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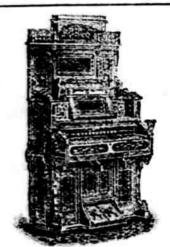
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Columbus

"I did not go in any part of India where I

outside of the French missionaries, who assume the costumes and life of the natives. I

did not find a successful missionary in the

interior. Few of the natives knew of any

part of the world beyond Calcutta. I found the tracks of several Americans, and at

Mysore the maharajah welcomed me with

open arms, because he had been visited by Blondin, the tightrope walker, fifteen years before, who had said he was an American.

He had so pleased the maharajah that he ex-pected to see me do something wonderful

ecause I was an American. I pleased him

by giving him several of our colored litho-

graphs, which he thought were oil paintings, and had framed.

other cordially, and as long as they were thrown together did not establish social rela-tions. Several of them made each other's ac-

quaintance, but the majority of the tribes held no communication and despised one

another, chiefly on account of religious

prejudices, because not two of the tribes were

of the same religon."-St. Louis Globe-

THE WORK OF BOOK AGENTS.

Characteristics of a Suc

"I might add that the tribes hated each

Southal.

VOL. XVII.--NO. 43.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1887.

HUMAN CURIOSITIES. saw in India. These girls wanted to go with

HUNTER EXPERIENCED IN ASIA. The Todas and the Afghans-A Strange Race Whose Ruling Passion is Avar-

THE TROUBLES WHICH A MAN-

ice-The Veddas of Coylon-Nautch

It is two years since Barnum's show was

in St. Louis, and it will be remembered that one of its features was the so-called ethnological congress, consisting of representatives of eight races found in the Orient, certain slands of the Pacific ocean and Australia. Few who saw them stopped to consider the difficulty in obtaining the consent of these people to leave their native homes. Yet one nan spent more than two years seeking after This was Thomas H. Davis, who was sent to the far east by Barnum in 1883 to collect representatives of various peculiar people for his circus. Davis executed his commission in two years, returning to America in 1884 with thirty-two people. Two of those whom Davis brought to America died, and the others returned to their native land. It proved too cold for them; they lost interest in the country after a few months and longed to see their relatives. To the students of the human race the most interesting specimens in the collection were the Todas and Afghans, the first that had ever been induced to leave their country. The former is a strange race, or rather remnant, and have

and had a decidedly Hebrew cast of counte-

invited to have a private view of the tribes.

pointed to he would end with:

Providence, R. I., of a lung trouble.

country, and I gave up the attempt to get

any of them. I went to Cabul to hunt for a

Mongolian dwarf who was said to be there,

and mentioned the object of my visit to the

British minister, whose power in Afghanistan is almost absolute. He mentioned to me

that two Afghans were chained in a dungeon

awaiting death for having made an attempt

from political motives on the life of a high

official, and suggested that if I would take

them out of the country and never bring them back he would have them placed in my

custody. That is how I came to have

Afghans in the collection. They were skill-

ful swordsmen and gave spectators cold

chills when they got warmed to their work.

'Most of the other people were Hindoos, Burmese and Parsees. They were a common

lot, spent their money on oplum, candy and such things as circus life affords. I visited

many tribes, and often failed to get repre-

sentatives, owing to their unwillingness to leave. India is full of remnants of strange

races, that stick to their native soil un-

tempted by promises, money or pictures of other lands. I went into the Himalaya

mountains, but was stopped in the confines

of Thibet. I also heard of a strange race of

white men said to live north of Afghanistan

who were described as being of large frame,

white faces, blue eyes and blonde hair.

