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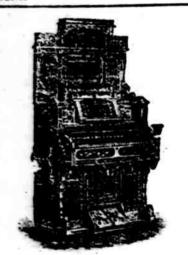
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**Buckeye Mower, combined, Self** Binder, wire or twine.

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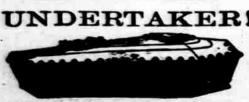
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Dn. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convultions, Fita, Nervous Neuralgia,
Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use
of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insmity and leading to misery, decay and death,
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COFFINS AND METALLIC CASES airing of all kinds of Uphol

6-17 COLUMBUS NEBRASKA.



GIVING AND INTO HIS COURTS WITH PRAISE; BE THANEFUL UNTO HIM AND BLESS HIS NAME.—PRALM C, 4.

THE DRESSED TURKEY.

One of the parish cent one morn-A farmer kind and able-A nice fat turkey, raised on corn,

To grace the pastor's table. The farmer's lad went with the fowl, And thus addressed the paster: 'Dear me, if I ain't tired! Here is, A gobbler from my master.

The paster said: "Thou shouldst not thus Present the fowl to me; Come, take my chair, and for me act, And I will act for thee."

The preacher's chair received the boy, The fowl the pastor took-Went out with it and then came in

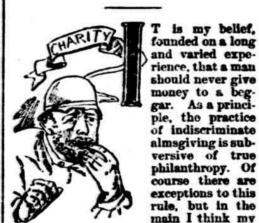
With pleasant smile and look. And to his young pro tem. he said: "Dear sir, my honored master Presents this turkey, and his best

Respects to you, his pastor." "Good:" said the boy; "your master is A gentleman and scholar! My thanks to him, and for yourself, Here is a half a dollar!"

The pastor felt around his mouth A most peculiar twitching; And to the gobbler holding fast, He "bolted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook And came back in a minute, Then took the youngster's hand and left A half a dollar in it.

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.



T is my belief, founded on a long and varied expe rience, that a man should never give money to a beggar. As a principle, the practice of indiscriminate almsgiving is subversive of true philanthropy. Of course there are exceptions to this

main I think my argument is sound. But I am fully pernot give good, sound reasons for my belief, and I confess that I often violate my creed. The fact is, that in the discussion of great fundamental ideas like those of religion or sociology, I find them to be like a creek in the mountains. Follow the creek up, and you will find innumerable brooks babbling into it from innumerable hollows between the hills. Each brook is filled with the sparkling product of God's distillery, each rivulet adds something to the volume of water in the creek flowing onward to the sea. But I have not the time nor the genius to explore all these streams of thought to their source, and so I take the sunshine as he sends it, the water as he brews it, the laughter and the tears as they are cooked at his good pleasure. And sometimes—very often, in fact—I find my-self violating the conclusions of cold ethics and giving money to a beggar. This much before I tell my story.

The incident here recorded occurred oa a Thanksgiving Day not many years ago.

Twas a cold November day in Battery
park, New York. The sun shone feebly
from behind a bank of clouds, yet the
air was keen and bracing. It brought
color to the cheeks and brightness to the eyes of some twenty idlers seated upon the benches. Most of the persons in the park were apparently of foreign extrac-tion. A little Frenchman, wrapped in a cloak and who took frequent pinches of snuff, formed a striking contrast to a brawny llongshoreman in a blue blouse and overalls. Another picturesque group was formed of a Bulgarian mother with her three children, aliens who looked upon the evidences of a new civilization with fear and distrust. The rest of the occupants of the park were bits of flotsam and jetsam of humanity common in every large seaport town. The day of Thanks-giving was unknown to them. For the most part they were drinking of the lees of life and had nothing to be thankful for except the material fact of a cheerless ex-

While watching this drift from alien shores and wondering vaguely what were the actual conditions surrounding these heroes, my attention was drawn to the shambling figure of a man coming up one of the sisles of the park. The sun came out for a minute and made him distinctly visible in all his abjectness. For he was the most wretched looking man I had ever seen. His derby hat was brimless, his once blue blouse had lost all of its orig-



"WOULD TOU GIVE ME ONE CENT. SIR!" inal color, and his trousers hung about pipe stem. Upon his sallow face was four weeks growth of stubby black beard. His face was dark and his eyes had that

bereft of the ring of hope.

