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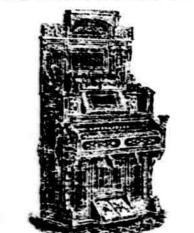
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a house of ill fame as in a private dwelling, and the boys, according to their turn and not according to their ages or experience, are sent to these places at all hours of the night, and to sporting-houses, dives, all manner of infamous rendezvous, where their eyes are greeted with orgical developments of various nature, where they acquire habits of drinking and smoking, where they meet men as bed as the women with whom

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C. they consort, who drink and make them sverywhere.

THE RAGPICKERS.

ONE ELEMENT OF THE POPULA-TION OF A GREAT CITY.

Wagone-Aristocrats of the Hand Cart. Rummagers of Morning and Night. Life Near the Dumps.

Ragpickers form a very important ele-

ment of the busy population of a great city like Brooklyn, and a careful observation of

their methods will reveal some curious and interesting facts. They are properly di-vided into four distinct classes, each having a separate field of action and seldom infringing upon the territory of the other divis-ions of the fraternity. The first class, who could quite properly be called the upper ten of ragpickerdom, includes the itinerant dealers who conduct their business by means of dilapidated looking horses and wagons. They would undoubtedly indignantly resent their classification with ordinary ragpickers, but candor compels me to name them as such. They pay an annual license fee of \$3 for the privilege of buying the city's rubbish. They pay a higher price for goods than the men who propel the handcarts, and frequently hire shops of their own for assortment and storage of their purchases. They generally carry on a thriving business, and from long experience and acquaintance know where the choicest rags are found. They have regular dates for calling on small tailoring establishments in order to secure the cuttings and trimmings which are too small to be used by rag manufacturers.

They also get the pickings of small shirt factories, printing houses, book binderies and a score of similar establishments.

THE HAND CART ARMY.

by the most stringent economy and indus-

their national customs, subsist on the cheap-

est food and endure privations and hard-

ships that would kill nine out of ten of our

thing from a barrel that their books will

drag forth—old boots, shoes, hats, rags, fragments of carpet, bottles, corks, horse

bair, feathers, paper, wood, coal, cigar

stubs-indeed everything except ashes and

clinkers. Often the barrels of brown stone

A PLETHORIC BUNDLE.

fore half a doen barrels grouped on the

sidewalk before a Clinton avenue house, and

haul forth article after article, among

which were the following: A Turkish rug,

which was not in shreds by any means, and

which undoubtedly saw subsequent service

in the finder's bedchamber; an old hat which was immediately substituted for a

dilapidated cap on the finder's head; old

shoes, rags and articles of tin ware, which

were thrust into his roomy bag, and an ap-

ple and a crust of bread, which, after a few

preliminary polishes on milord's soiled coat

deeves, were ravenously devoured. He

had arrived at the spot with a bag having a

decidedly emaciated appearance, but left with a plethoric bundle, under whose weight

Harvest time with all rag pickers comes

in the spring. For then it is that houses are cleaned, families move, old carpets are

thrown away, old garments are discarded

and thousands of articles find their way to

the teeming ash barrel. Brooklyn pays about

\$65,000 annually for the removal of its

ashes, and last year over 260,000 loads were

carted to the low lots which abound ir

South Brooklyn and elsewhere. It is near

these dumps, in miserable hovels, that the

last, but by no means the least, class of this

great family of ragpickers dwell. They are

up betimes in the morning awaiting the ar-

rival of the ash carts like as many vultures

would await the coming of prey, and no carrion crows ever plunged their talons in

the carcass of a dead cow with more vorac-

bottles, tin cans and scraps of tin, hair,

MESSENGER BOYS' HARDSHIPS.

little chaps work from fourteen to sixteen

hours a day. For the extra hours he re-

ceives extra pay of five cents each, so that

assuming fourteen hours to be the limit, in

addition to his regular pay he would re-

ceive five cents an hour for four hours, or

twenty cents, for which he gives up his rest,

We little know the temptations to which

they are subjected. I have seen little fel-

lows on the streets at midnight and in the

early hours of the morning, sometimes on

legitimate erranda, often not. I overtook

one not long since and questioned him for a

moment as we walked along. He said he

had been running for several bours in the

service of a sick man. He had been to the

doctor's two or three times, to the drug

store several times, for a nurse and to the

postoffice, and he was literally fagged out.

The companies are as ready to place their

instruments in a barroom as in a church, in

a house of ill fame as in a private dwelling,

his sleep, his recreation-pretty tough.

he could hardly stagger.

