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The Columbus Journal.

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COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 3, 1886.

WHOLE NO. 860.

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Office 11th Street.—Consultations in English, French and German. 22-20m

POWELL HOUSE, PLATTE CENTER, NEB.

Just opened. Special attention given to commercial men. Has a good sample room. Sets the best table. Give it a trial and be convinced. 56-30m

JOHN REEDER, COUNTY SURVEYOR.

Parties desiring surveying done can address me at Columbus, Neb., or call at my office in Court House. 56-30m

W. E. TEDROW, Co. Supt.

I will be at my office in the Court House the third Saturday of each month for the examination of testaments. 22-11

F. F. RUNNER, M. D., HOMOEOPATHIST.

Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Children a Specialty.

Office on Olive street, three doors north of First National Bank. 2-11

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Specialty made of Collections by C. J. Garlow. 24-m

F. M. RUSCHE, 11th St., opposite Lindell Hotel.

Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Curry Combs, Brushes, Trunks, Valises, Buggy Taps, Curbions, Carriage Trimming, &c., at the lowest possible prices. Repairs promptly attended to.

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Plans and estimates supplied for either frame or brick buildings. Good work guaranteed. Shop on 13th Street, near St. Paul Lumber Yard, Columbus, Nebraska. 52-6m.

J. S. MURDOCK & SON, Carpenters and Contractors.

Have had an extended experience, and will guarantee satisfaction in work. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Our motto is, Good work and fair prices. Call and give us an opportunity to estimate for you. Shop on 13th St., one door west of Friedhof & Co.'s store, Columbus, Neb. 48-7

Rev. Robert West, editor of the Advance, died suddenly Oct. 25th at Syracuse, Ill., where he had gone to deliver a sermon.

"I would not live always." No; not if disease is to make my life a daily burden. But it need not, good friend, and will not if you will be wise in time. How many of our loved ones are mouldering in the dust who might have been spared for years. The slight cough was unheeded, the many symptoms of disease that lurked within were slighted and death came. Dr. Price's "Golden Medical Discovery" cannot recall the dead though it has snatched numbers from the verge of the grave, and will cure consumption in its earliest stages.

Fuzess have been dying numerously and recently in Central Park, New York, the water of which has not been changed for six years.

Remews Her Youth. Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, had been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness and am able to do my own household work. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and recovered completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50 cents, at Dowty & Heitkemper.

LADIES are said by a late Paris publication to be carrying on Masonic lodges composed entirely of women in France numerously, and with the completest of ceremonial.

CHAMBERLAIN'S Eye and Skin Ointment is a safe and certain cure for sore nipples, skin eruptions, scald head, tetter, piles, and all smarting, itching diseases of the skin and it is unequalled for chronic sore eyes. Sold by Dowty & Heitkemper. 26-4t

SIXTY thousand tons of coal, it is estimated, are stolen every year from the cars in transit. At one station on the Erie road the theft amounts to thirty tons every night.

Iron, Prairie Range, and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by O. B. Stillman, druggist, Columbus.

A HUNDRED years ago Moest and Chandon thought 6,000 bottles of champagne in one year an enormous production. Their successors—one only in many—now bottle about 200,000 dozen.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough, suffer Dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant effort to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your loathsome disease?

QUEER mishaps are noted. In a field of yellow grain near Merced, Cal., the driving wheel of a harvester struck a spark from a stone, the spark set fire to the wheat, and there was an uproarious race of billows of flame.

In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, will be for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat, Chest or Lungs, are especially requested to call at Dowty & Heitkemper's drug store, and get a trial bottle free, large bottles \$1.

It is stated that Harrison, who was Gen. Grant's body servant, and who was discharged from the Government printing office a week or two ago, has been appointed a laborer in the Paymaster General's office.

HEADACHE, bilious disorders and consumption are cured by St. Patrick's Pills. They are the most pleasant and most effectual physic in use. Sold by Dowty & Heitkemper.

MARTIN, a boy living near Indianapolis, fell into a well the other day and was killed.

Buckton's Arctica Native. The Best Salve in the World for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dowty & Heitkemper. May 17-ly

A PRIME fire near Hatton, destroyed 50 stacks of hay.

WILD BECKY.

