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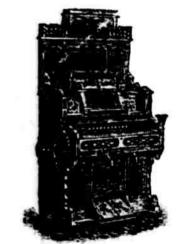
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FLOWER SONG.

Sleepy little Gentians, it is time to rise, For the sun is climbing fast up the rosy skies, And the happy brooklets are laughing where Don't you hear them in your dreams as What can you be dreaming that you slumber so

NATELLA.

Sleepy little Gentians, I should like to know?

There was genuine welcome in the deli-

"Theodora, Pauline, dear girls. How glad, how very glad I am to see Cousins, this is charming." A tall young man courteonsly kissed mansion at the south. nat whistling and run in prettiest little darky imaginable

laughed the jolliest laugh, put his dusky hands to the rich soil and began turning som saults out of sight.
"Jetty, you Jetty," called Tante; but the little woolly head, unmindful, spun by. "Now, girls, come," and linking her arms in those of her two tall nieces, Tante led the way through the great hall,

where, with a parting kiss, she left them. The fair haired sister turned slightly. Pauline dropped her gloves, hat, jacket

and up the wide staircase to their rooms,

on the sofa. "Are we dreaming?" Thoughtfully, Theo deftly made a tight bunch of her gloves, and with a precision worthy of herself tossed them direct in

the face opposite. "I'm not, but perhaps Pauline started. The words were scornfully spoken. Moving over to the window quietly, she rested her hands on Its ledge and leant far out. Her sister, in the room, began hastily setting things to

The day was one of exquisite beauty. The air, heavily laden with acacia sweetness, stirred but slightly. Pauline, wearily brushing away her clinging hair as one dreaming, rested motionless at the window. Day was passing into night. The bushes, the trees, thickly clustering, dotted the large garden with their heavy shadows. The thick foliage of the trees, stirred by the slight breeze, rustled softly. A great acorn leaf swept timorously the soft check pressed to the hard wood of the window, swept it again and again. The old tree close to the house and shading many of its rooms, could, by stretching far out the long, slender branch, keep the leaf tapping gently. The girl's blue eyes were opened wide, but she seemed to notice nothing. The long journey had tired her unduly. She was resting. A parrot, she heard him chatter, chatter, tiresome bird, in the room above. Acorns dropping, she heard them plainly, one, two: two, one. The birds everywhere were

singing, each a different song. What a rustling they did make among the leaves! Fighting-some five or six were busy at it, swirling in now great circles, then We particularly draw your attention to small ones, and at each other. So close our facilities for making loans on coal estate, at | they came to the head below them that the air they made ruffled all her hair. But still she moved not. The birds on City, School and County Bonds, and in- the ground beneath the window wildly chirped as they pecked for worms. She heard the slow, heavy tread of some one walking through the grass. Looking sharply, she saw plainly a powerful negro coming to the house. "A slave"—she breathed the word. He neared the house. stooped and entered a side porch. A straw hat drawn low over his forehead had kept his face from view. But instinctively she

knew it was a fine one. A figure, graceful, slight, came hurrying by. Pauline, leaning out still further, waited. The figure stood motionless. The shapely head moved eagerly from side to side, then drooped. When, as a low note

of a bird, came the words, "pas mainte-"Natella, look up! Here I am." Pauline laughed at the fright, the sur

prise in the great eyes raised to hers. A smile of wonderful sweetness was on the red lips in a moment.

"Ah, missy! Welcome! Welcome!" "See, Natella, Tante had written so much about you that I knew you at once. You were not with the other servants when we came?" "No, missy, one of the pickaninnies was sick and I staid with it.'

"Natella, is you comin'?" With a low bow of her head she turned

"Beautiful. She is far, far lovelier than I had ever thought. A creole! a slave! Can it be possible?" She felt suddenly Under the window it was Harold she

now saw walking, with his long, easy strides. He was out of sight in a moment But still she heard the sound of his purs clinking, the whirling of his riding whip, still saw the tiny light gleaming like a fire fly on his finger, and remembered the ring with the the soltaire Taute had given him recently. "Are you sick? What is it? Pauline, do

Theo shook her roughly. "Supper? Did you say it was ready?" But her sister had eft the room.

"Have I been dreaming, or what is it? I feel strange, strange." She dashed the cold water from the basin again, yet again, over her face. "Homesick?" The laugh which followed had a tremor in it. Pauline was barely 16.