There were traditions about them, but I

could not locate them precisely. I went to

Siam and China, but took none of the natives

of the towns, and I feared to pierce the in-

"I paid a visit to the island of Ceylon, where I had heard of the Veddas. These are

the native wild men, and so scarce and hard

to find that many of the inhabitants of the

island had never seen them. I finally hired a man to kidnap a Vedda. In this way I

got two of them, and they would have

proved great curosities had they been

brought to America. I was forced to turn

them loose after five days, because they re-

fused to eat, drink, move or speak; simply

glared at their keepers. I brought over an

in the Bay of Bengal, a vicious, wild fellow,

who grew rather quiet and docile before we

girls in the collection. I had a great deal of

me, were compelled to remain. Otherwise I could have had them easily, for flesh is

4 years of age for 500 rupees, saying that at

least the child would be a pretty plaything. Whenever I heard of Nautch girls I went in

quest of them, but I usually found them ugly and unskillful. I grew so tired of seeing a

Nautch (dance) that I at last looked upon it

as a bore. It is generally the recital of some

harrowing love tale, where the girls walk through their parts to the furious and pain-ful accompaniment of tomtoms. At last I

ful accompaniment of tomtons. At last I found just what I wanted at the city of Tanjore—four very handsome girls who could dance and pose gracefully. They were dancing before the Mohammedan princess

WITH THE

Both Papers One Year,

84.25.

phabitant of one of the Andaman islands,

terior owing to the danger.

ful Agent. only been known to Europeans within the last twenty years. In the issues of the daily papers the eye daily meets with advertisements which offer in rose-tinted English the most flattering in-"These Todas," said Mr. Davis, "live the Neilgherry mountains in India, and are ducements to book agents. These advertise not more than 350 in number. They are extremely exclusive, and as they keep high nents are answered by men of all grades, ability and appearance, and the publisher of up in the mountains little of their history or general agent then proceeds to "sound his characteristics is known. From what I man"-to discover, in fact, whether the learned they live in small huts, not more than five feet high, and feed upon milk, recandidate can be utilized or not. Seven men are failures out of every ten tried. The book fusing meat or anything with life. Their agent ought to be of good address, good education, scrupuloulsy neat and extremely religion is different from anything in India, and no one seems to know what or how the polite. Such men can usually find more congenial work, and are only agents tem-porarily. There are many of them, how-ever, who remain in the field year after worshiped. They have priests who keep away from public notice, living always in huts, fed by the people. It is known that they are polyandrous, and I saw one woman year, making a good living and meeting who was said to have seven husbands. My interpreter explained the marriage custom. The average agent makes little more than When a girl reached a marriageable age her faloes, of which they have large herds.

a living. One day he is liable to make weather or physical disability he is running After this marriage when the wife desires the risk of making nothing for a week. The business resembles gambling more than any thing else in its results. He is deserving of she chooses another husband, who buys into partnership, so to speak, by paying buffaloes to the first husband, who divides with the better treatment than is usually accorded him. A generation of John L. Sullivan book father. I had a hard time getting these people to leave their mountain, only by agents would do much to place the profestempting their avarice did I succeed in getion on that plane where it rightly belongs ting two men to go with me. I was particuand it is a marvel that some ventur larly anxious to get them on account of their canvasser foes not attempt some of his forcitotal difference from any race I had seen in ale methods India. They were whiter than the others

The profits in subscription books are very great. The average commission to agents is 40 per cent., and as high as 65 per cent. has nance. Their ruling passion was avarice, and they used their sharp intellects to acquire been paid. Three sales a day will, as a rule, furnish a good living to an agent, but everything possible. One of them carried this to a humorous extent. In coming over on shipboard he learned several English he is prone to forget that he must average nearly three calls to a customer, and that words, and used them to beg articles. I was also much depends on the weather. The sale the only one he respected, and he undertook to supply me with cigars. When we reached New York about 300 prominent men were of Gen. Grant's "Memoirs" was a big thing for book agents, yet few of them saved any-thing from it. The work being in two volames, required a double delivery and per-Well, sir, that Toda boned every last visitor haps four calls to each subscriber. In other for some article. If he did not get what he words, the agent must make enough in one day to last him four days, or his work was in vain. The average book of travel, remin-"Tsigar?" meaning a cigar. He asked Henry Ward Beecher, as well as the others, iscences or memoir is sold by the agent for and after the show was over presented me Of that sum the canvasser receives with fifteen cigars. After that he learned \$1.80, the general agent 60 cents and the to discriminate between good and bad cigars, and only asked well dressed vistors for them. publisher has made a profit of 80 cents. The manufacture of the book has cost 80 When he left the country he had a trunk cents. Cheap editions of the works of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Irving and other standard writers are being sold at prices full of articles which he had collected. His favorite question was 'Intwallon?' meaning 'What's the price?' His companion died in that seem wonderfully cheap, but the facts are that a better percentage of profit is made "Afghans are notoriously lovers of their

