was such a good listener that he stretched

You are like Romeo and Juliet,

the truth now and then to interest her.

sighed Hetty. "Enid is about her age, and her eyes are good, if she is so thin,

These meetings continued all that sum-

mer, Hetty always a willing third party, and deep in a novel about it. She meant

wavy, and a poetic look on her face, and

have the newspapers just teem with anecdotes of her beauty and brilliancy. They called the old stone house the castle, and

under the castle windows came Mr.
Devitt every night when the weather was
fine. He had a lovely tenor voice, and
Mrs. Suydam was deaf, and he knew the

whole of "Maid of Athens," which he

sang divinely, "And of course that's you," Hetty would say as they leaned out the window and listened:

By those lids whose jetty fringe Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge; By those wild eyes like the ros.

"You have those soulful, yearning eyes,

and that's all the good looks you have got," Hetty would add truthfully. Once in a while Bruiser would add to

the melody by a howl when a cat escaped

him, or the cat herself, on a distant roof, would appeal to the neighboring cats for

One day while rehearsing "Othello," Hetty the abused wife and Enid the cruel Moor, Enid raised the pillow too

house for a week's imprisonment. Mr. Devitt was informed in Hetty's angular

secrecy. To the tower went Mr. Devitt at midnight, after falling over a wheel-

barrow and stumbling through a vegeta-

Leonora was a very unhappy little

grave. She was allowed no lamp, and

night hour, when churchyards yawn and

Maid of Athens, ere we part.

moonlight, his handsome eyes, under

their long lashes, upraised to he, his black mustache veiling the lips the, sang so sweetly. The fact that there was

somebody awake, too. And she told him

softly how scared she was, and he sat

down under the window, and said he

would stay for company, and she could sleep in peace, for he would be awake. Two nights later, when he came, she sent him down a note, tied to a bit of

Do you remember young Lochinvar I read you

about? I shall die here. No one loves me. And last night, after I made you go home, I heard such

dreadful creaking of the stairs that I fainted

back. "Do you mean run away and get

"Y-es," came down on the string.

end away. I shall die here.

married?"

handwriting:

ask boy.

ble garden.

twelve now.

and does outgrow her clothes so."

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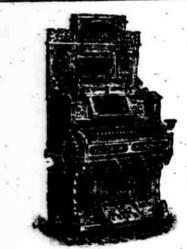
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HENRY GASS. UNDERTAKER



6-tf COLUMBUS, NEBRASEA.

While our young Life throbbed like a trius When in that long lost childhood, pure and true, We knew no wrong!

IN MEMORY.

In memory
Of sweet pale buds that never came to flower, Of wild flowers trodden down by careless feet; Of starry blooms that withered ere the shower Fell cool and sweet.

In memory Of all things beautiful our eyes have missed; Moonlight on summer seas, the sunset's glow, The first pink flush when Dawn the mountain kissed

And gilt the mow.

bering Love will give them back again In paradice!

-Violet M. King in Murray's Magazine

TRUE TO THE CORE.

"It's just that, Aunt Hannah," said Jim Devitt, throwing back his brown velveteen coat, stretching his gay plaid trousers, and snapping his fingers at a fat white bull dog with the solemn combative countenance of its kind. "I ain't wurth a cuss for figgers, ain't up on ribbons, but am pretty fair on sport. Some one's got ter deal faro, be referee at a prize fight, and umpire a ball game. If it wa'n't for us, who'd keep up the breed of fighting dogs and cocks? Racing is good if you've got the rocks. Some fellers has to live on the shady side, hain't they, Bruiser? Ought to see him clinch with John Penn's Towser in the village

last night-done your old heart good." "That it would not, James Bottle Devitt," said Aunt Hannah, decidedly, yet looking very kindly on the speaker over her spectacles. "If you was not a. outlaw from jestice I wouldn't have youhere at all. But la, as you've worked for yourself sence you was twelve, an' never hed no schoolin'; I dunno but you turned out well consederin'; an' then you girl, for she was intensely nervous. Her crazy Uncle Henry had died in the room wa'n't sixteen when you rescued me where she was imprisoned, and Hetty from the poor house, an' two years ago you bought me this comfortable place, though how the money was got I never

dared think." "Took odds agin the favorit." "That, though I don't understand it, means, I know, something disrespectful; but you has the kindest heart in the world. Only to think, though, your great grandfather was a Baptist minis-

ter, traveling by spotted trees in the wil-derness, and you"— "Traveling by the spots on cards."
"And Mis Jedge Suydam of the manor asked me yesterd'y, says she, what business is your nephew in, and she's a very grand lady too. An' few knows what poor houses is and how you rescued me, and how grateful I am, so I wasn't going to have her look down on you, so I says in the bone business, marm."