One day I saw a swarthy fellow stop be-

fronts yield rich finds to these delvers.

The second class comprises the army of hand cart dealers who can be seen every day pushing their trucks, adorned with from one to a score of motley shaped, sized and toned bells, along in front of them. They are avaricious in their dealings, manage to live in moderate circumstances, and are willing to purchase a number of articles which most people classify as rubbish. But what is rubbish to some people—iron and other metals, bones and old c urpets and a multitude of similar articles—is thus bought by the thousands of pounds daily. This class is always well posted in the tricks of the trade, and have certan streets which they New York Times. Haberton's "Budge" and "Toddy." will sell his rags at any price, and which

will haggle with them over the last penny. They often find unexpected treasures in their purchases, and rarely return anything valuable that thus comes within their clutch. We now come to the third class of ragpickers, who are by far the most aggressive in their methods. I refer to the rummagers who are abroad early in the morning and late at night, overhauling our ash cans and ash barrels. They are mostly Italians, and carry huge bags and a long iron book, not unlike a stove poker. They are numbered by the thousands, are almost unacquainted with the laws and customs of this country, live in the poorest class of tenements, and bank accounts. The inborn passions of the Italian race are but little modified by our climate, or by contact with our people, and of their lost boy. - Buffalo Courier.

Zalinski the Torpedo Boat Man. Lieut. Zalinski, whose experiments with a dynamite throwing gun and a submarine torpedo at Fort Lafayette have attracted so much attention lately, is a well built, mid-dle aged man with dark hair just beginning to show a tinge of gray. He makes a friend of everybody he meets by his kindly and modest manners. In speaking of the pro-gress in his work by which he has advanced from throwing a charge of fifteen pounds of dynamite to a distance of half a mile to the throwing of 200 pounds of nitro-gelatine t a distance of over a mile with safety, he always uses the pronoun we, referring the workmen who exsist him. He uses the names of the workmen much more freently than he refere to his own efforts le lives with his family in a comfortable ottage in the officers' row at Fort Hamil where, those of his friends who know him intimately say, he gives dinners that are even more perfect in their way than his experiments with engines of war.-New

Labouchere's Glass of Champagne. court suppers.—London Truth.

ity than these people settle down to a frouzy examination of the ash heaps. A person would suppose that little remains in the ashes after the rummaging of the Italian Talking Across the Continent. street pickers. But men, women and chil-dren by the hundreds work there with bag "I've heard all the stories of long tele graph circuits," said a postal telegraph and basket from sunrise to sunset. Old coal scuttles, pots, kettles, pans, broken crockery, hats, caps, bonnets, east off garments, feathers, coal, wood and multitudes that we had the other afternoon. Our peoof similar articles are taken to the finders' ple are building a line from the terminus shanties and cleaned and repaired for personal use. Old metal, rags, paper, bon's, the Canadain Pacific to 'Frisco, and I corks, bits of leather and rope are carried New York city. Mr. Rosener was at New away for assortment and sale.-Brooklyn just opposite Vancouver island, so they were talking across the continent. By Extracts from Joe Howard's Letter. the wire was made up via Buffalo, Toronto. and the Canadian Pacific. Every few minthey are tired. Let's look at that for a mo-A day's work is supposed to be ten hours, but the boys are compelled to remain until they are "let off," and in many cases these

ontribution boxes which are passed among the pews of our churches with such regularity on all devotional occasions, especially to the long handled affairs which have of late taken place of the good, old-fashioned orthodox platter. These names have been generally strained-like "wooden corn popper," "undeveloped toy wagon," "merciles gleaner," etc.; but I heard a truly witty lesignation given this useful piece of ecclesiastic furniture by a keen clergyman, while attending a union service recently. He first said that the collection on that occasion would be for the needy poor, asking for a liberal allowance on that account, and then added, drolly, as he held out a couple of long handled concerns with oval-shaped bowls: "The stewards will please pass around

"What is a good test of a diamond?" asks correspondent. About as good a test as any is to ask the jeweler you buy it of what

A LOUISIANA BALL.

every possible vice and subject them to in-dignities and outrages which would paralyze, one would suppose, the society organ-ized for the prevention of cruelty to children, if by an accident they should ever know of the beastliness to which children are exposed in this Christian city.

Little chaps are forced to buy beer by the big boys in the office, and good boys who never drink are expected to put money in toward paying for it as much as bad boys who want the drink. They think it is great fun at times to badger each other and not only to tempt but to force boys to all manner of dirt and evil.