than on the early and more expensive edistalment plan is a recent venture. Standard works are sold on weekly payments. This innovation opened up to the agent a field that he could otherwise never reach. It makes sales easier, but the agent's commission much less unless be pays the cash himself and does his own collecting. If he can afford to do that he can make more by the instalment plan method, as he gets a better price from wide reputation, whether he be a literary man or not, always sell best. Grant's name sold his work, and the sale would have been nearly as great had it been a volume of

poems.—Chicago Tribune.

"I have just come from that painful luxury the sleeping car," said a belle. "How stance, to discover that the grumbler in an upper berth, whose mildest remark in the ourse of the long night was, 'It's cursed hot up here,' was none other than a full fledged major general. By day he was a gorgeous vision of spectacular gallantry, by night a howling demon of profanity. But enough of men, the commonplace creatures; their ways are as plain as an opened book, and their characters as easily read. Let us re-turn to the inexhaustible field for psychoanthropological resource. The first night in a sleeper is nothing to the first morning. Well do I remember my first experience The toilet is accomplished under such har-rowing circumstances. Said a stout young woman from an adjoining section: 'I have traveled all the way from San Francisco in a sleeper, and I've lost the last shred of modesty.' I believed her when I saw her sitting on the end of her berth in her corset. with loosened lacings, drawing on her boots, with a lavish display of plumply filled hosiery, the curtains pushed back, and men and women passing to and from the toilet room. It was a needless exposure. The girl across the aisle, No. 8, emerged from her closet curtains with not a crinkle in closet curtains with not a crinkle in drapery, boots buttoned, and hair as smooth as satin to the line where it broke into billows of crimpness over her forehead. How did she do it? She was in the toilet room trouble in securing them, because this class of females made a living for their parents at with the first streak of dawn, for I peeped through my curtains as she passed by in dress ing sack and skirts, the voluminous drapery on her arms, and the crimping pins held by a lovely turban. There was a difference! fearfully marketable and cheap in India.

I frequently had offers from mothers to sell me daughters, and one old woman insisted upon selling me a very beautiful girl about She could travel to China and back without

In some of the great sawmill establishments of the west, 6-foot circular saws are run 700 revolutions to the minute. Running at 750 revolutions to the minute, the teeth of the 6-foot saw are traveling nearly three miles a minute. Six-foot saws have been driven at as high rate of speed as 880 revolutions to the minute. In Michigan, a few years ago, a Canadian company geared up its mill to run its 6-foot saw 850 revolutions to the minute. A sawmill at Paducah, Ky., which had a 76-inch saw and steam feed, cut one day 10,751 feet of 1-inch pop-lar boards in about seventy minutes. In this trial the saw made no sawdust; each tooth tore out a strip of wood about onequarter of an inch long. Michigan sawyers have boasted of a mill dropping sixteen 1-inch 16-foot boards a minute, but this seems like an exaggeration.—Boston Budget.

danger to her modesty."-Cor. Albany

DAILY CHICAGO MAIL, WEEKLY STATE JOURNAL Both One Year For \$2.75.

THE COMMON LOT.

A little more for you; a wider space
In which to tread, a longer stretch of seas me, but their relatives would not allow them. After another long search I found three girls at Hyderabad, whom I obtained. and higher hills, perhaps a riper grace To hear earth's finer harmonies. Upon your brow a grateful wreath of bays, did not find missionaries, and I kept clear of them, because I found they had no influence,

greet, orighter glow of sun through all your days, And fewer carking cares perchance to meet.