If there is one thing the country folks of Millville were proud of over and above the new organ in their "meetin'-house" it was the Millville Boarding-School, which capped the very highest pinnacle of their village. A light set upon a hill, which shed its literary radiance over the whole place.

Cynthia Adams was the only day scholar, but she was the "squire's" daughter, and it was a matter of course that her schooling should be something beyond that of the rest of the village girls.

One day, as the scholars were hanging over the school-yard fence, or sitting in groups on the steps, waiting for the school-bell to ring, they heard a man with a lustrous pair of lungs shouting "Ge-haw, ge up thar!" in a voice so loud that it threatened to shake the hills.

"That is one of old Miller's whippers. I do believe," laughed Cynthia. "He's a farmer about here with a roaring voice. Such a queer fellow as he is, to be sure. I wish you girls could see him."

"I wish I might," answered fun-loving Millie King. "Does he live far from here?"

"His home is six days' ride by the edge of the town, beyond the pine woods; they call the place 'Biscuit City.'"

"Why? Because they have so many biscuits there?" asked a dozen voices at once.

"Cynthia shook her head. 'I guess it is because they don't have them,'" she said; "perhaps they wish they did, and so call it that. All I really know about it is that there does not seem to be any one there to cook much, anyway; for farmer Miller lives alone with his grand-daughter, a girl about our age."

"Would she make biscuits?" persisted Millie, unwilling to give up the idea that they abounded in Biscuit City.

"Becky! I'd like to see anything decent that Wild Becky could make. No one in the village will have anything to do with her, for she's such a wild, harum-scarum thing, and so green, too, that you'd mistake her for grass, just as likely as not."

Cynthia stopped abruptly, for the "Ge-haws" sounded nearer every moment, and now a pair of oxen came lumbering over the brow of the hill, followed by a nacker, and at the end of which was a bare-headed young person in a cloud of dust. Her ample bonnet swung from the top of one of the poles which formed the sides of the cart, and she was hurrying to prove to the passer-by that she possessed the article, though she did not choose to wear it. She looked up at it rather wistfully, however, as her companion, farmer Miller, with thundering exclamations, drove the cart up to the school-house gate.

"Fie on, Becky," he roared, "and we'll soon fix it up with 'em here. Don't be skeered, gal. Be you the school-marm?"

The question was addressed to Miss Peters, the principal, who, at this juncture, came politely forward.

"I haven't much learnin' myself, ma'am," he continued, "but I'm bound that my gal, here, shall have as good a chance as the rest of 'em. She's a good gal, Becky, is only a trifle wild-like, and needs settlin' a bit. I'm a better hand at settlin' bills than any young creature like this one; so if you'll tend to one I'll tend to the other; and handin' the poor girl over, twinnin' her bonnet afore her, he was half-way down the hill before Wild Becky had made up her mind whether she would be settled or not."

It was very disagreeable standing there with all the girls staring at her, she thought, and gazed at her under her long lashes, her eyes rested gladder on the familiar features of the "squire's" daughter.

"How do, Cynthia?" she said, nodding in such a civil way that it surprised herself.

Cynthia looked blankly into her face a moment without making the slightest sign of recognition, then, wheeling around on her heels, she turned her back squarely upon her.

A titter went around the yard. Every one seemed amused but poor Becky, who shut her mouth tight, and her heart beat like a hammer, and her hands trembled like aspen leaves under her long lashes, her eyes rested gladder on the familiar features of the "squire's" daughter.

"But the fact was her grandfather had taken it into his dear old head to make a lady of her, and, rather than disappoint the kind old man who had done so much for her, Wild Becky made a desperate effort to plume herself down that morning into a civilized girl, and mingle with her fellow-beings."

Such a queer, homely house as it was before which they stopped! Becky didn't try to hide any part of it, but made them welcome to the whole, and to the great barn, too, with its lumbering sheds, and its stacks of hay, and its little green beside it, and there they fished for trout; not that they caught enough to boast of, for only the most venturesome of fishes would bite in that shallow stream. When they got tired of that sport they chased the colts in the orchard and hunted out the squirrels, with whom Becky carried on such a droll make-believe conversation that the neighbors, they said, "almost died of laughing."

The sun was getting low and the grass was all purple with shadows when she brought out a table and said that she would have their supper under the shade of a great butternut tree.

"This is the time they'll laugh," thought Becky; "but let 'em. I couldn't get up a gentler tale to save my life, and I shan't try."

