

WE MAKE OUR OWN WHEELS.

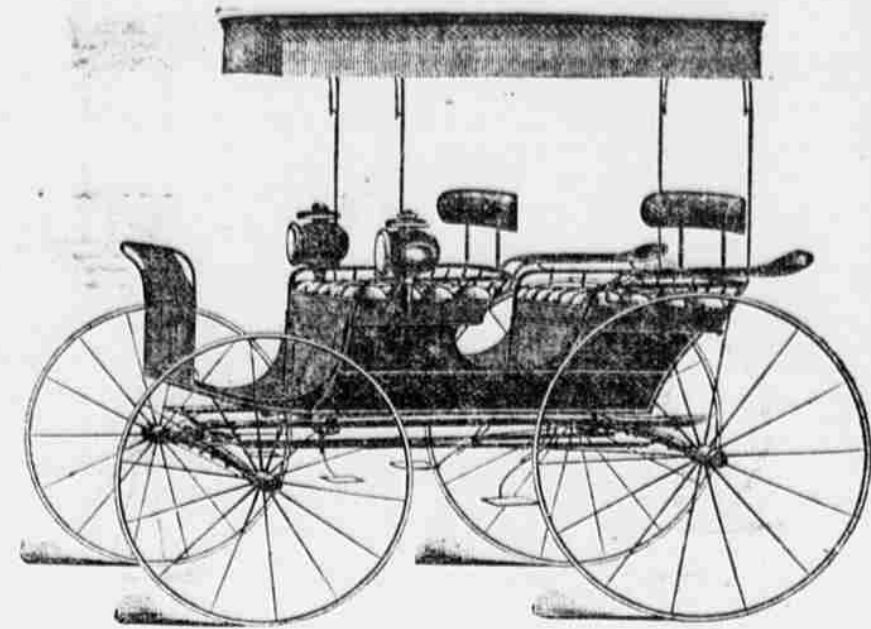
COLUMBUS BUGGY CO

WE MAKE OUR OWN WHEELS.

313 and 315 South 16th Street.

G. D. EDWARDS, Manager.

We exhibit many novelties never before shown in Omaha and in addition to our own make, consisting of over 80 varieties of Buggies, Phaetons, Surries, Cabriolets, etc. We have novelties from leading eastern makers, consisting of Broughams, Six Passenger and Extension Front Rockaways, Victorias, Kensington Wagons, Fancy Carts, Buck Boards and a complete line of single and double Harness, both in light and carriage weights.



OUR NO. 714.

CANOPY SURRY, VERY LIGHT.

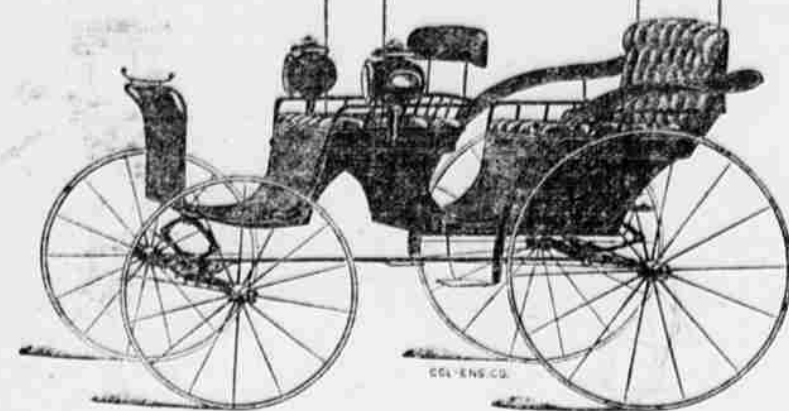
We Make Our Own Wheels.



OUR NO. 55.

