# Columbus Fournal.

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COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1887.

**WHOLE NO. 898.** 

large audiences; he was versatile, doing everything well, from leading a charge to uncorking a bottle, and in all instances char-

The Baby King of Spain. Eview an adult emperor, king or full

ledged president is not very extraordinary

but to look up a majesty only 6 months old

interred at St. Denis at the age of 2 days.

She was alluded to in the court circulars as

"The high and mighty princess," with a

string of et ceteras that would crack the

brain of even a Spanish lord chamberlain to

Alphonse eats, aleeps and laughs and plays well. Raymunda's sole duty is to give him

day by the doctors, the baby is weighed

every ten days and the nurse's milk analyzed

weekly. There may be death in the breast as

well as in the pot. His majesty has his own

household; quite an army of major domos is told off to attend to his slightest wants. A

special guard of beefeaters watch the nurs-

ery, which is close to the queen regent's

chamber, and for sixteen years still the same precautions will be taken. On that depends

the stability of a throne and the happiness o

could be furnished of portraits of the queen

embracing her son-in-heir. All her husband'

family are as true to the widowed queen as

An Irish Horse Trade.

clerical friend in the west by a country-

man named Dinny Cooley: "Good mor

horse but with another horse. Well, sorra a

man said to me: 'Dinny, do you come from

the aist or do you come from the wesht?' and

when I left the fair there washtn't wan to

say: 'Dinny, are you going to the aist or are you going to the wesht?' Well, your rever-

ence, I rode home and was near Kilnagross

when I met a man riding along the road

sez I. 'Did you sell!' ses he. 'No,' sez I

Not So Expensive Now

The Coast of New Jersey.

ren waste of sand and scrub oak. Then the

property, where are now thriving hamlets

and prosperous seaside resorts, was valued at

less than \$3,000,000; to-day the same property

is assessed for taxation at upward of \$100,-

One of the partners in an Indiana grist

mill which had been closed up by the

sheriff was explaining to a New Yorker the

other day that it all came about through

the good management of his partner.

the Yorker. "Exactly. We keep no books

and cashier. The one who was around the

most pocketed the most money, and he

Object to the Word "Dago."

L'Italia, an Italian newspaper of Chicago,

objects strongly to the word "Dago," as

applied to Italians, and says that they

consider it a gross insult. This word

which is used very often in the west in

speaking of Italians, particularly of the la-

The Diamonds of Kimberley

The United States consul at Sydney, New

South Wales, in his last report on the dia-

mond mines of that region, points out the

suggestive fact that the famous Kimberley

diamonds during the last fifteen years than

The Ears of Criminals.

The president of the Berlin police calls at-

tention to the advantages accruing to police

authorities everywhere by taking profile pho-

tographs of criminals which will distinctly

show the left ear. He says that while the

features of the face change in the course of

time, the car retains its shape forever, and

furthermore, there are no two persons whose

mine, of South Africa, has produced more

managed to be around the most.

'Good management in a failure!' queried

600.000 - Boston Transcript.

Omaha World.

breast. The couple are visited twice a

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THE COLDEST COUNTRY.

WHAT LIEUT. SCHEUTZE SAYS OF THE LENA DELTA COUNTRY.

How the Yakuts Manage to Keep Warm in Northwestern Siberia.-Huts and Their Filthiness-Food and Clothing.

Lieut. W. H. Scheutze, of the navy, who was sent to the Lena delta in northwestern Siberia to deliver to the natives gifts from the government of the United States to repay them for the aid they rendered him in his search for the missing members of the Jean-nette party, says in his report that the town of Verovusk, Siberia, is the coldest inhabited spot in the world. The thermometer stood at eighty-six below zero when he was there, and he says it seldom goes above fifty below. I asked him the other day what the people did who lived at this blissful spot; what they had

to eat and how they liked it.

"Why," he replied, "they think it is a pretty good sort of climate. 'Home, Sweet Home,' is the song all the world over, and if the Verovuskers should come here they would wonder what people did where it is so infernally hot. They would smother in this climate, and pine for a stiff northwesterly arctic gale. It is wonderful the amount of cold human flesh can endure. The natives of Terra del Fuego go stark naked the year round, and in their country it freezes every night. It is much colder in the Lena delta, yet the peo-ple manage to keep comfortable, and more die of smallpox and sourvy than from the Bank of Deposit, Discount effects of the intense cold. You seldom hear of any one freezing to death, and then it is those only who expose themselves impru-dently who die in that way. More people are frozen to death in the United States than