As a rule, the offices are contracted and crowded, overheated and badly ventilated. A boy may be out in the rain or the snow for hours and on returning seat himself half an hour or so, he is called and starts out again with shrunken clothes. He rides in the heated elevated cars on a winter day or walks in the biting blast.—Joe Howard in New York World.

Along the Coast of Norway. Navigation along the coast of Norway is very smooth, with no dangers for the timid or the victims of seasickness. Even when running along the coast north and south there are almost all the way outlying slands which break the force of the sea, giving smooth water, while the fjords which run deep into the land, some of them being ighty to 100 miles long, are as completel land locked as an ordinary river. There is at times difficulty in finding anchorage along the coast, the water being so deep that it is necessary to decide beforehand as to where you will anchor.

The Norwegian government takes as much care in providing proper anchorage as in providing lighthouses You see along the shore at intervals, apparently white balls upon the rocks, which on inquiry, you find to be places where rings and staples have been set into the rock for vessels to fasten to, and small steamers are kept plying along the coast to see that these are always in proper order. Along the whole north coast there is an extremely perfect system of telegraphic communication, cables being laid to the islands. This system is used a good deal to notify fishermen when the fish, erring and others have "struck in' in large quantities at any given locality, so that not mly may fishermen go there to catch then, but they may procure barrels and other material for packing. -Col. George Bliss in

The following anecdote of "Helen's Ba bies" has not heretofore been publishe The babies went with their mother to visit ber father, D. P. M. Hastings, of Hartford, whose brother, a missionary in India, married a sister of President Cleveland. The doctor at that time lived in a house with nigh steps, having his office in the basement There was an inside passageway through the cellar from the office to the living rooms, and during the visit of the little boys their grandfather the cellar stairs were one day found sprinkled with little pieces of paper. When questioned as to their object the children explained that they put the bits of paper there in order to find their way back rom the office by their aid. Their mother had evidently been reading Grimm's fairy well grown youth. The other died while still young, and his parents, although they had then two children younger than Budge and Toddy, adopted a little girl of the age

When at Frankfort I had the honor serving under the late Sir Alexander Malet, and certainly a more kindly chief was not to be found in the service. His legation was accredited to several of the minor courts, and at one of them I was even more appreciated than my chief. This was why, Oceasionally there was a ball at the court, which we were expected to attend. At my first ball supper I found myself at a table next to a grandee, gorgeous in stars and ribbons. The servant came to pour out cham-pagne. Now, I detest this wine, so I shook y head. The grandee nudged me and said: Let him pour it out." This I did, and he explained to me that the potentate whose pitality we were enjoying never gave his guests more than one glass, "so you see, if I drink yours I shall have two,' and he suited the action to the word. After this there used to be quite a struggle to sit near me at

operator at Buffalo, "and in my time I've worked some pretty long ones myself, but I never heard of anything that equaled one heard Vice-President Henry Rosener talk-ing with President Chandler in his office, in Westminster, which is on the Pacific coast that route it is about 3,000 miles, for utes I could hear Medicine Hat chip in, and all along the circuit the operators were 'on.' It was a wonder to everybody, and the instruments were working as clear as a bell on that long copper wire."-Chicago Times,

We have all heard odd names given to the the ladles."-Chicago Journal.

will take it back for. If he will offer half as much as it costs it is apt to be a gennine stone. - New York Graphic. Mr. Labouchere is the greatest smoker in parliament, and wants everybody to moke

HOW THE CREOLES OF THE AT-TAKAPUS PRAIRIE ENJOY LIFE.

A Pen Picture of Village Hospitality. Frelie at a Lone House on the Prairie. A Lively Scene-"Gombo" and Chivalry. The Old Peddler. Across the rolling Attakapus prairie a

small cavalcade trotted, apparently in no hurry to reach its destination. The natural gait of the little Creole ponies was an easy 'lope" or canter, therefore it was that the irregular, rough trot of the animals evi-denced a restraining pull at the heavy bits. There were five in the party, all excellent horsemen and all dressed in the coarse but durable homespun cottonade of that section of Louisiana. They seemed to be enjoying themselves, for their hearty laughter and loud repartee, in French, all talking at one time, bespoke a freedom from care and also a source of amusement they possessed in

In the distance, just peeping above one of the swells in the prairie, the slender spire of the little church of St. Pierre broke the line of the horizon, and in its direction the party were riding. Out upon these broad stretches of almost treeless country distances are very deceptive, and it was about two hours after the steeple was first seen that the riders reined up in the little town. The settlement did not comprise more than twenty-five or thirty houses, the most conpicuous of which were the church referred to and two stores.