Down stairs, in the high ceiling dining room, with its armor and stiff backed chairs, seated at the table, the family waited for her. The supper was long and merry. Tante and Pauline talked together, while Theo and Harold made the slender glasses quiver with the merriment of their laughter. The low windows were opened wide, and from her seat Pauline looked out at the dark, moving bushes and saw the stars gleaming sharp in the heavens. She noticed as she sat more quiet than the others-was she not the youngest of them all?-that the kind eyes of Tante rested with a look of love on Theo and on Har-

old. "She is thinking they will marry," Pauline thought. The supper was ended, and only too soon the evening had gone, when the first night in a southern land for these girls from a distant clime, visiting the home of their father and his fathers, had passed. Pauline and her sister, when mounting

the stairs to their room, were stopped by their aunt, calling: "Girls," she said, coming into the hall, "I have told Natella she is to wait on you:

so take her as your own. You will find she is useful." Tante smiled graciously. She had given them her favorite maid. As Theo blew out her candle that night, some hours later,

she startled her sister from her sleep by asking sharply: "Do you know who this girl is Tante makes so much of-the one she calls Na-Pauline raised herself on her elbow.

Under an acorn tree, not the one by the window, but another in the depths of the seated. Along the winding carriage road

'No. but I shall to-morrow:" fell back

noticed and admired the handsome, proud rider. As he turned a corner and bowed for the last time Tante looked up at her

"You have fallen in love with Natella, I hear." "Yes, both Theo and I are anxious know all about her." Folding her white hands on her lap,

with the delicate white lace falling about them, Taute, with a smile, began slowly. 'I brought her up from a baby. She was pretty even then and most lovable. Her nother was a seamstress of mine, and died leaving only this child. She is exceedingly bright. Ask her whatever you wish, and you will see she can do it." Then raising her eyes looked full in the face softly outlined by the silvery bair.
"Why?" she asked, "does she sam so

erribly sad; in a deep melancholy ! should "Sad? do you think she is sad? I'm afraid I have been making myself believe only imagined it. For Harold didn't

seem to notice, and Harold is very observ-The uneasiness in the hesitating voice

proud that never for a moment would she think of a negro on the place, although they all worship her. There is Pierre, the handsomest of negroes, who loves her devoutly, but she Pierre"-Tante laughed gayly.

. . . . During the weeks which now lowed here were balls and parties with art number given to Mrs. Graham's nieces. It mattered not at what late hour the girls returned home, always sented by the burning logs of the open fireplace waiting for them, either sewing or dozing, was Natella, a brilliant picture but a setting of urid gold. The time had come now when the visit must end. It was the night before their departure, when the greatest event of the year took place,

when the negroes' ball was at hand. Candles had been lighted and placed in he wide drawing room in every conceivable corner. By the order of Tante all the female revelers were to come to that room and show themselves. "To amuse you girls," she said to them. A dress of pure white had been made

especially for the beauty of them all. Natella was to be simply resplendent. Pauline and Theo were to see to the finishing ouches. At an early hour knocks fell on the drawing room door, and the black laughing faces peeped in to see if missus and the young ladies were there. Such giggling, high merriment, wild laughing. and outbursts of singing, made the room shake its sides in sympathy, and the very mirrors to reflect from all corners the grimaces and proud turnings. But they were all sent out at last, and Natella summoned. She entered the room stately and soberly as usual, her regular features looking like marble. The laughter died slowly from Tante's lips. Her glasses were suddenly in need of a wiping. With trembling fingers Pauline and Theo pinned here and shook there the white dress on the motion-

"Look at yourself, child !" It was the roice of Tante sounding strangely severe. Natella moved at once to the room and stood still. The large mirrors on all sides flashed her back a proud, dazzling picture. She seemed to be in every spot, to fill the great room and crush the silent watchers out. Jetty tumbling in broke the spell. The carriage was at the door. Tante had given them the family barouche. The runching of the horses' feet on the gravel, he screaming and laughing of the gathering revelers were now plainly heard. Tante rose and, leaning on her nieces, went out to the veranda to see them off.

