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BETRAYED BY LOVE.

KAFFSKY was a born genius, destined in time to soar to the dizzy heights of a professional chair. So, at least, said his professors at the University of St. Petersburg. We students like to remember the time when he was in awe, and begged him around with reverential attention. That same Kaffsky used to squander his days and nights over mathematics and chemistry and half a dozen kindred sciences, as if life were to last for eternity. We did not believe in a man having so many talents in the fire, and we limited our own efforts to the accomplishment of one single task—the regeneration of mankind—as a preliminary step to the remodeling of Russian society.

We had wished Kaffsky in the political balance—the only one in vogue at Russian universities ten years ago—had found him sadly wanting.

He was a member of none of the three churches—outside of which there is no salvation—that of the sworn conspirators, who edited a forbidden journal, Land and Liberty, hatched plots against the state and sometimes helped to carry them out; that of unsworn conspirators, from whom the former were usually repressed; and the bulk of students who sympathized with everything and everybody who embarrassed the government.

And to crown all, we had just heard of his impending marriage. "A nice time to be thinking of marrying and rearing his nest," we remarked to each other. "Just when the pillars of the social edifice are giving way, and we are doing our best to pull them

in the secret wing of the Lithuanian fortress.

A written request was presented by some of the professors, who were besieged themselves with indignation, that Kaffsky should be released on bail, just to finish his examination and take his degree, for they knew very well it was all a misunderstanding.

But to our utmost astonishment their request was refused, and Kaffsky was removed from the Lithuanian fortress only to be immured in the more terrible fortress of Peter and Paul.

The excitement caused by the arrest was assuming dangerous proportions. Nobody had dared a rap for Kaffsky a week before, and he was already a most popular hero now.

Perhaps it was hatred for the heartless informer—who had already been arrested, no doubt, to save him from being lynched—and sympathy for Anna Pavlova, whose womanly feelings had got the better of her philosophy. She had completely broken down.

She had been taken to her bed, had refused all food, had forwarded petition after petition to the minister of the interior, and when it became clear that she might just as well be sewing salt on the seashore, her mind gave way. The doctors sent her mother and herself in post haste to the Crimea.

In October a few of us met in St. Petersburg once more—but only a few. The police had made a tremendous haul among the students the day the university closed session, and many were now in their distant native villages, expelled from the university; others in prison, others again on the road to Siberia.

Kaffsky, we learned, was among the latter—condemned to the mines as a dangerous conspirator, in spite of the intercession of the professors, Anna Pavlova was dead, according to others; but it came to pretty much the same thing in the end.

I had heard of many evil things done by diabolical reformers, but this was

clever stroke of business she ever did." "She?" I repeated. "Was it a woman, then?"

"O, yes; didn't I tell you?—and a woman with the making of a saint in her, too. Ha, ha, ha! She is now a god-fearing sectarian—a pietist of some kind."

"Well, I remarked, "she would need a long course of penance, were it only to atone for the fate of poor Anna Pavlova, whose life she snuffed out."

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, till the big tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. "Why, hang it, man, Anna Pavlova was herself the detective. But that was the only clever thing she ever did. She soon after left the service, found distraction, as they term it, in some obscure sect, and is a pious bigot now."

MEN IN CONNING TOWERS.

The effort to make money easy for the close observers.

Following closely upon its consideration of the much-disputed question as to whether entrance to the conning towers of our ships or war should be made large enough to permit the easy ingress and egress of the more refined of our naval officers, the navy department has decided to employ in removing to the "sick bay" such persons as may be wounded on the deck in action, says the Washington Star.

The intimate connection of the two topics may not be apparent at first glance, but the thoughtful student of naval affairs will doubtless see that there is a relationship. The principal point to be noted is as to the difficulty that would be experienced in removing from the conning tower the wounded body of one of those officers, who, when in possession of his faculties, could breeze manfully across the sea in his projecting himself, say to speak, most of the ultra-out among our naval officers could manage to secure admission to the sick bay, but the getting of one of them out in case of emergency, would be a matter of no small moment. Matters like this have to be considered now in time of peace; when a ship is in action and the unconscious form of her commanding officer is so tightly wedged in the slot as to make movement in or out temporarily impossible, it is then too late to discuss the matter of conning-tower doorways. A twofold remedy presents itself. Either make the slot wide enough to admit easily the embolus of a 350-pound officer and the whole body of a twelve-inch shell, or else insist that the officers who cannot easily enter a moderately slotted tower shall stay ashore and do business work or roam around on ships that are not equipped with towers or other uncomfortably contracted living or fighting quarters.

