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6-12 COLUMBUS, NERRASKA.

THE CHINOOK MIRACLE

EFFECTS OF THE SPICE LADEN WIND FROM THE PACIFIC.

as you go westward, the stories grow bigger. The chinook is a warm wind which comes from the Pacific, crosses the Cascade and the Rocky Mountain ranges, and makes its genial influence felt as far as the eastern border of the Dakotas. The farmer on the prairies does not know whence the chinook cometh or whither it goeth, but he does know that

it is a blessed reality.

When the mercury is away down in the thirties below zero, so near the bulb that there is danger of its going out of sight, the eyes of the people in the four new states turn hopefully to the west. By and by there appears just above the western horizon a gray cloud, like floating mist, no larger than a man's hand perhaps. That is the sure forerunner of the chinook. The cold may be intense; water courses may be frozen to the bottom; cattle may be perishing from hunger; the ground may be covered many inches deep with snow; existence may seem a burden to all things animate. Then the cloud appears. Twelve hours later what a transformation! There is the breath of spring in the air. The snow is going off. The cattle are browsing on the bunch grass. The coulees are full of running water. Doors are ajar, windows are open, and everybody is out in the open air. The chinook has wrought

CATTLE KNOW THE SIGNS. In the closing hours of the constitutional convention of Washington, a delegate offered a resolution to the effect that there be incorporated in the instrument a declaration that natives of this 90,000 that chinook means a warm breath. believed it was much better than the present custom of calling Washington people west of the Cascades "clam eat-ers," and those on the east side "bunch

> Mr. S. G. Cosgrove, of Pomeroy, is the department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of Washington. Telling of what he had known the chinook to accomplish, Mr. Cosgrove said

"I have seen eight feet of snow-that is, eight feet measured as it fell from time to time-go off the ground here in twelve hours. That was the hardest winter I have known in Washington. Usually the chinooks are so frequent that the snow has no opportunity to accumulate. But that winter it lay nineteen days before melting. The farmers had not prepared for it, and cattle had a hard time getting through. There was an interesting exhibition of the instinct of the poor brutes. At the very first sign of the chinook the old cows, which had been about to drop with hunger, could be seen staggering toward the tops of the hills. They seemed to know that there the snow would melt fastest and the grass be uncovered soonest. In eastern Washington you can see teams working in the fields every month in the winter. We have days which are cold, and when the ground freezes to some depth, but one day's chinooking will take all the frost out of the ground. You may not believe it, but I have seen six inches of frost go out of the ground in

one hour." Ex-Governor Semple, who is the au-thority on all such subjects, says the chithority on all such subjects, says the chinook is a balmy wind that comes from
the Karo Siroo, the great Japanese current of the Pacific. The chinook is a
cool wind in summer and a warm wind
in winter. To it is due the absence of in winter. To it is due the absence of extremes in temperatures. People in Washington do not freeze to death in winter, nor are they ever sunstruck in summer. Long years of close observasummer. Long years of close observation have taught the ex-governor many interesting things about this curious green portion so like a membranous wind. One of these things is that at times the chinook is odoriferous, as if

in its effects. Snow and ice disappear before it with great rapidity. It seems to be able to blow for long distances between walls of colder air without parting with its heat. Sometimes it constitutes an upper current, in which case the remarkable spectacle is witnessed of snow melting on the mountain tops while thermometers in the valleys register below Monthly. the freezing point. At other times it is

as the zephyrs that waft the thistle downs in autumn, still there are times when the winds engage in giant conflicts and fight for supremacy, now in the upper, then in the lower strata, on the which the forfeit was a kiss, led to the mountains and in the valleys, alternately driving each other back and forth. ly driving each other back and forth, swaying the trees, tossing the leaves, and swirling the rain drops or the crystals of snow. But the combat is never long, and the victory is always with the chinook. The inhabitants east of the Cascade mountains, when winter has seized them and the east wind dashes matriage of the loner and winner at the fair grounds on Wednesday. Miss Harriet Lockwood, of Springfield, and Richard A. Parker, of Clinton township, were the bride and groom of the occasion, and both of them were exhibitors in the fair as well as friends of a year's standing.—Philadelphia seized them and the east wind day seized them and the east wind dashes snow in their faces, pray for the chinook to come. They look by day for its moist front, and listen by night for the noise of its combat with the east wind. And when it reaches them they rejoice. Such is the chinook, the blessed wind of the far northwest."—Pomeroy (Wash.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN'S FIRST.