"In the what?" "Bones, Jimmy. I remembered you played 'em in the minstrels where I hed ree passes, an' cf I do say it, you beat 'em all, an' fetched the most applause allus, an' bone business sounded sorter respectful."

"You're always game," laughed Mr. Devitt. "Next time tell the old lady I'm something of a sport; let her figger it out. Mebbe she don't know that game cock of mine killed her fine Plymouth Rock the last time I was here. He picked up his hat, whistled to the dog, and strolled out along the road in

sick a bull dog on an old sheep like

that?" he said, severely. "Fightin' is my dog's business; look at them scars on him," and forthwith he reeled off a long

The girl listened with respectful atten-

tion, introduced herself as Enid Jones, and said she had to take Nep out for a

walk every day. He was grandma's dog, and she wished he could know her

The next day he went along the path,

and strangely enough Enid was there

with Hetty, a vivacious, curly haired damsel. Nep was tied to a tree with a sash, and Bruiser was held by a stout

rope, and a conversation ensued. In course of time Hetty assured Mr. Devitt,

perhaps a delicate way of telling him that he need not fall in love with her,

that her heart was broken. She had been

"Her father was something in oil is

New York," sighed Hetty, and Enid listened with meek sadness.

"Well, the old sardine, the fellow is

oil, left the stamps enyhow," suggested Devitt, hopefully, taking Enid's side at

"You are very kind," sighed Enid; and

the matter was dropped, all parties en-deavoring to see this one redeeming trait

Devitt was a very simple minded your

man. He had read few books, chiefly o

adventure, the lurid Indian and pirate tales peculiar to the young, and had perused them, I regret to say, when he

was a messenger boy, on his way to do errands; but now his literary taste ran

to sporting journals, and poetry was an unknown field to him. He liked Hetty,

ympathized with her sorrows, offered to

knock out the future millionaire who

"could stoop beneath her."

list of Bruiser's battles, lost and won.

cousin Hetty-she was just lovely.

Then further correspondence ensued, hints of a servant who could be bribed with a pearl ring Enid didn't care about the direction of the manor, where "Mrs. at all to leave the key in the door, and Jedge Suydam" kept a strict watch over directions to have a carriage waiting at two young orphaned granddaughters.
"There's the best heart in the world," the lane, and she would be waiting. promised, then went slowly homeward. said the old lady to the fat, comfortable 'A rum go," he muttered. "You an' cat who appeared from some retreat oc-casioned by Bruiser's dislike, "an' this me, Bruiser, to run off with that inno-cent little chick. Them books is turned beautiful home he's give me, an' sends me money when he has a streak of luck, her head, and she is scared out of her senses up there alone. Cuss that old an' jest because he empired a prize fight be's hidin' here from jestice, an' him woman! I never see no girl like her. I he's hidin' here from jestice, an' him never would strike a blow less he had love her, Bruiser, and what in this world shall I do about it?" ter. An' them mittens, the stuffed one's he says is 'lowable; but dearie me, gladia-He sat down on the top rail of a fence and Bruiser took a dignified posture in the path. A queer sort of shadow came over Devitt's face as he drew his breath

tors was nothing but prize fighters, and they has plays on the stage about them." "I'm goin' to a trystin' place," mut-tered Mr. Devitt, as he went along. "It's no go, Jim. You are a poor, worthless devil, and she will be rich "What the duse is a trysting place. She calls it that; she's the derndest." Some two weeks back, Bruiser, on ag