"No, sir," I replied, "I could not."

He made no reply in words, but his elbows lifted slightly and his long finger nails, which were mourning for departed cleanliness. sunk into the palms of his

was stepping on his heels, he turned away. There were a dozen other men seated in Battery park, and to each one of these he in turn put the same question that he had to me. He met the same reply each time, for as he turned away I could see the sharp elbows lift with a despairing gesture and the sallow face harden into corrugated lines. One man, harden into corrugated lines. One man, who looked jolly and well fed, perpetrated a ghastly joke by putting his hand in his trousers pocket when the mendicant asked him the fatal question and producing a paper of tobacco. Then Mr. Jolly read Mr. Misery a little homily on the injustice of poverty, and over Misery's face there spread a shadow of a grin, and such a grin as may be seen on the face of a mummy. It was if he had the face of a mummy. It was if he had said: "Did starvation ever roost in your

ing from a dream.

A feeling of curiosity had prompted me to follow him. "Does he need whisky or bread?" I thought. I determined to find out, and so I beckoned him into a dark corner around the barge office. The fires of hope must have been enkindled in him, for two tears rolled out of his eyes and I fancied I could hear them fall spat! spat!

"Are you hungry?" said I.
"I didn't eat anything in three days," he replied.

"Are you dry?"
"No, sir; there's water in the park."

"Well, come along."
And as we went toward his restaurant I pumped him by the way. 'Twas a long and sorrowful story he told. His name was George Moore, and he was a Cornish

"Times was better, sir," said he, "when I came to this country eight year ago. Ye see, I heard there was money to be made in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, an', like a fule, I came here. There was three of us—Nellie and the baby and my-self. Dear heart, when I think of how my Nellie looked when we landed at roses in her cheeks and the light in her brown eyes, and she so hopeful, sir, that

emotions which were sweeping over him like a flood. Then he continued: "Just eight years ago today 'twas, sir. I had dollars in my pocket then. Good, hard English pounds, and the smell of



Here he stopped, and it seemed to me that he gathered his failing powers to-gether, as if he were about to give ex-pression to a great thought. Then he plurted out:

loved her!" her death?" said I. iob here au' there-starvin' mostly. Part of the time on the island for vagrancy. In the winter time sleepin' in the police stations an' in the summer on the docks. I've a rich relative in Michigan, a mine

'Why don't you apply to him for assis tance?" said I. Because I'd die afore he'd know the

of one of those modest and unconven-tional eating houses where the menu is painted on a board and set outside the door. We entered and he sat down at a table. His unexpected good fortune had paralyzed him, and the prospect of a square meal had robbed him of speech. When the frowsy waiter asked him what when the frowsy waiter asked him what he would have he couldn't reply, but sat gazing at the waiter dumbly as a sheep might look at its executioners. Then I ordered for him a big dish of vegetable soup. When it was placed before him, with islands of potatoes, carrots and cab-bage floating in it, the savory steam arose and dilated his nostrils and a wolfish glare came into his mion colored eyes. So famished was he that, there being no spoon handy, he seized a knife and plunged it into the mess, and while he ate there seemed to be a lump in his throat which prevented his swallowing. While he was busy with this dish I ordered a big plate of roast beef, and the waiter brought two cuts which looked as if they had been taken from the forehead of the critter. This was flanked by a dish of mealy potatoes, bursting their

brown jackets, and a bowl of coffee almost big enough to take a bath in.

As Misery gazed upon this feast, which in his estimation was plenty good enough for the gods who sat upon Mount Olympus, his eyes filled again and this time the tears fell. When I asked for the bill the ered was scheduled rates.

upon the arm of the once blue blouse. I could see his stoop shoulders heave, and, although there was no sound, there were plenty of signs of an internal commotion.

