COLUMBUS

STATE BANK.

COLUMBUS, NEB.

\$75,000. Cash Capital

DIRECTORS: LRANDER GERRARD, Pres't. GEO, W. HULST, Vice Pres't. JULIUS A. REED.

J. E. TASKER, Cashier.

Bank of Deposit, Discount and Exchange.

R. H. HENRY.

Collections Promptly Made on all Points.

Pay Interest on Time Depos-

COLUMBUS

LOAN & TRUST COMPANY.

Capital Stock,

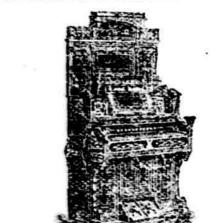
_ o __ OFFICERS: A. ANDERSON, Pres't.

O. W. SHELDON, Vice Pres't. O. T. ROEN, Treas. ROBERT UHLIG, Sec Will receive time deposits, from \$1.00

and any amount upwards, and will pay the cus-We particularly draw your attention to

our facilities for making loans on real estate, at the lowest rate of interest.

City, School and County Bonds, and individual securities are bought.



FOR THE **WESTERN COTTAGE ORGAN**

A. & M.TURNER Or G. W. KIBLER.

Traveling Salesman. These organs are first-class in every par icular, and so guaranteed.

SCHAFFROTH & PLATH,

CHALLENGE

-DEALERS IN-

MILLS.

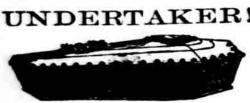
AND PUMPS.

Buckeye Mower, combined, Self Binder, wire or twine.

Pumps Repaired on short notice

One door west of Heintz's Drug Store, 11th

HENRY GASS.



COFFINS AND METALLIC CASES

AND DEALER IN

Purniture, Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus Tables, Safes. Lounges, &c., Picture Frames and Mouldings.

Repairing of all kinds of Upho COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

CAVEATS, THADE MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS

Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON.

Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge; and make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT.

We rater here to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Monsy Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circulars, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or locality, write to

I sing a song of the yesterdays,
With the burden of many tears,
And the song has the sound of a funera
knell,
That struck with the chimes of a wedding

"Haven't I?" Isabel laughed one of her rippling little laughs, which was almost a caress. "I've been clever in extracting promises from you, at any rate."

irresistibly her smile, as he laid a shapely brown hand on her shoulder, and he said: "I love you very dearly,

"Poor fellow!" Isabel utilized one of her patient smiles. "Pay all and get

you? And you don't love anyone else better-"his face grew dark and stern as he spoke-"I couldn't endure that." Isabel thought of these words as she half confessed to Maggie a lingering tenderness for Robert Stanope, and a half resolve formed itself to tell Mr. Stuart she did not love him and give herself back her freedom. But the thought of relinquishing her triumph as mistress of Shockoe, of all of Mr. Stuart's immense fortune, was too

The wedding was over, the congratulations had been offered, the lunch had been served, and Isabel looking very charming in her much-talk-of-go-away gown, was chattering merrily with her bridesmaids in the hall as her brother approached her looking greatly annoyed, and said, with some hesitation:

"Isabel, Mr. Stuart has had a telegram; he must go to Nevada at once. wishes you to decide for yourself whether you will go or stay. You are free to do as you choose.'

"What did he say, Phil?" she repeated again and again. "Surely he cannot expect---'

"No: he doesn't expect anything." The company had withdrawn to the parlors and brother and sister Maggie said nothing, but the strong stood alone, only Maggie Sterns was near-and more than certain what

> "How can I decide anything all in moment—somebody help me—Maggie, tell me what to do." turned appealingly to her friend, but Maggie only shook her head. This was a case she must assume herself. "Do you suppose he thinks I ought to go, Phil?" she asked suddenly; "but why can't he wait?"

"Because he can't, I suppose," her brother said, bluntly. "He must go at once. Come, it's train time; say quick---'

it, please till to-morrow." "Let me see him off at least."

