bright curls upon his forehead; I spoke to him; he spoke to me. "Willie!" "Mother!"

The voice was breathless, but it was his. "Willie! Willie!" Again the old, rare smile. With one hand e motioned silence. His father's voice hushed the amen, and the children looked up and began their chatter. "Did you speak to me, Mary!" asked my

usband. "Why, I thought some one spoke during the blessing.

So they did not see him. I alone was chosen. I looked into his face, smiling, smiling down into mine so tenderly-you cannot know how tenderly; but in his eyes I sawand I thought my heart would break to see it-a certain, sad, reproachful look, that I had caught on his face once, years ago, when I accused him of injustice of some triffing, hildish fault-a look that had haunted us

in many a still hour since. And then I beard him say distinctly, though to not another our was the breathless voice audible: "I want them to be happy. I want you to

enjoy the day. Did you think I should not be with you, mother ?" He was with me, thank God, and I was happy. I talked, I laughed, I chatted with the children: their merriment increased with mine; my husband's pale face lighted up; i felt my own eyes sparkling. And all the while, where they saw only that empty chair, I saw the beautiful, still face and happy smile. I saw him pleased with the old fa-

miliar customs. I saw him mindful of the children's jests. I saw his eyes full of their own home love, turn from one to another and back again to me-1 saw and 1 was content. All that day he was beside me. He followed us into the sitting room and took his old seat by the cozy tire. He listened to his father's stories and watched the children at their games, and joined us when we gathered around the plano for our twilight song. I heard his voice; the children asked what

ul smile, and the children grouped around in wished us to be happy; I know he was with us. I think he always will be. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

calling in the poor and the weary, the blind | way, and the lame, even as the old Puritans called in Massasoit and ninety other savages. Rich in blessings and reverend in years, may good old Thanksgiving last with the continent. knitting closer the ties of family and friendship; its cheerfulness beaming like the smile

THE MIKADO'S FATE.

of a patriarch; its chority burning like a cen-

tral fire, warming all the year and lighting

up every dark day of care and sorrow.

▲ THANKSGIVING TRAGEDY.

It was about the first of November that the big turkey, the Mikado of the farmvard, was given a house all to himself and everybody waited upon him in the most untiring manner. At first he was somewhat astonished at so marked a change in his fortunes. Such extraordinary consideration as he now received at everybody's hands amazed him for a time, but he soon settled it in his mind entirely to his satisfaction. "Ho! ho!" he said. "Ha! ha! They have

to my pleasure!"

murmured against it.

just learned my worth. I have always known that I was a great genius, with a brain as big as a wash tub, and I think the other turkeys, poor insignificant things, and the chickens, sorry creatures, knew it also. At least, they have all shown a wholesome respect for my power, but I must admit that I have been AN OUTSIDE THANKSGIVING SCENE. slow to impress the people with my importance. It has come at last, however. See A HUMBLE THANKSGIVING. how they truckle to me, kow-tow to me, supply my every want almost before it is felt. We cannot show a grand array and make menials of themselves to cater

Of toothsome things Thanksgiving Day The day so very bear; Our little pantry will not boast Delicious viands by the host To every palate dear. 'Neath weight of all the good things known Our little table will not groan, No, not the very least: Our little home will not be blest With many a welcome, joyous guest To help us at the feast. Yet, notwithstanding what we lack, We'll not regretfully look back

And sigh for better days; But we will fill in every part The spacious store rooms of our heart With gratitude and praise We'll count our present blessings o'er, And we shall find they number more Than all our trials do:

Our happy, thoughtful hearts shall to Delightful gnests-right royally They will reward us, too. To seats we once did occupy

We'll not look up with wistful eye And covetous unrest; But bending low down our gase To poorer homes, to sadder ways, Thank God we are so blest.

Thank God that though our home is small It still contains the dear ones all, Rich in affection's wealth: Thank God we have enough to eat,

Thank God we feel the fire's warm glow, While many cold and fireless go In many a cheerless home. Oh, yes, most gratefully we'll lift Our souls to God for every gift, And trust for all to come

Thus 'round our frugal little board, With cheerful hearts we'll praise the Lord And keep the jubilee: Nor shall there anywhere be found. Within this nation's utmost bound,

FANNY PERCIVAL.

THE CHILDREN COMING IN FROM PLAY.

