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LEE AT LEXINGTON

**GREAT CONFEDERATE LEADER
AS COLLEGE PRESIDENT.**

Former Student Gives His Impressions of the General—His Popularity with the Ladies—Quelling Insurrection.

Having been a student at Washington college, Lexington, Va., from September, 1864, to June, 1865, while Gen. R. E. Lee was president of that institution, I have been asked to describe the impression the great Confederate leader, in his role of private gentleman and educator, produced in the college, writes Dr. S. Z. Ammen, in the Baltimore Sun.

The task of describing Gen. Lee's work at Lexington is difficult, because his successes there were due chiefly to his personal influence. He did not teach, and thus did not often come into close relations with individual students. Nor did he lecture or make addresses on any subject for the education of the student, as a modern college president would do. I do not remember ever seeing him in a recitation room except on examination day, when he sometimes dropped in to lend the weight of his presence to the importance of the occasion. He did not, I believe, attend the alumni banquets during commencement week, and it is impossible to imagine Gen. Lee responding to a toast. He was not in the least convivial—was, in fact, a total abstainer. He looked after the general administration of the college, enforced discipline and superintended, in a large way, the initiation of improvements on the college campus. He directed, for example, the construction of the stone chapel in which he now lies, and Baltimoreans have noted that the foundation walls of the chapel are of the same massive construction as Fort Carroll, the building of which Gen. Lee superintended before the civil war.

The college boys seldom met the president face to face. They sometimes encountered him on the campus in the morning when he came to his office for the day's work and were gratified to receive his salutation. Many of the students were sons of officers whom Gen. Lee had known in the army. These he might stop and question, asking after the health of his old comrades. Rarely there was a bit of pleasantry, as, for example, his remark one rainy day to T. A. Ashby: "A good day for ducks." The general was not witty, but had a slender vein of humor, which found expression in brief phrases.

It may not be amiss to say that Gen. Lee's popularity with the young ladies of Lexington excited no little envy among the students. The girls had an ambition to "have it to say" that Gen. Lee had kissed them. As the general was so gallant enough to avail himself of this weakness, there were instances that were harrowing enough to the feelings of students who happened to be in love with some one of Lexington's pretty girls. The dears not only did not conceal their partiality to the general, but boasted of it to lovers to whom they denied like favors! I recall an instance of this dignified occupation on the highway in the suburbs where I boarded. I hasten to say that it was not acquainted with the young lady. She was awfully pretty, and the student agreed that in this case they would have done the same, had they enjoyed her general's opportunity. The incident, seems, however, to prove that however stern he might be with men, the general could, on occasion, concede something to the ladies.

The respect in which the students held Gen. Lee is illustrated by his success in quelling a revolt at Christmas, 1864-65, when the faculty had refused to grant a week's holiday. A paper was signed by the boys pledging the signers not to attend lectures during the week between Christmas and New Year's. The feeling was shown in a rhyme circulated among the students at this time, describing alleged incidents of the faculty meeting.

Affairs looked threatening in the college world for a time, but Gen. Lee ended the trouble as soon as he heard of it by announcing that all who signed the paper about cutting all lectures for a week should be at once dismissed. "It all stops it," he said.

"Til lock up the college and put the keys in my pocket." Signatures were erased and the rebellion at once collapsed. Such was the feeling Gen. Lee inspired that opposition to his expressed wishes was not to be thought of for an instant.

The Right View.
A regiment of regulars was making a long, dusty march across the rolling prairie land of Montana last summer. It was a hot, blistering day and the men, longing for water and rest, were impatient to reach the next town.
A rancher rode past.
"Say, friend," called out one of the men, "how far is it to the next town?"
"Oh, a matter of two miles or so, I reckon," called back the rancher. Another long hour dragged by, and another rancher was encountered.
"How far to the next town?" the men asked him eagerly.
"Oh, a good two miles."
A weary half-hour longer of marching, and then a third rancher.
"Hey, how far's the next town?"
"Not far," was the encouraging answer. "Only about two miles."
"Well," sighed an optimistic sergeant, "thank God, we're holdin' our own, anyhow!"—Everybody's Magazine.