To meet upon the same unsmiling plain, Our little joys and griefs alike to cast, Before the door we enter not again; Where Death, the silent warder of the lowly door, Has not for prince than pauper one word more.

MEN WHO WORK HARD.

Dissipation of a Delusion Regarding th Railway Mail Service. Did you ever notice the United States Mail wagon en route to the postoffice from the Northern Pacific train from the west. If so you have doubtless observed a railway postal clerk sitting jauntily beside the driver and have perhaps envied him for his easy work, his opportunity to see the country and his \$1,000 a. year salary. If so, don't be envious again. No ten men in St. Paul work as

hard or as many hours or begin to know as they do what it is to be thoroughly exhausted and "worn out." There are Lounsberry and Tennis and Yost and Brown, and they are all numbered among the most efficient railway mail clerks in the country, but no man who values his health and his happiness and his freedom will ever seek "influence" to secure their official scalps.

The man who would succeed them must work six months for \$500 and commit to memory every postonice in Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Iowa, Wisconsin. Wyoming and portions of other territories and states-thousands in number. New offices are constantly being added, old ones are being discontinued. new time tables go into effect and the esson is never learned. If you think you work hard let me tell you of the work that the above named men do. After studying night and day for six Monday they must go to the postoffice as early as noon and register and receipt for registered letters and pouches. They then go to their postal car on the side track and work four long hours piling in consecutive order tons and tons of heavy letter and paper mail. About 4 o'clock the train starts west and from the moment it leaves the Union depot until it arrives in Bismarck, Dak., twenty-four and a half hours after the work is comnenced in the car, the clerk is on his feet working with might and main. There is not a moment to sit down. sleep or eat, except a hasty cold lunch from a dinner pail. Mail must be put off

and taken on at every station night and day, even where the train does not stop. The distribution of the mail tires the mind. The swaying and jolting of the car tires the legs. The lifting of the sacks containing tons of paper and pubic documents tires every muscle in the body. The work cannot be neglected. Sick or well, dead or alive, the work must be pushed, as a certain amount is absolutely required to be performed. Every error is checked and sent to department headquarters at Washington. Valuable packages must be receipted for and kept under lock and key. Even when Bismarck is reached the work is not complete until the mail is delivered to Postmaster Slattery, and the registered packages are checked off and receipted for. After twenty-seven hours of continuous work there are twentyfour hours for rest, and then the same hard work must be repeated on the return trip. Whenever you see a Northern Pacific postal clerk on a mail wagon, if you have an endorsement for presenta-

to kindle a fire with. If you do you will have future cause to be thankful. Products of the Congo.

"The products of the Congo," said Mr. Stanley, "are very numerous. Of course there is ivory, and it would be impossible for me to even imagine how many herds of elephants there are. Let us suppose a railway to Stanley Pool. I am quite sure they would get 150 tons of vory from the upper Congo alone. That means £1,000 per ton in value, or £150,-000. Of course that would not pay for sist. The staple products of the country are rubber, gum copal, camwood, the orchilla weed, coffee, palm oil, palm nuts, peanuts and fibres like jute which can be used for paper. There has never Let me say that we don't want colonists. We want the trader, who goes between the black man and the commercial man in Europe; men that go with their cloth goods among the negroes and barter them for native products. The Dutch house which settled at the north of the Congo paid 17 per cent dividend. Today they pay nothing at all. That, however, does not indicate declining trade. It proves that these people instead of combining to build a railway competed for a trade that was already well estab-York Times.

Uncle Billy Latham, an aged colored man who claims to be able to foretell the weather for several months ahead. was asked yesterday as he was wander-

ing around the market if it was to be a

hard or a soft winter.

"Am you in de poultry business?" he queried in return.