"No use: train's off-I hear the whistle. Poor fellow," Phil could not help saying-"I believe he half thought you'd come, but the letter was "He has no principle," Isabel's written in case you should not."

handed his sister ran thus:

"When you read this I shall be many miles away. I was an insevertent listener to your conversation yesterday evening, which revealed more to me than even you yourself are conscious of, perhaps. To associate with you daily with suspicion in my heart would make life a torture to us both. Therefore I go away, feeling that this is most what you desire, and wishing only to conform to what would be for your happiness. You have what your ambition craved—John Stuart's fortune and the protection of his name. It is believing that his life can be best spent looking to your happiness with the breadth of the States between us that I go. I believe that I know you too well to fear to have the guarding of my good old name from a faint breath of scandal in your keeping. I enjoin that you go at once to Shockoe—where I, alas! had thought to be so happy—that you live there as befits John Stuart's wife. You will find at your banker's carte-blanch to draw as you wish. I shall write you regularly, and require of you a similar recognition of our relations.

"P. S.—Let not thought of duty, or less convenances, induce you to seek to follow me. If your inclination had ever faintly prompted thereto you would have gone with me and this would have been burned undelivered. I wish no unwilling allegiance. You owe me nothing. I have, as you said yesterday, a mistress for Shockoe and you have a satisfied ambition."

"Do you suppose he is marrying me the wonder of Peream spent itself in vain imaginings and the strange absence of Mr. Stuart ceased to be the constant topic. After the first few months it was rarely mentioned to his wife, whose life at Shockoe was a ceaseless round of gayety, which Peream concluded rather questionable taste in view of her husband's prolonged absence. She was usually gay and apparently careless when the mat ter was mentioned, but rather avoided explanations, dubbed herself the grasswidow, but generally managed to mention items of news from her husband's letters when friends whose judgment

she might value called. personally, never remotely hinting at his inner self, but filled with charming accounts of western scenes and life. odd characters and incidents of the mining world, and Isabel gradually realized that her husband, whom she had seemed scarcely to know, was unusually clever, endowed with a brillant imagination and very caustic wit. relations to one another beyond that implied in exacting his weekly letter: nor did he remotely hint at his ever

returning to Peream. Isabel had spent the winter smid the gayeties of St. Louis and Washington Stanope in Peream.

went away," he said, gallantly, leaning over the doorway of Mrs. Stuart's handsome carriage—and offering its occupant the hand from which he had just drawn a dainty glove-"a charm-ing violet, but the fairies have transformed it to a magnificent lilv. Let me claim an old friend's privilege, Mrs. Stuart, and say that you are

handsomer than ever.' The weeks flew by. Robert Stanope was a daily visitor at Shockoe. He rode with its mistress or her guests, rowed them on the river, devised

means of entertaining for ner, was ever ready with attentions, and sometimes vaguely hinted at the hard fate which had debarred him from competing for the prize that alone could have made life worth living, which Isabel was accustomed to receive with

a jest or comment on his lazy life and habits, and wonder why she had so completely, even before his return, outgrown what she now denominated her "penchant for Robert Stanope." The new year's ball was at its height, and very beautiful Isabel Stu-art looked in her long shimmering

Satin gown, her only ornament a medallion, in diamonds which were the old Stuart heir-looms. She was resting in a corner of the conservatory, watching the distant dancing, and her companion was absorbed with her beauty. At length he said: "Isabel, I am going away to-mor-

row; do you know what it feels like to say good-by to-to all that is dearest "I think that, like the poor, you

have always with you," Isabel replied, carelessly turning her head "Don't jest eternally, Isabel," Rob-

ert Stanope cried, impatiently. "I wish you to speak earnestly, and I want you to listen." "You were jesting then about go ing?" she said. laughing, enjoying his

"Would you care to know that was?" Robert Stanope, asked, tender-"Why should I care? You are useful to me in entertaining my guests, but I think I prefer you should go, so

far, at least, as I have interest in the "It is to assure myself of the extent of that interest that I have brought you here tonight." With warm eargerness in his voice, and drawing his chair closer to hers: "I feel that you

love me. Isabel." Astonishment and indignation for a few seconds sealed his companion's lips, then:

words," she broke forth. "How dare stairs and out into the street this mornyou address such language to me?" "I dare upon the right my love and your permission of it give," he said,

"I deny your right either to insult or love me," Isabel said indignantly, as tears of mortification sprang to her

"Why have you allowed me to visit von for six months daily? You cannot afford much indignation if I have misunderstood you. Peream would see the ridiculous side of it, you know. "Peream?