And sure enough the girls did laugh. To see such great platters of smoking hot sweet corn, such huge pickers of creamy milk, such stacks of freshly picked berries, was enough to make any hungry girl laugh, and in a way very pleasant to her.

Then followed a shakedown on the smooth floor of the barn, accomplished by the aid of Farmer Miller, who whistled the tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away" from the cornbin.

It wasn't until the young moon shone out clear and silvery that the young girls found themselves in the hayrack riding briskly forward to the school.

"I believe I never had such a good time in my life before," cried Millie, as she sat with her legs on the outside of the building through the trees.

"Nor I, nor I, nor I," was heard in answer.

Farmer Miller recognized one of the voices, and blessed it as his best. It was Wild Becky's. As the others left their seats and crawled over to her grandfather's side and laid her hand, warm from the grateful grasp of the school-girl, on his arm.

Hand-Organ Business.

How the Organ-Complexioned Son of Italy Keeps up with the Times—The Cost of an Instrument.

An olive-complexioned son of Italy, his hat, clothing, and particularly his shoes, evidencing long service and hard usage, struggled up the two flights of deep stairs that led to the factory of one of the most prominent manufacturers of street organs in this city, the other day, says the New York Star, and shifting from his neck the grey leather strap that supported an organ on his back, he placed the instrument on the floor with evident relief. Taking his hat off, he gave a nod of recognition to the proprietor of the establishment and proceeded to mop the great beads of perspiration from his low forehead with a very dirty and ragged silk handkerchief that might in its palmier days have been orange-colored. This operation finished, he laid out on the counter a tin box before him with an expression of the most absolute disgust and with a voice full of feeling:

"No good," he said, "the matter with it!" asked the proprietor of the place.

"Ze instrument no play a good tune. No make a money. It is too a zat, too slow. Pull out ze old tune. Make a new one, and I put in zat new tune, 'Pop Goes ze Weasel.'"

Having been assured that the instrument would be delivered forthwith, and that he might call for it in a few days, the Italian gave up the matter, and the picture of Genoa in the front panel, and shambled off. When he had disappeared, a reporter who happened to be present during the above dialogue said to the proprietor: "I used to be a painter and repairer, whose countenance bore an amusing smile:

"What is the latest agony in hand-organ music, or, in other words, what do you call the tune that will set all New York crazy this fall?"

"That is a pretty hard question to answer," he replied, "as it depends very largely upon the taste and fancy of the customer. I have seen every body know what they want, and some don't. But, as most of them leave it to me to make the selections for them, why, of course, I have to keep up with all the changes, and I put in such tunes as I think will be most popular. That man who just went out of here is a fair illustration of how ignorant some of these men are. His organ was so rusty that he had to have it oiled, and he wanted a lively air or two to substitute for 'Old Hundred' or 'The Heart Towed Down.' Now some-one has told him that 'Pop Goes the Weasel' is the right tune, and he has taken it out of my organ, and I shall have to give him something of the same nature that is not quite so ancient."

"Do they take it in often to have new tunes?"

"Oh, yes; about every six months, sometimes oftener. You see it costs about \$4 or \$5 to get a new tune put in. They generally have two done at once. An ordinary street organ plays about eight airs, and they keep changing them until they get what they like, and then very likely they will run along on the same tune for a week or two. You see, the latest songs that will probably run this winter are 'Rocking the Baby,' 'White Wings,' and the 'Crickle on the Hearth.' Then there is the 'Lark,' 'The Star,' and 'The Star and the Moon.' From that new comic opera 'Erminie.' We get a good many songs that are popular from England. 'Sweet Dream-Land Faces,' 'Going to Market,' 'The Star and the Moon,' 'The Star and the Moon,' and 'Put on Your Bridal Veil' will still remain on the barrels. Seaman's new songs, I expect, will take well, and I will probably put his 'Rose Song' and 'The Star and the Moon' in some of these organs you see here. The 'Mikado' is beginning to get played out, and will have to take a rest. We will run the 'Gypsy Baron' and 'Little Tycoon' for some time yet."

"Do old tunes ever revive?"

"Yes, indeed. We generally give the new tunes a run for about a year, and then hang them up for a while. If they are very popular, they are sure to be taken down again."

"Is the hand-organ business on the decline?"