"If you war you'd want stiddy cool weather, of co'se, so de poultry wouldn't spile. Am you sellin' umbrellas?" "If you war you'd want a soft winter

wif rain 'bout free times a week." "Well, how will it be?" "Bein' as you hain't got no 'tickler interest in de matter your question am declared outer order an' de meetin' am adjourned," replied the old man as he moved on. - Detroit Free Press.

It is proposed to build a bicycling path etween New York and Philadelphia

GNATA ASSETA BELARTICAN Both One Year For

\$2.75.

ROUGERIES OF RACING.

Artful Dodges by Which Some Great Horses Have Been Ruined. About half a century ago at Newmarket several horses who stood high in the betting at different times suddenly went off sick just before the race for which they were entered; some died, others recovered, but all were disabled for the time being and favorites that a few hours previously outstripped every rival would come straggling yards behind the field. Every one knew they had been "nobbled," but for a long time the perpetrator remained undiscovered; at last, however, a notorious scoundrel, one Dan Dawson, was caught redhanded poisoning the troughs. During the trial it came out that he had made a regular trade of these nefarious practices, and it was more than suspected that not a few of the biggest men on the turf were his employers. But although he was condemned to death, whether from the hope that some among his influential patrons would intercede for a reprieve or from that hatred which certain men of his class have against "peaching," he never betrayed them and remained silent to

the end. The most minute precautions

are taken to guard the race horse from

such dangers, yet the cunning or daring

of his enemies frequently proves more

than a match for the care of his owners. In 1842 Lanercost was regarded as the certain victor for the Ascot cup. While he was being conveyed to the course in a van the grooms in charge stopped at an inn between Leatherhead and Sunninghill to refresh, leaving one to keep watch. Just after they had gone into the house two sailors came out of it. "Hillo," cried one, "here's Lanercost: let's have a peep at him;" and he sprang up on the side of the van while his companion at the same time diverted the attention of the man on guard. A moment afterward the first jumped down again and then the two disappeared into a copse. It was all done so quickly that the groom had no time to interpose; the men were out of sight. When the anticipated victory, poor Lanercost came in last. In the course of the ensuing month he entirely changed color and was never fit to run again. There is no doubt that the pretended sailor had contrived to administer some powerful

drug to the animal during the few seconds he hung over his box. Somewhere about the same time a horse named Marcus was the favorite for the St. Leger. The day before the race, while he and some other horses were standing at the Doncaster Arms, an ill looking fellow entered the kitchen of that tavern and seated himself beside a boiler from which the stable lads were every now and then drawing water for their charges. There was no one in the kitchen save a maid servant, whom the stranger sent out to bring him a pot of beer. When she returned the girl was going to fill her tea kettle from the boiler. but the fellow stopped her by saying: "I wouldn't take my tea water from there, if I was you, it looks so yellow and

"All right; I'll get it outside," she answered. When she came back the second

time the man was gone. The next morning two horses were found dead in their stalls; while Marcus, who was just able to run, came in last and also died during the day. Upon the bodies being opened arsenic was found in their stomachs. The girl then remembered the incident of the loafer. who had, no doubt, poisoned the water in the copper; and had she been as stubborn as most of her kind several human victims would have been added to the equine list. By the defeat of Marcus the owner of a horse named Chorister won tion to Postmaster General Vilas use it 27,000.—Chambers' Journal.