Seated on his high box Pierre, the coachman, the finest negro of them all, held the prancing horses well in hand. "Git in, you chilens of Ham, git in, he called in a voice of iron. They obeyed at once. Pierre gathered the reins together and raised his whip; turning then, ne scanned the dusky faces. Mammy, the black cook, watching him, called out im-

"Sakes alive, honey, where's that gal Harold had been leaning nonchalantly yeing the scene on a veranda pillar by the

Without looking round, she spoke to him as mammy called: "Harold, will you find Natella? "She has not been here for some time.

It was her sister's voice, hushed and close to her ear. But even as she spoke a white form rushed by them, was pulled into the carriage, and the horses had dashed off. "Theodore, Pauline, come in; we are going to have a storm. Tante stood in the doorway. Theo went

up to her and drew her in. Already the wind was banging doors. The night was of a pitchy darkness. Pauline, in her dark dress, was not visible on the veranda where she stood. A strong blast of wind, coming suddenly, buffeted against her. Frightened, she turned to enter the house. when, in one breathless second, she could

Leaning up against the pillar where I had been before was Harold, with a face of fearful anguish. His head was bared and fallen, with a look of deep despair. His eyes sought beyond the veranda, cutting the very blackness with their intensity, and yet with a distant look about them. His lips, tightly compressed, were blanched, as were likewise the cheeks, the brow above them. The only hand she saw hung stiffly by his side, between the fingers of which was crushed a half smoked cigar. She tried to speak, to walk, but could not, when, with a mighty effort, she made her way to a door near by, sprang up the stairs and sank exhausted on the floor of her room. She lay there how long she knew not, trembling, with that suffering face before her, when she crept to bed. Her sister coming in later was surprised to find her sleeping. Why had she deserted them this their

last night, when they had been so folly, and Harold had kept them laughing with yes and stared at the darkness. him? What did it mean? That dream, how plainly she remembered it; the first night there by the window." She shivered. How cold she was! Theo! would she hour passed. She had slept and awak-

ened: it was about midnight. She slept again and, waking, found the darkness half gone. Her wrapper lay on a chair close by. Under the blanket, even, she was shivering; and it looked ing them with her hand, she waited for southern land. A gleaming bit of white stuff caught her sight. It appeared to be wound around the tree's trunk. Some remnant of the ball, she thought, She still was looking at it when the sun directed her powerful rays full upon iton a face with eyes wide open meeting it

Pauline pointed to the dead face of Natella, staring at her—at the sun.

The birds had begun their fighting and

their songs. The acorns still were drop-ping and the leaf swept not the cheek of Pauline but the cold glass of the closed

window, and seemed to mind not.

The servants knew nothing, and could but sob and wring their hands. "Lord, Almighty! Lord, Almighty!" was their together in the drawing room. Up stairs

them apparently well at their quarters to come to her room in the house.' The doctor bowed solemnly and was

shown out. Tante motioned the frightened group away. "No crying, no iercely as they went by.

once for her.' Theo stroked the white hand gently.

ine is not herself." Harold went with them to the station and Pauline wondered why it was that no one saw, as she did, how old and harsh looking he had grown! "Harold," they are standing alone to-

here." He caught her hand which held the ring and pressed it tightly. His face was turned from hers. The ring pierced her cruelly, and involuntarily he exclaimed: "Cousin, sweet little cousin, a housand pardons and as many thanks. The ring was on his finger. The hat was close drawn over his eyes. The train coming in, Pauline hastened for the last time

"Your ear, dear, give it to me. I must whisper." She drew her down. "Pierre, you know Pierre, my handsome coachman. He has not been seen since last night, and I heard he was in a bad temper at the ball because Natella proudly refused to dance with him. He must have nixed the poison at the supper. Natella, my beautiful Natella," and weeping bitterly Pauline left her, with the curtains of her carriage closely drawn Harold Graham, a week at departure, sailed for Europe for several years. Tante, c' heo.

Tribes of Terriers. To many it will be a novelty to find that reign, and then often loosthat is flercely apostrophized by Curtius, in whose days it seems to have been a novelty. "Iseland dogges, curled and

body, a beggarly beast, brought out of parbarous borders." Delightful are the Dandie Dinmonts affectionate, intelligent and courageousthe Peppers especially, the Mustard variety seems to want flavor—happy, too, in their association with Sir Walter Scott's finest touches. The Skyes, too, will al-ways claim respect, although fallen out of ists upon the Island of Skye; but finer specimens are in the hands of the fanciers. Then there are Clydesdale terriers, with the general features of the generic Scotch, and the inevitable black and tan, some-times called English, but which seems to belong exclusively to no particular clime or realm. The Schipperkes, familiarly called Skips, are, perhaps, the latest development of the terrier fancy, and these