the Clover Russ Which an Old For loyed to Get It Published. I read in The Tribune of this morn I read in The Tribune of this morning a very interesting Paris letter about the deplorable quarrel between Erckmann and Chatrian, the literary partners who, under the united name of Erckmann-Chatrian, have written so many patriotic novels, most of which are translated into English and much seed in America. The particulars furnished by your Paris correspondent

respecting the fend now dividing the two are completed by the following details, which I get from La Republique Francaise. They are highly interesting, picturesque and true, since they bear the signature of M. Edouard Siebecker, a well known French patriot and a literary friend of Erckmann and Chatrian.

Erckmann and Chatrian's first novel, "The Illustrious Docto: Mat-theus," had been offered for publicatheus, and been offered for publica-tion as a "feuilleton" to the Paris pa-per Le Constitutionnel. The feuil-leton is a standing feature of all French journals; it is a novel pub-lished daily, in slices, at the lower lished daily, in slices, at the lower end of the pages of the papers. The novel had been rusting for a long while in the drawers of the paper, when they found a friend inside the place. And now, to cut the story short, I will merely translate the narrative published by Siebecker.

Old Nathan Sichel was the foreman of Le Constitutionnel's composing room. He interested himself in these two young writers who came every

two young writers, who came every month, each in his turn, to inquire about the future of their copy, and he resolved to help them along. The occasion to do so came at last. It was on a Sunday. On the preceding day the word "end" had been printed at the bottom of the feuilleton or novel then in course of publication and the readers expected another to begin the day after. Sichel invited to breakfast the compositor who had the key of the bureau in which were kept the manu-scripts of the novels already approved by the management and which was nicknamed the "bear's cage." He managed to get his friend thoroughly drunk. Then he repaired to the pa-per, and affecting to be ignorant of everything, he raised a terrible stir about that "animal and dunce," X, who did not turn up to open the manwho did not turn up to open the man-uscript chest, and thus prevented him from distributing the "copy" of the new novel to be published. "Well," said he at last, "I have just fished out in another drawer a

novelette. "I'll distribute enough of it to fill up the place of this number's feuilleton." It was the manunew state be known hereafter as "chinookers." The appropriateness of the name, he argued, was found in the fact that chinook means a warm breath. He is a script of his young friends. On the arrival at the office of the managing editor, old Sichel told him all about it. "What's the name of the author asked the editor. "Well, sir, a queer name. E. Krian,

or Chatrimann. No, no. See, Erck-mann Chatrian." "Don't know. But perhaps just on this account the novel may prove better than others. How many feuilletons?" (How many days will it take to publish it?

Five or six, by rough guessing."
That's very much. The director may be down on us. But, after all, you do not have the key of the 'bear's chest,' nor I either; and we have to fill up the bottom space reserved for the feuilleton. We cannot print in its place: 'Ground floor to rent.' Against orce no resistance is possible. Let it

And it did go. "The Illustrious Doctor Matheus," not for five or six days only, as had said the cunning Sichel, but it lasted fifteen feuilletons, or days, and hada tremendous success The door leading to fame and fortune had been opened to Erckmann and Chatrian. Let me add that they were not ungrateful toward old Sichel, whose eyesight soon failed him, and who was kept in affluence until his death by the two young writers whom he had so smartly protected, and who are, unfortunately, no longer the same friends they were for thirty years.— Letter in New York Tribune.

The bristle fern delights in shade and moisture, and our first find was in a rocky cleft in the immediate neigh-borhood of the Tork waterfall. Subsequently within the deep recesses of a cave, the mouth of which opened than thirty perfect fronds. Nothing wing around the veins, that it resem-bled more a beautiful sea weed than a fern. In this natural cave we also spice laden from the tropics.

