toreheads. There is comething about them that gives the whole situation away; a kind of a cling-right-next-to-me-darling air. Of course, I have made a

mistake now and then, but it is very sel-

dom I do, and I've often found out, after changing my mind two or three times, that I was right after all, though certain

appearances were against it. We generally have a test which never fails, and

when a doubtful party comes along we spring it on them, just to be sure, you

Not many weeks ago a counte got into

my car and sat down very quietly in their arm chairs as if they had been used to it all their lives. These didn't seem to

have the bride and groom air about them

through the car. He handed books to

everybody, and when he came to the sus-

pected party he took out of his pile two

ittle books, and said, so nearly every-

body could hear him: 'Very useful books.

veak sort of 'N-n-n-no.' Then they

ered, and I caught him full in the eyes

and smiled a sweet smile, giving him a

respectful wink at the same time. It

was all settled in a minute, and there

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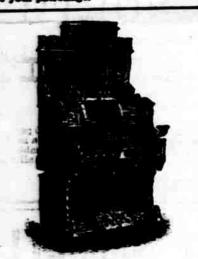
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FROM THE MUSTY PAST.

MANY SUPERSTITIONS ROOTED IN OLD PAGAN BELIEFS.

Day-The Barking Dog-Cutting Natio

particularity into the origin of some of

our superstitions. I have already told you, in a general way, what I now wish to emphasize, that the largest part of them are modern survivals of old nature myths and pagan religions. That the old world is still vital in us we are giving evidence every day of our lives. Our common speech is full of traces of old beliefs, just as the rocks under our feet are full of fossils and tracks of creatures long since extinct. Our carnivals, Mardi Gras and Lents; our Christmas trees, yule logs, gift making, mistletoe boughs and evergreens; our New Year and May-day festivals; our Easter rejoicings, Easter eggs and carols; all of there are thousands of years old and have their sources in all nations and all religions. The peasants of England still kindle their Bel fires which across the darkness of the centuries flame out an answering signal to the old Phoenicians; and they were kindled at the still more antique fires of the older Persians; and even these last are only modern representatives of the old first fires of the first worshipers, who, in far off idimness of the years, first made on earth a fire in bonor of their heavenly god, the sun. The past, then, where is it? It is all about us; its wisdom not only, but its folly. We clothe ourselves in its

robes of wisdom, and we still gather

about us the tattered and grotesque rags

-Saturn's day, and hence the name.

And as Saturn was always a gloomy and

lucky to begin anything on his day.

And did you ever think of it? This is the

to. Our Sunday is still Saturday, Sa-

turn's day, to thousands, and they still

keep it, because they are afraid of the

God who is supposed to have made it his

THE WILD HUNTEMAN'S DOG.

a bad sign for the dog to bark at night

the old myth of Odin, the wild hunts-

man. John represents Jesus as saying

that he would come for his disciples at

death and receive them to himself. In

all ages and in all religions it has been believed that at death the father of the

tribe as the god of the dead came for and led away his followers to the land

of the departed. This faith has assumed

a chousand shapes. Odin used to be the

god of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Un-

der the name of Wodin we still have his

name in our day of the week, Wednes-

In the dark nights when the storm was

up and a rushing of winds could be heard through the groaning tree tops, the frightened peasants fancied they heard the rush of the Wild Huntsman's

troops, accompanied by shricking trumpets and hurrying horses and baying dogs.

lucky, for, as lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place, he wouldn't be

likely to pass that way soon again. But

to hear the barking of one of his dogs

meant that the death call had come.

Odin is forgotten except by scholars; but

his horseshoe is remembered for luck, and his dog's bark at night still makes us

is to be found in fanciful analogies or

ignorant interpretations of nature, or mere coincidences of color or form. For

instance, why cut the hair or nails on

wax figures melted and wasted away be-

fore the fire, so the man it represented would waste away. Here is the origin of

and throw it away, and as the bean de-cayed the warts would go away. Or if another boy picked it up he would pick

up the warts along with it. All the other cures were of a like kind. The

niddle ages were full of such medicine

as this, oven among grave and learned men. It still survives among old nurses.