HOW TO KEEP WARM. "But how do they manage to keep warm?"
"Well, in the first place the Yakuts are an enduring race and are born in that climate. Then they dress in furs, and have learned from their ancestors, or from their own experience, how to keep warm. Their houses are built of logs, smeared over on the outside and inside with manure and mud. In each cabin is a large fireplace, which is used for both heating and cooking. There is seldem more than one room in these cabins, and Savings Bank, usually the owner's cause, as cupy one end of the room in which he lives, being tied, or prevented from trampling on the babies by a bar. The houses are comthe babies by a bar. The houses are awfully monly very comfortable, but are awfully dirty, and smell-there is no word to describe it. Often, until I got used to it, I would rather lie down in the snow outside, with the thermometer fifty below zero, than sleep in one of these huts. But you've no idea what

a man can stand when he has to." "Have they windows in their houses! "Yes; ice windows. They use ice as we use glass. A clear piece is selected, about five or aix inches thick, morticed in the window opening in blocks two feet, and sometimes as large as four feet square, and with water is made solid. The water is as good as putty. When the window becomes dirty they scrape it off with a knife, and when it has been

scraped thin they substitute a new pane." "Doesn't the window ever melt?" "Bless you, no; it is freezing cold that far enough to melt the ice the Yakut couldn't live in it, and would have to go out doors to cool off. At night the fire is allowed to go out, as they have to economize in fuel. All they have is drift wood, gathered on the banks of the Lens river in the summer time." "How do they sleep! Do they undress when they go to bed!"

"Always. They strip to their shirts, which are made of a thick sort of Russian cloth as heavy as our canvas. The men and women wear the same kind of garments, and never have more than one at a time. I took up a lot of thick flannel for them, enough to last the rest of their lives, and it will be a great although they don't like it at first. When the interment took place in the deceased genthey undress they get into bunks built in the tleman's own land at Spring End, on the top side of the house sometimes a man, his wife and all his children in the same bunk. They have reindeer skins under and over them, and curtains of the same hanging be-fore the bunks. The last man or woman to should be performed over his remains. The undress hangs all the clothing of the rest out doors over a pole that is kept for the description. The procession had to near the description.

GETTING RID OF VERMIN. "What is that for?" "To freese the lice. They couldn't live if they didn't do it, and it has become a national custom. The lice get into the fur and that is the only way to get them out. By hanging their clothes over the pole every night ried on during the whole of two days to comthey didn't do it, and it has become a national is the only way to get them out. By hanging their clothes over the pole every night they can keep reasonably free from them, but the fur fills up again the next day."

"Never in their lives; they haven't any word for bathing in their language, and the impossibility of keeping clean is one of the greatest hardships of Arctic life."

"Reindeer meat, beef—they have cows, queer looking animals, about half as large as ours, with a hummock on their backs like a camel-fish, bread made of black rye flour, tea, and imported food made of chopped beef rolled into balls about the size of a marble, and covered with a dough. These they pound up and make into soup. Then there is a wood that is very nutritious when it is ground up and boiled. Mixed with reindeer meat it makes a good soup. They often eat their fish as they are taken out of the water, and the native, particularly if he is on the Here at least is an opening wedge, a text, a a nickel ahead can treat his rival or his road, cuts them off in shavings as thin as our | beginning, a subject of common interest. It chipped beef and eats them raw. They are is worth a world to an anxious hosters. To palatable, and I have lived for days at a time | see her guests thus amused, introduced, and on them, with a cup of tee made over an al- put at their case at once is worth much cohol lamp by way of variety. The greatest luxury they have is butter, and they will eat World. it by the pound as our people eat confection ery. A poor sort of butter is made from the milk of the native cow, that looks and tastes more like cheese, and they prize it above all

other classes of food." "The amount of butter a native will eat when he can get it," continued Lieut. Scheutze, "is astonishing. A friend of mine in Siberia told me of a man who ate thirtysix pounds in one day, and then didn't get all he wanted. They have a way of pounding up a red berry and mixing it with butter.

The first night he was tormented by being carried on by the imperial officials.

He complained, and Wormley re-UNDERTAKER! up a red berry and mixing it with butter, which gives it a beautiful pink tint and improves the flavor. Their drink is the Russian vodka, almost pure alcohol, and they will trade their shirts for it. The liquor is scarce and expensive, so they are necessarily a temperate people."—Percy Drummond in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