From Fat and Flat Lombardy. The fasting match of Succi and Merlatti is what now amuses Paris. They both come from the fat and flat Lombardy, where the power of money to purchase creature comforts and theatrical amusements is perhaps greater than anywhere else in Europe. Merlatti is an artist by profession and has learned to fast because he wanted to make fasting an art. He can equally well play the part of a Tanner or a Gargantua. There was never perhaps a stomach so enduring as his, either of hunger or of indigesbuilding the railroad, but it would as- tible food. In the last respect it is well nigh a match for that of the ostrich. He explain's Elijah's long fast by indigestibility of the cake baked on the coals by the angels. It was a sort of "damper." like what Australian miners used to eat been a single botanist on the upper Congo | in the gold fever days. Merlatti is strong to tell what the botanic treasures are. in the jaw to a bull dog extent. He has those big bones and big muscles which show out through the thin flesh of his cheek, and which, with his prominent cheekbones and bright, small, sharp eyes, form as queer a physiognomy as is usually seen. His power to scrunch walnuts shells and ingest them with gusto is remarkable. He ate two dozen walnuts, busks and all, and a large fat goose, with the bones thereof, on the eve of his fasting period. Merlatti has moved to the Grand hotel because the air in the rooms where he was in the Rue Tronchett ished. It was fierce competition .- New | was poisoned with the crowd that went to see him.-Chicago Herald.

> Not a Humorous Subject. Are you married or single" asked a New York judge of a witness in a divorce suit.

"I'm not married, but my wife is." "Now, if you get off any more jokes in this court room I'll lock you up for contempt of court."

"Why, judge, I ain't joking. I was married and I got a divorce. My wife married again, but I didn't. I know when I've got enough, so you see I'm not married, but my wife is. You don't catch me joking on any such serious subject as matrimony."-Texas Siftings. Could Not Afford It.

Omaha Girl-Pa, there is talk of forming an archery club in our set. May I ioin. Omaha Pa-I saw a girl's archery club practicing the other day and I am afraid I can't afford to bear my share of the expense. "Why, bow and arrows don't cost much." "No; but it takes so much lumber to build a mark."

PRAIRIE FARMER.

Both One Year For

WITH THE

of the late devices?

WHOLE NO. 875.

Many people, especially those who make a habit of noting such things,

have been puzzled to understand why

the diamonds worn in earrings by ladies

nowadays maintain such a ceaseless

quivering motion. It makes no differ-

ence that the head of the wearer is in

perfect repose or that she is even speech-

less and therefore exerting no muscle of

face or feature. The ceaseless twinkle

of the diamond goes on, enhancing

greatly the flashing beauty of the gem.

was curious enough to try to solve the

mystery of what seemed a very close

asked a jeweler the secret. He told

approximation to perpetual motion, and

me it lay in the setting of the diamond, and that the method was a patented

device. The patentee was reaping

royalty of \$50 apiece from every manu-

facturing jeweler to whom he sold the privilege of using it.

The stone is set in the usual manner

liminutive basket is attached to the

framework. On the underside of this

band is a cup-like cavity. On the lower

part of the hoop is a projecting pin

pointed with rodium, a metal which

never wears out-somewhat like the

iridium with which gold pens are tipped.

Now, when the diamond is put in poei-

tion on the hoop the rodium point pro-

jects into the cup. The consequence is what scientists would call a condition of

unstable equilibrium. Like the pea blown with a pipe by a schoolboy the

diamond is given no rest, with the differ-

ence that no effort is required to keep it

dancing. The metal point never wears

out. The diamond is ever seeking to

balance itself upon the point and never

succeeds. With a microscope I examined

an earring which a lady friend detached

for my benefit. Then I saw at a glance

the ingenious mechanism of the inven-

Playing Tricks on the Queen

A post on the royal yacht-a happy

episode of two years—was held by Hobart

Pasha for a time. He tells in his rem-

iniscences how the prince conso

cigar with the officers, and adds:

would often good naturedly smoke his

'Apropos of smoking I cannot refrain

from mentioning a little incident that

happened on board the Victoria and Al-

bert that I, for one, shall never forget.

Her gracious majesty never approved of

two pretty, small alderney cows, kept

very fond of these animals, and had the

habit of visiting them every day, and the

young princes used to be held up to look

was room for the favored cows to stretch

n at the window, out of which there

One evening we were smoking as

usual, when I espied a pot of blue paint

on the deck of the cow house, with, as

pot. I cannot say what induced me, but

deliberately took the brush and painted

the tips of the noses and the horns of

both animals a pretty light blue. Hav-

ing done this, I thought no more of the

matter. The next morning her majesty

about it. 1, the culprit, was denounced

and had to keep out of the way for a day

or two. Then it was that the good na

tured prince proved himself a friend and

Red Hot Shot at Fort Sumter.