"The chinook," said the ex-governor,
"is so gentle upon ordinary occasions that its presence cannot be noted by its motion. and yet it is almost miraculous miliar name. The bright evergreen

the freezing point. At other times it is the surface current and follows the gorges and valleys as a flood might follow them. It seems to bear healing upon its wings, like Sandolphon, the Angel of Prayer. This wind sometimes penetrates as far as the upper stretches of the Missouri, and even tempers the air on the plains of the Dakotas. Wherever it goes the chains of winter are unloosed and the ice bound rivers are set free.

"The chinook is the natural enemy of the odious east wind, and, while ordinarily it yields its influence as gently as the zephyrs that waft the thistie

Leves the Circus.

Circus day inspires the thought that it takes a good many different kinds of people to make up the population of the world. The person who can watch the crowds on the street without deriving satisfaction from the sight has no music in his soul, nor anything else worth keeping there. In no place is a better opportunity offered for studying the different phases of humanity. The exhibition is better by far than that given in the tent.—Oil Circus day inspires the thought that it takes a good many different kinds of people to make up the population of the world. The person who can watch the crowds on the street without deriving satisfaction from the sight has no music in his soul, nor anything else worth keeping there. In no place is a better opportunity offered for studying the different kinds of people to make up the population of the world. The person who can watch the crowds on the street without deriving satisfaction from the sight has no music in his soul, nor anything else worth keeping there. In no place is a better opportunity offered for studying the different kinds of the man to travel and to get work."

"Castle Garden may be a good place to fit a man to travel and several spoken out in Asia, but it is a bad place to study languages. "I spent a few mouths in the experience I got there really did me more harm than good. The greater and speak a dialect that is as far from the place of the birth of the crowds of the bi

marriage of the loser and winner at

Giro Her a Chasco. "What is the refrain of the song you are singing?" said Jinksby, inter-rupting his room mate. "But the letter that she longed for never came," was the reply in a tone of annoyance.
"Well, keep still a minute, maybe

the postman's around the corner now waiting for you to get through singing. Why don't you give the girl a chance for her letter? - Marchant

A brass ring was sent from Germany to a New Yorker the other day which mt was three

KNOW THEM AT A GLANCE.

OW DIFFERENT RACES ARE READ AT CASTLE GARDEN.

"He's a Pole." "Wrong." "Dane? "Guess again." "Norwegian?" "Wrong

Register Douglas, one of the five expert inguists of Castle Garden, was pointing out to a reporter a stolid immigrant roughly clad in such clothes as are sold to woodchoppers in the Michigan lum-ber district, who stood a little apart from his comrades in one of the receiving pens in the big emigrant depot.

EAGLEST THING IN THE WORLD.

"How did you guess it?" asked the re-

"Didn't guess it. I knew it."

"You knew the man then?" "Never laid eyes on him before. What to you think a man is made of if he can't learn to tell types of men in this place in a year or so of time? It is the easiest thing in the world if you only know how, and you learn to know how without knowing it. You can't tell the nationality of a man by his clothes or his complexion, but there is something about his face, his expression and the way he carries himself that will tell to a nicety what race he belongs to. Now, this man here is a Polish Jew."

A smooth faced man of 20 years or thereabouts was nearing the register's desk. He looked as little like a Hebrew as a Tipperary man in his fighting clothes, but before his name had been pronounced his nationality was as plain

"We seldom make mistakes," said Mr. Douglas; "it wouldn't pay us to. Suppose we had to try half a dozen languages every time before we struck the

"Half a dozen languages?" "Why not? We all of us speak three foreign languages fluently and have a smattering of half a dozen more. Maj. Semsey there," added Mr. Douglas, point ing to a dignified, elderly gentleman who was catechising a lot of Irish immigrants in the broadest Milesian accent, "speaks eight languages and can ask questions in seven more. He is a Hungarian, and is the most expert linguist in the garden. "How can a man learn so many lan-