A Pleasure Trip Under the Streets of the Gay Metropolis. Excursions under Paris form one of the catures in the movement for the benefit of the sufferers from the recent floods in France. and the gorgeous sewers are liberally patronized by the fashionable world. A reporter of The Gil Blas gives this description: "We started from the Place Chatalet at 3 o'clock and descended a little winding staircase, the steps and walls of which were covered with a green cloth fringed by a red border. There is not the slightest danger of soiling your clothes or of encountering the slightest disagreeable odor. On arriving at the foot of the stairs a fine display of fruits CAVEATA TRADE MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS and vegetables was the first thing to great our eyes. These products were from Genneod, and all other business in the U.S. our eyes. These products were from Genne-Office attended to for MODERATE villiers, and were grown in gardens that are watered by the sewers. We got into a wagon, in which were seats for twenty per-

they shoot along.
"Suddenly we heard the passengers in the wagon ahead of us uttering cries of admiration. We were under the Rue de Rivoli, but soon we reached the crossing of the Rue du Pont Neaf. This tunnel is lighted from end to end with garlands of colored lamps. The effect is fairylike. The same effect is reproduced under the Rue du Louvre, the Rue de Richelieu and the Place des Pyramides, where precisely under the statue of Joan of Arc ap-

pear in luminous glass the arms of the city of Paris. We passed along, still following the Rue de Rivoli, where each house has its numreached the Place de la Concorde. There the electric lights, crossing their fires with the re-flections of the Venetian lamps, turn the square into a sort of ball room. Nothing is of the wagons to embark in large boats furnished with cushioned seats. The music was in the first boat, which was decorated with flags and lamps. The boats were started. We followed the entire route of the Rue Royale by the light of fifty dassling electric

"After a marter of an hour in this heat we landed at the foot of a staircase, which we above ground at La Madeleine. It is much colder in the streets than it was in the sewers, where the temperature, summer and winter, is always uniformly pleasant."—New

There are peculiarities of climate that are not easily accounted for. Perhaps were any one of them to be left out, the charm would be gone, but altogether make it a marvelous place. The altitude is but a little over 2,000 feet, but there is such a delightful breeze sweeping over the plateau, uninterrupted by surrounding heights, that no vestige of malaria could possibly lurk there. Then the water, while limpid and pure as spring water can possibly be, is strongly impregnated with the minerals that underlie the mountains. If there (is disease of any kind in the system, these waters will bring it to the surface, either in the form of boils or a fine eruption, which is not agreeable at the time, but which leaves the patient well at last. It must be the climate and water combined that do this, for until a few years past the diet was cer-tainly adverse to health, being confined to bacon and corn bread. With the new civilization, all the comforts and manners of the outer world have crept in, and as wild game deed. I think the menu of a supper fgiven

there a few weeks ago would compare favorably with any one in our larger towns, beginning with oysters and ending with Neacolitan cream.—Cor. New York Sun. Organized Charity in Chicago. The Provident wood yard is an institution for the confusion and discomfiture of tramps. It is in charge of a stony hearted young fel-low named McAuliff. It is under the direction of the Charity Organisation society, and is self-supporting. When a tramp asks a charity organiser for help the charity organiser refers him to the central office and the central office sends him to the Provident wood yard. When he gets there Mr. Mc-Auliff helps him to a bucksaw and a few large bundles of wood and shows him how to saw for a living. The tramp saws may be half an hour, and then goes on a strike, cursing charity organizations and monopolies in saw in particular. But if he sticks to work for two hours or so, until he has one-sixth of a cord of wood sawed into kindling, he earns a ticket which is good for a 10 cent meal or a 10 cent lodging. Then, when he has walked two rules or so to the eating house and gorged himself on what his ticket calls for, he has

received a good practical lesson in the virtue and reward of honest toll.—Chicago Tribune. Queer Funeral of an Enjourses. A funeral of an extraordinary character took place in Yorkshire, when Mr. J. S. Broderick, a well known follower of Epicurus, of Hawes, in North Yorkshire, was buried. of a hill. Mr. Broderick, who believed in the transmigration of souls, had directed that no minister of religion should attend his burial, description. The procession had to pass over Stagefell, one of the spurs of the Pennine range, and as the road was blocked in places over twelve feet deep with snow drifts the plete the grave, which is nearly twenty feet below the surface.—Pall Mall Gasette.

Dinners in New York, in London, in Washington, in Philadelphia, in perhaps all large cities, are conducted on debt paying principles, and therefore they grow very dull.

Not that people desire indecorous pleasure,
but they get bored to death by gilded and overburdened splendor. Almost all hard working men in America are dyspeptic and four last courses. Two people are brought together, perhaps, who have never met before. They have positively no subject common. To relieve this awkward moment, to raise the dull, depressing cloud which set-tles over the jaded senses, what better that an ingenious dinner card, with a quotation from Shakespeare or a few lines of original poetry?