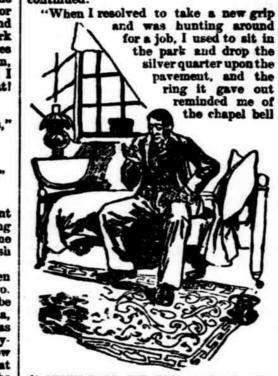
street restaurant. Opposite to me, at the same table, sat a respectable looking man of about 40 years. He were a neat suit of cassimere and was clean and wholesome in appearance. I noticed during the course of the meal that he watched me very closely, and just as I rose to leave the restaurant he touched me on the



CITY OF CHURCHES.

"I do, but-why, you cannot possibly be that man!" square meal you gave me, besides the silver quarter, put new courage into me and I began to pluck up heart. And now I am a clerk in a grocery store and earning \$10 a week. My luck turned on that silver quarter. I had to part with it once for a bed, but I persuaded the hotel keeper to keep it until I could redeem it."

He put his hand in his pocket and drew the silver piece. It was pocket the silver piece. It was pocket worn, but had the ring of the true silver in it. "God bless you," said the rejuvenated tramp as we stepped out upon the side-walk, placing his hands on my shoulders. His features worked convulsively as be



AKE OUT THE OU JINGLE IT."

at home and of Nellie and the baby. Even now, comfortably situated as I am. often take out the quarter and fingle it The sound is always comforting, and so I find that Thanksgiving Day is not confined to the last Thursday in November." Still this giving money to a beggar is a ERNEST JARROLD.

Don't spoil the day by finding fault. Anybody who is surly on a holiday de-serves to be sentenced to six months' penal servitude.



Coffee.
Deviled Oysters on Toast.
Water Cress Salad.
Fried Chicken, Cream Sauce.
Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Tomato Omelet.
Malaga Grapes. THANKSGIVING DINNER. Broiled Smeltz, Sauce Maitre d'Hotel.
Parisian Potatoes.
Squirrel Potpie, Hunter's Style.
Stewed Cauliflower.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Celery Mayonnaise.
Fruit Cake.
Pumpkin Pie. Mince Pie.
Cheese. Assorted Nuts and Fruita.

blessings the average American citizen enjoys would require a whole week of steady gratitude.

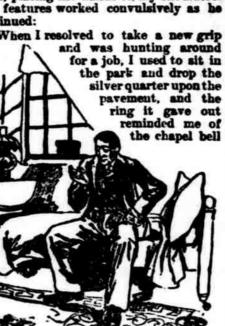


"Excuse me, sir, but didn't I have the IT IS LIKE A CARNIVAL.

dren blowing

on tin horns,

be startled. puzzled, and, perhaps, if of a very devout nature, somewhat horrified at the actions of the young people. He would meet processions of lads and chil-



ADVICE FOR THANKSGIVING.

second joint. Don't be a log and take all the white meat. The dark is considered better by many good judges.
Give the young ones all the gravy they want, and let them daub themselves with cranberry sauce to their stomach's content. It's anti-bilious. Explain to them that the anatomical structure of the turkey makes it impossible for you to

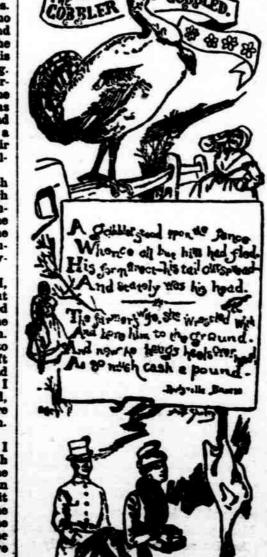
not paint the air blue. Remember that you were a boy once and used to over-feed. Remember, too, that Thanksgiving only comes once a year, although the juvenile vote would undoubtedly be solid for having it come twice a week. Be copious of pie to your guests, spar-ing to yourself. Pie is healthiest when

pudding your Aunt Samanthy used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you eat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums. And may you all live to eat Thanksgiv-

WHAT TO EAT ON THANKSGIVING.



To express adequate thanks for all the



CELEBRATING THANKSGIVING IN THE

"But I am that very chap, and that

recklessly as so many young savages. Boys in masks and outre costumes would salute ha with "Gimme a penny, mister." And he might even see a squad of apparently well to do men marching in irregular order and conducting themselves like To sum it up in one sentence: Brooklyn alone, of all places in the United States, celebrates Thanksgiving Day as a heathen festival. And the custom is peculiarly local to Brooklyn. It has not even crossed in full strength to New York city, though some of its influence is

Don't growi because you don't get the

supply them all with "wish bones."