Ladies' Three-Quarter Phaeton,

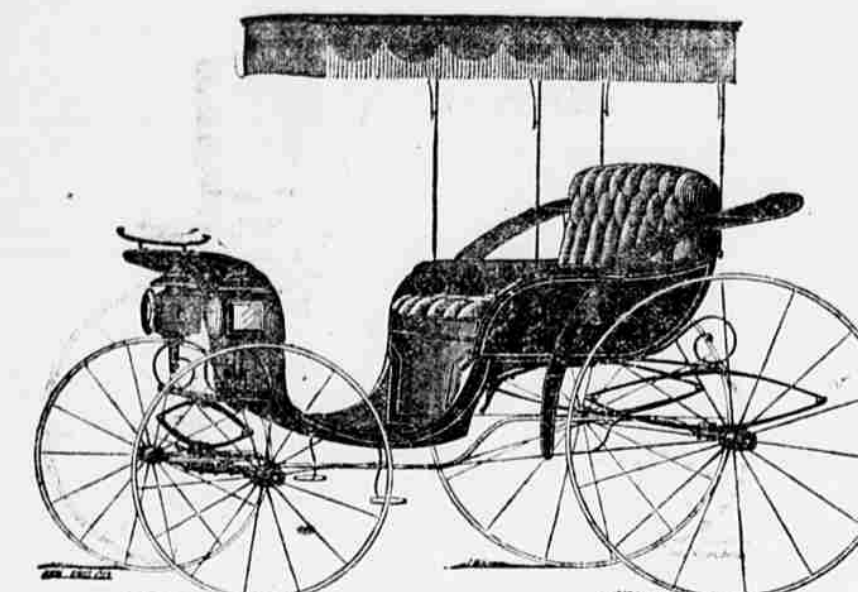
SOMETHING NEW, PERFECT PROPORTIONS; MADE ALSO WITH CANOPY TOP.



OUR NO. 534

Pearce Cut-Under, THE LIGHTEST CUT-UNDER MADE.

We Make Our Own Wheels.



OUR NO. 374.

New Vassar Phaeton, MADE ALSO WITH BUGGY TOP.

COLUMBUS BUGGY CO., 313-315 S. 16th St G. D. EDWARDS, Manager.

Buggies, Surrys

Carriages, Phaetons

IT IS NO EXPERIMENT in buying our work, as is attested by owners of 100,000 of our vehicles now in use.

We guarantee our work in every respect, and warrant it as represented. Be sure you

Get a Genuine Columbus Buggy Company's Vehicle

and NOT "A COLUMBUS BUGGY" which is very often palmed off as one of OUR MAKE. Do not be misled by the fact of a buggy having been made in Columbus, Ohio, and think it is one of ours.

We have no other agency in Omaha.

A "Columbus Buggy" is not a "Columbus Buggy Co's Buggy" by any means.

GREELEY'S NEWSPAPER DAYS.

A Great Editor's Ups and Downs in New York Journalism.

THE BIRTH OF THE TRIBUNE.

Future Great Writers Who Were On Duty That Night—Three Hundred Subscribers a Day—A Newspaper Millionaire.