A Congressman's Troubles. Abram S. Hewitt, the new mayor of New York, when he was in congress, hired the upper story of one of the houses of Wormley, the colored caterer. He had three bedrooms. and it was his custom to go from one to the other in the hope of finding sleep in the second or third which he failed to find in the moved them. The next night, in bedroom No. 2, he found that the cats kept him awake, and he came down next morning and growled about them to Wormley. The third day he had a complaint to make about the birds, and Wormley was in despair. He said: "Mr. Hewitt, I have killed the dogs and I have hopes of getting rid of all the cats, but the birds are beyond me." The matter was finally compromised. Mr. Hewitt is said to have bought up and killed all the cats and dogs in his present neighborhood.—Ben: Perley Poore

Life Insurance by Telegraph. A Chicago merchant decided to surprise his wife by presenting her with a \$20,000 policy on his life; but he neglected to apply for the policy until the day before Christmas. Then he was told that the application and the report of the medical examiner would be sent to the New York office, and the policy would come back in a few days. This wouldn't do. The merchant suggested telegraphing. The medical examiner was sent for, his report and the application was telegraphed to this city, and in less than six hours from the time of application the report was accepted in New York and the policy received in Chicago. This is said to be the first transaction of the kind.—New York Sun.

The shah of Persia and his wives were re-

ported some time ago to be greatly delighted

with a new dish prepared for them by a Viennese cook. Investigation showed that

the new dish was nothing else than simple

Viennese rolls.—Chicago Herald.

A Wespon in Vogue with the Cowardly and Vile-Demons of Spite-School-

VALENTINE'S DAY.

PERPETUATED.

boys' Opportunity. There was Bishop Valentine. See what he was made to suffer for nearly 2,000 years. It was about 1,626 years ago that he was foully set upon, arrested, beaten with clubs, and finally beheaded. This was, to say the least, very harsh treatment of an elderly and respectable prelate. He had aroused local feeling in some way, of course, or all this would not have happened. But how! Many believe to this day that he was the author of practice of sending love messages on 14, and that his punishment was not incommensurate with his crime. But history exonstates him from so serious a charge. The poor old man had no cupidal experiences that any one ever heard of. His

offense was no worse than befriending the Christian martyrs in the persecution of Claudius II. On Feb. 14, 270, he was beabout doing him honor. Pope Julius built a church to perpetuate his memory near Ponte Molle. "The heathens," as the Christians

called them, were in the habit of having a festival on Feb. 15. The boys drew the names of girls in honor of their goddess, Februata Juno. In order to abolish this custom several zealous pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given on this day, Feb. 14. So Dr. Valentine's name got started as belonging to this day, and it was no time till the world was ready to give him the credit of the whole business. There was, however, no connection between the good man and the custom of St. Valentine's day as it has been known ever since. It is supposed to be of pre-Christian origin.

A DEGENERATE FESTIVAL In a very modern work the 14th of Feb ruary is described as a "degenerate festival," upon which "jocular anonymous letters are sent to persons whom one wishes to quiz, and these chiefly by the humbler people. Maid servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good."

generate side of St. Valentine's day. In the vulgar valentine Love's mortal enemy, Hate, is represented. The other side of the story has a hearing. Originally Momus had a hand In it, but the returns became too heavy for him and he fled the field, leaving it to all the little demons of spite, revenge, envy and jealousy. The coward who wants to hurt somebody and not be known as striking the blow finds a weapon all ready to his hand in the vulgar valentine. He sends it and then sits down and laughs over the rage of the receiver, as he pictures it in his mind. He fancies that he has perpetrated the most uproarious joke. It is a one-legged joke, and he owns the leg, but that doesn't disconcert him. Men of cruel and low instincts bave always laughed at the wounds they have inflicted upon others. There are still living persons who find cause for mirth in pulling a chair from under another person. Ideas of humor

expires over would be only gross and unpardonable rudeness to a gentleman. About this time the landlady of the boarding house gets a very large mail. She sees herself and her table, her daughter, her dress and her tastes caricatured without mercy. She knows that these printed and painted insults emanate most likely from the men and women who sit at her table, but she is not in a position to escort them through the street loor and tell them never to return. She feels these knives of malice very keenly, but she pockets her wrath and says nothing.

keep pace with the intellect. The fun a boor

COWARDS' VANTAGE GROUND. Unmarried women in their thirties are blessed on St. Valentine's day with numerous coarse reminders of their years. Pictures of hideous hags are sent them as gentle hints that their youthful charms have departed; or they are represented as flinging nooses at every male creature they see. These polite offerings emanate from coarse minded rivals, or snubbed beaux of no particular decency of

Many a small boy nurses his grudge patiently then unloads his pent up wrath by means of villainous lampoons, whose depravity he isn't even large enough to understand. It may be that a day devoted to exchanging insults is a necessity with a low order of mind. Otherwise the ebullitions might be more frequent. At all events, the day viewed as a antage ground for cowards to mail lampoons to those they either envy or hate has become important enough to establish a trade in its vile merchandise. Flash news stands drive a lively business for a fortnight before St. Valentine comes round. The person who stands in need of a particularly incisive lampoon to send to his enemy can find one ready made and colored to his hand. The authors of these fearful documents have left no body unprovided for. They have the list of types of men and women made up with a completeness that savors of genius. And they have brought printed insults down within the reach of the humblest and poorest. For five cents one can get a valentine of the most in cisive and offensive description. This is no trade that caters to the rich. Anybody with enemy, or even his benefactor, to a pang of discomfort. Attacks on one's self-respect are thus made so cheap that anybody's enemy

GERTRUDE GARRISON. A SADLY DUPED EMPEROR.

can arm himself with one or more of them.