If the youthful people of the family howl in the silent midnight watches do

eaten by proxy.

Do not tell your wife about the plum

ing turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pangs of indigestion.



LAISED AN INFERNAL DIN. borns, bones and other intruments. At tength I recognised the voice of a son of one of my neighbor's, a wealthy man, and he asked me for a penny! I bought off the whole squad at a penny spiece, but had not gone a square before I was surrounded their faces daubed with and they insisted on escorting me home. And so it went on all the afternoon, first a squad of little hoodlums and then a procession of tall lads and young men; and some of them actually knocked at the back doors and demanded gifts of pie and cold turkey. All the boys of the ward seemed to have turned hoodlums for the afternoon. And the parents said t was a necessity to have a day occasionlly to let off the savagery which is inherent in a boy and must work out come way. At right there were blazing barrels and other bonfires on the corners, and little savages daubed with paint howling and dancing around them. To a western men who had only known the day as a

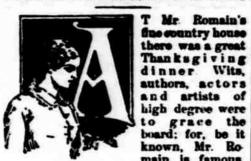
religious anniversary it was a queer cz-The origin of this curious local custom cannot be traced. One old citizen thinks it was set up on Long Island by the French Huguenots, who had a day of general merriment at the season afterwards taken for Thanksgiving, and that the two merged in one by mere accident Another "ventures to guess" that it was a Dutch custom, well established before Brooklyn became an American city Still another is positive that the custom had its rise among the first Yankees who settled in Brooklyn, as a sort of jocular reaction from the austerity of the old New England holy day. According to him, the in-terlock of church and state was so complete in New England in the last century that a man had to be awfully solemn and religiously quiet all of Thanksgiving Day; the lighter hearted and liberal fied to

has become masking and merriment in their youthful descendants There is a good deal in history to sup port this view. It is well known that the

license on those days, so it is quite likely these exiled Yankees rejected the severer features of Thanksgiving Day because the Puritans had enforced them. Be the cause what it may, the fact is patent that while the forenoon is devoted to religion, the afternoon is a season for masking. mirth and mummery. And in Brooklyn alone, among American cities, do parents allow and even encourage wild, boyish sports on Thanksgiving Day.

J. B. PARKE.

TWO MEN'S THANKSGIVING REVERIES



known, Mr. Romain is famous. His books sell the world over. Pens less renowned than his own hang upon his

Mrs Romain received them; but the great author was not to be seen The truth was Thanksgiving was an anniver sary of which he never spoke to a soul, and although he intended to be as cheer ful and entertaining as possible to his friends, he had been overtaken by melan choly reminiscence. It had all come from reading a little old newspaper, too.
Lighting a cigar he walked out and
strolled toward the hills.

If his stylish wife and admiring guests had been able to photograph bis mind just then they would have been surprised. He was thinking of a Thanksgiving twenty but his early love, his first wife, was with him. He was thinking as he strolled back and forth on the lawn this morning that that Thanksgiving was the happier.
The little poem he had just read jingled through his mind. It seemed to have been written especially for him:

We were paupers, she and I. And the bread was hard to win; But our garret, near the sky, Let God's purest sunlight in.

She was meanly dressed, you see, in her faded cotton gown, But her smile was heaven to me. And I never saw her frown We were young, and life was sweet, And we loved each other more

When there scarce was food to eat And the wolf was at the door. There was always hope, you know: We could dream that skies were blue. But my darling had to go

The verses drifted through Mr. Ro main's mind like far off bells, making sweet, sad music. He was back in "the garret near the sky," and the picture seemed sweeter to his fancy than all his seemed sweeter to his fancy than all his low who has just started in business here fine possessions of today. He wished he as a doctor. He looked too young, and to were poor again, if poverty could bring back his early love and his youth. With this thought in his mind he sighing

world," he said. "There is Romain, he has everything he wants. Money and shampoo!—Chicago Herald. fame have come at his call. Twenty years ago I was rich and he was poor Now, I am growing old in poverty, which I have not brought upon myself by dissi pation or recklessness. If I could only go back twenty years to another Thanks giving," and he sighed again.