some day. It would be worse than cheating an honest man at an honest game. exploring expedition, met in a narrow path on the manor grounds a fat New-If she wa'n't rich-well, even then, what kind of a name have you got to give her, foundland dog and a tall, overgrown girl, and what sort of a home to offer? She with a curiously childish face and bright don't know no more of the world and what gittin' married means than a 4-yearhim, Nep, he's such a little old child. Calls me Geraint, by gosh one," said the girl. Nep turned tail and attempted to fice. Not so Bruiser; his Chuck full of poetry, but not a mite of hoss sense. Poor little girl, and I love fighting blood was up; he accepted the stump, and flew upon the big dog, who stood still and howled frightfully, while her. That sweet seriousness of hers breaks me up. Wants to run off with me, and I never even kissed herthe girl, with real courage, seized Bruiser by the loose skin on his neck, and Mr. Devitt rescued the party.
"Don't you know no better than to wouldn't for the world. Be square, Jim: save her from herself. No one will ever know how hard it is, and then she'll hate

me. She will wait for me, and then hate He got up with a groan and went on with bowed head and weary eyes. Suddenly he turned and went back to the manor. Poor, frightened child, he saw her at the window, her face hidden on her outstretched arms, her fair hair veil-ing her childish grief. He dared not see her again. In the shadow of the old clms he sang for the last time the song she loved. She listened with beating heart and happy eyes, and that sense of companionship so dear in her loneliness; and he-his voice faltered once or twice.

> Maid of Athens! I am gone; Think of me, sweet, when alone. Though I fly to Istambol, Athens holds my heart and soul.

Can I cease to love thee? No. He went away at daybreak, looking engaged to a young man in jail—oh, she haggard and worn, and the old town by meant boarding school—but that was all off now. She must marry for money, and it was better her heart should break, ror of good Aunt Hannah's life. A and it was better her heart should displease and his, too, than she should displease her aged grand parent. Grandma liked her best, for her papa was a professional man, but Enid's father was no family at all; but Enid would be awful rich and long by the gate; but he did not come—Patience Stapleton in Once a Week.

flight Impurities in Metals. The astonishing changes that small suportions of foreign matter will p. vince in metals are not necessarily of practical importance, as very slig .t impurities in metals for certain purposes might lead to serious consequences. Boberts-Austin gives two striking illustra-tions of this possibility. A small fraction of bismuth in copper will reduce the elec-trical conductivity sufficiently to cause any submarine cable made with it to become a commercial failure, and the message carrying power of copper cables is said to have doubled since the early lays of telegraphy on account of the in-creased purity of the copper. Pure gold has a breaking strain of from sixteen to steen tons to the square inch, but when alloyed with but two-tenths of one per cent. of lead it will break with a alight blow or under a trifling strain.— Arkaneaw Traveler.

would crush out her young heart at any time she sent him word, said he supposed she knew her own business best; but wasn't she borrering trouble when the old chap hadn't turned up yet, and the old lady might die any time, and what old chap hadn't turned up yet, and the old lady might die any time, and what was to prevent her marrying the young fellow then?

At Enid he looked with awe and successfully hatched. No wonder this At Enid he looked with awe and fine fish gets cheaper every year.

NATURE'S MUSIC. .

had read so many novels, and was so strangely innocent and unworldly, and made him out such a hero. In fact she Slide up thy aliver made, O becoming one The pines that skirt thee catch thy mine And over all the forest swalls a tone That echoes but the music of thine own.

Half silent, rivers glide, new mucasuring waves Break singing where the sweeping current laves, Whispering among the publics, low and sweet; So low so sweet, wild birds the strain repeat.

to make it a great success, and have her portrait in the book, with her hair all

moss,

Long, glittering chains, the slipping torrests toss,
Shivering and darting weath the seching trees.

The wandering winds in mystic minor keys
Sing their love songs above the waves and rocks
In harmony that every heart unlocks.

—Helen L. Carey.

BEYOND.

Whenfall the world seems dark and lonely When joy is dead and life is drear, When hope and love seem left behind us And every smile melts to a tear, Tis then we turn to things immortal And look beyond earth's narrow portal.

RESULT OF A MISTAKE.