AFTERTWENTY YEARS

A MAN THOUGHT TO BE DEAD, TURNS UP.

The Aunt Died Recently in Denmark, Leaving Him Property Worth Over One Million—Would Bring Most Anybody Back to Life.

THROUGH THE efforts of J. N. Waller, royal vicar-general for Denmark at Philadelphia, Sophus Linhard, now living in the Burnett house, Stroudsburg, has been made aware of the fact that he is the heir of an estate estimated at \$1,000,000 near Elsinore, Denmark. Linhard, who is an intelligent man, came to this country over 20 years ago and engaged in farming near Philadelphia. His letters to his relatives in Denmark were few and soon they lost sight of him entirely. Some time ago he was taken seriously ill and went to the Burnett house in Stroudsburg, where he had friends. It was while he was a patient here that one day a copy

was able to do anything himself toward securing the money. His illness is of such a character that it will be several weeks before he can leave the hotel. Just what is the present worth of his aunt's estate he does not know, although he knows it is large. Her husband, at the time of his death, had large shipping interests and was the largest individual ship owner in North Europe. In addition he had large landed interests. The expectant heir to all this property is in very moderate circumstances.

Wealthy, but Hard-Worked.

One of the most conspicuous business men of New York, who is the extensive head of a company with many millions of assets, said recently that he had not taken a vacation in ten years. He is a millionaire, and his statement indicates the high pressure under which men who manage the affairs of big companies sometimes work. During the summer his family live in their cottage on the Jersey coast. "I am able to get away from my office at 3:30 in the afternoon," he said, "by making use of my time on the trip down to my cottage. I go by boat and I take my stenographer with me. In this way I am able to clear up my correspondence on the way down. My stenographer returns at once to New York, and when I reach my office I find the letters that I have dictated the

HERE'S REALISM FOR YOU.

The Exceedingly Remarkable Performance of a Stilled Chinese Ventriloquist.

A man who witnessed the performance gives the following description of what a ventriloquist in China said. The ventriloquist was seated behind a screen, where there were only a chair, a table, a fan and a ruler. With the ruler he rapped on the table to enforce the silence, and when everybody had ceased speaking there was suddenly heard the barking of a dog. They heard the movements of a woman. She had been awakened by the dog, and was shaking her husband. We were just expecting to hear the man and wife talking together, when a child began to cry. To pacify it the mother gave it food; we could hear it drinking and crying at the same time. The mother spoke to it soothingly, and then rose to change its clothes. Meanwhile another child had been awakened and was beginning to make a noise. The father scolded it, while the baby continued crying. By and by the whole family went back to bed and fell asleep. The patter of a mouse was heard. It climbed up some vase and upset it. We heard the clatter of the vase as it fell. The woman coughed in her sleep. Then cries of "Fire! fire!" were heard. The mouse had upset the lamp; the bed curtains were on fire. The husband

Symptoms of Paralysis.

Douglas, Ill., May 9, 1895.
Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—This is to certify that I am a resident of Douglas, Ohio County, Iowa, and an eighty years of age. I have been an almost constant sufferer nearly all my life.

Of late years I have had severe pain in my back and limbs, with numbness and prickling sensations in the extremities which some physicians pronounced symptoms of paralysis.

Last fall, having heard through friends of the virtue of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I purchased a half dozen boxes direct from you and began taking them according to directions.

At this time the action of my heart was giving me great anxiety. Its pulsations were weak and uncertain, with palpitation and very alarming symptoms upon the least excitement or over exertion. Dizziness and headache were of frequent occurrence.

In a very short time after beginning treatment with the pills I began to feel their effect. The numbness became less and less severe, when locomotion was easier. Trouble from palpitation decreased and I grew bolder and more confident. My health so that I felt twenty years younger. I felt so much better when the six boxes were gone that I discontinued treatment altogether.

With the advent of spring and warm weather I began to feel a return of the old symptoms, to some extent, so purchased another six boxes of your pills from Messrs. C. F. Clark & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., by express, and they have the same good effect as the first lot did.