HUMAN FOOT NOT BEAUTIFUL.
Ordinary Pedal Extremity Ugly, Says Man of Experience.

"For subtle flattery, the kind of flattery calculated to make you puff up like a pouter pigeon," remarked a plain-spoken man, "I ran across something in one of the New York newspapers the other day that beat me. A boot and shoe dealer was announcing by means of an advertisement that he had a new variety of shoe designed to restore 'collapsed and shrunken insteps, round them up, raise and arch them until they assumed their normal shape.' I'd like to hear what would make an instep collapse or shrink unless you dropped a ten-pound weight on it from the top of a tall building. First and last, in novels historical and fiction, I've read considerable about high, dainty, aristocratic insteps; but I never saw one that wasn't made by a bridge in the boot or shoe; and I've worked in a Turkish bath."
"Years ago, when father cut me off for becoming engaged to the daughter of a lively stable keeper, I waited on the piazza of a Turkish bath, and I know that bare feet on men and women are as flat as the surface of a palm-leaf fan. And they're not beautiful to look at. Trilby may have had tolerable feet in the sense that they were free from knobs and tender places and blisters, but there was so much hypochondria in that studio she affected that you can't believe all that was said about her. Human feet are as flat as boarding house griddle-cakes; and the only difference between the feet of white folks and those of the colored race in the matter of shape is that the former begin at the heel."

FILE ON THE TEDDY BEAR.
Assertion That Its Popularity Is Menace to Human Race.
An old gentleman who enjoys worrying over the future of the race has just found some new and valuable material. He has discovered that the material instep is threatened with extinction by the introduction of the Teddy bear as a plaything for little girls. It is going to do more toward making mothers scarce, he avers, than did ever woman's entrance into the industrial field. This alarming sign of the times was brought to his attention the other day while sitting in the park watching some little girls at play. He observed they were all hugging Teddy bears. Not a doll was to be seen.
"Do you like bears better than dolls?" he asked a bright little maid of eight or nine.
"Oh, yes sir," she answered promptly.
"And why?"
"Oh, cause, dolls are too much trouble. They are always telling me I must make a new dress for dolly, or wash her face, or put her to bed at night, or something else. But Teddy's no trouble at all. I just hug him and love him when I like and then throw him in a corner. His arms and legs never break, and I don't have to make dresses for him. So, of course, I like him best."

my bear the best. After which the old gentleman looked very worried.

The Bloomer Costume.
A portrait in a magazine shows us a very old lady in a curious costume. Her legs are attired in orthodox trousers but over them she wears a short skirt to the knees. Above this again is a cape fastened at the neck with a large brooch. What is this strange figure? Why, the last of the famous "Bloomer Brigade!" Her name is Susan Fowler and she lives at Vineland, N. J. She has worn this costume for 40 years, is now 90, and lives all alone, scorning the help of man. One cannot but admire the dauntless old lady in this sticking to her principles. It is only a question of time when women's clothes will be radically reformed. Could anything be more ridiculous, more ineartistic and more unhealthy than woman's present costume? Trailing skirts, too tight bodices, stiff collars, absurd head-gear—nothing beautiful, nothing useful about any part of it.—Montreal Herald.

His Business Judgment Faulty.
"Yes," said the publisher of art catalogues and artistic advertising devices, "I have done well the past year and expect to do better in the future. Sometimes I make a mistake, however, that makes me feel a little tired. Not long ago our firm wished to reproduce in catalogue and card form a painting that appeared in one of the magazines. I called on the artist to buy the right. She wanted \$400. It was more than I was willing to pay, so I offered her a royalty instead. She accepted, and we have already had to pay her \$18,000, with the demand for the picture increasing every hour. An experience like that keeps a man fairly humble regarding the infallibility of his business judgment."

Explained.
"Invest," said Goldgobs, "but never speculate."
"But what precisely is the difference, father," young Goldgobs asked, "between an investment and a speculation?"
"It's a speculation," the other answered, "if you lose."