"No, sir. There are more street organs about to-day than ever before, all sorts of organs, and the city has grown so large. The business is too good now to have plenty of recruits. A good player can always make money at it. He knows that if he goes into a festive place, and plays some of these organs you see here, he will be regarded as a public nuisance and be paid to move on, while in the tenement districts he is welcome and gets all the spare pennies about to be made."

There are several establishments in New York and vicinity that supply hand-organs to the itinerant grinder, and whether they are profitable or not as public nuisances is a question which the suffering public has refrained from testing. Most of the followers of this profession own their organs, but many are hired men, and their organs are worth from \$30 to \$200, and weigh from twenty to seventy pounds. The average weight, however, is about thirty pounds. They will last, if properly made and handled, in the neighborhood of twenty years, and can be repaired so often in the meantime that very little of the original instrument will remain in it.

There is the greatest difference between the two kinds of organs, and follow that two men will, with the same organ make the same amount of money. A poor player will collect barely 60 or 70 cents for a day's work, while a good, bright performer, with plenty of expression, will gather in \$4 or \$5 between sunrise and sunset. The business yields on an average \$2.50 or \$3 a day.

One of the best-known organ-grinders several years ago was a young and pretty Italian girl about 20 years of age. She was strong and well built, and considered the joys of married life were retained, retained a very plump and attractive figure. She did well in the business and caught as many beaux as she did pennies. Her dark eyes, and her sunny smile, and her ready wit, and her young German, whose blonde curls were attracted all the servant girls in the neighborhood to his father's Third Avenue grocery. The fair organ-grinder soon became aware of his attachment, and managed to persuade the shop wench to one or two every other day. She coqueted with the young Teuton for some time, and finally came to the conclusion that the joys of married life were preferable to her precarious if independent existence, and yielded to the young man.

There were outbreaks of mischief now and then. As the old man roared to the teacher one day, "She couldn't be tamed all at once; but this little girl had at last found the golden key. And so, in brightening the lives of the unhappy, and in making sunshine for all,

groser's suit. All might have been well were it not that the bride-groom's father woke up one fine morning to find the contents of his cash-drawer and safe gone, and as the doctor from the bed-room in an enraged state, the old man snatched off his night cap, and flinging it at him, cried: "Take that; I'll give you nothing more!"

He then picked up the night-cap, and cooling down in his brougham, he commenced to rip up the lining. Concealed therein he found a crisp Bank of England note for £1,000. This story, by the way, has also been told of several other eminent doctors. Gull began life in an humble way as assistant to a hospital lecturer at thirty-five shillings per week. When admitted to practice his first year's fees amounted to \$155, but he himself says that each year they increased by one-third. He is a man of dry humor. Once the Bishop of Derry consulted him, and the great doctor gravely said: "You must go to Nice, my lord."

"Oh, I can't go to Nice. I'm too busy."

"It must be either Nice or heaven," was the doctor's retort.

"Oh, then," quickly added the divine, "I'll go to Nice."

"It will not question your judgment," replied Gull, "as a right reverend prelate you ought to know which is the preferable place."

Sir Andrew Clark is Gladstone's physician. He accompanied him on the cruise the previous look with Tennyson, and again last year to Norway. He does not do this as a personal tribute, but as a matter of professional duty. Gladstone is very testy, faddy and ungrateful. Clark is equally testy, faddy and ungrateful. It is said that Gladstone and Clark are chosen to attend royal patients in preference to Clark because the latter is so closely identified with Gladstone.—London Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Water Supply Service Pipes. As regards size of service pipes for domestic water supply, the almost universal custom of plumbers is to put in pipes of insufficient caliber. Instead of following the principle of "small waste pipes, small supply pipes," the usual foolish practice is to use waste pipes of too large and supply pipes of too small bore, thus working a two-fold harm. Again, it is too often the case that the waste pipes are of too small caliber, and the adjustment of the various sizes of distribution pipes in a building. This question has a special bearing on high buildings and large office, factory or warehouse structures. In the case of ordinary tenement and attic dwellings the matter is not of great importance; yet even with these a certain saving may be effected by proportioning the different parts of a line of service pipe to the duty to be performed, in other words by making a line of pipe and its branches of such sizes that no matter how many faucets are opened on different hours simultaneously, the water will flow freely through each of them. Every householder knows what an annoyance it is to try to fill a wash