he strongest feelings of nationality. Cody imself considers that he is to some extent an American officer. Texas cowboys are as patriotic as Sioux Indians from Wyoming. Buffalo Bill has but little trouble to get along here, as he is horoughly simple in his intentions; but he expressed some pain at something pubished in an American newspaper which nade it appear that he was guying some f the English princes. Said he: "I would not guy these men for anything in the world, as they have treated me with wonderful consideration, and I do not believe that it is a proper thing to play any ractical joke on a well meaning man." \$2,000 a week; it may be \$2,000 a dayt is one or the other. But I did not like to inquire too minutely into the finances of the exhibition. Salisbury and Bill have their treasurer, who is an exact and painstaking man. The show seemed to me to be far better than it was in America. This may be because they have so much larger and better grounds to perform in, and the riding is excellent. Most of the feats, such as shooting by the women, are exceedingly well done. A good many of the British people think that the bucking horses are trained to buck in sight of the audience; but this is mistake, for when I went to the stables Jack Burke held me back. 'If you go in there,' said he. 'you may get your brains kicked out. There is no calculating on those horses at all." -"Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Biscuits We Eat. more shapes and forms than did the biscuit of our grandmother's days. Then Theo smiled as she thought. When at | the only thing thought to be entitled to the hallowed name of biscuit was a sort "Harold, what was the matter with and soda, that was wholesome and took the place of bread for the morning or evening meal. These light, flaky, grandmother biscuits were generally served hot, with fresh yellow butter and honey wake Theo? She lay and thought. An or maple syrup, and a person who did not relish such a meal was pronounced sick or in possession of an unappreciative appetite. In modern cookery there is a variety of biscuits. A host of different shaped cakes and crackers are now called warm. She rose and wrapped it about under that name. The grandmother bis her, went to the window and looked out. | cuit was designed to be eaten hot, but the Listening there she heard voices in the modern biscuit is made with a view to distance. They came from the negroes' last for weeks, and not consumed until quarters, so she knew they had returned. | cold. There are a number of biscuit fac-She tried to leave the window to go to tories in Chicago that do a large business bed, but something held her. The half in their line, shipping their goods to all light was painful to her eyes, and, shield- parts of the country. They are made in different shapes-square, round or scolthe sun to burst. She would see it for loped-and one grade is cut to represent the last time in all its splendor in the southern land. A gleaming bit of white brown flour biscuits and the oatmeal cakes, ginger snaps and cracknells, all going under the general head of biscuits. These bakeries occupy extensive buildings, employ hundreds of hands, and, in fact, constitute one of the prominent industries of the city.—Chicago Herald. unflinchingly—on parted lips and still brow. With a cry which woke her sister,

A Fatal Admission.

The San Francisco Bulletin thinks Yan Phou Lee makes a fatal admission when he says that the Chinese immigrants rely mainly upon the Chinese companies for aid, which really amounts to assisted immigration and contract labor.

NELLIE GRANTS HOME.

A PRETTY PLACE WITH OLD WORLD SURROUNDINGS.

Embarking for a Visit to America-Mrs. Sartoris' Children-A Talk with Her Concerning Her Thirteen Years' Residence in England.

Hardly a cannon's shot from the dull English seaport of Southampton Mrs. Algernon Sartoris (Nellie Grant) lives. On the opposite side of the river from the straggling outlines of this old town she as a charming summer home. It is a delightful place, not only for its mistress and master, but for its complexion and One after the recently, as the Dutch steamer from Bremen drew into the waters of the Hamble, which wash the

acres of this striking abode, Mrs. Sartoris

put out in a rowboat to board it. She

was accompanied by the elder Sartoris, who bade her an affectionate farewell as she reached the deck of the ship. Here was an embarkation at one's own door, and it was the beginning of Nellie Grant's first trip to America in two years. Vivian, her eldest daughter and second child, sails with here She is a beautiful girl, the image of her mother as she can e recalled when she first entered the White House when her father became president. Algernon, her eldest son, is now a boy of 10 years old; the little girl who goes with her to America is 8, and Rosa, the youngest, is 6. An interesting little group the mother and children make. But social life, as the world knows and feels it in this locality, does not interrupt the even tenor of the Sartoris home. There are Ryde Esplanade and Southsea, two famous summer places along the beach like our Far Rockaway, and all within easy sight or sail of the quiet place towards which I hope to direct the reader's attention. Nellie Grant is the mistress of this home now, for the elder Mrs. Sartoris is dead. The master is the father of the singular son who married this splendid American girl, who so worthily bore a great name. The husband, having large interests in Wales, is rarely at home, and the father devotes himself to the care of his son's children toris is a man of culture and refinement, devoted to music, painting and literature He has means, and not only surrounds himself with a home air of art and re-