Looking backward through the vicissitudes of forty-nine years the perspective grows rather dim, yet just at the vanishing point the morning of April 10, 1841, says a reminiscence in a Minister Reid's paper, we see the birth of a small red paper of the whig school of politics the New York Tribune— with the dying words of President Harrison as its motto: "I desire you to understand the true principles of the government," beginning its career with 600 subscribers, procured by the exertions of the founder's personal and political friends. The old-fashioned press, set going at 3 o'clock, thumped away till long after daylight, turning out 5,000 copies, of which some 4,300 were given away in the streets as samples of the new enterprise. It was a busy and an anxious time about the headquarters of the establishment. The editorial office was at 30 Ann street—the building stands there yet, just back of Devoe & Co.'s paint store—while the composing room was at 2, formerly Barnum's museum, now the site of the Herald building. Mr. Greeley spent the night going from one place to the other. He was the editor and proprietor. In the departments of literary criticism, the fine arts and general news he was assisted by Henry J. Raymond, afterward editor of the New York Times and member of congress—the only republican in the house that voted against the civil rights bill in 1861. The composing room was in the hands of the present secretary of the Tribune association, the venerable Thomas N. Hooker, whose benignant features in a halo of snow white hair are a bright spot in the business office at the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets. Mr. Hooker would not take \$10,000 for the reminiscences of that night. The entire first issue of the Tribune was given up to Attorney General Hall's opinion on the case of Recorder Miers, and the whole article containing some 12,000 words was set in neat type. Your newspaper man would consider such a page intolerably "heavy." Mr. Hooker made up the first form and placed it on the press. The first impression was taken off by David P. Rhoades, now president of the New York News company. He had been with Mr. Greeley on the New Yorker for some time. The Tribune was invaluable now as general director of the circulation of the Tribune. The forms were so arranged that one side of two copies of the paper were printed at each impression. This sheet, being turned over and run through the press again, produced two copies of the Tribune, each, of course, had to be cut apart. The cutting was done by Mr. Rhoades, who used a big butcher knife for the purpose. Twenty-five hundred sheets of cut snuff made 500 Tribunes ready for distribution. The work lasted from 3 o'clock till noon. As Mr. Rhoades cut he sold to the newsboys. One of the first of the Adams express company, many years afterward, when Samuel S. Church was publisher of the Tribune, Mr. Rhoades was instructed to see the express company with reference to shipping large bundles of the Tribune to distant cities. "Why not send somebody who knows Mr. Hoey?" said Mr. Rhoades. "He could accomplish more than I." "I thought you knew him," said Mr. S. Church, surprised. "Never saw him in my life that I know of," Mr. Rhoades replied. So somebody else was sent. In half an hour

Mr. Hoey came to the office to arrange personally about the shipment. "Why, hello John!" Mr. Rhoades exclaimed, recognizing at once the face of the newsboy to whom he had sold many thousands of papers in years gone by. "What are you doing nowadays?" "The last night contained the two men, and Mr. Rhoades learned for the first time that Newsboy John and John Hoey, head of the Adams express company, were the same person. "John," had a chin in 1841 with whom he chum always accompanied him to the Tribune office to buy papers. He was bright, clever, boy, inclined, however, to be a spendthrift, throwing pennies away where Johnny saved. He is now known to all the racing world as James McGowan. His friends are legion, but he hasn't got a dollar. "The advertising solicitor and general collector for the Tribune on that eventful day, and for several years after, was known by the name of George Jones. He is now the editor of the New York Times. Two of the composers who helped Mr. Hooker to press and set and agate and nonpareil are still living. One is Washington Dodge, who has been at the case ever since. "No. 1 Vol. I, was a four page paper, containing twenty columns of matter. Of local news there was a mere trifle. The leader was written by Greeley—"Plain Talk to the Whigs." The last page contained particulars about the death of President Harrison, a black border surrounding it. Jealous of the new comer, an esteemed contemporary, the Sun, strong rivalry, roused upon it to crush it before it could gain a footing. Men were hired to thrash newsboys caught selling it. Mr. Beach himself lending a hand in a street encounter. The public, crying "Fool play," rallied to the support of the younger, cheered it on with advertisements and subscriptions, and at the end of a week the Tribune was published. None would have believed it, to look at the accounts on Saturday night, April 17, 1841. The Tribune was the only one to suffer reduction. At the end of the week it amounted to but \$77. The others had increased till they were equivalent to a bank account. Subscriptions poured in at the rate of 300 a day. The Tribune began its fourth week with an edition of 6,000, its circulation 10,000—and there were no circulation lists in those days. In due time new presses were announced, wonderful machines, capable of printing 1,500 copies an hour! "The Tribune was not Mr. Greeley's first newspaper venture. In 1836 he started the New Yorker—"equal in size and execution to any of the literary weeklies of New York city." In 1837, the price of the Tribune was \$100,000 a year. The prospectus published in the Pincney Whig—(1834), in consideration of "at least one year's subscription." The New Yorker lived seven years, leaving its editor in financial trouble all the time. It was not abandoned, however, till the Tribune appeared. The Harrison campaign in 1840 was responsible for the birth of the Log Cabin, by H. G. Wiley & Co., the most brilliant political organ ever published in America. This was the paper that made Mr. Greeley's fame as an able writer and a zealous politician, but it, too, disappeared when the Tribune came into the world. That was glory enough for one man. In April, 1842, the price of the Tribune was increased to 2 cents. In 1845 its office was burned out and Mr. Greeley mourned the loss of a Webster's dictionary and a pair of boots. About the same time the Tribune began its aggression on slavery, "the most fondly cherished of American institutions." In 1848 the Tribune association was formed, with a capital of \$100,000, a few shares \$1,000 each, being offered for sale to the leading men in each department, the foremen of the composing and press rooms, the chief clerks and bookkeepers, the most prominent editors. The managing editor at this time was Charles A. Dana, he who made the Sun to shine brightly for all. George Ripley was one of the editorial writers, and Bayard Taylor, poet and traveler, was "opening up" the boundless west. Among the associate editors were James S. Pike, William H. Fry, George F. Waller, the gifted essayist and critic, left the paper in 1846, but continued to send occasional letters from Europe till 1850. "Messenger Pigeons in Canada. General Cameron, commandant of the Royal Military college at Kingston,