Because the mandrake root was forked, and supposed to resemble a man, it was conceived to possess recastrable curative powers.—Rev. M. J. Savage in Boston Globe.

THE NEWLY WED.

It to a Pullman porter, who is talking

but they are as plainly marked to my sension phentily sensed his open as if they had the words facile' and that ... Washington Letter.

day-Wodin's day.

Take one more illustration. It is still

of its ignorance. WHY PRIDAY IS AN UNLUCKY DAY. through with him. We will now particularize just a little. "There are plenty of other giveaways Why should Friday be now regarded as and they are safe generally as the test. an unlucky day? Nobody ever proved it so. As many facts against the notion can be found as those that favor it. Only if people get a fancy in their heads, they always forget the times when their fancy misses fire, and only remember when it one day in the week to make it differ from others? Nothing. All days equally are caused by the turning of the earth on its axis, and thus bringing its differ-ent sides successively toward the sun. Suppose we should begin a new count, and call Wednesday Monday, and so on, would Friday, when we got to it, still be unlucky? No, friends, the reason is here. In one of the old forms of paganism for the party, as lots of rice is almost sure to stick to their clothes, hats and in this relic of which has still survived-Friday was dedicated to Freyja, the Pa-

their hair. About the funniest rice thing I ever now was that which hapgan Venus. Christianity naturally cursed the day and its worship, which was corrupt and corrupting. So poor Friga's day was given up to a fish diet and ill fortune. I wonder they kept the fish, to it, however, and we couldn't get any for it was sacred to Freyja, and this is the reason why Friday is fish day still. Saturday used to be the unlucky day malignant god it came to be thought un-

ezing! out came three or four pocketfuls of rice all over the seats and floor. Their friends had rolled up a lot inside old Jewish Sabbath or day of rest. And the folds of the umbrella, and, next to the young man I heard tell about who, beyond question here is the origin of the Sal-bath. First it was unlucky to do anywhen he went to sign his name in a hotel register, dropped a lot of rice on the book when he took off his hat, it was thing on that day, because they were afraid of the god who ruled it; then, as the conception of the god changed, they regrained from work, because, for some the most binding thing I ever knew."— Philadelphia Record. reason, they supposed he wanted them

He Didn't See. The Listener was about to write a chapter on the professional men who be-long to the church for professional purposes only, and who come to regard their church as their peculiar preserve, have no right to peach. On second ing you would overflow with bright thought, however, he has decided not to in the family. I haven't time to go into this at length, but this is a remnant of

fare which, from the frequency of its dental establishments, is coming to be Molar avenue (Plugham, of course, like the rest of the dentists in that aristooccupation in his sign, but simply decor-ates his door with a very modest plate bearing only the legend "Dr. Piugham", belongs to a fairly fashionable church shoes and clothes so fast. When the not find him in his pew; he teaches a you draw out your miserable newspaper class in the Sunday school and takes a and begin to read. And you read that

whom Plugham bestowed a glance of slight recognition, and after the service sume caramels by the ton!
Plugham and the stranger were seen in Newspapers, read by husb conversation for a moment or two in the vestibule. After the stranger had passed out, one of the members of the church stepped up to Dr. Plugham and remarked: "Who was that stranger that you were alking with, doctor?"