A Curious Story Concerning Napole I was lately told by a southern gentleman very curious story, going to prove how thoroughly duped and deceived was Napoleon III at the close of his reign, and how giganterms with Louis Napoleon when he resided in the United States, and the future emperor had often been his guest on his plantation in Louisiana. My friend was traveling in Europe in the year 1869, and on arriving in Paris, and wishing to be presented to the emperor, whom he well remembered as having, when a boy, seen at his father's house, h wrote to one of the imperial chamberlains, setting forth his desire, and also the facts of the case. The emperor, whose kindly feelings for the friends of his adversity was well known, at once granted him a private inter-

The French sovereign and the American citizen conversed long and pleasantly, and when the latter arose to take his leave Napolon asked him as to his next point of destination. "I am on my way to England, sire, was the reply. "Then," said the emperor, " wish you would go to the establishment o Messrs. M-, the great gunmakers, and ask them how the order sent them from our war office for 250,000 guns is progressing. They ought to be nearly completed by this time.' The American undertook the commission, and called as requested at the office of the firm. The clerk to whom he first addressed his question simply laughed in his face. "You must be out of your senses," he said. "Buch an order has never been given and the guns do not exist." My countryman became indignant, and insisted upon seeing one of the members of the firm. Mr. M-, the senior partner, was summoned, but could only confirm the statement of the clark. "I assure you, sir," he said, courteously, "that we have | The doctor's prediction was verified. The never received an order of any kind from the | first day the patient declares was as long as French government for so much as a single

gun." Yet these guns had been paid for, though unordered and non-existent. A strik-

ing proof was this incident of the vast pecu-lations that took place during the later years of the empire. My friend forwarded a state-HOW A BISHOP'S NAME CAME TO BE ment of the facts to Napoleon III, but doubtless all precautions had been taken to prevent any such information from reaching the de-luded sovereign, whose bright days were then fast drawing to their close.—Paris Cor. Philalelphia Telegraph.

> Need of a Written Code. If a written code were enacted we should be able to set an example to foreign aristocrats, who base precedence on real rank and defend it as a part of a system, a necessary adjunct of nobility. We could show that it may be founded on the most short lived grandeur or unsubstantial consequence; that it requires neither distinction, nor character, nor attainment, nor age, which in certain spheres are supposed to be reasons for social eference—but only rotation in office. Like lago's purse, " 'twas mine, 'tis yours, and may os slave to thousands." But above all we could definitely extend

recedence to wives. The English, whom I magation because they are so generally acknowledged as models for our social study the English scorn the idea of a prime minister's wife having rank because of the official position of her husband. Mrs. Gladstone folowed every peeress in the land when Mr. Gladstone was at the head of the government; and even the wife of the archbishop of Canterbury goes behind the wife of an inferior bishop who happens to be noble by birth. But we would give the wife of a judge precedence forever over the wife of a enator, and entitle the wife of a cabinet number to the first visit from every American woman not in the government. Then there would be no more New Year's disputes at the White House. No one could ask: Who gave these ladies the place they demand?" or "To what office were they elected or appointed?" As it is, these questions are lieved. The rank of the widows would of course be determined, and the place of the sons of senators and the sons' wives. There is a mighty task before the legislators, and, I

fear, a still mightier before the political ora-tors.—Adam Badeau in New York World. Boston Girl on a Toboggan. The Boston girl is herself on a toboggan, as everywhere else. In the first place she modifies and subdues the costume to suit her own purposes. personality. The wild eccentricities of the

by her to a charm as delusive and delightful as herself. The Boston girl does not take up tobogganossibilities of picturesqueness and effectiveess, as the New York girl does. She accepts to a value of perhaps \$20,000,000. t as one of the developments of the progress of this last quarter of the century, and goes ures are elusive and fleeting, but she sees the philosophical beauty of change, and accepts bogganing as she will presently accept whatever other good the gods send her in the

The Boston girl makes her own suit and gets up a gay little costume at a cost of \$8 or | was organized. A score of mills were \$10, which would cost at least half as much pooled, and agents of the company went again in the stores. Then she goes forth to buying up until out of the 150 oil mills Cambridge or Corey Hill or some other enchanting suburban slide and enjoys the moonlight and the fun, and if she catches cold of \$3,000,000. The stock of the comfrom overexercise or from getting tipped over pany is \$35,000,000. It is listed in the New into the snow she goes home and mindcures the cold away and comes forth the next day brighter and more self-confident than ever, with a new flush of pink arbutus for her deli-cate face.—Boston Record.