is organizing a system of messenger pigeon stations throughout Canada. He proposes that the Canadian cruisers utilize the pigeons by having stations along the coast, and thus communicating news of poachers and fishing vessels. This practical and novel view is to supplement the facilities for the rapid transmission of messages afforded by telegraph lines. He proposes a chain of twenty-six stations from Windsor, N. S., to Halifax, N. S. NEWS 100 YEARS OLD. Things That Happened Long Before The Bee's Readers Were Born. The New York World prints the following from the Gazette of the United States published in New York, April 7, 1790: THE ARTS. Nothing gives us more satisfaction than to note the happy advancement of the Arts and Sciences in our country. At present we have the peculiar pleasure of announcing to the citizens of America, the completion by Mr. Gallagher, of an elegant bust of the PRESIDENT of the United States, in Plaster of Paris, as large as the life—in which the beholder at first view, recognizes the Great Deliverer of Our Country. The Connoisseurs who have visited Mr. Gallagher's rooms to examine this beautiful piece of statuary, are unanimous in pronouncing its merits, and the merits of the ingenious artist who has produced it. AMERICAN HEMP. The indefatigable exertions of John Reed, Esq., and others in promoting the growth of that valuable article of commerce, Hemp, merit much from their country, and from the spirit of cultivating this commodity which now reigns there is not a doubt but in a few years a saving will be made of £70,000 a year to the Commonwealth in this single article. Tuesday saw a night a loud raised by Mr. Reed was brought to town, from Roxbury, and pronounced by judges to be far superior to best Russian hemp. And on Saturday last, of equal quality, raised by Major Ruggles, of Roxbury, was brought to town; and it is with pleasure we can inform the public, from the best authority, that hemp raised in this state is continually bringing to market. A bounty of 12s per cwt. is given by this Commonwealth for all merchantable hemp raised within the same, as also a bounty on duck, sail cloth and twine, which is extended to January, 1792. AMERICAN GLASS. It is with pleasure that we learn that the glass manufactory in Maryland is thriving fast. The glass lately manufactured there is equal in quality to that imported from Europe. When we consider the great expense and labor attending an undertaking of this kind, the advantages and benefits resulting from the establishment of manufactory in America, we cannot but hope that the encouragement of both public and individuals will be equally great. We learn that looking glasses will be manufactured at these works in the spring. Eureka. The motto of California means, I have found it. Only in that land of sunshine, where the orange, lemon, olive, fig and grape bloom and ripen, and attain their perfection in mid-winter, are the herbs and gun found that are used in that pleasing remedy for all throat and lung troubles. Santa Ade, the ruler of coughs, asthma and consumption, the Goodman Drug Co. has been appointed agent for this valuable California remedy, and sells it under a guarantee at \$1 a bottle. Three for \$2.50. Try California Catarrh cure, the only guarantee cure for catarrh. \$1, by mail, \$1.10. Twin gorillas were born at the London Zoo" the other day. They are the first of their species ever born in England.