The visitors alighted at one of the stor and were cordially greeted by the crowd there assembled. They seemed to know everybody and everybody was on terms of intimacy with them, for they were ad-dressed by their Christan names and slapped affectionately on the back.

The lately arrived horsemen were taken in charge by friends, and each was escorted off to dinner in some of the comfortable dwellings, from the chimneys of which the curling smoke gave sign of the good cheer

General hospitality wore away the afternoon, and as the evening came slowly over the prairie from the far east, where it was already dark, a number of riding parties passed down the road, bound for some place beyond. Soon there were twenty-five or Dressed in all the brilliancy of highly colored calicoes, dark eyed demoiselles galloped along as if grown to their side saddles and their merry laughter made the sombe quiet of the prairie musical as they rode.

An hour's ride brought the party to their destination. The house stood alone on the prairie, sheltered by two or three live oaks. Four rooms, with a broad gallery in front, a hallway through the middle and large dining room, taking up the ground plan of the isolated dwelling. A bright bonfire was burning in front and the windows glistened like squarely cut rubies, with the genial il-

A large number of men and women, attired in quite gay toilets, welcomed the newly arrived, and for a time nothing could be heard but the warm salutations of friends. The large dining room in the rear was the main object of interest, and after ribbons had been arranged, back hair adjusted and skirts smoothed down all the ladies hurried to its precincts. The floor was cleared of all furniture, and around the walls long benches of boards had been put up, that as many as possible might be accommodated with seats. Beside the windows and doors smoking candles, inserted in auger holes bored in small pieces of wood, gave a bright light that afforded one an opportunity of a more careful inspection of the guests.

All ages were represented, but the your were in the majority. Married dames with infants in arms moved about as full of the enjoyment of the hour as the belles decked out in ribbons and perfumed with cinnamon essence. At about 8:30 o'clock the shrill queak of a violin sounded from one corner of the ballroom and was followed by the deep diapason of an accordion.

The floor was cleared and the young gal

lants selected their partners. The full faced old gentleman with silver spectacles whis pered to his neighbor with the accordion "Un! Deux! Trois!" and off they startedsometimes the accordion ahead, and then the violin, in the inspiriting movement of an old fashioned mazourka. The benches around the room were now crowded with the feminine portion of the guests, the male admirers being compelled to stand in the doorways, from whence a galaxy of eyes

drunk in the animated scene. After each dance there was a promer which afforded anxious mothers an oppotunity of seeking their infants where they were all nestled together on one bed in a rear chamber, and there to quiet lusty cries induced by hunger by a hurried administration of nature's best infantile food. Dance followed dance. Then the quadrille was announced, and three sets took the floor. The old violinist was now in his element Beating time with the toe of a very heavy boot, he made it impossible for the dancers to forget the measure, and in a musical little voice he instructed the more modest the figures with "Avant deux? Balancez Chassez! Croises! Chaine des dames!' In the midst of the "lady's chain" a sten

orian voice from the front room called out 'Gombo." The music lost its influence and there was a rush for the hall. Men sought their favorites this way and that, anxious maidens kept their eves on the floor hoping for the coming of certain gallants. There was some crowding around the entrance to the improvised refreshment room from which came the savory odor of a rich gomb and strong coffee. Unlike the custom at balls within the jurisdiction of a more cerenonious social code the gallants passed their fair ones alone by the doorkeeper into the sumptuous feast and then adjourned to the

front gallery to smoke a cigarette. As the ladies completed their hurried re-past and approached the door to make an exit, the doorkeeper with lusty voice shouted the name of the demoiselles' escort, "Jean Servat! Alphonse Descalle! Bebe Latour! These knights soon put in an appearance, and paying the modest sum of twenty-five cents for the gombo their belles had eaten. demands. With chivalric regards the men await their repast until the fairer are all

Happy in the enjoyment of the lovely dance and gay conversation, the guests forgot the gallop of the hours, and when the gray of morning began to steal over the prairie then only did they realize that New Year's day had come and another year was ushered in.-Charles E. Whitney in Times-

DAYS OF THE WEEK. The Physiognomy of Tuesday, Wednes

day and Thursday. Tuesday has only this hold on our recog nition, that it is not so far from Sunday but there is a distinct, if diminished, flavor of its being still "along the first of the week." Things promised for this conveniently vague period can still be creditably performed. But o-morrow, we feel, will be already the middle of the week. There is, accordingly, slight "hurry up" tinge about Tuesday. Wednesday is still worse off for identity of countenance. Its face is chiefly to be known by its not being that of any other day in the week, as some persons are known only by their not being anybody else. The middle of its forenoon is the time, when we ask some one, "What day is this!" It has occurred to me that their might be, in quiet families, some special bit of food as a mnemonic for Wednesday. If the fish was sacred to the Teutonic Venus, and so came into Friga's day, is there not some flesh or fowl that might be considered to belong to Woden!