Mr. Romain went back home to his dis tinguished guests. The man who envied him turned to his table of pork and beans Both envied the past. Mr. Romain was still dreamily hum ming some lines from the newspaper

poem as he went up the steps of handsome house. They were these: And we loved each other more When there scarce was food to eat, and the welf was at the door.

NAOMI TRENT.

A TRUE TURKEY STORY. There was a time not long ago when turkey rocated too high for the man with a moder te rent roll, but cold storage has changed all this. The public has but a misty idea of cold storage, but the busi-ness is full of cold facts. In one of the twelve warehouses in New York city, ac-cording to a certain veracious reporter who was detailed to hunt up something curious for the Thanksgiving number, there is a turkey of the harvest of 1878 still in a remarkable state of preservation. This featherless bird has a post-mortem history. He was raised in Orange county and passed an uneventful life till his neck was wrung in the interests of the human was wrung in the interests of the human race. He was hung up in Washington market as the prize turkey, weighing forty pounds. Nobody wanted a turkey of that weight on that Thanksgiving Day. While it had been a good year, nobody felt blessed to the extent of buying turkey

After Thanksgiving was over the tur-key disappeared. Patrons of Washington market missed him, and imagined his fate. It was given out that an uptown hotel had bought him. In a week he was forgotten. A year later and a forty pound whole squad at a penny apiece, but had not gone a square before I was surrounded by another squad, dressed in woman's turkey was again suspended by the feet on the same beam in the market place. He had the rosy glow of youth, and nobody suspected that it was the ghest of a year-dead bird. Styles ran to small turkeys that year, and the butcher advertised steaks off the big fowl, but the public was not educated up to turkey steaks. That is why the turkey romained intact, and again flew out of the market. Years followed and still a prize turkey weighing forty pounds was displayed each latter part of November under the inscrip-

> "Orange county's pride. Raised by Farmer Biggs, of Meadowiake farm. Boarders taken in summer." Marketers began to recognize the big turkey as coeval with Thanksgiving. No-body not in the business suspected that one turkey only was in the plot. Board-ers from Eiggs' swore they saw the iden-tical turkey in the summer time valking cround in the best hen society. Col·l storage did it. The turkey was market, as usual. His toughness was comewhat tenderly inquired for somewhat early in the season, but the answer then was that Biggs had not yet sent in his annual carload of turkeys. Later the

nore liberty than they had been accus-tomed to, grew quite hibarious over their new found freedom and made the day a sort of white man's Emancipation Day. What was at first wild hilarity in them

built up by religious refugees from New England; and as the Puritans had re-jected Christmas and May Day because the Church of England sanctioned some



boarder to another. asked his companion in misery.

pay to get up a large dinner.' She will have no such excuse this year." "Yes, but she will, though," was the other's quick answer; "she just told me that as all the boarders are going to re-



A clergyn an in a rural parish was remembered at Thanksgiving with a mon-ster turkey, one of the kind that hang at the door of the markets Thanksgiving time. The family was small, and meal after meal that turkey "bobbed up serenely." At last one day that minister's young boy manifested a prodigious ap-petite. Again and again he passed his plate, until his father and mother became alarmed and asked him what he was cating so much for. With his mouth full of turkey he answered:

"Father, I mean you shan't have to say grace over that old turkey again."

Looking Ten Years Older. "There, you look ten years older now." said a down town barber as he released man from the meshes of a towel and yelled, "Brush!" To the customer who followed he said: "That was a young felget patients he had to grow old in the barber's chair. Can we age a man? Well, this thought in his mind he sighing turned toward home.

In a shabby little house on a lonesome hill was a gray haired, dim eyed man who looked out of a window and saw Mr Romain strolling idly by. He, too, sighed "I don't understand the rulings of this world" he said "There is Romain to Romain strolling idly by the said "There is Romain to Romain strolling idly by the said "There is Romain to Romain the adding years to the appearance of half and dozen young physicians now. Here

A Point in Celery Culture. Celery of any kind, whether self blanch ing or not, is much more crisp and tender if banked with earth. A good way of preventing the earth from sifting in among the stalks, says a correspondent in Garden and Forest, is to wrap each plant in a strip of butcher's paper, say from eight to ten inches wide. With a garden trowel earth enough to hold the papers in place can be easily managed; then the plants should be hilled up almost

to the top of the papers. This plan is recommended for early celery, and is not much more extra work than the tying up practiced by gardeners. Care must be taken to hold the plants erect while put ting on the papers.