Respectfully,
Wm. H. W. Wagon.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an excellent form of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price 50 cents a box. They are sold by express, with education, no doubt, will have the same good effect as the first lot did.

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ON THE ROAD TO SIBERIA.

down in order to build something better.

When the name of the future bride was mentioned those among us who knew her were staggered a bit. Anna Pavlova Smirnova was not a Venus. But if she had much less beauty than her photograph—which is a common failing of women—she had a good deal more wit, which is not by any means so common.

Although apparently young enough to be his daughter, Anna Pavlova was Kaffsky's senior by six or six years, and, to make matters still more mixed, she was a red radical at heart.

Formerly her democratic views had got her into hot water with the authorities, and it was not without considerable difficulty that she had obtained her present position as teacher in a girls' gymnasium, which enabled her to live in modest competency with her widowed mother.

The police, we knew, had twice or thrice made elaborate inquiries about him, had noted his comings in and goings out, and had set a watch upon his actions. Platoff, when arrested a week ago, chanced to have Kaffsky's card in his pocket, and was subjected to a long series of cross-examination about his dealings with him.

"As well suspect the stone sphinxes at the Nikolai bridge as that piece of stuck-up selfishness called Kaffsky," exclaimed Lavrov.

"There must be some reason for the suspicion," cried Brodsky; "there's always fire where there's smoke, and we know there's no fire here, then there cannot possibly be any smoke. It's a matter of smoked glass spectacles."

This remark struck us all as the acme of cleverness. It was warmly applauded. "Well, who could have smoked the government's spectacles?" somebody asked.

"Boorman, Boorman: he alone has a grudge against Kaffsky," cried half a dozen voices.

Now, none of us had a doubt that he was the Judas Iscariot. His hang-dog expression, his slouching gait, his furtive glance and stammering devilry proclaimed the nature of the spirit that lived and worked within him.

The present case strengthened our suspicion, for Boorman and Kaffsky had quarreled years before.

Summer vacations were at hand. The last of the examinations would take place in ten days, and then we would disperse over the length and breadth of the empire, many of us never to return again.

Suddenly we were stunned and stupefied by a bolt from the blue in the shape of a rumor that Kaffsky had been arrested.

He and Alexiev had gone to the theater the night before. They had walked home together and made an appointment for the morrow at the university; but at about 2 a. m. Kaffsky had been spirited away, and was now

the most crying injustice I had ever actually witnessed; and when talking with a friend who was a relative of one of the ministers I told him so.

He was astounded at what I told him, and asked me to draw up an account of Kaffsky's case in writing. He would see, he said, that justice should be done.

I had no difficulty in obtaining precise particulars. I discovered even the name of the forwarding prison, over 1,000 miles away, in which Kaffsky was then interned, and having made out a very strong case, I gave my friend the paper, and he presented it to his relative, the minister.

A week passed, then a fortnight, and still there was no answer.

One day my philanthropic friend shook his head, said my data were all wrong, said that Kaffsky was the most dangerous conspirator that had ever been tripped up in the very nick of time, and that he would advise me to look aloof from political reformers in future, as it was evident they could make black appear white without an effort.

"Six years later I heard that Kaffsky was no more. He died of disease, or was shot in a tumult, or disposed of in some such way. The particulars were not very precise, but he was really dead, that was certain.

"Nothing else but death is certain in Russia," I remarked to an ex-minister to whom I had been telling the whole story after dinner.

"So you are going to write about it, you say," he asked me, "to ease your feelings?"

"I am I replied.

"Very well, then, if you will come here in two or three days I will supply you with a most interesting postscript."

And he did.

His statement was based on official documents and this is the gist of it.

"When the terrorist movement was at its height the leaders were invisible and ubiquitous. We suspected that they were in the university, but that was only a guess. Once or twice Kaffsky appeared to be in the movement, but we had no proof, and could get none. It then occurred to General O. of the secret department to employ a spy who had never played the part of a detective before."

"I know, you mean the soundly informed Boorman?" I broke in.

"Boorman, Boorman! Was he? O, of course he was. Yes, Boorman was not the detective. Boorman, I see, was nearly as dangerous as Kaffsky; he was Kaffsky's right-hand man, and he got the same punishment."