Dear old Thanksgiving! Long and long may | slow to show his appreciation of the dishis hospitable board be spread. Long and tinction, either. He strutted and gobbled long may he stand, benignant, at his door, | in the most pompous and self-gratulatory



THE MIKADO AT THE FEAST.

"Isn't he magnificent?" said the visitor. "I should think he would weigh nearly twenty pounds. Oh, isn't he a treasure? The Mikado heard this remark and almost

fainted with delight. "Ah," he thought, "I was right in always believing myself an important personage. I hear it now from the lips of those who have heretofore pretended to be my superiors." "What do you feed him on?" asked the visitor.

"Oat meal scalded in hot milk and various little dainties. It's a joy to see him eat." At this the Mikado felt himself bursting

with pride. "My daughter is to be married on Thanksgiving day, and he is to be the great feature of the table," said the hostess. "Oh, my," thought the Mikado, "won't that

be fine?" I am to tigure at a wedding, to be the great feature of the whole proceeding, it seems. 1 must order something nice to wear." The cat on the fence post also heard, but she only licked her lips and smiled knowingly. The days went on and the Mikado only grew fatter and more domineering every hour, and the other fowls became more and more cast down.

This he said to himself as he walked by himself. The other citizens of the farmyard On Thanksgiving morning his doors were looked at him with glowering faces and the opened and he was invited to come forth. bitterness of envy in their hearts. He This was the day on which he was to receive had always tyrannized over them, and they greater honors than ever, and he waddled hated him with a hatred all the more out, cumbered by his excessive flesh with deadly because it was concealed under the more arrogance than usual. He was a little mask of respect. Now, though he had never surprised when the hired man grabbed him by the legs and suddenly inverted him. It done a humane or generous thing in his life, was an undignified attitude for a bird of his they beheld hun housed and feasted like a king, with the sauce of admiration served up plumage, to say the least; but he reflected a moment and concluded that it was but fitto him every hour. They couldn't under-

ting, after all, for a creature of his distincstand it; they saw no justice in it, and they tion to be carried, and of course this awkward fellow didn't know how to carry him gracefully or even comfortably. He had no time to frame other thoughts, for in a moment more the hired man had assassinated him, and his head was lying on one side of the chopping block and his body

on the other. His late envious associates ran in all directions, chilled with horror, nor were they seen again that day. He graced the feast, to be sure, he was the great feature of it, but not in the capacity he had so conceitedly antici-

pated. Instead of the fine suit of fashionable garments he had expected to be arrayed in. he appeared shorn of his feathers, with his skin cruelly browned and his legs cut off at the knees, a sorry and humbled Mikado, surely.

In a short time his very memory was forgotten, or recalled only with a sneer, or to be cited as an example of what conceit will bring any one to. The day after Thanksgiving there was a

little talk over his head and his bones, which were found in a ditch by his despised comrades. His fate was a lesson to them. "After all," said one, "we might have

known that such a sudden rise into affluence could hode no good. Up like a rocket and down like a stick, you know." "Do you remember my words," said the cat, who came strolling along, bulging in

body more than usual from having enjoyed extraordinary Thanksgiving blessings. "I equal before the law there will be none of told you to envy no one; that it was a

of Asia in her veins?" asked a dapper young bus, Nebraska, cock. "I haven't seen her to-day () D. EVANS, M. D., "Nor have I," said a dozen voices. Here the cat spoke again. " I am sorry to say that our fair friend has shared the Mikado's fate. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. The chief cause of pride with her proved her Office and rooms, Gluck building,

Ith street, Telephone communication.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Columbus, Nebraska.

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Parties desiring surveying done

W. H. Tedrow, Co Supt.

I will be at my office in the Court House

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HERMAN NATENSTEDT,

Platte Center, Nebraska.

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April 7, '86-tf

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ruin. Her good blood gave her a fine figure, and the people of this country are a flesh-eat-ing race. They have no scruples against eat-ing any of you who are so unfortunate as to possess sweet, clean flesh. So you see that it HAMILTON MEADE, M. D., never safe to boast.'

"Oh, dear; what a difficult and dangerou world to live in!" said all in one voice. The old house dog, who was fond of Shakes peare, came on the scene, sniffed contemptu-ously at the Mikado's bones, and said: "Alas! he lived for self, and now none are so poor as to do him reverence.