A Gift for the Emperor Among the gifts presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph on the occasion of his 58th birthday was a representation of a double eagle composed of 15,000 beetles, belonging to numerous species found in Austria-Hungary, and displaying all manner of hues. Beatde the emblem are the members of the imperial family, printed in characters likewise composed of beetles. The donor is a gardener, and it has taken him, with the assistance of friends in all parts of the empire, two years to collect parts of the empire, two years to collect the insects; their arrangement has occupied him for three-quarters of a year.— New York Pest.

the richest and most envied man un-shorn of his wealth of morey, but de-prived of all the common benefits which his poorest brother man enjoys as an in alienable right, would be poorer than the

A believer in grapes claims that they are good for that mysterious disease, malaria. Eat all you can, but be sure they are ripe, is the advice.

# The First Symptoms

Of all Lung diseases are much the same feverishness, loss of appetite, sore throat, pains in the chest and back, headache, etc. In a few days you may be well, or, on the other hand, you may be down with Pneumonia or "gailloping Consumption." Run no risks, but begin immediately to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Several years ago, James Birchard, of Darjen, Conn., was severely ill. The doctors said he was in Consumption, and that they could do nothing for him, but advised him, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine, two or three months, he was pronounced a well man. His health remains good to the present day. J. S. Bradley, Malden, Mass., writes Three winters ago I took a severe cold, which rapidly developed into Bronchitis

and Consumption. I was so weak that I could not sit up, was much ema-rated, and coughed incessantly. I consulted several doctors, but they were powerless, and all agreed that I was in Consumption. At last, a friend brought me bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. From the first dose, I found relief. Two bottles cured me, and my health has since been perfect."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Bold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5

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Specialty made of Collections by C. J. Garlow. R.C. BOYD,

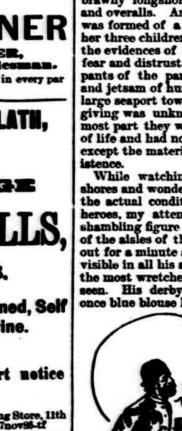
Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware!

Shop on 13th street, Krause Bro.'s old and on Thirteenth street.

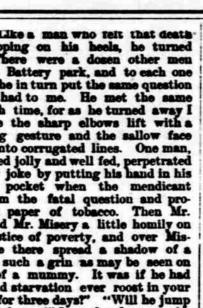
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pale, sickly gleam sometimes seen under the dry husk of an onion. He walked with a slow, shambling, uncertain step, and his shoulders drooped as though he was all gone inside and every minute he expected to collapse. The very abjectness of his condition fascinated me, and while still loathing him I watched his approach with interest. As he came up to me be seized the elbow of his left arm by putting his right hand behind his back. In this curious attitude he spoke: "Would you give me one cent, sir?"
This he said in a voice which seemed to come out of the very sub-cellar of despair, so monotonous was it, so utterly



said: "Did starvation ever root in your stomach for three days?" "Will he jump off the dock now?" I wondered to myself. No. He is actually "bracing" a park policeman. The gray coat simply waved him away with his club. Then, with a courage born of his awful need, he tackled two officers at the door of the barge office, but without success. He stood upon the sidewalk and passed his hand wearily across his forehead, as if he was awaken-

upon the stones.