Do we not know, indeed, of a wholesome Press.

whose subdued fragrance in the house might stir the fountains of memory and of tears, and mark the day! Yet if we search cautiously in our mental impression of Wednesday, we THE KING OF THE AIR DESCRIBED may find a kind of leisurely and humdrum BY AN UNFRIENDLY SCIENTIST look that is all its own. The hour of the firstof-the-week dash into great enterprises is gone. We are in the midst of everything, with time enough before us to prevent hurry, but not enough to invite any vigor of attack.

This early middle-of-the-week-ness it is

which vaguely marks Wednesday to the numbra of a sense of end-of-the-week bout it. . It has to a greater degree the hurry-up suggestiveness of Tuesday, but with this marked difference: On Tuesday it was the haste of hone: now it is the haste of fear. It is the day of feeling oppressed with the lot of things that were to have been done (on Wednesday we should have said "to be done;" we say, "past the middle of it." Thursday is therefore the working day par excellence. If a man ever does any stroke of solid work—if he is not constitutionally op-posed to "working between meals" at all—he is likely to do it now.—Atlantic.

The sinking of the big gas well near the French camp turnpike calls to mind the fact that the artesian well in Court House square contains gas, although in small quantities; and this, by a natural and just gradation, leads to an incident which happened before the Water Works company went to mixing artesian was piped pure the gas went with it; the people didn't want the gas, but they got it, anyhow.

called for whiskey. "Better take a drink of water first," said the smiling barkesper; "it'll straighten you

The barkeeper turned the faucet, at the same time slyly setting fire to the gas, and let the water run into the sink while he went for The inebriate's eyes opened wide as he saw the blue flames playing in the falling stream. He shook. He stood silent and white. He

shook again. "What's the matter?" asked Johnny. "D-d-d'yer think I'm goin'ter swaller bell

"Why, there-right in that w-w-water!"

"Aw, you're crazy! What's the matter "Holy heavens!" he yelled, jumping for the door. "I've got 'em! I've got 'em! Gee whilikens, I've got 'em!"

And they picked him off the sidewalk and carried him home in an express wagon. -

Dispensing with the Shirt Bosom I was standing at a baberdasher's window ately, looking at an immense display of fine shirts, when I was joined by a friend who is almost a professional fop, but who neverthe-less delivered himself as follows: "All my life, until a year or two ago, I was a slave to the shirt bosom. In old times, when the fashion was to display a good deal of it, I used to sit up nights studying the best arrangement of the plaits and the best method of making the confounded thing lie smooth. shall never forget the feeling of triumph experienced when I first learned that by naking two or three sharp creases across the lower end of it, the upper end would not flare out like a scroll of sheet music.

"Then they began to cut the vests high and from sheer force of habit, I kept up al this nonsense for about ten years longer. "Finally, seeing that my necktie always concealed my shirt bosom, I conceived the sublime idea of dispensing with shirt bosoms ltogether. I ordered a lot of short tailed night shirts, and have never worn anything else since. You can't imagine what a comfort they are! They cost only \$1.25 apiece. to begin with, the laundries charge only about half price for washing them, they never wear out, and they are the only really comfortable shirts ever worn. I have preserved one or two shirts with bosoms to be used on state oc casions, but I have never had the courage to put one of them on since I made my new de-

parture."-Chicago Journal. The Manufacture of Hairpins. For years the English and French con trolled the manufacture of hairpins and it is only within the last twenty years that the goods have been produced in this country to any extent. The machinery used is of a delicate and intricate character, as the prices at which pins are sold necessitates the most rapid and cheapest process, which can only be procured by automatic machines. The wire is made expressly for the purpose and put up in large coils, which are placed in a clamp, which carries it to the machine while straightening it; from there it runs in another machine, which cuts, bends and, by a delicate and instantaneous process, sharpens the points. Running at full speed, these machines will turn out 120 hairpins every min ute. To economize, it is necessary to keep them working night and day. The difficult part of the work is the enameling, which i done by dipping in a preparation and baking in an oven. Here is where the most constant and careful attention is required, as the pin must be perfectly smooth and the enamel have a perfect polish. The slightest particles of dust cause imperfectness and roughness which is objectionable.-Brooklyn Citizen.