SITS IN BISMARCK'S CHAIR Some of the Striking Personal Characteristics of General von Caprivi. AS IF OHSELED FROM MARBLE. The Successor of the Man of Iron Has a Singularly Impressive Countenance—His Loyalty to His Sister. The handsome and stately soldier who is now the chancellor of the German Empire has at last installed himself and his modest belongings in the famous old diplomatic palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, writes a Berlin correspondent of the New York Morning Journal. Official society has been on tiptoe to discover any indication in General von Caprivi's mind of great changes, and a possible increase of splendor in diplomatic receptions, etc. The general visited the apartments which Prince and Princess Bismarck so long resided, a day or two ago, and when asked if he wished to occupy them, muttered a solemnly "Gott behauere! This is too good for me. I have told my man to move my traps into the apartments which Fürst von Pless used to occupy, in another wing of the palace. They are quite good enough for me." But society declines to bow down before this affection of simplicity. It is believed that Emperor Wilhelm wishes his new chancellor to entertain superbly, and that he will by and by begin to prepare for his social duties. This belief is strengthened by the announcement that the married daughter of his sister is to reside over his household. This good lady is of excellent family, but she has never been much of official society, and as all Berlin—and notably the wide circle of adherents whom Princess Bismarck has left here—will be disposed to criticise her every movement, she will often wish herself back again in the obscurity of provincial life. But it is to be presumed that she will decorate the old edifice, which is a palace only in name, with some of the tapestries getting worn-out in the imperial storerooms, and very likely she may decide to inhabit it and to give soirees in the Bismarck rooms. The history of the above mentioned tapestries is rather amusing. The old emperor whenever he visited the diplomatic palace used to lament the barren and unfurnished appearance of many of the living rooms, and a day or two after his visit a servant would come round with a van full of royal tapestries, saying that they had been sent from the Crown Mobilier. But Bismarck sent them back each time, inventing a good excuse to get rid of them, having, it appears, notions of his own about not living surrounded by things belonging to the sixteenth century. The Bismarcks took away all their treasures when they departed from Friedrichsruhe, and thousands of Berliners feel as if they had been robbed of a portion of their history. Everybody wonders if the new chancellor's niece will keep up the pleasant custom inaugurated by Princess Bismarck, of always keeping a brace of cold fowls, flanked by some bottles of excellent Bordeaux and a few flasks of fresh beer, on an inviting sideboard, where any visitor who was awaiting audience was free to help himself. Your Berliners has a hungry, and especially a thirsty tooth, and such attentions won the princess none of her popularity. General von Caprivi will, he says, fit up the old billiard-room and wookroom which Bismarck occupied so long, and he will probably install his private office there. This billiard room, in Bismarck's day, looked like the back room of a brew-house. It was littered from end to end with curiosities, including a rare collection of cigar butts which the guests had down where they may please. General von Caprivi spent some time in the now stripped and desolate work-room of his great predecessor on the occasion