This announcement took my breath away, but it only deepened the mystery.

"Two thousand three hundred rubles was what it all cost, and dirt cheap, too," he went on.

"You mean the detective's reward?" I asked.

"Yes, that of course, was over and above her regular salary, which was fifty rubles a month. It was the only



BELLE OF BRIGHTON, ILL.

(Brighton, Ill., Correspondence.)

This place is noted for the beauty of its women as well as for the chivalry of its men. The town is full of them, and her surrounding hills and valleys, and her smiling prairies, bloom and blossom with young womanhood that is the pride of the Prairie State.

Miss Jessie Lash is the daughter of Mr. Geo. W. Lash, one of the old-time grain buyers of Brighton. Miss Jessie is a quiet home life with her parents in South Brighton. She was educated at the Brighton High School, and is an accomplished and genial young lady.

Miss Meda Merrill is one of the leading society girls here, and in all entertainments her presence is sought for. She is the daughter of W. C. Merrill, of the firm of Merrill & Chase, and our present postmaster, a graduate of the High School and at Jacksonville, Ill. She is well educated and accomplished.

Miss Marcelle Glenny is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Holly Glenny, the first editor of the Brighton News, and widely known for his newspaper work in this section. Miss Glenny is the soprano singer in the M. E. choir, and a general favorite in Brighton society. She is also a graduate of Brighton High School, and takes quite an interest in musical culture.

Miss Jessie Dain is an alumna of the High School, and adds to the entertainment in social functions. She is the eldest daughter of Capt. E. T. Dain, a veteran Indiana soldier, who fought through the war. Miss Jessie is an interesting conversationalist and entertains her friends generally.

Miss Mabel Martin is the daughter of the late Dr. Frank Martin, who died upon the threshold of a brilliant career in medical science. Miss Mabel inherits the magnetic qualities of her father and is loved by her many friends and admired by all.

Miss Addie Robertson is the daughter of the late Daniel Robertson. She resides with her sister, Mrs. Marshall Dickerson, and is a prominent character in social functions. She is cultured and genial, and her amiability and happy disposition draw about her many friends.

Miss Mattie Robbins resides with her parents in their beautiful home on Main street, her father, Mr. A. Robbins, being an old citizen and veteran who fought as a private through the war. Miss Mattie is accomplished

and well educated, and takes a great interest in Sunday-school work. She is also a product of the High School and a splendid scholar.

Miss Eva Short is a graduate of the High School, and the only daughter of the late Capt. Robert Short, who went into the army as a private, and was mustered out at its close as a captain.

Miss Eva is a bright, fascinating, cultured young lady, and makes hosts of friends in social life. She is connected with many of the principal old families of Macoupin and Greene counties.

Misses Elsie and Carabel Potter are sisters who have been prominent in social circles here, since their graduation at the High School. They are daughters of Mr. Asa Potter, who was postmaster for three terms. They are popular entertainers and have a host of friends. The above list of young ladies have grown and developed into womanhood here in Brighton. They are fitted, like their many friends unmentioned, to adorn society and embellish the home. Wealth could not add to their qualities of true womanhood. They may be said to be a fair type of the American cultured woman, who is co-extensive with our country.

and wife waded up, shouted and screamed, the children cried, thousands of people came running, and shouting. Children cried, dogs barked, the walls came crashing down, squibs and crackers exploded. The fire brigade came racing up. Water was pumped up in torrents and hissed in the flames. The representation was so true to life that every one arose to his feet and was starting away, when second blow of the ruler on the table commanded silence. We rushed behind the screen, but there was nothing there except the ventriloquist, his table, his chair and his ruler.

Gibbon's Screen Autobiographies.

Gibbon wrote his Roman history once; but the history of his own life he wrote no fewer than seven—or, indeed, eight times. His manuscript versions themselves have been preserved among the Gibbon papers, which since the historian's death have remained in the safe custody of the Sheffield family. These seven autobiographies, together with Gibbon's journal and correspondence, are now to be published, and make one of the most interesting and important items in John Murray's announcements for the autumn publishing season. The publication is a valuable result of last year's Gibbon centenary. The Earl of Sheffield, who has an hereditary title to the post, will edit these remains and contribute a preface.