Painting Still Life. I used to know a Frenchman who boast that he could make money go further than any one alive. He was a dexterous painter of still life, and one of his favorite subject was a sack of guineas and a package of bank notes lying on a desk with an account book and the trappings of a cashier's desk. He painted this picture over and over again, and got high prices for every replica he made. The original money had been loaned to him by the picture dealer for whom he had painted the first picture. Now he has enough of his own to make studies from.

We have in New York a very simila genius. He is also a painter of still life, and his microscopically accurate transcription of a \$5 greenback, supposed to be mucilaged to an ebony panel, has been decided by the government to come under the head of a dangerous counterfeit. He makes his money go farther than my Gallic friend, I fancy, for he can sell one of his \$5 bills for \$500, while it took some thousands of pounds of the Frenchman's manufacture to command as

The painting of still life takes some curious turns, by the way. Portraits of men and beasts are common enough. Last week a musical enthusiast brought to a painter of my acquaintance a commission to paint him a picture which should include a portrait of his pet Stradivarius. The fine old fiddle is now in progress of pictorial immortalization, as the center of a composition which includes a music book, a rose in a glass and a tankard of Rhine wine.—Alfred Trumble in New York Bismarck's Admirable Notion.

practical ideas, as may be shown by a recent circular he issued to all the officers of his departments commanding the adoption of a plain signature to all documents submitted for his inspection. This is an admirable notion that might be utilized in other countries. as instanced by a very amusing incident that occurred recently at a session of the Flint town council. One of the items for consideration was a letter received by the mayor from the Prince of Wales relative to the celebration of her majesty's jubilee. The mayor read the letter and his reply. He said he had been unable to decipher the signature to the royal letter, and consequently in sending back his reply to Marlborough house he imitated the signature as nearly as he could. The letter found its way to the dead letter office, where nifying power to bear upon the original signature he found that it really was "Albert great laughter, and the suggestion was made, that in future the prire sho 'd be more careful of his P's and Q's, sies those letters are conspicuous by their absence in the prince's signature.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Berlin Weekly Echo offers a prize of twenty marks for the briefest and wittiest answer to the following conundrum: A young pendthrift who is able to borrow money only because his afflanced has promised to pay his debts after the wedding, falls into a river together with her before the wedding has taken place, and both are on the point of being frowned. A miserly creditor of the young man happens to pass, jumps into the water and saves-whom and why!

A New Marriage Ritual. The Marquis of Queensberry, who is being sued for divorce, once proposed to substitute in the marriage ritual of the English church for the words: "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder" the words "Whom the government or nature may put asunder let no man attempt to keep together."-Chicago Tribune.

Lengthened His Days. "Stop smoking," said a Boston doctor to an ailing patient the other day, "and it will lengthen your days." The patient stopped. his whole previous life. - Boston Transcript. A GREAT INDUSTRY.

A Fertiliser and Stock Food-Extrac-Stripping Lint from the Seed.

ers destroyed their cotton seed. One of the farm problems was how to get rid of it. A few years ago somebody discovered that cotton seed was the one perfect fertilizer for the cotton lands; that the seed held the essential elements that the cotton crop took from the soil. Then everybody was ashamed of having destroyed the seed for so many generations. Slowly but surely every ton was utilized as a fertilizer. Later somebody discovered that it was an excellent food for stock. Then the farmers began

feeding with it. Along in '70 an objection was found to It was too rich. The excess of oil in the seed prevented quick decomposition in the soil, and made the wool of sheep too kinky. At the same time somebody discovered that the objectionable oil would sell well in market, so the first cotton seed oil mill was established. The industry was immensely profitable, and in less than five years 150 oil mills sprang up in the south.