Winter Roads in Norway. In riding along the roads you see at fixed intervals stones with inscriptions on them more or less extensive, sometimes simply initials and sometimes names with numbers. These are placed there to show who is bound as the owner of the land to keep the road in repair and to keep it open in the winter, and for what distance his obligation extends. This duty, so far as keeping the roads in repair is concerned, is fulfilled most admirably. From the snow plows which you see turned up along the road at intervals I apprebend that keeping it open in winter is equally well attended to. This is a duty imposed on the farmers, and only in excep-

His Lack of Confidence. Jim Webster-I was jess sayin' de udder day you was one ob de mos' reckless men I "You is right. I isn't feared of nuffin,"

replied Uncle Mose. 'Jess what I said. Den. ob course, you isn't afeared to lend me a dollah.' "No, Jeems, I isn't afeared to lend you a "Jess what I said. Hand ober de docker-"I isn't afeared to lend yer a dollah, but

I does so hate to part with an old fren' for-

eber. I'se got de dollah, Jeems, but I lacks

conferdence."-Texas Siftings.

Wit by Absorption. At the birth of the late Count Von Beust, the Austrian diplomatist, the happy father presented the nurse with several bottles of Rhine wine. Being rather simple minded, and not understanding what the gift meant she gave the infant a wine bath, which completely inebriated the little fellow. "That's the way I got my sparkling wit that people | The good shot, after passing this ordeal, talk about," said the sprightly count on one occasion.-Paris Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Not long since I overheard two Tennessee negroes who had met each other: "Howdy "Porely, porely; I'se got a mighty misery in my back. How's you making it?" "Me? Oh! I'se kicking, but not high;

fluttering, but I can't fly."-Detroit Free

EAGLES IN INDIANA.

The Most Cruel of All Feathered Robbers-His Cowardly Attacks on Inoffen-Eagles' Council.

now we use the regretful or remorseful "to archical powers. The poet and the seer have been!") done this week—"and here we have given their finest fancies and inspirathe most cruel of all feathered robbers

> "I never knew an eagle to attack an ani that was capable of resistance. Not that I mean to say he is cowardly, but he is wary. The eagle, as commonly known, is a solitary, melancholy bird. He is usually seen alone in his flights, scaring at a great height, because his eye is capable of measuring great distances. Their nests are built of coarse sticks or brush, not well put together, on the top of an inaccessible rock or some tall monarch of the forest. It is commonly believed that the occupation of such a tree for the nest of an eagle causes its death; hence, in story and in pictures the eagle nest

"I have little doubt that persons occasion ally see eagles and mistake them for other birds, the eagle being so rare. Perhaps, however, many of our oldest inhabitants have not seen more than one or two in a lifetime. It seems that the eagle, like the wild red man, requires a large hunting ground. By a sort of arrangement a territory of five eagles, though they do not sail in company.

same nesting place.
"We have in Indiana the bald and the golden eagles, the former the more common, females and young males of silvered or bald cagles are mistaken for the golden and other ing the age of 2 years. Before that age they cannot readily be distinguished from the females in their more somber plumage. For many years I had seen but few eagles, so I was surprised to learn that on an adjoining farm to my own in Vermilion county, Into which eagles came from a distance of more than fifty miles in all directions, for a flight of fifty miles or more is nothing to this mighty winged bird.

MEETING FOR COUNSEL "They came in the dusk of the evening and doubtless met for counsel and direction more than mere companionship. As the birds came in one after another there would be shrieks of welcome and noises very start. ling to the listener. This national congress, The roosts are on lofty, bare limbed sycamores in a very solitary place. By actual count these eagles numbered fifty-three, of mainder either females or males that had not reached the age of wearing the white

"Why don't eagles increase in number" Well, everybody who gets a chance to kill their nests are so badly built as not to furnish security to eggs in case of storm, and they are thrown down and the eggs broken. I noticed in a paper that an eagle had re-cently been killed—in Greene county, I think it was—that measured eleven feet four inches from tip to tip. I had a wounded eagle for a pet for some time. He had a broken wing and could not fly. He would hold a live chicken with one set of claws and tear it into shreds. He was turned loose in a garden and fed regularly every day. Cats. possums, and coons kept at a respectable distance from the wounded king of the air, and it was unlucky for any strange dog to get within his majesty's clutch. He never monial in the way of hair or hile behind him. The brilliancy of the eye of the eagle when angry is wonderful. It is dazzling and magnificent in its fury."-Indianapolis

THE MANUFACTURE OF SHOT.

stem, which rises up through the kettle, is fastened down. The lead is then added tional cases is any compensation made for it. above the cover, and when melted the cover