in-law lives in an atmosphere of the higher The farm is ample, well laid out and cultivated. The house is an old building, with two centuries of history about it. The proprietor has added some new features to the architecture of the main building, and it is ample now to house the great troop of friends who frequently come here to enjoy the good taste of the proprietor. There are acres and acres of lawn and pasture, and many more acres of flowers, shrubbery and shade. Graveled walks lead in and out between the rows of great trees, which run in every direction, and tasteful flower beds dot the whole slope from the house to the river. The old fashioned primrose and pink, with other flowers so well remembered to dear old America, garnish every part of the lawn and are so guided that they make up quaint illustrations of how beautifully colors may be combined. Bowers of evergreens are here and there. Overlooking the waters there s one where trailing vines have been guided over an archway of wire and the climbing ivy has been colored with a wealth of flowers, which peep out cun-

finement, but with those who deal in the

finer touches of existence. His daughter-

ningly from the dark green leaves of the climbing plant. This is Nellie Grant's musing place. and it is a good point from which to study the history and surroundings of the place. From it all the busy life of the water can be observed. A little way off can be seen the three mighty stationary batteries that look like great black sentinels frowning upon every passer by—most magnificent illustrations of the military power of the United Kingdom. On the land great lines of fortifications trend in every direction, and I have often wondered if, when looking upon these evidences of military glory, this young woman ever recalled the greatness of her father and the mighty control he once exercised over the lives of men and the fate of a nation. She can see and muse upon English life as it was and is. in its broadest phases, from this pretty

arbor where the well is. "All this is beautiful, but it is aimless," said the mistress to me, speaking of these wonderful sights and their romantic and dramatic history. "Sometimes I hardly know whether it is real or a dream, it is so different from anything you know of in America; yet I have grown very fond of this delightful country and these pleasant customs. It is thirteen years since I came to England to live, but time has passed so swiftly that it does not seem so ong. Naturally I think a great deal about the United States, for all my family are there, and no matter what changes one makes in life, thoughts of our native land will frequently crowd into our reflections. My recollections of my early home in America are very dear to me, but yet the responsibilities of later life bring their reward as well. My girlhood life was delightful, and every one in America was exceedingly kind to me. I think I inherited my father's dislike for politics, for, although I went into the White House a girl, I never took any interest in political conditions, and I have followed he same rule since I have been in Eng-

"I do not recall many of the ladies who were leaders in Washington society when my father was president, for I was too young to know them intimately, and girl associates of my own age were not numerous. How wonderfully things have

changed since those days. "But these are reflections in which I ought not to indulge. I have new responabout the condition of women in England. It is somewhat different here than in America; but you must remember the ladies assume more self reliance here than American women know. They are resolute, full of good health, are fond of exercise and take to the sports of the field with the men. They do not expect the attention which American women demand; yet I think English ladies are treated with courtesy as real and substantial as the wonen of any other country. There may not be quite so much obsequious courtesy shown them, but in those elements of association which really tend to make up one's happiness there is as much attention paid women in England as anywhere in the world. It is an old country and its customs are well established. There is not the tithe of ceremony that most people think, and there is a great deal to commend in what American women find strange at first, but would very soon fall -Frank A. Burr's Letter in New

A Sign for Professional Mendicants. "Since I put that up," said a down

for aid would be referred to the down town relief bureau, where, if worthy, terror to the "rounders," who never work as long as they can find a credulet.

and charitable person to drink in any in-genious tale of woe. The machinery of the society for the detection of imposture proves too much for them, and where they see its placards they now retire with disgust. There are from 800 to 1,000 of these notices distributed in down town offices, and the statement of this business man is confirmed by the experience of other subscribers to the bureau. Albert C. Hebberd, superintendent of the bureau, also says that of those who apply to subscribers and receive tickets about haif fail to present them at the bureau.