"Not from dictionaries and grammars, assure you. It comes from daily practice. The questions, you see, are always the same. Weask the immigrant's name, age and place of birth; whether he is married or single, how many children he has, where he is going, whether he has any money or ticket, whether he has ever been in an almshouse or prison, and what his trade is. It doesn't take long for a man who is quick at languages, and has a solid foundation of four languages to begin on, to pick up a few other "Do you ever have any immigrants

who cannot be understood at all?" "Never. If the five registers can't understand them we call in some outside expert. Missionary Goldstein speaks Greek and Arabic, and we have men about the building who talk Gaelic and Celtic. The rarest language we run across is Finnish. We have to send out for a boarding house keeper near here when we run across a man of that race. TWO REGULAR AMERICANS.

In spite of the varied linguistic abilities of the five registers there were two arrivals on the Devonia who would have put them sorely to the test had not kind friends on the other side furnished them with explicit instructions written in the queen's English. They were two home-sick members of Buffalo Bill's aborigines on the way to their hide tepees in the ocure a drink of fire water or a cigar, and they impassively grunted out their responses to the reporter's inquiries in a way that would have been simply maddening under some circumstances. Fortunately their passports carried them mfely through.

"Do you ever have any students of languages apply for places here to perfect hemselves in their work?" asked the reporter of one of the veteran employes of

the garden. "Not that I know of. Though it is the best school of languages in the world. Ed. Heron-Allen, the palmist, applied for a place here. Why, I don't know, but he never took it. After looking over the garden he gave up the job in disgust. It was too rough work for him. I think if a young man wanted to study languages here would be the best place for him to get work."

the proper language of their race as Bowery English differs from that spoken in Columbia college. I learned a great deal, it is true, but I had to unlearn the most of it. When I first went there to work I studied up on the various languages from dictionaries and grammars, but I might as well have studied from school geography. I remember once, after I had spent a month on a Polish grammar, I prepared a list of questions that I was proud of. The idiom was per-fect, and I flattered myself that my pronunciation left nothing to be desired.

The first time I tried my questions on an immigrant he shook his head despairingly and told the register I was forced to call to my assistance that he could not speak English.—New York News."

Baron Stockmar relates that the palace was in the charge of three separate departments, each of which moved along its own predestined track without any sort of unity or prearrangement. It was not decided which parts of the palace belonged respectively to their control. In the time of George III the lord stewart had the custody of the whole palace excepting the royal apartments, drawing rooms, etc. In the next two reigns it was held that the whole of the ground floor,

meluding halls and dining rooms, was in his charge. At the beginning of the present reign, the lord stewart surrendered to the lord chamberlain the grand hall and other rooms on the ground floor, but it was a question quite in the clouds to whom the jurisdiction of the kitchen, sculleries and pantries belonged. The outside of the palace pertained to the department of the woods and forests.

One result of this arrangement was that, while the lord chamberlain could clean the inside of the windows.

he could not clean the outside, and negotiations had to be carried on to secure that the operations within and without should be conducted at the same time. The housekeepers, pages and housemaids were under the authority of the lord chamberlain; the footmen, livery porters and under butlers under that of the master of the horse, while the clerk of the kitchen, the scale and the horse, while the clerk of the kitchen, the cooks and the porters were under the jurisdiction of the lord stewart.

It was the duty of the lord stewart to lay the fires and the lord chamber-lain to light them. The lord chamber-lain had to provide the lamps and the lord stewart to keep them in order. If a pane of glass in the scullery wanted manding a requisition had to wanted mending a requisition had to be written and signed by the chief cook; it was then countersigned by the clerk of the kitchen, then taken to be signed by the master of the house hold, thence taken to the lord cham berlain, by whom it was authorized, and finally laid before the clerk of the works in the pepartment of the woods and forests. The authority of the master of the household was entirely unrecognized. The servants went off duty whenever they liked, while the dormitories, where ten or a dozen footmen slept in the same room, were the scene of smoking, drinking and other irregularities.— Contempo-

rary Review. The Danish dramatist writes: "Everything that I have written is most intimately connected with what have experienced or have not experienced. Each new poem has served me for the purpose of purifying and enlightening the mind; for one is never without a certain share in and reponsibility toward the society to which one belongs." It is not surprising to find a man with so graveone may almost say so grim-a view of his own genius seeks from solitude not from choice, but from necessity.