"The temper pots hold about a ton of metal two there is an interval.

highest plane will, if perfect, roll from one plane to another, jumping over the intermediate spaces. If imperfect, however, it Express robbery case. As a part of my own tumbles and goes back to the melting kettle. The good shot, after passing this ordeal, mens of penmanship. Just imagine the reaches the separators. It should be expanded patient poring over and the close scrutiny of plained that there are usually several tables, each being devoted to a different size of shot. | prying around in all sorts of places and the The little leaden globes are next elevated to work of overhauling the immense amount of the top cylinder of a series, arranged on an all kinds of rubbish in the search, in out of incline. They are conical in form and covered with perforated sheet brass. Each cylure, and the long distance trips by rail to reinder serves as a sieve for a particular size of shot, retaining that and allowing all smaller sizes to escape. The shifting goes on until sizes to escape. The shifting goes on until each cylinder has picked out the particular class of shot to which it is adapted. The sizes

BY AN UNFRIENDLY SCIENTIST.

sive Animals-The Dead Tree-An "A great many persons," said Professor Collett, "who are considered well informed,

seem to think there are no eagles in Indiana The truth is we have quite a number, a great many more than we need. It was that sensible old utilitarian, Benjamin Franklin, who suggested the turkey as our national bird, objecting to the proud eagle as unrepublican, because he had been appropriated as the em-blem of sovereignty by a number of montions to honor this bird, which, after all, is Sometimes he is no daintier than the buzzard, and will gorge himself with the vilest carrion. As to his cruelty, he takes special delight in attacking some of the most harmless and innocent animals. He will pick out the eyes of lambs, apparently more as a tor-ture than for food. I have never heard of a case in Indiana where man, woman or child was attacked by an eagle. In my own neighborhood, in Vermilion county, I have known an eagle to tear out the eyes of a dozen lambs, frightening the ewes and keep-ing them at a distance by flapping their

NOT COWARDLY, BUT WARY.

tree is always shown as a dead tree. It is not true that the eagle's occupancy kills the tree, but he chooses a dead or leafless tree for the purposes of observation. Besides, the eggs in the nest may have enemies—not merely

They always keep the same territory and the

he latter extremely rare. Frequently the species. All males of the bald family are mamented with a white crest after attain diana, within two miles of my residence, there was a bald eagle assembly—that it was seld there every night, and was the center

as I call it, has existed for a period that the be no opinions as to his failure from a popumind of man runneth not to the contrary. lar point of view. No doubt his position in a which twenty-four were males and the regylls has never been raised, even by court sy,

Arsenic and Lead-Process in Detail. "Lead shot," said Mr. Tracy, "though someimes made of lead alone, is almost always formed of an alloy of arsenic and lead. The arsenic is introduced in the form of arsenious acid or the sulphuret. The object of the addition of the arsenic is to render the hard, brittle qualities of the lead softer and more ductile, and of the proper consistence to take the globular form. Owing to the rapid deomposition of the arsenic it is treated by itself in the bottom of the melting kettle. A cover is placed over the substance, and its stantly becomes permeated with the arsenic beneath. The alloy thus produced contains forty-five pounds of arsenic to the ton of lead, and is known as "temper." This again is added, in the proportion of 1 per cent., to the pure lead, and thus the shot alloy, containing a very small percentage of arsenic, is

each. After the shot has reached the bot tom of the well it is at once lifted out by an elevator and thrown upon an inclined drying table, over which they slide, falling finally that you'll pay me my arrearages this night into a wire gauze rotating cylinder. Then before I go home I'll let you drop." Mossop, they are rolled and ground together, and in alarmed, besought the man not to talk to this way the minute burrs upon them are removed. From the cylinder another elevator let you drop." Mossop was obliged to give lifts the shot upon a screening table. This the promise and the actor thus got his money, the effect of a desperate though well timed consists of a serious of planes arranged at gradually decreasing heights. Between each "The shot being started at the head of the

of shot are standard. The smallest is known as 'dust,' and then comes 'No. 12,' which is

No place affords such perfect social free-

Social Freedom in Mexico.