Beauregard determined to give the

You never saw cannon shooting re-

A cold cannon ball is bad enough, but

when you see a red hot ball coming it is

Into a furnace they droped a solid

shot. Then they charged a cannon with

powder. Down the cannon was rammed

block of wood. Then a wadding of

The iron shot was glowing with heat.

Looking like a miniature sun as it lay in

A man stands at the lanvard of the

cannon. All is ready. Two men with

tongs seize the red hot ball and dash it

flash the lanyard is jerked.

Whizz.

down the cannon's throat. Quick as a

Away goes the red hot shot and falls

A thin smoke curls upward. It grows

denser and denser as it rises in the air.

Forty rounds of red hot shot thrown

from an 8 inch columbiad at Fort Moul-

trie have done the work; and Sumter is

Aroma of Red Cedar.

The aroma of red cedar is fatal to

house moths: the aroma of black walnut

leaves is fatal to fleas. It is a matter of

common observation that persons en-

gaged in the business of making shingles

from odoriferous cypress timber in

malarial districts are rarely if ever

affected by malarial diseases, and that

persons engaged in distilling turpentine

do not suffer from either malarial dis-

when cholera was epidemic in Memphis

Tenn., persons working in livery stables

were entirely exempt from it. It is

affirmed that since the destruction of

the clove trees on the island of Ternate

the colony has suffered from epidemics

unknown before: and in times when

cholera has prevailed in London and

Paris those employed in the perfumery

factories have escaped its ravages. - Bos-

Song of the Opposition.

ground, the latter being prime minister

and the former leader of the opposition.

"But, M. Thiers," said Guizot, in course

of political argument, "you and your

friends do nothing but criticise us.

What would you do if you were in

power in our places?" "We would sing

the same song you are singing," replied

Thiers; "only we would sing it better."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

Thiers and Guizot once met on neutral

ton Journal of Chemistry.

-Chicago Herald.

on fire-Atlanta Constitution.

wet hempen packing. Then another

got me out of my scrape. - Exchange.

fort a dose of red hot shot.

time to stand from under.

This is the way they did it.

hot shot, did vou, young reader.

specially for supplying milk and butter

tion.-Brooklyn Citizen.

except that a band like the handle of

The wind has turned anstere and cold; And, borne upon the funeral blast, The first dead leaf's poor corpse behold.

And clothed in multitudinous green; Now, shivering under waning leaves, The furrows gape, the forests lean. The year's warm soul, the honest sun, Is swooning; more and more we see The silent landscape's skeleton,

A GOVERNMENT CLERKSHIP.

is No Place for a Young Man of Edu

The woodland's grim anatomy

cation and Ambition. I recently chatted with a bright young (\$1,400) in the war department at Washington. He took the place ten years ago, after having been graduated with high honors from one of the leading New England colleges, intending to thus support himself while studying a profession. His salary at that time seemed large, and he was able to save quite a nugget each year. He studied less and less, and after a few months gave it up altogether. Then he married, and instead of saving anything, it is all he can do to support his family in a very modest way. These are his own words:

"A government clerkship is no place for a roung man of education and ambition. Alas did not know that when I started in, but ! know it now to my sorrow. Such work is well enough for maimed soldiers or for soldier's widows and daughters who have to earn their daily bread; in fact it is a Codsend to many such. But let strong, hearty, energetic young men choose almost any other line of work. The work is easy and the hours are from 9 to 4 only, with a balf hour for lunch; but it is a treacherous routine and insidiously works upon a man's mental powers until it saps them all up and he beomes no better than a machine.