AN ENORMOUS INDUSTRY A ton of cotton seeds yields forty gallons f oil, worth in its crude state \$10. The hulls of the seed are used as fuel to run the fornace, and the ashes thereof sold for potash, and cotton seed meal stripped of its oil is more valuable to the farmer as a fertilizer and stock food than it was when it held the which \$5,000,000 worth of crude oil has been taken. The meal cake returned to the soil without the oil has lost nothing, while the south has gained \$5,000,000. The crude oil, however, is renfied, which quadruples its value. It is sold mostly for export, and returns to America as olive oil. The mills pay the farmer about \$10 a ton for cotton seed, three tons of which will make one ton of cotton meal, which they sell back to the

16,000,000 people. When her majesty wishes to pay a compliment to a friend or a dig-nitary she takes baby into her own arms and Now, see the progress. Twenty years ago St. Paul or the Montreal maiden are tamed | cotton seed was burned or destroyed on southphonse looks supremely happy the has his photo at once taken. Quite a picture gallery ern farms. Then it began to be used as a fertilizer or stock food. Last year \$5,000,-000 worth of crude oil was taken out of 500,ing because it is a craze, nor because of its | 000 tons of seed without injuring its value for other purposes, which oil was refined up This enormous industry, which as yet

farmer for \$18 for fertilizing or feeding

into it with concentration and the certain of the full crop of cotton seed, has lately atcharming seriousness which is a part of her | tracted the attention of northern capitalists, way of looking at everything. She is con- it is said, especially the Standard Oil comscious first and last and always that all pleas- pany, and a remarkable company has been profits, lost money. Several of them applied for sale. The American Cotton Oil Trust mill property now has a selling value of \$21,000,000.

> The possible expansion of this business is startling. Less than one-sixth of the annual supply of cotton seed is now being treated, and yet the crude oil alone yields and you see what the present income of this company will be. The monopoly once established, the company can make its own prices for cotton seed. Already the price as been reduced about \$2 a ton. By shutting up the small mills and concentrating machinery and management in the large ones the process can be cheapened. The demand for oil is limitless. The export trade alone would take the product of the entire present annual supply, but the farmers are obstinate about letting it go from their land, and buy it readily at \$18 a ton, which is \$12 less than they receive for the three tons of seed necessary to make it, and out of which \$30 worth of crude oil has been taken. Without counting the sale of potash, the mills now get without refining the oil \$48 out of three tons of seed, for which they

A short time ago the company paid \$1,000,000 for an invention of a western chap for stripping the lint from the seed by a sulphuric acid bath. The purpose was to make export of the seed in bulk, the lint left on the seed by the gin making it sweat and spoil in the ship's hold. The sulphuric acid burns into the black of the seed which holds the oil. After being tried the project was abandoned, but the western chap still holds his \$1,000,000 worth of stock The gin makers have improved their machinery, until the seed is denuded entirely of lint. Another process which the company will probably buy is that of treating the cotton seed with naphtha, as flax seed is treated in the west. This process, it is said, will yield a larger percentage of oil at much smaller cost. It has been tried in a casual way in the southern mills, but abandoned. - New York Sun.

BATTLE OF CHICKASAW BAYOU.

How he ever forced his way through the fallen timber, descended into and climbed mounted, he rode into the first line of rifle pita. His regiments struggled after him, and secured lodgment in the first line of works, and held them for a time, but, being unsupported they had to return to their original

Blair was a most interesting man in every respect. Tell, well formed, with a "sandy"

UTILIZING A PRODUCT WHICH SOUTH-ERN FARMERS ONCE THREW AWAY.

acterized by a calm, dispassionate manner and a manner full of dignity. He never seemed to have the slightest knowledge of tion of the Oil-The Possible Future. the composition of fear-if he did, he concealed the fact so completely that on no oc casion was its existence discovered. In conversation he was a polite, attentive listener and an engaging, unassuming talker. Be-neath all his outward calmness he had a tremendous force, a fact which was demonstrated by the momentum with which he threw his columns against the bristling, deadly heights of Chicksaw bayou.—"Polinto" in Chicago Times.

implies that the force of interviewing can no further go. Alphonse XIII of Spain and his nurse Raymunda have been subjected to that Ninetsenth century inquisition. The baby king is well and is engaged cutting his first teeth. All his entourage when alluding to him say "His Majesty." His mamma and wet nurse adopts t se familiar title of "baby."
Indeed Raymunda—a name of Madagascar origin—occasionally alludes to him as her mioche. There was once a Bourbon princess

This season 500,000 tons of cotton have gone through the mills, from

treats but 500,000 tons out of 3,000,000 tons formed. Last season produced acid seed, very unfavorable for oil purposes. The mills, which had been making immense to New York for money. Others were offered 126. These mills represent a cash value York Stock Exchange, and is now selling at about 60, so that the \$3,000,000 worth of