"Have you supposed Peream had its eves shut?" he asked, angrily. "But, pshaw! its ridiculous if you pretend not to know that our names are to-The fact that no letters have come recently with an Elko postmark has added to the interest.' Isabel stood silent. Her power of

speech seemed to have forsaken her. At length she said, in a strained, unnatural tone: "Do you really mean it? I should least have expected this from you, Robert Stanope," she concluded, turn-

ing suddenly toward him. "Why from me?" the young man said quickly. "Do I not love you? Was it for me to dictate the proprieties to Mrs. Stuart?" he said, mock ingly. "Oh, Isabel, why did I give you up?" his tone suddenly changed to a pleading one. "I feel senseless with agony in the thought of parting from you. How can I go? You cared

for me once. You do care-"I despise you!" she burst forth in angry indignation. "I must greatly have descended since you dare to address me thus. Perhaps I owe this to some of Peream's scandal - loving tongues. It may be that to them, too, I owe the loss of my one chief joy, my husband's letters. It is true I no longer receive them. I may never see him again, I cannot tell how far the poison is buried, but I can tell you that John Stuart though dead to me

perhaps, has all the love of his wife's As Mrs. Stuart said good-by to her guests that evening she announced, in an incidental, careless fashion, that she was saying good-by for a longer space than usual; she would start the next day but one for Nevada. She was tired of her widowhood, and since her husband had not come to her she had resolved to go to him. Day was breaking in the east when the last carriage rolled away, and Isabel, feeling heavy of heart yet firm in her new re solve, paused for a moment over the dying hall fire before beginning her

busy day of preparation. Suddenly a deep, strange, yet famil iar voice broke the stillness, and a pair of strong arms were around her, as their owner said:

"Thank God, I can at last claim my wife. I reached Peream yesterday. I could not endure it longer without seeing you, yet should have gone back undiscovered but for your sweet condelight of feeling that my wife really loves me! My little grass-widow, who never shall be one any more-Isabel. have you a word of greeting for me? And will you forgive me for eavesdropping? I had only meant to see you and go away again—I could not retreat, and was obliged to hear what alone could have given me permission day?" "Ah," said the reformer, to claim my wife!

Mr. Tilden frequently invested in railroad stocks whenever there was a decline in the market or a chance to get in on the ground floor in a deal. It nettled him, however, to be considered repudiate the characterization and say "I am an investor, not a speculator. buy when I consider stocks are a good purchase; then I decide on the figure I will sell at, just as a grocer marks his selling price, and I sell whenever I can get my price, without reference to the market."

"Lincoln county, Minn.," says the Duluth Herald, "supports but pauper, but from the fact that the county board recently allowed him \$6.55 to pay his barber's bill, we take

A geological survey of Lower Cali-

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Your Honor," pleaded the conlemned man, "will you put my execution for Thursday instead of Friday?" "Why?" inquired the judge. "Because Friday is such an unlucky day.' _New York Sun.

Wife-"I don't see how you can say that Mr. Whitechoker has an effeminate way of talking. He has a very pud voice." Husband—"I mean by an effeminate way of talking, my dear, that he talks all the time."—Harper's

married couple to plant trees shortly after the ceremony of marriage. The pine and the weeping willow are pre-scribed, but the birch is allowed as being prospectively useful.-Providence

is nothing you can think of that God could not if He wished." Johnnie (an unwitting evolutionist)-"Could He make me a 2-year-old colt in ten minutes?"-New York Tribune.

yesterday. Thought you'd like to see it before it was dressed." Carrie-"Indeed, I shouldn't. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to think of such a thing!"—Boston Transcript. "Yes," he said to the young lady

whose good opinion he was anxious to capture. "Yes, indeed, I believe that young men should be economical." "So do I," she ardently replied; "but then fried oysters occasionally can hardly be called extravagance."-Philadelphia Call.

Mrs. Wayback (to husband, who has brought home a verse of poetry with the author's signature attached)-Is this fust class poetry, John? Mr. Wayback (enthusiastically)-Fust class poetry? I should say it was. I got that in a dime museum, Mariar. The feller wrote it with his toes .- Life.

Wealthy merchant_"What' You ing, you impudent fellow." Peddler -"Ish dot so? Vat a splendid memory! I had forgotten all apout it. Don't you vant to puy a fedder duster pefore you kick me out some more?" -Texas Siftings.

friend," said the President. "Yes. sir," replied the applicant. "Your recommendations say you have done some effective work at the polls. In what way?" "In the line of my regular business sir." "Your regular business?" "Yes, sir; I am a barber."-Pittsburg Chronicle.