of his first official taking possession. Perhaps he saw a vision of Bismarck in his old stuffed chair in front of his plain mahogany desk, with his secretary seated in front of him, and trembled as he reflected what mighty deeds had been accomplished at that little desk, and how hard it would be to follow worthily such a towering predecessor. General von Caprivi is a strikingly handsome man and splendidly preserved for one on the threshold of three-score. His resemblance to Prince Bismarck has often been noted; he looks as if Bismarck who had had no burdens on his shoulders, who had done no desperate striving to build up an empire, might be expected to appear. He is of exactly the same height as Bismarck; his form is more supple and graceful, his face is not furrowed and seamed with thought-wrinkles, but has a benevolent and placid expression. General von Caprivi has usually been accounted cold toward the fair sex. This is all the more astonishing, for in youth he was singularly handsome and had great social opportunities. There is a romance deep down in the heart history of this cold, handsome, elegant soldier-chancellor, and the gossips are bound to find it out. As one of the most bewitching of the court he said a day or two ago: "Cherchez la femme! A man cannot have been a corps commander, especially with such distinguished manners, for so many years without having had at least one affair of the heart." One fact is infinitely to General von Caprivi's credit. At a time when he was much courted and flattered he remained a bachelor, expressly that he might devote himself to a young sister left to his charge. He made a home for her and was devoted to her. Sometimes he said to intimate friends: "So long as my sister requires my care I shall not marry." The new chancellor hates phrases, flattery and flunkies. He has even objected to the fact that the river spirit between them. He and night in front of the palace in Bismarck's time. "Send them away," he said yesterday. "I don't want a soldier and a soldier who know how to protect myself." "Hum!" said the Bismarckites, "if he thinks that will prevent us from knowing about his conduct in any college, he will find himself vastly mistaken." Some of them say that the chancellor like many another soldier, has a family to which he was early crossed in love, and that for that reason he is frosty in his relations to his wife, so devoted to his pipe and his beer in private. General von Caprivi is a colossal drinker; in their youthful day he and Bismarck could have drunk up the river spirit between them. But neither flaccid of beer nor flasks innumerable of the noble, white wines of Father Rhine have any effect on the stately calm of the chancellor, who always looks as if just cut out of marble. In his early soldier days he was called the "Captain of Caprivi" in a joking allusion to his serious, retiring behaviour—also a pun on his Italian titles of De Caprera de Montecucchi. von Caprivi was originally Italian nobleman—a branch of the houses of Caprera and Montecucchi. They were long honorably known in the duchy of Friuli. The seventeenth century the family emigrated to Hungary, and some of its members distinguished themselves in the wars against the Turks. In the Austrian service, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1623 two brothers Caprivi were raised to the nobility. The elder, Andreas, had a son, Karl Leopold, who married a protestant lady with large possessions in Silesia. A son of this marriage, Julius Leopold, was brought up in the Lutheran faith, and became chancellor of the court of Salzburg-Worms. In the next generation there were Prussian colonels, chief councillors of tribunals, etc., and the present chancellor of the empire, born February 24, 1831, is the son of Chief Chancellor von Caprivi, by his marriage with Emile Charlotte Kleopke, of the well known learned Leipzig family, which has given the world many theologians and historians. The Kleopkes can trace their family tree back to the sixteenth century. Exposure to rough weather, getting wet, living in damp localities, are favorable to the contraction of diseases of the kidneys of bladder. As a preventive, and for the cure of all kidney and bladder troubles, use that valuable remedy, Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. \$1.00 per bottle.

THOUGHTS IN LIGHTER VEIN. Straws Gleaned From the World's Harvest of Wit and Humor. TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY Merry Quips and Sharp Thrusts From the Jolly Philosophers Whose Motto Is "White We Live Let Us Laugh." Philadelphia Times. In the spring all human nature With some strange emotion fills, Poets tell us 'tis the flowers, Doctors say 'tis need of pills. Couldn't Leave Her There. Harper's Weekly: Crowd in elevator—How soon does this elevator go up, boy? Elevator Boy (reading a weekly paper)—Jes' as soon as I find out if the gal who leaped from the cliff was caught by her feller, who stood on the rocks 1,000 feet below. More Than He Could Stand. Harper's Bazar: Bunting (to policeman)—I understand you secured the discharge of Officer O'Brien for sleeping on duty. That was right. Officer Mulcahy—Yis, sorr. Yez see, me an' O'Brien had a nice corner to go to shape in every night; but O'Brien snored that loud 'ol cud-dint-shape at all, so Oi reported him. An Essential Precaution. Boston Herald: Czar of Russia (just out of bed)—What has become of my undershirt? Valet—Please, your majesty, the blacksmith's putting fresh rivets in it. A Wise Head. New York Weekly: First College Boy—What are you going to go in for—wealth or fame? Second College Boy—Both. I'm going to be a ball-player. It Is All the Same to Him. Boston Courier. Whether the play is bright or flat To him is never known Who looks at the back of a lady's hat, And swears as the act goes on. The Cause Whereof. New York Herald. Her haughty lips curl with disdain, Her eyes are cold with bitter scorn, And ether hidden curls or pain Makes her sweet features most forlorn. Yet I would not with spark of wit Break her sad spell; 'tis sin to laugh; Alone and sad I let her sit— You see, it's for a photograph. Physical Culture. Terre Haute Express: Watts—Potts, you ought to join our physical culture club. I tell you, old man, that the business men of our day do not take half the exercise they should. Potts—I don't see how I can find the time. Watts—It won't take up much of your time. I never go around to the rooms myself unless there is a prize fight. The Feminine Doctor's Way. Texas Sittings: Exalted Messenger—Mrs. Sawbones, come quick! A man has fallen from the roof of his house and is bleeding to death. "All right!" I'll be there as soon as I've got on my new dress and have done up my hair. Let me see; hadn't I better wear my light blue dress or that light violet-colored one? The blue dress