The Wolf in Switzerland.
Apart from the evidence of its presence in the age of pile dwellings, the earliest reference to the wolf in Switzerland is in a decree of Charlemagne of about the end of the eighth century. From this time to the latter part of the fourteenth century the records are exceedingly scanty, but during the next two centuries they become very common and show the strenuous fight against the marauder which had to be maintained by the inhabitants, and the part which it played in their superstitious ideas. A striking fact is its abundance at the beginning of the seventeenth century, which is explained as resulting from the devastation of the Thirty Years' War. With the end of that century the period of its greatest abundance closed, and from hence onward it begins gradually to disappear, the last wolf having been killed in Lucerne in 1866, while the western frontier districts continued to suffer from its ravages until quite a recent date. The extermination of the animal has only been made possible by the introduction of modern weapons.—Geographical Magazine.

Commercializing Cupid.
"Is it true, Tom, that you are going to marry Maria?"
"Yes, sah; it's true."
"They say she's a remarkably good landress. It's almost a pity she has to give up her work."
"Give up her work? Why, what you s'pose I done marry her for?"

Frank Notions of Inventors.
The inventor had called on his patent attorney, and told him to "do the best he could." He had left his blue prints and plans, and it was up to the attorney to guard his secret.
"Til see," said the lawyer, when his client had gone, "what's in this."
He unfolded the plans. Across the top was this big headline: "Device for laying cables around the world in 24 hours."
"One end of the cable is fastened to a post," the explanation said. "The rest of the coil is carried for up above

the drum—up above the earth's atmosphere, by an immense balloon. As the world revolves the balloon stands still and the cable will unwind from the coil. In 24 hours the circuit will be made. The earth will be entwined."
"And you couldn't convince that man in a month that he was a fool," the attorney said.

CREAM TOO GOOD FOR HIM.
Trump Had Saved House, But He Was No Prodigal Son.

"One night as I was sleeping under a haystack on a farm in Connecticut," said the tramp, "I awoke to discover that the farm house was on fire. The roof had caved in around the kitchen chimney and the family had not been aroused. I made for the house at once, gave the alarm, found and put up a ladder, and after the hardest kind of work extinguished the flames. I had my hair singed and my hands blistered and after it was all over the old farmer wanted to know how I happened to be on hand. I told him, and after a little thought he said:
"Well, you must be thirsty, and I'll have the wife get you a drink of milk."

"He called to her to fill a pitcher, and as I was washing my hands at the kitchen door I heard him say:
"Hanner, be sure to skim the milk before you give it to him. He's a tramp and not used to cream."
"I politely declined the milk when it was brought out, telling the farmer that I didn't wish to deprive the pigs of their breakfast, and as I started off to find new lodgings he said:
"You had lodgings in my haystack, and that's worth a quarter, but being you put the fire out I'm willing to call it square."

VALUE OF THE FAMILY BIBLE.
Will Be Hard to Get Historical Data If It Disappears.

Professor Frederick Starr, head of the anthropology department of the University of Chicago, in relating to his class some of his experiences in the Congo incidentally called attention to the fact that the old-fashioned family bible, with its birth and death records, was rapidly disappearing from homes in civilized countries.
"In not one-half the families to-day were we able to get the exact age and place of birth and other desired data," he said. "It is even more difficult to get such information in Africa. I think if the Bible, or some such book as the old-fashioned Bible of the civilized home existed these historical facts would be the more easily learned, and of course the moral influence would be greater."
Professor Starr also called attention to the motto of the Congo Free State—"Labor and Progress." The motto, he said, was well known among the natives, young and old.
"It is notorious here that few Americans know the motto of their own state," concluded Professor Starr.