Landlord-"Why, how is this? This is no marine piece. It is almost an exact representation of the interior of my saloon." Artist-"I meant it gether in every mouth in the town. for that." "But I told you to paint schooners crossing the bar."-Phila-

They were married and she was all the time. You took me for better or worse, didn't you?" "No, I didn't." she replied, savagely; "I took you because there wasn't anybody else to take."-Washington Critic.

"What kept you so late last night, Archibald?" demanded Mrs. Spotcash. "Takin' inventory," replied Spotcash.
"I knowed it," she replied; "smelled it on your breath the minute you came in. You'll keep on takin' it till you get in the lockup and disgrace your family, and then I hope you'll be satisfied."-Chicago Ledger. "My dear," said a congressman to

his wife, "I have just been reading a medical work, and I have discovered that water does not decay dead bodies." "Indeed," she replied, with some insinuation, "that's nothing. It won't decay live bodies, either, if they don't use any more of it than some persons I know of." - Washington Critic. She (to young poet)-How much do

logy)—"Where is your heart, dear?"
Mabel—"Here." Professor — "And
where is your liver?" Mabel (indignantly)-"I haven't any. Cows have Professor-"O, yes, you

-my darling. How can I bear the astonishment)-"My country! Why he was rather preoccupied, and watcham an Ame

"Now take it home to yourself," said a jolly fellow who believes in personal liberty to a disagreeable crank who wants to make the world good by legeslative enactment; "how would you like to go without a drink Sun-

A lonely Skating-Rink met a Todole together. I have been there myself."-Philadelphia Call.

Woman (to tramp)-"You might saw a little wood for that nice dinner." Tramp (reproachfully)-"Madam, you ought not to throw temptation in the way of a poor man." Womanstay so."-Harper's Bazar.

cidentally shot himself in the leg? Ion or authority over their daughter.
Witness—I did. Lawyer—Was the It has a likeness to a Jewish custom

the bass viol-ator of other people's rights has long since sunk into insig-A Swiss law compels every newly

> Mr. Crane-Fallon (the eminent exponent of palmistry) _ My dear madam, your hands seem to indicate that you at some period of your life experienced a great sorrow followed by a great joy. Mrs. Nevada-How wonderfully correct! I got that scar from my first husband's razor in '49. He was trying to cut his throat, don't you know, and in spite of all I could do he succeeded .- Tid-Bits.

> A Curious Life Poem. Mrs. H. A. Deming, of San Francisco, is said to have occupied a year in hunting up and fitting together the fol-lowing thirty-eight lines from thirtyeight English poets. The names of

die— -The cradie and the tomb, alas! so high, To be is better far than not to be.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
But light cares speak when mighty cares

are dumb, 8—The bottom is but shallow whence they 9—Your fate is but the common fate of all;

given. 17—Sin may be clasped so close we can not see dear; 20—Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear; 21—Her sensual snares, let faithless pleasure lay
22—With craft and skill to ruin and betray;
23—Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
24—We masters grow of all that we despise.
25—O, then renounce that impious self-es-

tell; 34—That man lives twice who lives the first 35—Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend, 36—Whom Christians worship, yet not compre-37-The trust that's given guard, and to your-

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson: 3, Pope: 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13. Rochester; 14, Armstrong: 15, Milton; 16, Baily; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Grav; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Wat kins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason;

It has been ascertained, with regard to the Imperial institute, that the site of about five acres recently secured for the new Admirality of War Offices is valued at £820,000, or rather over £160,000 per acre; that now vacant in Charles street, opposite the India office, is less than an acre, and would cost at least £125,000; probably another acre might be secured by private contract, so that the value of a limited site in this position would not be less

than £250,000. It has been suggested that a single acre not far from Charing Cross might be obtained for £224,000. Two and a half acres on the Thames embankment have been offered for £400.000. and it is stated that six acres may be procured from Christ's Hospital at £600,000. Another good central position has been suggested, consisting of ley? I see that Sir Walter Scott got, two and a half acres, which has been valued at £668,000.

This explanation is offered for falling back on the site which belongs to the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851.—Court Journal.

Judge Hoar's Funny Blunder.