Lena Hazleton sat in the dimly lighted church, where she sang leading soprano, in the third row from the organ. The organist, with no book before him,

was playing the most beautiful music she had ever heard. "Can this be Jack?" she asked herself. "He seems to be pouring out his very

high in her zeal, and crash went grand-ma's lovely Dresden china vase, the pride of her aged heart. As usual, Enid had to bear all the blame, and was sent to a distant room in the back part of the She sank back into her seat, drinking in the inspiring tones, wondering in an indistinct way if he had ever played as well, and why she had never been affected so before.

When the last thrilling notes had died "Leonora is in the tower. Particulars, away, she slowly approached him and He asked the small, solemn faced boy who brought the note, and got all the direful story, and gave in return a dime, said, softly: "You have surpassed yourself to-night, Jack. I have been listening spellbound." that was taken as part of the price for

Instead of turning around and greeting her in his usual frank way, he started in surprise, then hesitated, and finally said: 'I am glad you like my music," and his fingers strayed on over the keys. Lena marveled at his manner, and, after a moment's silence said: "I wonder the others are not here. At this he turned slowly around, say-

no one was near her in that long hall, and somewhere she had read "at mid-"Do not be frightened. Your compli-nent was intended for some one else, though my name is Jack." graves give up their dead," and it was Lena blushed and stammered:

Then on the moonlit air came that "I beg your pardon!" Then, at the thought of having been half an hour in an almost unlighted church with a stranger, she plucked up She gave a little cry of joy, her terror had been so extreme, and he was so good to come. He looked so beautiful in the courage and demanded: "But why are you here?"
He smiled indulgently and answered:

"Because I am very fond of playing on church organs, and, having Mr. James" consent, saw no reason for not gratifying my wish to try this magnificent instrument. I am sorry to have inconvenienced you."
"Not at all," said she bravely. "But I don't see why the others are not here."

'If you refer to the choir, Mr. James told me that it does not rehearse until to-"Why, how odd!" said Lena. "We always meet on Thursday evening."

But this is only Wednesday evening, soid the unknown, with a winning smile. "Only Wednesday evening!" she repeated, hardly believing her ears. "Are "It's a shame, that old hag," he wrote you certain? "Yes, quite," he replied.

"Yes, Lena," interposed Mr. James, who had approached unobserved. "I assure you it is Wednesday. Ah, Morton, there you are! Miss Hazleton, this is Mr. Morton. And, by the way, Lena, Mrs. James has some company and sent "I should like to go, but I fear auntie will worry

'No. I have seen her, and explained. She told me you were here."
"Then I shall be delighted." "Morton, will you not come, too?" he

"Not at all. I know my wife will be Jack hesitated a minute; but at that moment his eyes met Lena's, and not only was his decision made, but he knew that the current of his whole life had been

During the evening Lena sang, and Jack Morton played the accompaniment. He played so well that she was seized with a desire to distinguish herself. When she had sung a few lines her friends were surprised; and Jack, who had heard much good singing, was astonished at the purity and sweetness of

As she finished, her face glowing with enthusiasm, they all pleaded for another song, and glancing to Jack, she read the same request in his eyes, and complied.

Later in the evening she was sitting near Mr. James. 'How do you like Mr. Morton?' he

"Very well," she replied, with a trifle more feeling than was necessary. "He is to escort me home. Have you known "He is a business acquaintance of

mine from Chicago. I've met him so often that I consider him a true friend." At 11 o'clock Lena and Jack were walking homeward, her dainty hand resting confidingly on his arm.

Before parting he had permission to call, and as his stay was to be short and her next evening was devoted to the rehearsal it was arranged that he should escort her home.

At breakfast her aunt asked: "Lena, how did you enjoy yourself last night?" "Very well, auntie."

"Did Mr. James bring you home? "No; Mr. Morton came with me?" At this the elder lady laid down her "And who may Mr. Morton be? "A gentleman from Chicago who was there," answered Lena, ignoring the romantic meeting in the dimly lit church. "A gentleman from Chicago!" repeated her aunt, with an ominous tap of her foot. "That is rather indefinite." "Yes; but he's nice, auntie."