"Is your favorite restaurant near by?"
"Yes, sir. Up in Greenwich street."

we would make a small fortune in a few

roasting turkey as we went by the restaurants didn't have the effect pon me then that it has today, sir. Well, we went to Shamokin, in Pennsylvania. I had no difficulty in getting work, and we were getting along nicely when I was taken sick. Then all the money melted away like hoar frost. The sickness lasted six months, and because of poor food and weakness the baby died. After that things went on from bad to worse, until Nellie sickened with the consumption. Then I cursed the country and the mines. But it did no good, for

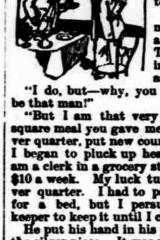


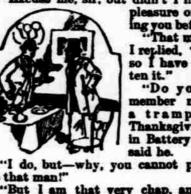
"An' she were a good woman, sir, an' I "And what have you been doing since 'Oh, just knockin' around doin' an odd

shape I'm in."
By this time we had reached the door

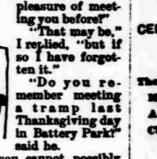
his emaciated legs like a stocking about a proprietor handed me a check for the mu-pipe stem. Upon his sallow face was nificent sum of 20 cents, which I discov-"Well, old fellow, I must go," said I, after settling the bill, as I reached out my hand for a parting shake. He reached out a grimy list, and when it left mine there was a silver quarter in his palm.

He was just about paying his respects to the roast beef, but this princely gift choked him up so that he laid his head On Thankagiving day, a year later, I was seated at a table in a Fourteenth



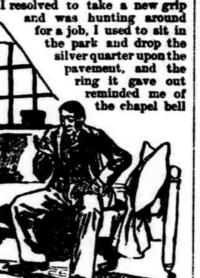












discernible there; and it is barely noticeable in the smaller cities and towns of Long Island. And what is stranger still, it is a very old local custom, and its origin is, as the historians of Ireland say, "lost in the mists of a hoary antiquity. The phrase 'heathen festival" in the

preceding paragraph must not be construed as a term of reproach; it is simply meant to imply a celebration like that of Christmas in the west and south. And to explain these variations of local custom. a bit of history is in order. As all classical scholars know, it is only by ac-cident that some sections of the Christian world observe Christmas as the anniversary of Christ's birth. The day was cele-brated in Italy for a thousand years or more before the Christian era. It was the day of the sun's return from his most southern point in the heavens, the day when the people closed recounts for the old year and started on a new one; so all rigid rules were relaxed, the most sustere smiled on the general levity and it was a day of rout and revel, of mask and mum-mery, of feasting and giving gifts and

general social equality.

Through all the changes of 2,500 years the old custom has survived; and in more than half the Christian world today Christmas is practically a "heathen festival," celebrated just about as it was in Italy 500 B. C., except that gunpowder has been invented and the turkey discovered since then. From southern Europe the custom floated unchanged to the southern belt of the United States, and from England to Virginia and the border states north and south; so, while New Englanders assembled in their churches for forenoon service on that day, the people of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and adjoining states were "firing anvils," popping firecrackers, drinking eggnog, shooting at a mark, having running and wrestling matches, pitching quoits, and getting ready for a big dinner of fresh pork, chicken and sausage, with whisky before it and plenty of "Jeemes river" tobacco

of the southwest, all that July 4th is to all American boys, and a good deal that a school holiday is to most boys, that is Thanksgiving day to the boys of Brook-lyn, in the afternoon. A gentleman spending his first winter in the city in 1887, said to me recently: "When I descended from the Greene avenue station of the elevated road at

after it. Further south the slaves were

allowed unlimited license and revel, and

Well, all that Christmas is to the boy

no work was done till after New Year's.



annual carload of turkeys. Later the order was sent to the cold storage warehouse to reproduce the monster, and all was busy about the place in consequence. But up to the hour of going to press there have been no advices from the metropolis to the effect that any one had the nerve to buy the frozen antiquity. If you should ever visit the big city across the North river from Jersey City about Thanksgiving time, go to Washington market and sak for Biggs' big bird, and it will undoubtedly be pointed out to you.



dear. I've only been down to the turke shoot.—Harper's Basar. A MEAN BOARDING HOUSE KEEPER.

"I'm glad all the boarders are going to be here to Thanksgiving dinner," said one "Why, what difference does it make?" "Oh, you see last Thanksgiving they nearly all went out to dinner and the landledy fed the balance of us on the same every day kind of truck, remarking. that there were so few of us it didn't

main home to dinner Thanksgiving she couldn't afford to make any spread." Then the two locked arms and wan dered down to the nearest lunch counter



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