The first thing which Superintendent Hebberd does after taking an applicant's story, address and references, is to give a ticket for a night's lodging and three meals, either at the men's lodging house or the Women's home, so that the applicant is cared for for one day while the investigation is going on. The consequences f detection to an impostor are serious, and likely to include a term on the island for vagrancy. A report of all fraudulent cases is made to the Charity Organization society, which acts as a clearing house for all the charity organizations in New York. It reports the frauds detected by one as-sociation to all the others and supports a police agent who devotes his time to aresting and bringing such offenders to punishment. The society publishes a monthly bulletin of frauds, and the last number contained the names of twentyour professional beggars and of seventy four fraudulent charitable institutions the city whose agents solicit funds. As there are 2,000 copies of these bulletins circulated among the ministers, churches and charitable workers of the city, it becomes comparatively easy to ascertain the merit of any applicant for relief .- New

Queer Household Decorations. Philadelphia millionaire names Fales, who fied some years ago, had devoted a great deal of his time in collecting canes. They were from all quarters of the globe, and ranged from the spike sticks of the South

I never heard what became of the colwalls of a library in a big house in Seventy-second street. They stood upright on the floor, held by a rack, and they formed an admirable substitute for wainscoting. The history of every cane was fastened on the wall above the handle of the stick to which it referred. I know of him a profit. Japanese room in which several panels f the wall are formed of Japanese tapestries with portraits of various members of the family worked in. The head of the house is distinguished by eyeglasses and a pair of enormous whiskers. His porroom. All but the face is Japanese, and no one can have any idea of the absurd effect of a Japanese mandarin with side ence.—Rochester Union. Buffalo Bill's Royal Patrons.

remarkably good woman, and perfectly unaffected.' She expressed a great desire to ride in the stage coach. It was impromptu, and we tried in vain to get the Indians to understand that they must not get too close

with the coach to fire. They got an idea that somebody important was inside, and that therefore they must fire a little worse than ordinarily. We went through a good deal of trouble here for fear somebody or other might get hurt through the flashing of powder or wads or something. The Princess of Wales got out with a face perfectly white, and she said with her broken accent: "Now I am sure I have been to war! I have been under fire, I know!" Colonel Cody said that the queen was a very motherly, domestic sort of woman, whose inquiries were almost entirely addressed to the health of the people in the show. She wanted to know how the Indians got along; if they had any disease, and were comfortable. "She seemed to

kindly woman."-"Gath" in Cincinnati A Strange Absence of Life. Another peculiarity of the Saguenay. which adds to its impressiveness, is the absence—the almost total absence—of life upon it. For forty miles the yacht sailed on between its mountainous sides, and from the mouth to Cape Eternity, save the white porpoises near the entrance, I never saw a bird or fish or animal of any kind. It was in truth a solemn sail. The pilot said scarcely a word during the entire passage, and I sat at the helm and is known as Theorem painting, and also strong, blowing straight up between the lofty sides as through a funnel, with the force of half a gale, and the yacht raced wake of white froth astern; but being sharp at the stem and narrow in her lines she cut the dark current like a knife. noiselessly. Once I thought I saw a seal's and in all that forty miles of flight, wind driven, with the August sun shining market. The frames are made by mabrightly in the sky, I saw no gull flying chinery in the story below the "studio."

Murray in New York World. How to Estimate an Income. A capable domestic servant in our cities may annually lay by a sum equal to the income upon \$3,000 in government bonds. interest of \$30,000 at 4 per cent. A teamster in Montana or a cowboy in Colorado finds that his strength and skill are worth to him, in money each year, as much as would be \$40,000 invested in the same The lawyer or physician in a country town, who earns his \$2,000 annually, if suddenly debarred from practice would require \$66,000 in bonds to yield him the same income; and the editor in chief of a great city daily has a power in his brain worth to him, in hard cash, the capital of

The Window Decorator.

keeper, or perchance the manager, if the business justified such a person. Now the window decorator divides the honors and commands as high a salary as any attache of the house. His function is an important one. His labor, though not arduous physically, requires something of the gift of the artist and hence commands they would be assisted. The bureau is a good wages. There is no more important position in a modern retail store than that of the window decorator. - Chicago

CHEAP OIL PAINTINGS.

MANUFACTURING "BUCKEYES" AND "POT BOILERS."