"When I am writing," he says, "must be alone; if I have the eight characters of a drama to do with have society enough; they keep me busy; I must learn to know them. And this process of making their ac-quaintance is slow and painful. I make, as a rule, three casts of my dramas, which differ considerably from each other. I mean in character stics, not in the course of the treat ment. When I first settle down to work out my material I feel as if I had got to know my characters on a railway journey; the first acquaintance is struck up and we have chattered about this and that. When I write it down again I already see everything much more clearly, and I know the people as I should if I had stayed with them for a month at a watering place. have grasped the leading points of their characters and their little pecu-liarities, but I might yet make a mistake in important points. At last, in the final cast, I have reached the boundary of my acquaintances; I know my people from close and lasting intercourse; they are my trusted friends, who have no surprises in store for me; as I see them now so shall I always see them."

His work shows the results of this painful and laborious devotion. His characters are creations; they could not, at any turn of the play, do anything but what Ibsen records of them. -Nineteenth Century.

Sanist and Spectacle A recent writer on opthalmic su gery calls attention to the fact tha many cases of "squint" in children which, if left to themselves, become bounding west. They could not speak a so pronounced that only a surgical word of English save those necessary to would be easily cured by the use of proper spectacles if seen by a compe-tent specialist in the earlier stages of the affection. The present generation, he says, has witnessed many improve-ments in the operation for squint. The objects to be aimed at by operations have become well understood. But it is stated that board schools and others educational establishments are still busily engaged in manufacturing fresh cases, though, thanks to improved spectacles, there are now fewer squints requiring operation than formerly. Age is hardly a bar to the wearing of spectacles, quite young children soon becoming accustomed to their use. It is possible that enthusiastic specialists may sometimes carry their principles too far. The sight of so many boys and girls in streets and schools and offices with "spectacles on nose" is not encouraging. Still, if many of the youthful patients are merely undergoing a temporary treatment for squint, there is less reason for regret. Undoubtedly it is better for a child to wear spectacles for a few years, and thus be cured, than to have to run the risk of tendon section in later life.— London Hospital.

Thomas Monahan, an Irish million aire, who lived in Melbourne for half a the 360 poor Irish immigrants who sailed in such a terrible sanitary condition that ninety of them died on the voyage.

Monahan shrewdly invested his little earnings in land about Melbourne, with the result that blocks for which he paid their stories with roars of laughter, 2500 in those early days are now worth £250,000 each. His aggregate wealth is above the average."—Atlanta Consti-estimated at £3,000,000.—Exchange.

A Twin Watermelen. Aleck West, colored, we believe, is en-titled to the ginger cake for the greatest curiosity this season in the way of a watermelon. He exhibits two perfect melons joined together. Both melons were fully developed and the ment was juicy and sweet—just like an ordinary melon. Aleck states that he first noticed that the runners from the vine grew double. They moved side by side and the result was the double melon. It was certainly a curiosity.-Greensboro (Ga.)

First Farmer's Boy—My father's going to have some men do thrashing at our house next week!

Second Farmer's Boy—That's nothin'. My father does thrashin' at our house every day.—Boston Herald.

AUTUMN VOICES. When I was in the weed today
The golden leaves were falling round a
And I thought I heard not veices my
Words that with and enchantment be-

O, dying year! O, flying year! O, days of disease, sights offerrow! O, instaling night! O, longthening night! O, more forters and hopoless morrow!" Whose voice I heard so endly calling: They were the spirits of the trees Lamenting for the bright leaves fulling

Princeses in asked trunks they lie, In leafons boughs have ledging sleader But occurs spring is in the sky They dock again the woods with spices

The light leaves rustled on the ground, Wind stirred, and when again I hearkes Bushed were those voices. Wide around Kight fell, and all the ways were darkes

In Ireland a belt made of a woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away.