"Of course," said her aunt. "Curly, olden hair, brown eyes and a wonder ful mustache." "Indeed he hasn't. His hair is dark, and I couldn't say what color his eyes Yet even as she spoke the words there came before her mental vision a pair of

ardent brown eyes looking down into That evening the choir seemed unusually stupid. The rehearsal dragged When Lena and Jack started home, as the evening was crisp and starry, they did not hurry, and on their way their mutual acquaintance ripened sufficiently

for him to ask and gain the privilege of writing to her. At home Lena's aunt was in the parlor, evidently waiting to form an un-biased opinion of her niece's new ad-Jack, being as clever as he was hand-

some, devoted himself to that good lady to such an extent that she had little time to criticise, and after conversing a while even lost her desire to do so.

Business called Jack away the follow ing day. The next one brought to Lena his first letter, which, like himself at their parting, seemed to mean much that it

sidn't say.
She replied, and the frequency of their letters increased as the days went by, as und their length and interest. fler aunt saw plainly how matters were going, but, wise woman, kept her own counsel.

One day Lona received a letter from lack, the most important and sweetest part of which was the last, for in that he wrote, in words which thrilled her through and through, of his great love for her, and begged her if she returned his love, to wear the little ring he had sent, for his sake. The ring, whose gem was as pure as the love of which it was a symbol, came almost immediately after the letter, but not before Lena had an-

As she slipped the beautiful thing on her finger, her lover's wish that he him-self could have performed the delightful ceremony, was echoed through her every

fiber.

Thinking long over her new found happiness, she suddenly remembered her aunt.

The as really appalling to have entirely ignored one who had devoted a good part of her life to her and loved her so dearly indeed almost an author would! indeed, almost as a mother would!

After pressing the letter affectionately to her lips, she stowed it away close to her throbbing heart, and went down stairs in quest of her aunt. She found her in the library, and tapped softly on the open door. Without waiting for a response, she crossed the room to where her aunt sat on a low chair. "I am ashamed of myself because I have not confided in you, auntic. Jack Morton loves me, and I have promised to marry him. Can you forgive me?" she asked, kissing her affectionately.

"Yes, dear," her aunt replied, return-ing the kiss; "I knew it." "You knew it-how?" "In many ways," said she, looking af fectionately at her niece. "And you don't mind?" asked Lena

relieved. "Mind, my dear? Does one, alone in the world, bring up a child from baby-hood to young ladyhood and then part without minding?" she asked, tears starting to her usually tranquil lids. "Forgive me, auntie, for giving you pain-I, of ail-for you have been so

kind to me! They soon fell to discussing the future, and once her aunt said: "Lena, if anything should ever occur come back to me." 'Yes, auntie, but there never will,

Lena said, her eyes brimming over with love and tears. And in three months Miss Hazleton lost her niece and Jack Morton gained a lovely wife.—The Saturday Night. Smothing a Cornego Tipe

"Exactly. Your head aches, your eyes bother you and your throat is always parched," said a well known physician, iagnosing the case of a patient. can tell just what brings on these difficulties. You smoke a corncob pipe. Isn't that a fact?" The sufferer replied in the affirmative.

but was curious to know how the doctor learned what kind of a pipe he used. "I see so much of this that I couldn't help knowing what ailed you," explained the medical man. "Men apparently enjoying perfect health come to me every day. They are great big, robust fellows, and they all suffer in the same causes. At first I was nonplused, and led myself to believe that it was a new disease, but finally discovered that the whole trouble was caused by corncob pipes. It needs no credulity on your part. Notice yourself when you are smoking a corncob a sickly, overpowering odor, which fills up your throat and lungs, and causes a smarting sensation of the tongue. That is the smoke of the burning cob, and it contains enough creosote to cure a ham.'

—New York Evening Sun.