Establishments Which Turn Oil Paintings at the Rate of a Thousand a Week-Rapid Use of the Stenctl Plate

The law prohibiting the sale of pictures by artificial light was passed to prevent he public from being imposed upon by the exhibition of inferior works under circumstances calculated to deceive the buyer. Great numbers of what the salesmen call "genuine oil paintings" have been put upon the market in many ways of late years, and although the sale has recently fallen off somewhat, the manufacture of them is still a considerable branch of industry. The facilities for their production are ample and the pro-cesses by which they are furnished at so low a price are ingenious. There are two kinds of cheep pictures in oil; the produced in the studios by artists of various degrees of ability, and those manufactured in establishments devoted to the business on a large scale, which turn out duplicates of an oil painting just as similar

concerns in other branches of industry turn out hats, coats and shoes. Paintings of the first named class are called "pot boilers" from their being as a rule thrown off by artists to furnish means to "keep the pot boiling.' A DEGREE OF MERIT.

Such works, although generally showing evidences of the haste with which they are painted, often possess a certain degree of merit. They are mostly sold in the auction rooms in the large cities, and many artists, in the absence of more lucrative employment, find their chief source of support by means of this class of work. A clever artist can paint a tolerably attractive canvas in a comparatively short time, and although he may put into it little of the imagination and poetry and careful thought which he would bestow upon a work for one of the regular exhibitions of the season, his technical facility will enable him to make Sea Islanders to the London "crutch and a salable picture of it. The visitor to the toothpick" canes, which were popular in | smaller auction rooms and art stores will London at that time. Nearly all of them often find on exhibition pot boilers from have been gathered by the picture dealers, ection until about a month ago, when I | who are well acquainted with the sources saw nearly 400 of them ranged around the of supply and with the worth of ready money to the impecunious artist. Some times the pictures are sold on account of the painter; sometimes they have been bought outright at a low rate by the auctioneer, who offers them at his picture sales until a buyer is found who will pay

What are technically known as "buckeves" are works of a different class. These are produced in great numbers at establishments in several of the large cities. Girls who have been trained to the degree of mechanical skill necessary trait is the most prominent one in the for making a copy of the picture before them, or rather that part of it which is given them to duplicate, show a remarkable facility in accomplishing their task. whiskers and eyeglasses until they see In some of the workshops the walls are this work of art. It is by all odds the covered with strips of canvas, upon which the copyists are busily at work. One the family look upon it with abject rever- paints the sky and the distant effects: another follows with the foreground; auother paints the figures, and still another finishes the picture. The work is done with great rapidity, but the result, as might be expected, is not pleasing to an artistic eye. Yet the facility attained by constant practice is such that the rude copies of landscape thus produced bear a give them a market value as pictures.

sufficient resemblance to the original to One of the largest manufactories of cheap paintings in this country is in New York. A three story building is devoted to the business and when the demand was at its height, a few years ago, nearly 1,000 pictures a week were turned out. Some of the processes employed are peculiar to these manufacturers, and the upper story, which is the "studio," or workshop, is carefully guarded against intrusion. The doors are kept locked, and no one except those employed in the establishment is allowed to enter. WORK OF THE "STUDIO."

The first step in the preduction of the brilliant landscape in a gilt frame which is to be the subject of the auctioneer or the picture peddler is the preparation of the canvas. This is done by means of a machine which coats a long strip of cotton cloth with a mixture of glue and whiting and gives to it something of the firmness and appearance of canvas. The cloth is then thoroughly dried and is then ready for the stretcher or inner frame. The stretchers are produced by an ingenious machine, which shapes, joins and fastens them with great rapidity, and by a third machine, which is tended by a small boy of artistic proclivities, the cloth is quickly fastened upon the stretcher and made ready for the coming landscape. Next comes the work of the "studio. There one finds a line of girls, their dresses splashed with paint, and their general appearance in other respects quite in contrast with the young women at the Art Students' league or the ideal woman artist in a well appointed studio. On the walls, within easy reach, hang stencils of various patterns which the girls have learned to use with great rapidity. The process employed is similar to what