Judge Hoar, one of the legal lights at the trial of the Andover professors, is said to be an absent-minded man. He is also said to be a little harsh and abrupt at times. As the story goes, he listened intently to the argument of Prof. Dwight yesterday, and with the

Close to the hat-rack is a large mirror reaching to the floor. Judge Hoar carelessly placed his hat on the rack. and, lowering his head and muttering and gesticulating to himself, turned abruptly about and saw a figure in the mirror. He paused for a moment, and waited for the other fellow in the mirror to pass. The other fellow did not pass, and the Judge shouted angrily. Isn't there room enough for you to

His friends burst into laughter, and he was the victim of a huge joke, joined in the sport .- Boston Record. Why Shoes Are Thrown at Weddings.

mentioned in the Bible. Thus in Deugun leaded? Witness-I don't know. teronomy we read that when the brother Lawyer—Now, then, will you please state to the jury how he shot himself? widow she asserted her independence Witness-Well, I suppose that the blamed old gun was like a lawyer's Ruth, when the kinsman of Boaz gave mouth—went off whether there was anything in it or not.—New York Sun. and to Ruth also he indicated his as-Once was the time when the boss of sent by placking off his shoe and the bull fiddle in the theater orchestra giving it to Boaz. It was also the cuswas the worst-hated man in the estab- tom of the middle ages to place the lishment, because of his facility in hid- husband's shoe on the head of the nuping the stage from the parquet. But tial couch, in token of his domination.

> Acoustics is always singular. Cut bias, and not cut on the bias. Allow should not be used for admit. Come to see me, and not come and

'Almost nothing" is absurd.

The burden of a song means the refrain or chorus, not its sense or mean-

verb think, meaning seem, and the dative me; and is literally rendered, It seems to me. Admire should not be followed with the infinitive. Never say, as many do,

Allude is now frequently misused when a thing is named, spoken of or described. It should only be used when anything is hinted at in a playful or passing manner. "Allusion is the by-play of language."

A Primitive Turkish Bath.

"The first time I tried a Mexican sweat bath," said Col. Joe. Shelly, the famous scout, "I thought I would die, but I shut my teeth together, and said I can stand it as long as you can, old march on a hot day. The Indians fix ed a tepee until it was air-tight, heated a rock and then rolled it into the tepee. One by one we crawled into it after having stripped off our clothing. Some of the Indians didn't have much on, and then we packed together as closely as sardines in a box. I thought would melt. Every few minutes the high lord executioner or master of ceremonies would talk Indian and throw a little water out of a can on the rock. This would fill the room with steam. It seemed an age before they let me go, but I guess it wasn't more than half an hour. Then we all made a rush for the river near by, and a dash of a few minutes made us as fresh as a daisy. No matter how tired we were, the sweat bath made us feel like kings."

The Toboggan Slide.

"What is this toboggan business that we read so much about in the papers?" he asked in a Grand River avenue store the other day as he and his wife stood warming their hands at the stove. "Why, a toboggan is a high platform with an icy slide running down.

"Yes. "You get up there with your sled ake a pretty girl on for a partner, and down you go like greased lightning."

"Girls are willing, are they?" "Oh, yes." "Lots of 'em around?"

"Dozens of 'em.' "Any toboggan nigh here?" "Now, that's enough!" said the wife s she turned on him. "If there was twenty toboggans between here and the city hall you'd go right along and sell them butter and eggs and then jog home with me without a slide!" "Yes, I reckon I'd have to," remarked the old man with an awful sigh, and

then he changed the subject to brown

Secretary Garland's Humble Home. A visitor to his humble home out Fourteenth street would find himself suddenly transported to some farmer's domicile. It is a two-story frame cottage which he lives in, located close by a market where the farmers and the butchers bring in their products to sell to the people. In the little room which the Attorney-General uses as his library or study and where he receives his visitors the furniture consists of a deal table, an old-fashioned rockingchair and one or two other chairs of little value, unless the sole object be to furnish a seat for the weary sojourner which will not break down under his weight. On some plain shelving and around on the floor of the room are stored the law books of the host, this apparently being the extent of his liorary. A soap box contributed by the grocer serves for the storage of the coal used in keeping up the fire. The Attorney general does not live thus for temporary effect among his own people, but has always done so.

Jackson Could Do No Wrong.

It was an anecdote of a pious Jacksonian deacon of our county in Virgina that a Whig laid a wager that he would justify Jackson even for murder. Overtaking the deacon on his way to church, he entered into conversation. and professed to be just from Washing-

"Nothing-O, yes, there is; Gen. Jackson killed a man vesterday." "Killed a man?" cried the deacon. "Yes, he was walking on Pennsylrania avenue, and told a man to get out out of his way; the man didn't, and the

"Well, and what's the news at Wash-

ngton?" asked the deacon.