Holland around the ankles of their children to reserve them from harm, while Es-touian mothers attach bits of assfet-

ida to the necks of their offspring.

Welch mothers put a pair of tongs
or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children; the knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England. Among Vosges peasants children born at a new moon are supposed to have their tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last

quarter are supposed to have less

tongue but better reasoning powers. A daughter born during the waxing moon is always precocious.

At the birth of a child in Lower Brittany the neighboring women take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints, and rub its head with oil to solder the cranium bones. It is then wrapped in a tight bundle and its lips are anointed with brandy to make it a full Breton.
The Grecian mother, before putting her child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire while singing her favorite song to ward off

the empty cradle will insure the coming of other occupants for it.
The Loudon mother places a book under the head of the new born in-

fant that it may be quick at reading, and puts money into the first bath to guarantee its wealth in the future. The Turkish mother loads her child with amulets as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud steeped in hot bald pates and yellow garments of the water prepared by previous charms, is monks and acolytes, who were passing In Spain the infant's face is swept

with a pine tree bough to bring good luck.—Lewiston Journal. practicing in that state and, like a great many other doctors, not being used to my duty of reporting the births at which I officiated, I was not yery regular or punctual. very regular or punctual about per-forming it. The result was that I got fined for neglect of duty, and conclud-

many little ones were named for me as an indication of my popularity among the ladies in the vicinity, and had fun with me generally. Then my patrons saw this and caught on to the humor of it. They all decided to let the names stand, and, after the fashion of this portion of the country, all glained a present. I had to come to a country had founded, and he suffered claimed a present. claimed a present. I had to come to a good deal of anguish before the time, and first and last that batch of purpose of the gendarme's visit-babies cost me more than I made out which was to buy a stamp—was disof them. -Dr. J. L. Day of St. Louis. | closed. Apparently there was no fur-

Dr. Barrett saw a great deal of the pily, all over France.—San Francisco Russian people.

Some funny things he observed among them: "Did you ever see a paid joker?" he

There in those Russian cities they pay assailants we should have to believe so much an hour to listen to the joker. (as Mr. Hayward pointed out) that he so much an hour to listen to the joker.
I have always thought that this class of people deserve some remuneration, but I never saw such a thing till I reached St. Petersburg.

"How do they work it?

(as Mr. Hayward pointed out) that he took—not merely scenes, like Sheridan, Scott, Balzac and Sterne; complete stories, like Voltaire, and certain passages, like Beaconsfield—but that all his best plots, scenes, images

"How do they work it?

"Well, the joker provides himself with two or three hundred tickets, and mounting a sort of rostrum he announces that ke is going to regale his audience with choice tidbits of mirth provides and do for him the sort of the provides and the sort of the provides and the sort of the provides and the passages, the peaconsneid—out that all his best plots, scenes, images and dialogues were stolen.

Macquet, who was employed by Dumas to hunt up subjects, supply accessories and do for him the sort of the provides himself with that all his best plots, scenes, images and dialogues were stolen. provoking lore. He begins selling painters leave to their pupils, recently tickets at about two and a half cents died, and in his will be maintains that each, and when he has sold enough to he was the chief author of the most famous stories of Dumas, including self loose, and the audience remains for Australia in 1839, and the ship was for an hour or two.

Guardsmen, "and his executors support his claim. If Macquet deserves the

"I listened to them several times.

Sleighing in Haying Time. O, what a tangled web we weave. When first we practice to deceive:

never received a more amusing illustration, perhaps, than in the case of Uncle Caleb Ware, of W—, in the about the fast horse he once possessed.

Uncle Caleb, who has long since gone to his rest, was a farmer of the old sort in the town of W—, and used to like to join the state of the calebase of the calebase

Lemme see; yes, she was a 3-year-old when I had 'er o' deacon Jones in old when I had 'er o' deacon Jones in 1628, 'n' that wux jest three year before. Wal! We wux all up in arms over Gineral Jackson comin' thru' I'm Worcester; an' me and my hired man, Zeke Tewksbury, we wux hayin' down on the medder. That ere medder's jest a mile I'm the aquare, 'a ev'rybody knows.