"He?" said Plugham, as a scowl dark-ened his handsome face, "oh, that was Dr. Snagge, the dentist, and I don't see what in thunder he's prowling around here for!"—Boston Transcript.

ful connection with the idea that as the moon grows so other things would grow also. The witch supposed that as her elected for six years, threw up his hands the famous curse for warts we used to in despair as the perspiring mail carrier threw upon his deak another huge bundle of letters, and declared he would not write another reply or waste another postage stamp on the horde of place hun-ters. His wife knew this would never do, for a senator or representative might as well go out and commit political suicide as to refuse to answer the letters of his constituents. Once let the wor pass round a district or state that the Hon. So-and-So is too proud or lazy to: .swer letters, and his days of power are at once numbered. So this good wife said to her despairing lord, "You go and take a walk. The air will do you good; and while you are gone I will look over the mail." When the senator returned he found the letters opened and nicely assorted. In one pile were those which demanded immediate attention; in anther those which could lay over a few "Hardly a week goes by," says the porter, "that I don't see a bridal couple just starting out on their honeymoon. I don't exactly know how I can tell them, out of charge of the party of the

HUSBANDS, STAND UP!

little manual of correct behavior. It is high time some one took them in hand:

Cortland: street. There he sold at anobut, although I have had my eye upon them for a good while, I have been bothered to find a ripe opportunity. they might have been brother and sister or married for years, but still there was a comething there that made me suspicious, so when I saw them together

ing, how do you go home to your wife at I went to the news company's boy and I says: 'Biti, here's a doubtful party; get out the sample copies.'
"So Bill got his tests and started little woman who has been so hard at work all day with five habies and an incompetent girl, callers, and miscellaneous jobs of mending, pastry making and pickling, that she has found no time to sir; hints on housekeeping and hints to newly married people. Only 25 cents.'
"That did it. The girl got as red as a rose and the man blushed and said a curl her hair and put on her best gown to meet you, what do you do?

Do you, like a dear old sympathizing fellow, take her worn face into a warm embrace and whisper in her ear: "Never mind, dearie: I have got home, and we'll share the cares for the rest of the day. You go and rest yourself while I put Johnnie and Trot and buby to bed?" Do was no doubt about it. Well, he took it you see that she sits in the easiest chair very good naturedly, and asked me after- while you skip around and minister to ward how in the world he had given her wants? Do you keep silent while she himself away—he couldn't imagine. I reads the evening paper (to herself), and believe we could always tell, and talked are you mindful of draughts and slamso nicely be gave me a dollar when I got ming doors while she takes her case in slippered content? Do the stars dance by which I can spot a bride and a groom, and they are safe generally as the test. do all this. You expect the hushed home, One day a couple came in the car- and the siesta with the paper, and the passed by them once or twice, and then to the club to escape the noise and con-

quiet?" or, "What's the use of burning so much coal? Turn off the damper! You are enough to ruin a Vanderbilt!" pened in my car just two or three weeks and yet you think it is dreadful if she groom. They didn't seem to take kindly a hansom cab driver, a board of trade nue and Tenth street. man, cook in a restaurant, cash boy for satisfaction out of them at all. Fy and a dry goods house, a kindergarten teacher by the man said to his wife: "Seems to and a hospital nurse all combined for the simply attended to a single systematized

> A woman is required to be everything from a reception committee to receive calls in the parlor, to a nurse in the nursery, and a chief executive in the kitchen, while a business man devotes himself to a single trade or profession.

DON'T DE AFRAID OF "SPOONING." And next, bow do you entertain your wife evenings? If you were invited into a neighbor's house to spend a couple of hours with his wife and daughter, how would you entertain them, I wonder? Why, you would put a posy in your but-tonhole, and slick up your hair, and blow a little perfume out of the atomizer all upon which other men of their trade over yourself, and throughout the evenwrite the chapter, but simply to tell a that after you had gone away everybody would say: "What a perfectly delightful man Mr. Perkins is! What good com-

cratic section does not give a hint of his dren to bed, and every now and then belongs to a fairly fashionable church shoes and clothes so fast. When the and is very faithful indeed in his devotions. No Sunday so stormy that it does thing nicely adapted for a chat or a game, prominent part in all church and society paper all to yourself, word for word, and ine for line, straight through from editorial to market report, as if it contained regation at Plugham's church noticed a the secret of youth, wealth and eternal well dressed stranger at church upon as vation! In the same way one might drink soda water by the pailful, or con-