Barred Monopolists.
On a recent occasion "down south" three little negroes, Moses, Jackson and Timmy, were called into "the house" by "Marse" John, who had owned their grandfather. He informed them that he would give to any bright new boys to the one of them who would tell him what were the three best things in the world. The coins were placed on a table and the white man held out three straws of different lengths, the boy who should draw the longest straw to have the first say. Timmy, the happy winner of this straw, was asked:

"Well, what are the three best things in the world?"
"Without a moment's hesitation he answered unctuously:
"I know. The three bestest things in de worl' am possum 'n' sweet 'tatles 'n' gravy."
Moses and Jackson made a simultaneous grab for the money and made off with it, one of them shouting back in a belligerent tone:
"He ain't gwine to hab de money, too, for dem's all de bestest things in de worl'."

Old British Battleships.
A writer in the Manchester Guardian has just pointed out that the Britannia, which has recently joined the fleet at Gibraltar, is only the fourth English battleship of that name. The first was built in Charles II's reign, about the time that he also introduced the Britannia into our coinage, as the Office Window remarked a few days ago. The second Britannia fought at Trafalgar; the third in the Black sea in 1854, since when we have had no ship of that name until now. An old list of ships of the queen's navy, made in 1875, should suggest some new names to us now. The Bonaventure was one. There was the Elizabeth Jones, a name devised by her grace in remembrance of her deliverance from her enemies, as was the prophet Jonah delivered from the belly of the whale; there was the Tiger, "so-called of her exceeding swiftness and altnessness, of course," and the Mary Rose, the Bark of Bullen, the Handmaid, the Antelope, the White Bear, the Genet, the Achilles and—the Dreadnot.—London Chronicle.

Each Had Large Roll.
Bankrupt, All, But They Were Supplied with the "Needful."
Peter Bennett for 25 years has been a Wall street reporter and a wag. He knows everybody, and is walking reference book of the financial district. One afternoon he was in a New street cafe sitting at a table with three stock brokers who had suspended.
"Have a drink?" said one, and when it came the broker extracted a huge roll of yellow notes and paid the reckoning.
"Have another?" invited broker No. 2. It arrived, and he reached down and produced a fat, healthy looking roll of yellowbacks and paid.
"Have another?" asked broker No. 3, and he initiated his suspended friends by digging down and producing a bulging wad of yellow paper money.
"Have one on me," requested Bennett, and then he produced an anemic roll of soiled ones. "I can't understand it," said Peter, wonderingly. "Here am I the only solvent man in

Objectionable in Either Case. Grace—Why did she break the engagement?
Myrtle—He told her that she was the only girl he had ever kissed.
Grace—What of it?
Myrtle—Why, she naturally reasoned that he was either untruthful or absurdly foolish, and he was hardly worth having in either case.
Similarity. "It's a good idea to have something laid by for a rainy day."
"Yep," answered Peter Courtsoot; "only that kind o' cash is a good deal like a reg'lar umbrella. Some other feller is liable to walk off with it jes' as the shower starts."
Typewriters, cash registers, sewing machines cleaned and repaired. Carl Schubert.

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NEWSBOYS HAD REAL TREAT.
And Possibly Young Woman Enjoyed Experience, Too.

A young woman, blond and pretty, was getting fully as much fun out of a very thoughtful act as were the eight very dirty little newsboys who were treating to maple sundae in a Twenty-third street drug store the other day. They were one and all having the time of their lives, says the New York Sun.
It was a real party and the eyes of the onlookers bulged in excitement. It was lots better than getting rid of their last party.
"Ge, kids! ain't this bully!" exclaimed one, but his companions had their noses so close to the English walnuts plentifully sprinkled over the top of the drink that they couldn't talk intelligently.
The girl stayed by until the last spoonful was regrettably scooped out and the boys, thanking her in somewhat bashful fashion, little in accord with their natural brusqueness, passed out the door. Then with a happy sigh she too left.
Someone watching the proceeding rather envied her the satisfaction, for small boys of that sort do appreciate anything done for them which doesn't point a moral.

WITH FAT MAN'S QUARTER.

Two Damsels Left the Car, and He Uttered No Protest.