"Wal! We wux hard 't work hayin', as I says, when all to once we

n', as I says, when all to once we heard the horn on that ere coach blowin' like time, way over on Wallspog hill. 'N what'd we do but hitch up that mare Betsey, and drive off, lickety split, for W—square. Wal, sir! An' how long d'ye think it took us to drive in!"

"How long, Uncle Caleb?" "Jest two minutes! There was a burst of incredu

laughter through the store.

"Two minutes!" the exclamation went around. "Why, Uncle Caleb, it can't be done. Drive over that road, a mile, in two minutes? Why, there's no horse in the world that ever did Uncle Caleb began to grow a little confused and worried, lest he had told too big a story. And then he tried to

"Wal, ye see," he said, "it might not a been done ordinary times, but 'twas such nation slick sleighin that

it wa'n't nothin' very surprisin' fer that mare!"—Youth's Companion. Rain fell heavily during the night, washing the face of nature, burnishing the trees, clearing the air and thus brightening the whole landscape. The cool, fresh morning air that bathed our hands and faces as we started soon

after daybreak was scented with the fragrance of flowering shrubs and rees, and the panorama we passed through was delightful. Temples dec-orated with dark red and gold and the gems in the beautiful fringes of foli-age that skirted the banks. Women and girls, gayly attired in a striped and a silk scarf thrown over the left shoulder, tripped along barefooted on their way to the market with baskets of flowers and garden produce.

squatting on the sands, having a chat before crossing the ford. There men, women and children, with their garments tucked up above the knees, laughed and joked as they waded the stream. Groups of children playing in the water dashed it about and splashed each other. Cattle were lowing on the banks on their way to pas-ture. The sun was lighting up the in procession carrying their begging bowls through the streets. Women and children were reverently awaiting TAUBLE & BRADBHAW. The Father of His Country.

A good many years ago, when the llinois law requiring physicians to reg. Illinois law requiring physicians to reg-ister births first went into effect, I was inc. a joying crow—peeped over their

M. Andre Theuriet has given his memories and impressions of the coup ed then to overlook my books and d' etat on the 2d of December, 1851. catch up with my reports. When I Theuriet was at that time a clerk in came to look, however, I found that I the civil service, attached to the regishad paid no attention to the names of the babies if I had ever heard them, as that while I had thirty-one births to before, and was just becoming used to so that while I had thirty-one births to report, I didn't know what to call them. While puzzling over my dilemma, an immense joke dawned on my mind out of which I expected great amusement, and which I proceeded to put into execution. I proceeded to christen all the youngsters. The boys I called unanimously James L. in honor of myself, and on the girls I conferred my wife's Christian name. I chuckled while I was doing it, but that was because I wasn't posted. There were some things I didn't know. The local paper noticed the pecularity of the nomenclature in my assortment of babies and proceeded to grow facetious. It pointed out the fact so many little ones were named for me as an indication of my popularity ther or more active resistance in that

Every one knows that Dumas pere said, "Well, if you never did you was accused of every species of plagi-would be interested to watch one. arism, and if we could put faith in his

"Monte Cristo" and credit of these works, how comes it that he failed himself completely and ignominiously as a novelist whenever he wrote on his own account, both before and after his alleged partnership with Dumas!-London Truth.

A German merchant discovered The truth in the lines of Scott in "Marmion,"

O, what a tangled web we weave,

When first we weard in the design. have been imposing paste upon their customers for the last six or seven years, and it is estimated that, out of about 100,000 turquoises which have

old sort in the town of W—, and used to like to join the group at the village store, in their tales of strange and interesting things gone by.

One evening the talk ran upon teh speed of horses, and Uncle Caleb was inspired to relate an incident from his own experience.

"Twus the year Gineral Jackson come to W—," said be. "My mare Betsey, she was jes six year old. Figt

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