Newspapers, read by husbands in selfial solitude, are answerable for many wifely heartaches. How many good stories and racy anecdotes do you tell your wife to make her laugh? How many roses do you pin on your coat and how careful are you of your appearance in the long evenings, when there is nobody by but her to be captivated by your charms and bewildered by your manly beauty? There is just exactly as much excuse for her (and a little more, it may be,) if her dress is slatternly and her hair untidy as there is for you, and there is precious little for

You excuse your indifference and neglect and the withdrawal of fond office seeking correspondence. One day her at forty as at twenty, with the last week a western senator, recently rethought: "O, well, she knows I love her: thought: "O, well, she knows I love her; what's the use of 'spooning' at our age?'
By and by there will come a time when you shall see her lying in her coffin, perhaps, and you would sell your soul that day to be able to shine away long years of cold neglect with the manifestation of the love that was always in your heart, certainly, but carefully kept on ice. Call it "spooning," if you like, or any other name of contempt, but I tell you there is nothing so sad in all life's history as the vanished opportunity to manifest a love for which some friend went hungry through alow years of undemonstrative and stupid reserve.—Amber in Chicago Tribune.

Attenta Constitution.

Rattisemake and Cow.

Horses and cattle, it is frequently said, rarely, if ever, suffer death from the bite of a rattisemake. But a hunter in the Potomac valley came upon the evidences of a double tragedy which goes to disprove this opinion.

While hunting the other day I found

OLD PICTURE SALES.

eraleses Hold for Chrome Price ness of Art Amother Long before the duke of Durcal's co lection of paintings had been taken from the ancestral walls to be brought across the Atlantic, New York was noted as a

by chance frequently, but the critical eye of art lovers of that time was too practi-cal to allow any undue indulgence where more than a trifling sum was asked for a

work even of unusual merit. It's nothing new in New York that the works of old masters should go begging for a price even near their

sales of years ago, several prominent actors in which may be familiar to old New Yorkers of today. In the early forties an undersized, dark browed, keen eyed art dealer, Levy by

In the first place, to plunge right into the midst of things without further wait-WHICH IS YOUR WAY?

whole Cresar family by Raphael?" Mr. Lovy couldn't sell them very easily, but finally a bid of five shillings apiece bought the collection. A year or two later Brett, a London nicture dealer of some note, whose specialty was collecting the lost works of great masters for private collections of Nassau street. He offered the proprietors \$50 for the lot. The offer was accepted promptly, but two of the portraits were missing. Inquiry developed the fact that the thrifty restaurateur had used them to kindle a fire during a heavy snow storm when it was difficult which, by the way was jam full—and the moment they entered it was plain as day that they were newly wedded. I

The ten portraits accompanied Brett on his voyage back to London, and were

What am I offered for

successful merchant who lived in Green- principle on which society moves." wich street. Mr. Reed's gallery consisted almost entirely of works by Ameri-That's the keynote of the song you sing. | can artists. Many well known people at that time were visitors at his gallery.

About 1840 Ernstpusch, a German importer of pictures, brought over the greatest collection of pictures ever im-40,050, mostly by German artists, but among them the works of Spanish, Italian and French artists. Levy sold nearly the entire collection at auction at prices of from 1 shilling to \$100.

The last really large auction sale of pictures was the sale of the Robert Smith years ago. The Smith collection was mercilessly assailed on all sides and the prices realized, with a few exceptions, were ridiculously low. One picture by Van Dyke, however, brought a very good price.—New York Commercial Ad-

A Cunning Bird. Canary birds are easily trained, as we told you recently. Two of our girls end us the following letter about one belonging to their aunt. Everybody de-lights in a trained bird and there is no reason why boys and girls should not teach their little pets all the tricks our roung friends here tell us about. DEAR MR. EDITOR-After reading about

canary birds in your paper we thought you would like to hear about one our aunt has in Washington. It is very tame and flies through the house, both up and down stairs. One day he followed grandma out into the front yard without her knowledge. She was scared when she saw him on the step, but spoke sharply to him, saying, "Petel you ras-cal! go in the house!" Rather to her surprise he turned and hopped in.