A corpulent man with a red face went to Coney Island one day and sat in the cross seat of an open car in front of two stout German women. In searching for a nickel to pay his fare, he dropped a quarter, which rolled almost under the dress of one of the women.
He realized that he might make a spectacle of himself if he attempted to pick up the quarter, so he decided to wait until she and her friend got out. Meanwhile he took an occasional glance at the coin.
The women found themselves at their station unexpectedly, and in their hurry to get out, one of them knocked her handkerchief, which was weighted with something, on the back of the fat man's seat. A corner of the handkerchief dropped and let out a shower of jingling silver.
The owner knelt and began collecting the coins, while her friend urged her to hurry. The man gave a sigh of relief when he saw that the woman had not noticed his quarter. Just then, however, the other woman observed it.
"Katrina," she said, "you have not all dot change got. Look! Dere is a quarter."
Katrina, with an effort, stooped and picked it up, and she and her friend rushed from the car. The fat man, who saw the futility of protest under the peculiar circumstances, sighed regretfully and sadly watched them go.—N. Y. Sun.

THE GIRL STAYED BY UNTIL THE LAST SPOONFUL WAS REGRETTABLY SCOOPED OUT...

AN UNSEEN WITNESS.

The criminal court at Salzburg, Germany, has been forced to hold a sitting in a convent, owing to the refusal of a nun to give evidence in public. A woodcutter in the service of the convent on the Nonnberg was on his trial for stealing, and the evidence of Sister Celestine, one of the nuns, was material. She, however, refused to attend the court on the ground of her vow, which forbade her to allow herself to be seen by men. An appeal to the archbishop of Salzburg elicited the reply that only the papa himself could release the sister from her vows, so arrangements were made for her to be examined in the convent. The judge and the counsel were accommodated in the visitors' room, while Sister Celestine, supported by the abbess, took her place behind a curtain so that she would be heard but not seen. The sister then underwent an examination and cross-examination, and on her evidence the man was condemned to two months' imprisonment. The anti-clerical papers protested against evidence given in this way being admissible.

WHAT HE MEANT.

Praise from a husband's lips is always pleasant to the wife; but the praise may be too discriminating to suit her.
Under the very colloquially apt title of "The Mean Thing," this amusing little tale is to be found in Youth's Companion:
"I thought it was nice of you to tell that carpenter, who seemed to think women knew nothing, that I could hammer nails like lightning," said Mrs. Morse to her husband. "But I'm afraid, dear, you are not an unprejudiced judge. I really don't think I'm such a very good hammerer."
"Oh, he knew what I meant," said Mr. Morse, cheerfully. "You know, lightning never strikes twice in the same place, they say."

Children's Companions.
Every mother has more or less of a problem on her hands in the matter of her children's companions, and it is sometimes a delicate affair to avoid Pharisaism, ill-feeling between neighbors, and the spirit of antagonism at home, in an effort to prevent undesirable intimacies. Little children are safest when at play directly under the mother's eye, but, as they develop, it is wise, I believe, to fortify them with right principles and then to trust them and show them that we do!

Her Chance to Abuse Him.
"Lady," said Flodding Pete, "are you one o' dese people dat hates traps?"
"I am," was the prompt and decisive answer. "Well, wouldn't you like to show your feelin's by temptin' me to overeat myself an' puttin' the curse of dyspepsia on me?"
"Have one on me," requested Bennett, and then he produced an anemic roll of soiled ones. "I can't understand it," said Peter, wonderingly. "Here am I the only solvent man in

Wouldn't Be Dictated to by Webster.
Dr. Bacon, a New England clergyman of long ago, was reproached by a friend with some pronunciation which was not "according to Webster."
Webster lived in his parish, and the doughty divine was not disposed to be snubbed with the dictionary. "What right has Webster to dictate my pronunciation?" he demanded, haughtily. "He is one of my parishioners, and ought to get his pronunciation from me, and not I from him."
—Youth's Companion.

Force of Habit.
"Haw was it that you could not keep that job I got you as a car conductor?"
"I am afraid it was owing to my habit of procrastination." In what way?
"You see, even when people wanted to get on my car I would try to put them off." —Baltimore American.