dom as a Mexican tertulia. Anybody preented by any other body at all known to the head of the family is sure to be politely received and "offered the house," as the Mexican phrase is. The Mexicans are a po-lite and social race in all cases where there is nothing to arouse their antagonism or jealousy. Any one who is affable and well dressed is made welcome in a Mexican ousehold so long as he presents no likelihood of competition or rivalry with the master of it in his business or political carcer. There is no place in the world where the coat and not the man who wears t takes more marked precedence than here. Love of dress is a ruling passion in the breast of every Mexican—male and female. In nothing does their Aztec Indian blood show itself more plainly. From the poor verdulera (vegetable hawker) of the market place, who ornaments her ears, neck, wrists and fingers with the cheap imitation corals which may be purchased for a few centavos, to the first ladies of society, whose persons glitter with diamonds wherever it is possible to place them, this desire for adornment is universally manifested. Rich apparel and a graceful address are better passports to the most aristocratic tertulias than the most

sterling mental or moral worth. It is this readiness to open wide the social doors which makes Mexican society so sadly mixed in character. But the adventurers who thus gain an entrance often prove very useful. If there is a fiddle they are planets of the first magnitude, being usually of an active race with elastic limbs and unembarrassed by superfluous flesh. They dance from the first tootings of the orchestra to its last quavering notes. They give pleasant and salutary exercise to large numbers of muchachas (young ladies) who would otherwise ornament the wall throughout the evening. This excites the gratitude of many mammas, affords these sons of fortune causes them to be unanimously voted by the whole tertulia "the nicest kind of young men."—Mexico Cor. Kansas City Times.

The Azorean Peasautry. With exports falling off and no manufacturing interests to speak of the condition of the Azorean peasantry is deplorable. To COLUMBUS. overpopulated and wages are extremely low, unskilled labor at times commanding no more than 15 or 20 cents of our money per day. Of course, the cost of living is very little, or people could not exist on these wages; but it is only a bare existence that the poorer classes obtain. Their food is of the coarsest description, their clothing confined to a few garments of cheap material. and their houses are almost bare of furniture. Many of these houses are unfloored, and have not even a table or chair. The women sit on rugs of native linen spread flat on the floor, and their children are allowed to run entirely naked or with one loose garment reaching from the shoulders

stances, great numbers of the islanders emigrate. Thousands have gone to the Sandwich Islands and to America, where the great majority settle in California, and more are going every year. The Portuguese laws regulating emigration are very strict, and no young man over 18 years of age is allowed to go away unless he has served in the army, stood a draft, or will furnish bonds in \$300 to come back and serve if drafted. These laws are frequently evaded, and the business of taking off "contraband" passengers by American whalers and other vessels is as common as smuggling -Cor. Boston Herald.

The Marquis of Lorne, the eldest of the lot. has totally failed to make a place for himself differ greatly among those who know him as to his talents and disposition, but there can royal family, yet not of it, has been most trying and difficult. One can realize something of this from the fact that the heir of the Ar to the rank of his wife, whereas the Battenberg sub-lieutenant, offspring of a morganatic marriage, and not recognized as a prince at any court on the continent, is made a royal highness and a Knight of the Garter at the very start.

There is a feeling that Lorne ought to have resented this and stood up for his rights. It may well be that the public would have sat on him if he had, and it is not easy to see just how he could have done it, but the fact remains that he is rated a poor spirited creature because be hasn't done it. The English, too, are in the habit of railing at the huge families which their princes and princesses pile upon the tax eating list annually: yet I fancy that the spectacle of Lord Lorne's childless fifteen years of wedlock really vexes them more than would the presence of a half dozen little Lornes at the public crib. - London Cor. New

Deliciousness of the Langi Nut. Did you ever eat a Langi nut? I want to give a hint to the fancy grocery dealers, who, all of them, read the newspapers every day. Let them invest in Langi nuts. Probably there is not one person out of 5,000 in New York who knows what a Langi nut is. A mild eyed young friend of mine, who has a weakness for wandering around the Chinese quarter in Mott street, gave me something one day which resembled a dried specimen of the pictures of bread fruit which appear in illustrated geographies. It was almost as light as a feather, and as I turned it in my hand I asked him what I should do with it. "Break it open," he answered. I did so The shell was as slight as that of a paper almond, and gave to the easiest pressure. Within was something that looked like a cross between a prune and a Malaga raisin. "Eat," said the mild eved young man

I ate my first Langi nut. Well, it resem bled in taste the most delicate preserve. You have eaten marrons glaces and have dallied with candied apricots, but for the king, sweets, you want to eat a Langi nut to fully realize the orientalism of saccharine bliss .-New York Star.

At a period when Mossop, the great actor, was managing the theatre in Smock alley, Dublin, business was bad and his actors were not paid their salaries. One night Mossop, playing Lear, was supported in the arms of an actor playing Kent, who whispered to him: "If you don't give me your honor, sir, him now. "I will," said Kent, "I will; I'll

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hint. - Detroit Free Press.

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