GERTRUDE GARRISON

13th street, east of Abt's barn. R. J. CHAS. WILLY, DEUTSCHER ARZT, GOffice 11th Street. - Consultations n English, French and German. 22-6m DOWELL HOUSE,

PLATTE CENTER, NEB. Just opened. Special attention given A THANKSGIVING NIGHTMARE to commercial men. Has a good sample oom. Sets the best table. Give it a trial and be convinced. FOR WHAT SHALL WE BE THANKFUL! **TOHN EUSDEN**,

Old. Oft Repeated Questions, and Their Unfashionable Artuers. "For what shall we be thanktui?" say the

sorrowing. "Grief abideth with us, and in our hearts is the bitterness of continued can address me at Columbus, Neb., or call at my office in Court House. trouble. "For what shall we be thankful?" say the

poor. "The earth overflows with - l-uty, but NOTICE TO TEACHERS. we are destitute. Cold and his er is our portion, and want is our companion all the days of the year."

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the hopeless. "The days go on, but they bring us no joy. The sun and the moou traverse the heavens without warming our chilled hearts

or lighting our dark pathway." "For what shall we be thankfulf" say the disappointed. "Wherever we turn, there, waiting to dishearten us, luris discount-

ment. When we rise he it is they makes up Chronic Diseases and Diseases of again to fall." "For what shall we be thankful?" say the tempted, the mistaken, the fallen. "Our Office on Olive street, three door temptations have overcome us; our mistakes north of First National Bank. have destroyed us; our sins have crushed us.

MCALLINTER BROS., For us there is nothing left but wretchedness." "For what shall we be thankful?" say the haffled. When we strive we fail; when we

pray no answer comes; when we hope our hopes are never realized; when we love our loves are lost to us." "For what shall we be thankful?" say the Office up-stairs in McAllister's building, 11th St. W. A. McAllister, Notary Public.

bereaved. "Death has robbed us and left us moaning. Our sore hearts caunot take up the cry of rojoicing, for we weep uncomforted.

"For what shall we be thankful!" sick. "We suffer and know no ease. We are full of anguish night and day." "For what shall we thankful?" say the persecuted. "Our enemies outnumber us; our burdens are greater than we can bear."

"For what shall we thankful?" say the weary, the wounded, the forsaken, the heavy Columbus.

"HE who is false to present duty." says Henry Ward Beecher, "breaks a thread in the loom, and may find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause." A case in point occurs to us. Mr. Wm. Ryder, of 87 Jefferson street, Buffalo, N. Y., recently told a reporter that, "I had a large asbcess on each leg, that kept continually discharging for twenty years. Noth-BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER, ing did me any good except Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery.' It cured me." Here is a volume expressed in a few words. Mr. Ryder's experience is entitled to our readers' careful consideration .- The Sun

> A REVISED report of the corn crop has been taken, which shows a yield of 1,668,000,000 bushels, an average of 22 to the acre.

> 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 C. B. Stillman, druggist, Columbus.

Hog cholers is again making sad ravages in York county.

Greatly Excited.

Not a few of the citizens of Columbus have recently become greatly excited over the astonnding facts, that several of their friends who had been pronounced by their physicians as incurable and beyond all hope-suffering that dreaded monster Consumption -- have been completely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the only remedy hat does positively cure all throat and lung diseases, Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis. Trial bottle free at Dowty & Heitkemper's Drug Store, large bottles \$1. ANDREW FRICLE, of Sarpy county, has six hogs that weigh together 4,200 pounds.

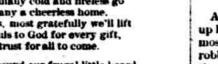
Fifty Cents is the price of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, the safest and best Cough Medicine in the market. Sold by Dowty & Heitkemper.



THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING. rapidly creating an aristocracy of sex. In the future when male and female are both

Purely Paritan Festival of Rejoici

A happier family.



Thank God for clothing warm and ueat, Thank God for perfect health.

"OH, I AM THE GREAT MIKADO. A poor, hard working hen who had brought up her family by the strictest economy and

most faithful industry, and who had been robbed of her last bite again and again by

the heartless Mikado, spoke her mind about "It's an outrage," she said, "an outrage on

all decent fowls to see that brute of a Mikado in clover up to his comb while the rest of us scratch from morning till night merely to keep life in our bodies. Such things are