is more becoming to my complexion, but the other is so stylish. Good Grounds. Lawrence American: Judge "What need your grounds for divorce? Unfaithfulness, desertion, incompatibility of temper or— "Jingle—No, your honor, but— "But what?" "My wife is going to begin to clean house next week, and— "Grieved, absolutely! I sympathize with you, my dear sir." Which Suffered Most Recently. Harvard Lampoon: "I feel sick at heart," said the rejected lover as he leaned against the railing of the steamer. "I'm with you," remarked a fellow passenger, "only mine is further down." English Is Facile. Boston Herald: A Frenchman who had not been long enough in this country to talk our language with ease was telling an experience he had while in search of information. He must be allowed to relate in his own words: "At this 20 language is an American. It is so strong, so true, so descriptive. I go to ze man zat cut my hair, zat shave my beard; zat you call my beard. I ask: 'Vot is Jacques ze Rippard?' He say: 'Jacques ze Rippard is a dandy.' Then, ven I gets home to my house, I takes my dictionary and I looks for Jacques ze Rippard,' but I find him not. Zen I look for dandy, and I find that the word was dandy, and zat it means 'lady-killer.' Zen, when to my friend I say: 'Jacques ze Rippard is a man vot kills ladies,' he says: 'Right you are. I like ze language American, it is so ezee to understand.' Too Busy. Arkansas Traveler: "Look yere, Brudder Small," said a negro addressing an acquaintance, "why hain't you been down ter de church lately?" "Oh, well, I ain't had time, fer tell the traf, I's been so busy, an' 'sides, dat we's got so many unholiness leaders in de church lately. Any s'nd, dar' men in dat congregation dat would almost steal." "Yes, dat's er fact, but what you been so busy about?" "W'y, er blame man had me trested f'ar steady fer quite a while, an' I can't me busy to git outen de p'ceedings. Da foun' er lot o' meat in my house, an' if I hadn't er been fer good, f'rien' o' mine dingid if da hadn't sent me fer de pen." The Virtues of the Onion. If I should be asked what was the best substitute for quinine I should say onions, says a St. Louis drug clerk. Time and again the sleep-producing virtues of the loud-smelling onion have been sung, but comparatively few know how valuable it is as a cure for chills and agues. Several customers explain their buy-out on quinine by saying onions are cheaper and quite as effective, and one man in particular, who has been a martyr to malaria for years, has been another being since he acquired the habit of chewing onion peel. The onion is used frequently to cure rheumatism with varying success, but I never heard of its failing when persevered in as a cure for malaria or chills. France to Manufacture Matches. The French government has decided again to undertake the manufacture of lucifer matches and to avoid some of the expense of creating a special department by placing it under the tobacco regime. There will be six match factories in all, and these will for the most part be under the directors of the nearest tobacco factories. It is estimated that this monopoly will be a clear net profit to the state of about \$800,000.