President shot him.' The deacon meditated a few moments then broke out. 'Hurra's for the General! Why didn't the man get out of his way!"-Moncure D. Conway.

Fair daughter-Pa, dear, why are you so gloomy? Come, cheer up, and talk to your little Dot, Papa dear-Well, dear, if you must know, I think there'll have to be a receiver appointed for my bank soon. F. D.-Why, that is just too lovely. A receiver! And why can't you be a dear good father and appoint me? Then I would have to receive, and I could have a lovely new reception dress; you're just the dearest papa in the world, but you do love to look gloomy about nothing .-Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE FIRST National Bank!

COLUMBUS, NEB. -HAS AN-

Authorized Capital of \$250,000, A Surplus Fund of - \$20,000.

And the largest Paid in Cash Capital of any bank in this part of the State

Drafts on the principal cities in this cou try and Enrope bought and sold. Collections and all other business

ANDERSON, Pres't. HERMAN P. H. OEHLRICH, O. T. ROEN, Cashier. HERMAN OEHLRICH, W. A. McALLISTER, JOHN W. EARLY, G. ANDERSON, CARL REINKE.

Business Cards.

T. MARTYN, M. D. F. J. SCHUO, M. D. Drs. MARTYN & SCHUG.

U. S. Examining Surgeons, Local Surgeons, Union Pacific, O., N. & B. H. and B. & M. R. R's.

Consultation in German and English. Telephones at office and residences. Office on Olive street, next to Brodfuel

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Platte Center, Nebraska.

AW AND COLLECTION OFFICE Upstairs Ernst building, 11th street CULLIVAN & REEDER

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office over First National Bank, Columbus
50-tf

(D. EVANS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. ** Office and rooms, Gluck building, 11th street. Telephone communication. 4-y

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office up-stairs in Henry's building corner of Olive and 11th streets. W. A. McAllister, No-tary Public.

Parties desiring surveying done can address me at Columbus, Neb., or call at my office in Court House.

VOTICE TO TEACHERS.

W. H. Tedrow, Co Supt.

DR. J. CHAS. WILLY. DEUTSCHER ARZT,

HIGGINS & GARLOW.

F. F. RUNNER, M. D., HOMŒOPATHIST. Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Children a Specialty.

11th St., opposite Lindell Hotel.

Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Elankets, Curry Combs, Brushes, trunks, valies, buggy tops, cushions, carriage trin mings, &c., at the lowest possible prices. Repairs premptly attended to. T M. MACFARLAND.

ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE

Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware! Job-Work, Roofing and Gutter-ing a Specialty.



SILVERWARE. Strict attention given to repairing of Watches and Jewelry. Will not be undersold by mybody. Neb. Avenue, Opposite Clother House.

NEWSPAPER A book of 100 pages. The best book for an

vertising, a scheme is indicated which will meet his every requirement, or can be made to do so by slight changes assily arrived at by correspondence. 149 editions have been issued. Sent. post-paid, to any address for 10 cents. Write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU, (18 Spruce St. Printing House Sq.), New York.

WINNING HIS WIFE. "No, Maggie, frankly, I don't love "Yet you are going to marry him?"
"It seems so;" the speaker, Isabel
Deering, laughed merrily as she caught a view of her friend's grave face. "Are you not afraid, Isabel?"

"Afraid of what?" Miss Isabel's evebrows arched themselves interrogatively, and she said, jestingly: "It feels quite like a novel, Mag-love on one side. Every-day people have it on both. I want something different, you see. Why, my dear, how could I judge my husband critically if I happened to be in love with him?" She paused a little while, and then went on, laugh-

The Yesterday.

I tell a song of the yesterdays,
In tones that are sad and low,
And the tale is woven of sighs and tears,
Of blasted hopes and heart-sick fears;
And many a voice from the vanished years
Thro' memory's portals flow.

And mingling, make the weirdest spell, When echoing thro' the years.

I paint a sketch of the yesterdays, In colors of somber hue, And the sketch is on canvas now fa

they've borne, And the tinte are of ashes and rue.

I dreamed a dream of the yesterdays,
'That memory's whispers bring,
And the dream is of hopes forever fied,
That manhood's ardent fires fed.
Ah, age is a requiem over them dead,
That only a few may sing.