steered, silently looking. The wind was as Poonah or Oriental painting. By the use of a kind of stencil the outlines and principal figures in the landscape are one after another put upon the cloth, and the through the black water, leaving a long | picture then passes into the hands of a more advanced painter for completion. A few skillful touches with her brush supply the deficiencies left by the use of the stencil, and after a plentiful supply nead, but it vanished and I was not sure, of varnish and a suitable exposure in the drying room, the picture is ready for overhead, no loon upon the water, no They are much thinner than they appear hawk or eagle circling above the lofty to be, but, although so unsubstantial, are cliffs, nor any animal, whether small or great, moving along the shores. Surely, it was a strange sail, and I could only look and marvel at the solitude through which "Dutch gilt," which closely resembles of gold in the solitude through which the solitude through the solitude th cliffs, nor any animal, whether small or quite ornamental in design, and after gold leaf, but has not a particle of gold in its composition, they are dazzling enough to satisfy the most exacting purchaser. So it will be seen that in these "genuine oil paintings" the oil which is used is about the only thing to justify the term. Little clse is genuine. The canvas is cotton cloth, smeared with glue and whiting; the frame, apparently so substantial, is a mere shell, and the shining gilding has no gold about it. Yet, like other shams, the sham oil painting has found a great many admirers.-New York Mail and Express.

A Novel Toboggan Slide.

There is on view at the American exhibition in London a novel toboggan slide. Wheels are abolished, and steel runners used in their place. The steering apparatus is most delicately arranged, so that an upset is next to impossible. The machine is light, weighing about twenty pounds. The slide, which can be erected at the cost of about £100, is faced with toughened glass instead of wood, and held down with steel rods. As the toboggan runs down the slide the noise it makes is infinitesimal.—Boston Transcript.

A Mexican paper says the condition of the very poor in the City of Mexico is most lamentable. Neither Naples nor Constantinople, in their lowest quarters, can show worse squalor or more sadden-

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> between the pillows and slept. garden, Tante, Theo and Pauline were was passing. The party under the tree

refrain. Taute sternly, with the tears running down her cheeks, questioned separately one and all as they gathered

was the doctor. He now came and, with his hand resting on the door, bowed to overtaken, my dear lady, without doubt, by the spasms in the spot where she was ound. As the servants tell me, she left

screeching, near this house." She said it "Tante, dear, but it is better we should leave to-night, for you see how excited Pauline is, and the change is necessary at

"Yes," the answer came sadly. "Pau-

gether at the station. "Harold, I found this in the cushion of the carriage coming

to bid goodby to Taute.

broken hearted about it, as v

Wales and Ireland both produce a distinct race of terriers, which present, however, no striking points of difference with the wiry Scotch. And of the terriers formerly known as Scotch, a more critical age has established sundry classes which hail from this side of the border. There is the Bedlington, for instance, which resembles the Dandie much as his Northambrian master resembles a Scot; and the Yorkshire terrier, with long, silky coat, a favorite companion of the voulle and maidens of the earlier years . . . ; resent "Skye." It is this kind of and, long haired dog, whether Yorkshire or "Skye,"

rough all over, showing neither face nor

hail from Belgium; but of their origin no man knows.—All the Year Round. "Gath's" Visit to Buffalo Bill. About Buffalo Bill's entertainment exist

"Oh, I understand that this show costs

The modern biscuit has very many of plain light cake, made of flour, cream biscuits. The cakes are sweet, as are also some varieties of crackers which go

town business man, pointing to a sign in his office, "the beggars have fallen off 90 per cent. I don't have ten applicants where I used to have 100." The placard in question had no unkind reference to a bulldog, or even to the police, but announced that all applicants

The craze for queer and uncouth obects for decorating houses crows more rapid constantly. Not loans to I was in an apartment decorated at the entirely by whips of every conceivable is shion and size down to the modern cowboy lash. The effect was unusually interesting. A

most wonderful thing I ever saw, and yet I inquired about the Prince of Wales and the queen, and how they happened to take so cordially to the Wild West. Said Cody: "The prince is a very democratic sort of man. The first time he spoke to me he called me Bill, and asked me if I had ever held four kings before. I told him I had often held four kings, but this ime I had the Prince of Wales, and that made the royal flush. His wife, if possible, is more democratic than he is. She is a

me," said Cody, "to be a philanthropic,

and an industrious mechanic, in steady employment, earns a sum equal to the lands, even if he could buy them at par. \$500,000.—Youth's Companion.

Formerly the highest paid man about a retail store was the accountant or book-

ing spectacles. - Chicago Times.

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