A Little Too Loving.

Bride—My dear, this hat has been crushed beyond redemption, and I must have a new one. Groom—Very well, my darling, I'll stop in somewhere on my way home and buy you one. (Bride faints with horror.)

Tragedy Told by a Tombstone.

Under a hickory tree in an old graveyard at Mexico, Mo., is a tombstone with the following unique inscription: "In memory of John W. Ricketts, who was assassinated about sunset in Audrain county on the 24th day of February, 1857, in the 38th year of his age, on his return, and within sight of his home. He was born near Flinn Hill, Va. The victim of a conspiracy in youth, haunted and traduced in after years by those who should have been his friends, and at last shot down by a man of mind, and energy, true to his friends, and forbearance to his enemies. A good brother, a kind and affectionate husband and parent, and a useful citizen. Dedicated by an affectionate wife and brother. Requiescat in pace."

Staters Held a Salmon.

Five daughters of John Granninger, of East St. Louis, Ill., made a raid on a saloon where their father got drunk and smashed up things considerably. They left word that the dose would be repeated if more whiskey was sent to their father.

School, and takes quite an interest in musical culture.

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HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS.

Prospective boarder: "Do you have good milk?" Summer landlord: "Do we! Why, this place is only forty miles from the city."—Life.

Some of the wheat is getting so big that the farmers are using cross-cut saws to get it down. It will be floated to market by the boom company.—Minneapolis Journal.

Ten-year dandy boy: "Mamma mamma, I can't reach the roosting nest on my toe." Mamma Johnnie: "Stand on your heels, child. Ain't you got no interlectuality?"—Boston Standard.

Prohibition missionary: "You are so poor only because you are intoxicated half your time." The obnoxious one: "Thank not it, gent. I'm only 'toxicated half m' time 'cause I am so poor!"—Puck.

Landlord: "Did you ever taste anything to match this red wine?" Customer: "Oh, yes. Only the other week I stuck the wrong end of a penholder in my mouth by mistake."—Lustige Blätter.

"Oh, a shrahit! He! He! I go four kinglys. Shee m'!" "Eh? What's that? You've got two kinglys? You're seeing double, my friend." "Tha' sho? Ah! ri! Fill 'em up agin!"—New York Recorder.

Mrs. Higbee: "I think you had better go for the doctor, George; Johnny complains of pains in his head." Higbee: "I guess its nothing serious. He has had them before." Mrs. Higbee: "Yes, but never on Saturday."—Brooklyn Life.

"Nobody ever hears of him," said one statesman of another. "He is rather obscure." "Obscure is no name for it. Why, that man's so utterly unknown that he hasn't even been mentioned as a presidential possibility."—Washington Star.

St. Peter: "Are they all here?" Gabriel: "All but New York and Philadelphia." St. Peter: "What's the matter with them?" Gabriel: "I couldn't wake Philadelphia and New York had to get the harp out of pawn."—Cincinnati Tribune.

"What do you think you are going to do?" asked the bartender. "Take a bath?" "You said 'er," answered Dismal Dawson. "Feller last night at de Salvation Army told me dat a man was no good 'less he was inwardly washed."—Indianapolis News.

Rate Field is Dearer.

DENVER, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country. I should say, judging by the civility of the employes, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of its roadbed, and the punctuality of its arrival, that I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

LITERARY INDUSTRY.

Locke is said to have spent over six years in the preparation of his essay on the "Human Understanding."

Charles Lamb would write one of his essays in an evening, after a day spent at his desk in the East India office.

Byron spent the leisure hours of nearly four years in the preparation of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold."

Grote is reported to have spent fifteen years in the work of preparing and writing his "History of Greece."

Spenser, from first to last, consumed four years of toilsome steady labor in the preparation of the "Faery Queen."

Dryden worked irregularly, but considered that his daily task ought to comprise from 100 to 400 lines of verse.

Douglas Jerrold is said to have devoted but a few hours to the preparation of each one of his Caudle lectures.

Mulhall, the great statistician, devoted nearly thirty years to the preparation of his "Dictionary of Statistics."

"AMONG THE OZARKS."

The Land of Big Red Apples is an attractive and interesting book, illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Ozon fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit-growers, but to every farmer and homesteader looking for a farm and a home.

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