But I'll give a smile to the yesterdays,
For smiles from tears are won,
Such a smile as will dawn on a young child's

face
When looked-for joys its grief efface,
Or its fears, yet hopes, for a parent's grace,
With the rays of the setting sun.
—Pat Henderson.

"I couldn't, for instance, select his clothes, because he looked well in anything. I'd let him wear mustaches The train starts in five minutes. He Savings Bank, thing. I'd let him wear mustaches when clean lips were en regle; he'd smoke in my parlors, put his feet on my mantel, and possibly chew! Think of it! But now dear." Miss Deering continued. "I shall have no such obstruction to clear views. I can scan the lord of the manor with a critical eve, and it is a great advantage, really. I can see no sensible reason why a wo-

> protest expressed on her face was un-"Say something, Maggie," Miss Deering said after a little. "It's too late to say anything, dear,"

her friend replied slowly.

man should fall, to use the common

parlance, in love.

"Humph"-a short silence during which Isabel beat a light tattoo with the point of her shapely boot. She drew a chair, and watched her friend's deft fingers fasten long sprays of orange blossoms upon the rich lace veil

which had been Isabel's mother's.

"It is unjust to Jack Stuart to marry

him, feeling as you do toward Robert

"Never mind, say what you think."

"Well, I think I am sorry for you

"How do I feel Mag?" Isabel asked a light color coming to her cheek. "I don't really know. Her friend looked at her steadily as she said: "You love him, Isabel, and you know it.' "No, really, I don't think I do: I did last winter, but I almost hate him

sometimes now, in spite of his being

the most attractive man I ever saw.

friend interrupted her warmly. "Why should you say that?" "You need hardly ask the question, since it was his conduct toward you that showed me his true character." "It was a mutual agreement that we

should part, both were so poor then." Isabel said, slowly. Originated by Robert himself, however," Maggie said, severely. "But I tell you I really don't love Robert Stanope now," Isabel repeated, good-naturedly; "I don't love him, I've only a sort of tenderness for him. I don't believe any woman could refuse Robert Stanope on a first offer." "I know what you have been thinking, Isabel," Maggie went on, speaking rapidly. "An introduction to your husband is the trump card to be played in sweet revenge when Robert Stanope seeks you again, as he will when he

knows of your fortune; but remember,

you are giving a good man's life as a

sacrifice to your own wounded vanity."

for my accommodation?" Isabel asked,

impatiently, "Pshaw! he wants a mistress for Shockoe, and he shall have "No. I think he loves me in his heavy way," Miss Deering said, slowly, "but he's so—oh, I don't know—he's so—he has no intuitions. If I should say: Jack, dear I love you very much, there now, take yourself off, and sit on the gallery,' he'd accept me,

literally swallow my statement, believe himself adored, and sit the evening happily alone." "And Robert?" "Oh, Robert was quite different. He couldn't be happy unless I was near

him. You'd call it selfishness, but I

liked it." "How do you suppose Mr. Stuart will relish the knowledge of your tastes?" "I do not think they are abnormal." Miss Deering's tone betrayed some bitterness. "It is no concern of his how I felt a year ago. He has offered me

the position of mistress of Shockoe.

I have accepted the appointment. That

Miss Deering asked, as the butler appeared with the letters. "Mr. Stuart's gone out, ma'am. He's ben er budden dem California trees

Isabel Deering, the belle and beauty of her section, was to marry a man of very large means—a young scion of the older aristocracy. The older mem-bers of the family had died in the process of going down in the world, but this young stripling—he was a strip-ling ten years ago—had kept a brave heart, which helped a clear head; had gone west, and six months ago had come back to Peream, bought at a good round price Shockoe, his ancestral home, some four miles from the village, and followed that by falling nearly in love with the beautiful Miss Deering.

The neighborhood mammas all put out decoys very vigorously, but he was either a very old or a very inexperienced specimen. He passed unharmed and unallured, and kept his allegiance openly bound to Isabel Deering. He had been a very unique, frank, unexacting lover, seeming to feel it quite enough that he should be allowed undisturbed and untrammeled expression of his own love. A few days ago he said to Isabel, as they stood on

the gallery steps: "Do you know that you have never said nor even hinted that you cared anything about me, Isabel?"

"Payments," he corrected, echoing Isabel."

much for her vanity.

All eyes turned to the young bride, who was by turns pale and red.

Isabel's decision would be. Her brother says: "Do as you choose. Life out there is very hard, and a woman would not find any society."