Tattooing Convicts for Identification. "The latest fad in prison manage ment," said a prison official, "is tattooing. It is a ready means of identifica-tion, and is bound to become popular in prison management. My idea is to tattoo a conviot every time he is imprisoned, and then we'll have his record as clear as the moon at midnight. Let each penal institution adopt a different mark or monogram and the problem of identifying convicts will be solved. It is the simplest and best system yet proposed. To some persons it may seem as harsh as branding, but it isn't. Tattooing isn't painful, and the marks could be put on the convict's back, arms or legs, and would not embarrass reformed convicts. Tattooing is now followed in several penal institutions abroad."-Buffalo Ex-

The Divining Rod. Oh, yes; there are lots of people who believe in divining rods—treasure finders they call them. I know of one being made for a man not long ago. It was a wand three feet long, of whalebone, and in one end was a hole plugged up with two ounces of absolutely pure gold and a little chemically pure mercury; in the other end the mercury was, with pure silver. The rod was evenly balanced and turned on a pivot. The foolish man who owned it paid \$60 to have it made. He is to search for treasure, for buried bul-lion.—Catharine Cole in New Orleans

Foreign Population of France. The rapid increase of the foreign population in France is causing great concern to the government. Since 1886 no less than 482,000 Belgians, 265,000 Italians, 100,000 Germans, 78,000 Swiss and 80,000 Spaniards have gone into France, in addition to the foreign population previously resident there. In 1851 there were about 381,000 foreigners in a total population of nearly 36,000,000. In 1886 the foreign population exceeded 1,000,000, while the native population remained nearly stationary.—Chicago Herald.

Trimming His Financial Sails. Gus-Do you carry two watches, Jack, Jack-No bluff, Gus, I carry a Waterbury in one pocket and a Jurgensen is the other.

Gus-What's that for? Jack-When a man to whom I owe money asks me the time I consult my Waterbury, but when a stranger or lady wants the same information it's the Jurgensen that gives it, and don't you forget it.—The Epoch.

"Oh, you swindler, you have a stone nside you!" as the wasp said when he Few people are more virtuously indignant than the chest when he finds himself outwitted.

The Indiguast Wasp.

What Indians Have Done. Indians in the United States last year cultivated 227,265 acres of land, and raised 724,958 bushels of wheat, 934,972 bushels of corn, 512,187 bushels of cats and bar-ley, 524,010 bushels of vegetables and and 101,829 tons of hay. They also owned 858,834 horses and mules, 111,407 head of cattle, 40,471 swine and 1,117,273 sheep -Chicago Herald.

Deviation in Artillery Firing. When the great gun which has thrown a ball cleven miles happens to be simed north, a lateral deviation of 200 feet must be taken into account for the difference is rotating speed between the spet where it is fired and the spet where the missile will strike.—New York Sun.

A CURIOUS PRODUCT.

SACCHARIN AND ITS USES.

French chemist two years ago, since when a factory for its production has been established in Westerhausen, near the old historic town of Magdeburg, in Prussia. Seccharin has become so formidable a rival of cane and beet root algar for many manufacturing purposes, that the producers of these look upon the new material with great disfavor. Late French papers state that the French sugar manufacturers have begun a cam-paign against it, and the Society of Agriculturists have petitioned the government to forbid its manufacture, as being

It has been found that in its pure state it is difficult of solution, but this defect is corrected by the addition of an alkaline bicarbonate that is added by small portions to the saccharin mixed in the water. No heat is employed, as under the influence of heat soda will transform saccharin into salicylic acid. Neither flies, bees nor other insects will touch saccharin in any form, but physicians are already prescribing it for patients afflicted with diseases which will not admit of their taking sugar. A gentleman to whom sugar was forbidden tried succharin, using it alone to sweeten lemon juice and stewed cranberries. He found that it would not mix, and experimented with various things to remedy it; but was unsuccessful until he thought of glycerine; one dram of sac-charin with one pound of glycerine, heated to solution, makes a mixture closely resembling honey, and one that readily dissolves in water, milk, tea,

coffee, wines and liquors. ITS SWEETENING POWI Saccharin is used now in cake, candy and champagne. Its sweetening power is 300 times greater than that of sugar, and it has neither the latter's nutritive nor injurious properties. It does not ferment, and is in no way altered by the action of yeast and other ferments. In addition to this, it has also antiseptic properties which make it useful in preserving articles of food. It is a condi-

sweet. In appearance it is a white crystalline powder, soluble in 230 parts of water at 25 degs, centigrade, and is easily soluble in alcohol and ether. Its scientific name is benzoyl sulphonic