When any one uses the typewriter he gets on the carriage and rides back and forth, sometimes running along on it as if trying to beat it. He will go to a stranger when spoken to and he never gets tired playing with any one. He will also lie on his back in the palm of your hand and play "dead bird."

People often bring their friends to see him, as he is so very amusing. Besides he is a beautiful singer.—Philadelphia

The small boy is a terror when he has an inquiring mind. Such a boy strolled nto an editor's room the other day, and at once proceeded to down the patient "Are you on the paper?" asked the boy.

What do you do?" "Write for it." "Write all the time?"

"Don't do anything elec?"

something, and then write about it?" "Um!" ejeculated the small boy, with a look of deep disguet, as he walked off. The toiler at the desk did not laugh. Never before had he felt so small and mean. He had been made to see himself from a new and original point of view .-Atlanta Constitution.

prove this opinion.

While hunting the other day I found the dead body of a cow. She had not been long dead. I was speculating as to the cause of her death when I noticed a large rattlesnake dangling from one of her crumpled horns.

The indications were that the cow had

seen the make coiled and in the act of springing upon her, and had accordingly hooked the reptile, the horn penetrating the make's body so that the rattler was picture buying town, and many of the suction sales of "rare and antique" paintings of fifty years ago were quite as farcical as those of today. Excellent picture were brought from the other side to the snake's fangs and killed the cow,—Youth's Companion. the make's body so that the raitier was unable to free himself. The cow's horn had pierced and killed the cattler, but the anale's fangs and killed the cow.—

Youth's Communica.

"No: I still hope to get it back."

PHOTOGRAPHED IN BITS.

NSMEMBERED PHOTOGRAPHY HAS BECOME QUITE A CRAZE.

Wife's Protty Foot.

"She is a crank on dismembered pho-tography, and has herself taken in es," one lady remarked to another.

"Yes, her hands, her arms—of cours

renowned artists of past generations. Paintings of all kinds, many merely old But we also have our "cranks

"we have for some time taken hands or fast, and even backs of make, right here in this gallery. It is a fad, popular with symmetrically shaped ladies. It pays us him twelve panel portraits of the Casers for an old song. As Levy never told what he paid, nobody ever knew, but certain it is that he bought them at a low figure, and on the following Saturwell and we have no fault to find." Some negatives of dismembered photo graphs were brought out. day night placed them in a row on the wall and asked the assembled critics, consisting mostly of neighboring shop-NEARLY ALWAYS SATISFIED.

The background in all cases was dark plush, laid in heavy lustrous folds. Against this rich curtain a handson hand, plump, slender, and with delicate nails, is really an object of admiration. No jewels are worn, as this detracts from the beauty of the member in itself. Some hands are laid carelessly against the plush, some show study in the seemidle way in which they are held the nobility, came to New York on a to a few of the photographs. One or hunt for the Cæsars. After a long search two belligerent ladies have had their fists taken, "to show how formidable they would be on the defensive racket. I suppose," said the potographer.

There were photos of hands, fists, feet,

arms, shoulders and the bucks of necks with bewitching little curls. Some amusing stories are told by the photographers in connection with dismembered pho-

tograph of this sort. She has money, handed over to a delighted purchaser for but not many classic lines that would "What do ladies do with such picturesi" was asked.

"Well, now, when a young lady be comes engaged the first thing she does, if ago. A couple came is and the test revealed to me that they were bride and bleat of a lamb. Suppose you had been of the Historical society, at Second avegraph of it to her flance. Then wrists or shoulders are taken for the oddity of the affair. Some coquettish misseswill have the backs of their necks taken whole day long, wouldn't you be more excuse to street, and wouldn't there be more excuse for your irritability than when you have among them the works of Spanish, Italown and their children's feet taken as ouvenirs for their husbands. So them are plump and handsome.