"Won't he come to say good-by?" Isabel asked, in a hurt tone. "No: said he couldn't stand it. He is awfully knocked up; by the way. here's a letter-don't want you to read

The letter which Phil Deering had handed his sister ran thus:

The months rolled by-gradually

These letters came regularly. Never He made no reference to their odd

and returned home to find Robert "I left a charming violet when I

it he is supported right royally."

Orthodox Sunday-school teacher to small boy-"You know, Johnnie, there Tom-"Carrie, come into the house and I'll show you the game I bagged

"So you would like an office, my

me a bit of sea-coast, a tasty little marine morceau, a--" "That's what it is sir. Don't you see the decided loser in the trade. "Well." he said, one morning after a squabble, "you needn't be finding fault with me

you get for your poems, Charley? Charley (with pride)-From \$2 to \$5. She-Well, isn't that very little, Char-\$10,000 for one of his. Charley-Yes: but you see writing poetry isn't the the business it used to be. There's too much competition. - New York Sun. An interior. Professor (who has been giving simple lessons in physio-

have." Mabel (after some thought) -"Well, then, where is my bacon?"-English artist (on board a Rhine steamer)-"How do you like the Vallev of the Rhine?" American girl-"O, it is lovely!" English artist-"In my opinion there is no valley so beau- full of creeds, and heresies, and legal tiful as the Valley of the Yosemite, in phrases as he proceeded slowly to the fession in the conservatory last night | your country." American girl (in | dining-room. His friends noticed that

"when I take it home to myself I generally have my drink, don't yer know?" New Orleans Picayune. boggan Slide the other day. "How are you feeling?" asked the Rink in doleful tones. "I am hunky." replied a speculator. He would indignantly the Slide. "I am in fast company and making barrels of money." and see me in about two years from now," said the Rink, "and we will con-

nificance before one greater and more accursed than he-the woman with the stupendous bonnet.-Boston Tran-

the authors are given below: 1—Why all this toll for triumphs of an hour?
2—Life's a short summer, man a flower:
3—By turns we catch the vital breath, and

9—Your rate is but the common rate of all:
10—Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
11—Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
13—Custom does often reason overrule,
14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15—Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven. 16—They who forgive most shall be most its face—
18—Vile intercourse where virtue has not fellows.' It was at the close of a long COLUMBUS, - - NEBRASKA.

teem; 28-Riches have wings, and grandeur is a 27-Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.

28—The path of glory leads but to the grave.

29—What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat,

30—Only destructive to the brave and great.

31—What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?

36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakspeare. The Value of London Land.

Even if a reduced price were accepted, no site in that direction is to be had for less than a quarter of a million.

others went to lunch. His mind was

the Judge himself, soon realizing that

The custom of throwing one or more old shoes after the bride and groom, either when they go to church to be married or when they start on their wedding journey, is so old that the memory of man stretches not back to its beginning. Some think it represents an assault, and is a lingering "Temptation?" Tramp-"Yes, mad- trace of the custom among savage naam. If I were to saw some wood the tions of carrying away the bride by chances are I would carry off the saw. violence; others think that it is a relic I'm an honest man now, and I want to of the ancient law of exchange or purchase, and that it formerly implied the Lawyer-You say the prisoner ac- surrender by the parents of all domin-

Misused Words.

Bursted is not elegant and is rarely Almost, with a negative, is ridiculous.

Bountiful applies to persons, not to things, and has no reference to quan-Affable only applies when speaking of the manner of superiors to inferiors. Methinks is formed by the impersonal

"I should admire to go with you," etc. This error is singularly fashionable just

HAMILTON MEADE, M. D., M. CORNELIUS,

MCALLISTER BROS.

TOBN EUSDEN, COUNTY SURVEYOR.

I will be at my office in the Court House the third Saturday of each month for the examina-tion of teachers.

Columbus, Nebraska. Office 11th Street. Consultations in En-

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW sugar and baking-powder. - Detroit Free Specialty made of Collections by C. J. Garlow

> EF Office on Olive street, three deers borth of C H. RUSCHE,

J. M. MACFARIAND, Columbus, Nebraska. R.C. BOYD.



To thing eige in the world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Anyone can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

It contains lists of newspapers and estimates of the cost of advertising. The advertiser who wants to spend one dollar, finds in it the information he requires, while for him who will invest one hundred thousand dollars in advertising, a scheme is indicated which will meet his every requirement, or can be made