"Curiously enough, saccharin is in no way related to the class of sugars (carb-hydrates), either chemically or physioogically. It is not only unfermentable, but it possesses an anti-zymotic action; that is, it retards the ammoniacal fermentations in certain secretions. It is indigestible, inert and non-poisonous. when taken into the stomach, and passes out unchanged. These properties give it an important place in dietetics, pharmacy and therapeutics. When mixed with the food of diabetic or obese patients it enables them to indulge in sweetened dishes which ordinarily must be denied them on account of the injurious effects of sugar under such condi-

"It is a harmless and effective sweetening agent for bitter medicines, and chemi-cal combinations of it with several alkalolds, such as quinine, strychnine and morphine, have been employed with marked success. It is also given with an Oriental way, "it buzzes like a fly and stings like a wasp." He will hereafter confine himself to tea drinking.—New York World. other remedial agents, or in pure solu-tion as an anti-fermentative medicine in various gastric and intestinal dis-

is largely employed in France as a sub-stitute for sugar in confectionery and liquors. One part of it to 1,000 or 2,000 parts of glucose (grape sugar) makes an equivalent to cane sugar for confec-tioners' use, and one part of saccharin to 8,000 parts of liquid is considered sufficient for making sweet liqueurs. Altogether there is good reason for the concern felt by sugar producers on account of a substance, a teaspoonful of which will convert a barrel of water into good syrup and which does not decay, mold or ferment, and has no injurious effect upon the human system.
"The chief difficulty in the way of its

use is the high cost of production; but improved processes will doubtless be de-vised which will bring its market value to a much lower figure than it now com-mands."—Frank Leslie's.

For myself, I cannot see why the conclusion is denied that animals, as they come to apprehend the advent of Sunday, have some way of keeping count of the seven days of the week. The followlowing fact bears directly upon that point: Something like half a century ago the writer had the care and milking of five cows during one summer. They grazed in a pasture lot many rods from the dwelling. It was the custom to give the animals salt every Sunday morning. They enjoyed the treat, and it was evident that they began to expect it. People formerly had, trying to swallow After a length of time-I cannot say how long-a curious behavior of the cattle became conspicuous, for every Sunday morning they were found standing ing at the bars, the point nearest the house, with every appearance of mute expectation. At every other morning. as well as at evening, they had to be sought and brought to the bars for milking. Sometimes I would forget to take the salt with me at the stated time, when, instead of moving off to feed after my task was done, as they usually did. they remained about the spot an hour or

so, as if waiting for their weekly rations Here, then, is the problem: Every Sun-day morning these cows came of their own option to the place of milking, and where on that day they generally got salt, and not on other mornings. How could they do that, except through some faculty of estimating the seven days of the week.—A. S. Hudson, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

The Blue mountains, especially in Schuylkill and northern Berks counties, besides furnishing breeding and feeding places for the wild turkey, provide several species of eagles with eyries so inaccessible and fields of prey so extensive and fruitful that the advance made by civilization on every side have as yet been inmfficient to drive them from their chosen haunts. Any one who has ever tramped over that part of the Blue mountain noticed the great number of tall, dead

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING

Tar-Used New in Cake, Candy and ist Says-Medical Uses.

The curious product from coal tar

known as saccharin was introduced by a

these dead trees on the isolated summits to build their nests on. It is one of the superstitions of the Blue mountain woodsmen that it is the presence of the eagles and their nests that has killed the trees, but the fact is that if a tree is not first dead an eagle will not select it for a resting place. The bird uses the dead trunk because it gives a better post for observation. Sometimes the top of a naked and inaccessible rock serves the same purpose.—Cor. New York Times. "How the wind blows!" "Yes; it is almost a hurricane. See how it twists the branches off the sturdy trees! Many a good ship will go down in this gale!"
"Ah! but do you see the woman? She can scarcely face the howling wind."
"Yes, I see her. Perhaps you think her four children are dying and she is

going for a doctor."
"It must be a case of life or death to prejudicial to the best root sugar trade. "Nothing of the kind. She is simply after a novel and a pound of caramels. although experiments have shown that it is not noxious. and she will put in a couple of hours bothering the store clerks. There is another, and another—a dozen of them." "And will they go home refreshed?" "Very much so—ten times as much as if they had remained at home and darned

stockings or sewed on a button or two."