"The government clerkship accomplishes the destruction of one's mind just as the galleys used to do of the body. I would gladly resign this very day, but what would become of my family? I know absolutely nothing about any profession or business occupation; and were I to start in now I would have to begin at the bottom and work up, and it would be several years before I could and before he could summon his mates | earn what Uncle Sam now pays me so reguready to take a run. If they go west race came on, instead of achieving the ington similarly situated. Their ambition is gone, their talents are gone, and all they desire is to hold on to their clerical positions as a drowning man clings to a rope. I want to make a desperate effort, even at this late day, to get into business and be an active worker; but I see no opportunity, and the chances are that I shall continue to be fed with government pap to the end of my days unless I receive the grand bounce when some change occurs in the administration,"-Cor.

New York Graphic. Stephen A. Douglas' Name. Stephen A. Douglas was clways careful to spell his last name with one s. Nothing angered him more than to receive a letter containing a superfluous s in the superscrip-Speaking about the Little Giant's sensitiveness in this particular, Stephen A. Douglas, Jr., said one day last week: "It was the double s abomination that once beat my father out of a seat in congress. Away back in 1841 father was running for congress in a southern Illinois district against a man named Stewart. The contest was exciting despite the fact that the district was Douglas' by a good big majority. When the polls closed on election day it was found that the Douglas tickets had been

printed with the single s and the double s.
"As father spelled his name with but one it was held (there being no law to the contrary) that the ballots with the double s were illegal and should be thrown out. This was done, and it was found that Stewart, the Whig candidate, had a plurality of five votes. Douglas was urged by friends to contest the election, but the defrauded candidate refused to entertain such an idea, saying that under no consideration would be be the beneficiary of so obvious a fraud. Father returned to his law office while Stewart went to congress. Two years later Douglas again received the nomination for congress, and in the election which followed fairly mopped southern Illinois with his rival. As before, several ballots bearing the double's were cast for tentions of the vote, and every one was counted for the man for whom it was

thrown,"-Chicago Herald. The Latest Thing in Swells. The dude is dead and with him has de parted from the manners of the town the era of vacuous and owlish gravity. He was a surly, sullen and inert protest against loud-ness and displays; but he's dead and out of fashion, and men are hurrying to exploit the very things he most abhorred. Now the howling swell, with a dash of the old time fop. is in vogue. By day he wears showily embroidered silk and satin waistcoats, with over gaiters, brilliantly hued scarfs, gaudy gloves, horsey shirts, flowing trousers and clothes of many shades. At night his shirt front is figured and frilled; herports gold buttons on his waistcoat, satin stripes on his trowsers, and adds a dash of color to it all by thrusting a bright crimson, yellow or blue handkerchief into his breast. Now has he the manners of the solemn ape of a year or more ago. He bobs along at a lively gait and grins hilarious greetings to his friends. He's cheap and onerous at times, and hence men feel for him momentary spasms of dislike; but he's better than the dude, for after looking at the dude a man was apt to hate himself. - Wash Recognized Her Dog.

She had advertised for the return of her dog, and it was a long haired skye terriera regular valuable thoroughbred. The reward was to be ten shillings. A stalwart Celt came timidly forward and asked if that was the dog. Being answered affirmatively and paid the reward, the affection of the lady, who kissed and hugged her "poor, dear, darling little Dandy," attracted his attention, and the following skirmish ensued: "Where did you find the darling?" "Small comfort would it do you, madam, did I tell you!" "But tell me, while I caress the angel." "I can't tell you because you wouldn't like it." "But, dear, darling Dandy-was Dandy cold?" "Shure, madam, I don't know. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and I recognized him tied to the end of a long stick, and a woman a-washin' of winders wid him. I told her she must shtop a-washin' of winders wid my dog."-Chicago Tribune.

"Just Like Him." A young lady who was sought by two lovers, who hated each other cordially, said to one of them one day:
"Oh, Fred, just look at this sweet little puppy that Will has just sent me! Wasn't "Yes, growled Fred, scowling at the

puppy, "it's just like him" Who would think that a section of a cow's horn when polished would make anything so beautiful in its variegated tints as some

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