DETROIT'S "KATISHAS." "They make a pretty picture, too, when resting on a plush cushion. A lady from an interior town had a very pretty collection about twenty-five or thirty foot. She was in the city on a shopping tour, and was impressed with the dis-membered photograph idea. She had one taken for her husband, who had often complimented her on the beauty of her feet. She sent it home, with strict orders to gaze on it as often as he was inclined, but to show it to no one else. "A day or two after we received a note

ordering a dosen of the photos. The order was filled, and when the lady got some and went visiting she was invited by her friends to inspect the family al-bums, in each of which that awful husband had inserted a photo of his wife's foot. She will have no more pictures taken for exclusive contemplation here-

person whose hand or arm is taken and sent to the distant friends of the sup-posed owner. This is often the case with ladies who expect to inherit property from relatives they are never likely to meet, and whom they wish to impress with their good points."

Katisha had a left elbow that people "had come miles to see." There are evidently Katishas in Detroit who have elbows worthy of admiration. A few photos of elbows—dimpled and pink tinted—have been taken in this city. It cannot be said that an elbow has any particular beauty when transferred to a photograph, but "everything goes" as long as the "fad" lasts.

A lady artist in the Whitney block has a "run" on plump hands and dainty feet. She transfers them to canvas, and very lifelike they look, with some rich shade of plush for a background. It is said that this artist has an abundance of work of this character from the best families of the city. These paintings are not in-tended for the parlor, morely the pity, but ornament milady's boudoir. Dis-

"Job's Tears for Sale," is the legend displayed in the window of an up town drug store. "What are Job's Tears, and what are they used for?" inquired a curious re-porter, whose eyes fell upon the inscrip-

The druggist in reply exhibited a small asteboard box. The box looked like other boxes, suggestive of pills and other uncomfortable things, but when the top was removed a number of small, bead like seeds were exposed. They were about the size of pea beans and shaped

like Prince Rupert's drops.
"These are Job's Tears," said the pill compounder. "You see they are shaped as a tear is supposed to be. They are the seeds of a small, grass-like plant Marat and given by him to the queen, that is a native of India but grows now Marie Antoinette. This book, entitled largely in New England. It is a common plant, but somehow, year by year, the seeds seem to be growing scarcer; that is, they are harder to obtain in the market. And year by year the demand class of people. Have they any medicinal properties? Well, only so far as the gratification of a whim may be attended

ith good results.

tnat operation a miss and pleasant pas-time, in fact almost a joy forever to the child. I cannot say whether this is true or not, yet I know that lots of young mothers buy Job's Tears, and say that with their assistance it is really a pleasure for the baby to introduce its molars to the world. Job suffered the little ones, to say the least, and there may be something in the whim.—Baltimore News.

As a southern railroad train was sweep

ing round a curve near Chattan the fireman espied an enormous bald eagle on the track, and before the pird could fly the engine was upon him. He was struck and lifted upon the cow catcher, where he clutched a beam with his great big claws, and held fast. Be-fore he had time to recover from his fright and the shock of the collision, the fireman had climbed along the footway and attacked him. The man was determined to take him prisoner and the eagle was equally determined not to be

captured.

The struggle was something unique and terrible. The train was going at the rate of forty-five unites an hour. The man had to hold by one hand with all his power to one of the iron guards below the headlight to keep his footing, as the engine swayed from side to side and bounded over the inequalities of the track, while he managed the eagle with the other hand.

But his birdship was finally secured after he had nearly torn the man's overalls to shreds with his powerful talons, which are fully four inches long. He was carried back over the footway, fighting like a denon.