'Would you sell?' sez he. 'Would you buy?' sez I. 'Would you make a clean THE POSSIBILITIES. swop?' sez he; 'horse, bridle and saddle and all? sez he. 'Done!' sez I. me horse, not this horse but the other horse, \$5,000,000, and the cotton meal \$3,000,000 and the man got down off av his horse, that's and more. The oil when refined will yield this horse, not the other horse, and we \$20,000,000. Multiply these figures by six, swapped and rode away. But when he had gone about twenty yards he turned round and called after me. 'There niver was a man from Ross,' sez he, 'but could put his finger in the eye av a man from Kilnagross, sez he; 'and that horse,' sez he, 'is blind av an eye,' sez he. Well then, your reverence. I turned upon him and I called out to him: There niver was a man from Kilnagross,' sez I, 'but could put his two fingers in both the eyes av a man from Ross,' sez I; 'and cotton seed crop. The demand for cotton that horse that I swopped with you, 'sez I, meal in Engand alone would exhaust the 'is blind in both his eyes, 'sez I."—The Spec-Mrs. Muggins-And so your daughter has married one of your boarders! Mrs. Wuggins-Yes; he was the most expensive boarder I've had since I came to Omaha—always in the house, keeping the fires blazing and the gas burning; why, he liked to ruined me. But your daughter married him"- "Yes;

by Gen. Frank Blair's Brigade. A charge made by Gen. Frank Blair on battle, was one of the most desperate and gallant feats recorded in history. Separating him from the steep bluffs occupied by the enemy was a cottonwood grove, which had the imitation signature was deciphered as been felled by the Confederates, and which boring class, is almost unknown in this city. "Albert Edward." On bringing greater mag- was an entanglement through which an unarmed, unincumbered man could pass with only the greatest difficulty. On the side of Edward." The statement was received with the cottonwood maze, next to the enemy's position, was a deep bayou, whose opposite bank was some ten feet in height. On this bank was a series of abattis, whose pointed limbs barred the approach of a hostile force. Just beyond the abattis was the first line of rifle pits. Gen. Blair, with four regiments, the whole world had produced for two cenwas assigned to carry the position in front of turies previously.—New York Commercial him. He must make his way through the dense fallen cottonwoods, he must then descend into, cross the deep and muddy bayou, climb its steep bank beyond and then Break through the deep abattis that crowned its top, where he would find himself on a level. uncovered space swept by rifle pits, scores of guns and other lines of defenses which covered the foot of the sloping bluff beyond. One would fancy that the feat of charging across this space, every inch of which was swept by riflemen and artillery, would be an ears are identically formed.-Boston Transutter impossibility. Mounted and in full uni- cript. form, the gallant Missourian led the charge.

A Splendid Memory. Wealthy Merchant-What! You here out of the bayou, gained a passage through the abattis, and all the time covered with a out into the street this morning, you imputempest of shell and bullet, and escaped and dent fellow. Peddler-Ish dot so! Vat a nihilation cannot be told. But he did it all, splendid memory! I had forgotten all about and accompanied by a single man, also it. Dou't you vant to puy a fedder duster pefore you kick me out some more. - Texas Siftings. Metal belts, worn by a certain class of

Advertiser.

women in Paris, have already been intro-Tiny toboggans now "dangle from the bangle" worn by the progressive girl of the

complexion, light gray eyes, heavy mustache, clean shaved face, and a fine forehead cov-ered with a mass of reddish hair, distingue in THE FIRST National Bank style and bearing, he was handsome and commanding. He was slow and deliberate in speech, like one accustomed to addressing

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HAMILTON MEADE, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Platte Center, Nebraska.

the needle to the pole, and she finds in the routine of her state business the best antidote for her bereavement.—Foreign Cor. Chicago W. M. CORNELIUS, LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE Upstairs Ernst building, 11th street, The following story was told to

DILLY" JONES. PLASTERER. Orders left at Arnold's or at his home Well, I'll tell your reverence. Some time age I went to the fair of Ross, not with this

> ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over First National Bank, Columbu Nebraska.

SULLIVAN & REEDER

D. EVANS, M. D.,

fornins me. 'Good evening, friend,' said PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. you at the fair of Ross?' sez he. 'I was,' Correct. Telephone communication. 4-y VICALLISTER BROS.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, "Well, your reverence, I got down off av Office up-stairs in Henry's building corner of Olive and 11th streets. W. A. McAllister, No.

ATTORNEY & NOTARY PUBLIC

Office over First National Bank, Colum JOHN EUSDEN. COUNTY SURVEYOR.

Parties desiring surveying done can address me at Columbus, Neb., or call at my office in Court House, 5mayst-y VOTICE TO TEACHERS. W. H. Tedrow, Co Supt.

I will be at my office in the Court House the ird Saturday of each month for the examina-) E J CHAS BULL 1.

DEUTSCHER ARZT. be spends his evenings at the club now."-Columbus, Nebraska. Office 11th Street. Consultations in En-The Atlantic coast of New Jersey is ninety niles long, and a generation ago was a bar-

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