—Detroit Free Press. It was stated thirty years ago that an ordinary battery would impart to a per-fect electric motor only one horse power of energy from a consumption of two pounds of zinc per hour, while a good steam engine would give an equal power from two pounds per hour of the much cheaper coal, Professor Ayrton now aserts, however, that zinc batteries may yet be made an important and economical source of mechanical energy, and that they may furnish a solution of the prob

em of converting the energy of coal into electric energy without the wasteful steam engine. Before this can be ac-complished it will be necessary to find a process of unburning the oxidized zinc equal weight of coal, so that the metal may be cheaply used over and over.— Arkansaw Traveler. A first class American watch, well kept, will last thirty or forty years, or sometimes even longer, before the works wear out, but the average life of an or-

ment, or spice, and should never be tasted in its pure state.

A distinguished American chemist, when asked for some information redinary low priced American watch is ten years, and that of a Swiss watch of the same grade seven years. The length of life for a watch depends largely on the number of its jewels. The range of specting the new material, said: "Saccharin is really in many ways a re-markable product. It is the sweetest prices for American watches runs from \$5 to \$500, the costliest being a split second minute register timing watch. In the United States about 3,500 watches are substance known. One part of it in 70,-000 parts of water will give the water a manufactured every day. The Waltham perceptibly sweet taste equal to one part factory turns out 1,500 per day and the Elgin factory between 1,200 and 19,000. of cane sugar in 250 parts of water, and a solution of one in 10,000 is intensely Chicago Herald. Bank Official-You say you would like position as cashier.

Applicant—Yes.

A.—Yes.

friend wrote:

B. O.—Do you belong in the city?

A .- No; I've come from Canada.

B. O.—Is that your native place?

B. O.-Why did you leave it?

B. O.-Ever intend to go back?

A .- Never; it would be certain death.

drinks as an experimental process. He does not like our fancy tipples, however. A few days ago he tackled a gin fizz for

the first time. "Ha!" he exclaimed, in

to a distant married friend to tell him of

the mournful coincidence. In reply his

"There is great virtue clearly in that

A Perfect Poem

degs. at once.—Terre Haute Express.

An amateur chemist wants to know it

whisky will dissolve gold. No, sonny, but it will make it disappear.

The Japanese army is now 150,000 strong. It will be 600,000 before long.

In military circles it is considered that

What a Time

the old-fashioned pill with its film of

magnesia vainly disguising its bitter-

ness; and what a contrast to Ayer's

Pills, that have been well called "med-

icated sugar-plums" - the only fear be-

ing that patients may be tempted into

taking too many at a dose. But the

directions are plain and should be

J. T. Teller, M. D., of Chittenango,

N. Y., expresses exactly what hundreds

have written at greater length. He

says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills are highly

appreciated. They are perfect in form

and coating, and their effects are all

that the most careful physician could

desire. They have supplanted all the

Pills formerly popular here, and I think

it must be long before any other can

be made that will at all compare with

them. Those who buy your pills get

"Safe, pleasant, and certain in

of Dr. George E. Walker, of Martins

Ayer's Pills,

Venable & Collier, Atlanta, Ga.

full value for their money."

ville, Virginia.

Osman Digna is a myth.

strictly followed.

A.—My doctor's advice.

"Besides these medical uses, saccharin

A farmer's wife hanged herself on a tree in his garden. He married another wife, and, curiously enough, she, after a few years, hanged herself on the same tree. He married again, and third wife did the same. The farmer wrote sadly tree. Send me a cutting."—Friar John Pauli.

Bald Eagles in Penusylvania.

tree truncs that stand on the nigness and rockiest summits, out of the reach of the boldest mountain climber. Early in the morning or toward nightfall one or more great birds may be seen hovering about the tops of those dead and sentinel like trees. The birds are bald eagles, or, in rare cases, golden eagles. They select these dead trees on the isolated summits to build their nests on. It is one of the THE FIRST National Bank COLUMBUS, MEB.

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