Once in the cab, the engineer went to the fireman's aid, and by hard work they tied "the king of the upper ether" securely, though their task was no easy one, as the eagle fought savagely with beak and claws as long as one of his captors was within reach. When tied he was spread out on the

cab floor, and found to measure seven feet from tip to tip of the wings. When fully erect he stood nearly two feet high, and was altogether a splendid specimen. -Youth's Companion.

went in my closet and got the dust pan and brush. I walked right up to where the bride was sitting and dusted up a panful of rice that lay on the floor around her in a complete circle. Well, panful of rice that lay on the floor around her in a complete circle. Well, if the people in that car didn't laugh, I'm another.

You bolt into the house, and the first thing you say is: "Why isn't supper rendy? I'm as hungry as a hound!"

The custom of throwing rice after a "Great Scott! Can't you keep that child tures at that time was Luman Reed, a and So has one, and so must I,' is the shelters in the streets of London." It was his habit to jot down whatever he saw in foreign countries which he thought might be advantageously in-troduced into Germany.

All over rainy, foggy London at consensoms and four wheelers wait in a row for patrons. Until the erection of the "shelters" the cabman had no place of refuge from cold and damp except behind the apron of his cab. These of the streets, and with their rows of little windows all around look more like

[Successors to Fauble & Bushell

[Successors to Fauble & Bushell ments for the comfort of cabmen. They are picturesque little wooden buildings, all over gables and miniature balconies from which are suspended hanging plants. Plants also blossom in pots in the windows. Here the cabman cannot only warm his benumbed fingers, but can get a hot steak and a steaming cup of M. E. TURNER & CO. ten; so a policeman told me one morning on the top of the omnibus as we trundled along by the cabmen's shelter on Regent street.-April Wide Awake.

There exists a mistaken notion that the tongue is the sole organ of taste, just as the idea, natural but erroneous, is extant that it is necessary for purposes of speech. As a matter of fact, taste is as largely resident in the palate as in the tongue, while numerous cases are on record in which persons who have suffered the loss of the tongue have been able to speak with clearness. Recently a proof was given of the widespread nature of the taste sense in the mouth. In a patient from whom the tongue had been very completely removed, it was found that sensations of sweet, sour and bitter nature were still present. Curiously, too, no sense of salt taste remained. These facts would almost seem to prove that various parts of tongue and palate are set apart for the appreciation of different "tastes." This idea supports the fact that the tongue possesses on its surface papille or taste organs of different shapes and sizes. It is consistent to assume that such variations in the ends of the nerves of taste imply variations in their functions. - New York Telegram.

I heard the other day that a prominent clergyman recently lost a call to a lead-ing church because when preaching a single word incorrectly, "Oh, doctor, that was a lovely sermon you preached but ornament milady's bondoir. Dismembered photographs cost the full
price, \$3 to \$5 per dozen. Minuettes at
\$1.50 and \$1.25 make a convenient size
for carrying one's hand or foot in one's
pocket.—Detroit Free Press.

this morning," said a tady recently to
her pastor in a large New England town.
"but if you will pardon me for mentioning it, its effect was very much impaired by a little slip in pronunciation:
you placed the accent on the second syllable of the word 'obligatory' instead of this morning," said a lady recently to on the first." The lady in question was one of those dangerously intelligent women to be found everywhere in New orthoppy society which made life a burden to everybody in the town. Knowing this, the clergyman tried to keep up with all the recondite pronunciations in vogue, but once in a while he made a once heard from some of the good ladies. Correct pronunciation is of course desirable, but it is a little absurd to make a fetich of it.-New York Tribune.

A well known Parisian bibliophile, Baron Double, has just discovered the "Le Feu," is bound in green morocco and bears the arms of the queen of France, that is, the crests of France and Austria interlaced. Marat, who, before becoming a revolutionary hero, devoted him-self to the study of science, treats of fire

"Bolton told me he had borrowed some

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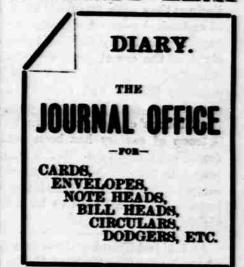
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