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CHALLENGE WIND MILLS. pects good luck will surely get it." I read that before I was 12 years old, and at once put faith in it. It confirmed the hope within AND PUMPS. **Buckeye Mower, combined, Self**

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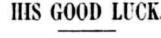
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satisfactory to himself. I soared even higher THE NEW TEAR. What is this fair New Year? than that. I saw myself living in a fine A flower that dropt from the bler house, growing elderly, pompous and fat, Where the Old Year lay, ere Time bore him away To the Ages' tomb-with a tear. and in all probability president of a bank, like Judge Johnson, for whom I turned off -Unidentified the sidewalk every time I met him at "The IN OLDE ENGLAND. This is Newe Yeare's day, whereon to every friend Corners," as every other youth did, because

They costly presents in do bring and New Yeare's gifts do sende; These giftes the husband gives his wife, and father eke his childe, And maister on his men bestowes the like with favour milde. -Old Sons WHERE IT BEGINS. Oh, not when winter comes, through fields of snow,

With half worn shoes the new born year begins; But where the streams of life unfettered flow. And blossoms o'er the sunlit meadows blow The fragrant hope that straight our credence -Philip O'Sullivan.



E

A NEW YEAR'S STORY WITH THE SECRET OF

HIS GOOD LUCK.

SUCCESS IN IT.

E HAD been talking

about the turn of fortune

which comes to some peo-

ple with the New Year.

Dr. Mason, the oldest man in the room, said:

printing. I see that it is now the fashionable

thing for men and women who have made a

little stir in the world to tell all about the

books which influenced them and the inci-

dents which turned them into the highways

which led to fortune or to fame. Well,

I am not famous, thank heaven, but perhaps

the experiences of a man who has escaped

I have always believed in luck. I don't at-

tempt to justify my belief. I know that I

can't hold my ground in argument against

those who say there is no such thing. I only

know that I believe in it. The superstition

was born in me. There is a proverb in the

Castilian tongue which says: "He who ex-

me, that the future held something exception-

ally good for me. Perhaps each one of us has

with courage. Usually I hated proverbs

fame may not be without use to somebody.

I will tell you a story worth writing and

be was so rich and important. New Year's day found me in the woods, chopping away as usual. Holidays were not observed in that community, and festivities were as rare as angels' visits. An extra piece of pie in my lunch pail and a bit of something unusual for supper were all that marked the day from all the other crisp, cold winter days. But I thought of its being New Year's, and dreamed my dreams while I made the ax hum. The luck I expected out

"DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT, DR. MASON?" of that winter s work I could scarcely put in being once more so near the little home circle a small kingdom. While I was dwelling which held my happiness, I rushed up to her a small kingdom. While I was diversing which detu iny happines, i tanging: "I am she declares to this day that what she seemed snapped far above my head, there was a so glad to see you. I shall be grateful if you to hear was, "I love you. Come and let me crash, some blinding flashes of light, and are half as glad to see me."

then-I was nowhere, at least consciously. A heavy limb of an old dead tree had broken and fallen upon me. When I "came to" I found myself hurt and somewhat frozen. I dragged myself home only to take are afflicted with deafness. Something in to my bed for the remainder of the winter. Such a winter as it was-so bitter and hopeless that at times I almost lost faith in my good luck. I couldn't finish my contract of wood chopping, and so the tin store vanished. In the spring I was able to be about once more; but thin, pale, weak, and with a bad "I wish you a Happy New Year and many limp. The doctors said I would never be Heppy New Years," I said finally. "Your strong again. This was terrible news to me. Alas! for the good luck I had expected. And let us go and find Alma." yet it came, though not as I had planned. t has a way of doing that. I have noticed. In the early spring Uncle Zeph came to see us. He was a kind hearted, unselfish

man, and he took an interest in me. "Why, the boy isn't able to do hard work. He must be sent to school and to college," he ever in my enthusiasm. "Now let us find said, after he thoroughly understood the situation. But my father winced and said nothing. Education was but little respected



S

SENDING THE ECHOES OF MY STROKES. "What else can be done with him?" asked my persistent uncle. "The boy has a good

that feeling, but not everybody evolves it into a faith and regularly lives by it. I did. I had a dreary childhood, a difficult youth a chance. You surely wouldn't force him to and a struggling early manhood. That which to aid himself. It's a shame." proverb helped me to go through everything At last it was settled that I was to receive a thorough collegiate education, Uncle Zeph, My father had a stock of very disagreeable who was childless, paying half the cost of it. I could not understand what Alma meant. 1 ones which he showered upon me at all sea-Here was a piece of luck, indeed; better thought that she and Laura were enjoying sons and hours. "They who know nothing fear nothing," "Birds that fly high light even than anything I had expected. It quite some joke too obscure for me. At last the



I TOLD HER THE STORY. At the end of a year I was so infatuated with my lovely little wife that I told her the story of how I came to marry her. That she regarded as the best possible proof of my love for her. Then she confessed to me that she had lovel me almost from the hour when she first saw me, but had imagined that I cared for Alma. Yet when I met her on that New Year's morning with such extraordinary cordiality her heart rather than her reason caused the misunderstanding. Yet

make you happy all the days of my life." Perhaps my wiser self spoke to her in some silent, heartward way and I knew it not. At all events I am grateful that she thought she heard these words if I didn't say them. I did not see Alma for five years. Then I wondered how I ever could have loved her. derstood my words, but was honestly glad to She was still beautiful, of course; but desee me. So I rattled on telling her how much voted to a life of fashion and show, and was I had thought of all of them while I had been not at all the woman I had imagined she away, still holding both her hands in a would be. She never knew how she had figured in the romance of my life.

You see, I always expected good luck and always got it, but not always in the way I had expected. After my blundering marriage turned out so well I never doubted my Spanish proverb again. It has never failed

she looked up at me with a strange, yearnme throughout my life, and I will be eighty in December. If I were to preach a sermon ing expression on her plain face, which was flushing with red, like an early morning sky. to young people every day in the week, I think the concluding sentence would always "Mean it? Mean it every word, with all my heart," and I held her hands tighter than be: "Expect good luck and you will get it." If I could send a New Year's mes-Alma, for whom I have what I hope may be sage to every soul on the earth it would be to expect the good. Put it on your New Year's cards. Write it in your letters. Tell

She smiled, and her smile was very sweet, although she was so plain. I noticed, too, it to the little people. Keep it ever in mind. that her eyes had a strange light in them Believe in it and live by it. The true philwhich made them resemble the eyes we someosophy of life is in it. "Expect good luck times see in dreams, which speak so much and you will get it." more meaningly than do those we see in our

GERTRUDE GARRISON. waking hours. This light was the light of joy and nothing else. One does not see it often in woman's eyes. Sometimes only The for is dead! Oh, no! oh, no!

The rain and v ind have ceased, and so She slipped her arm in mine and we walked Long life, New Year, to you! All sounds are hushed, above, Lelow; into the house down the wide, old fashioned Soft on the pupe the snow! the scow! "Alma, dear," said Laura, as we opened A winding sheet that husheth all In lowly but or lordly hallthe door and the tall, dark eyed goddess of my heart arose and came towards us, "Dr. winding sheet for the Old Year-No!

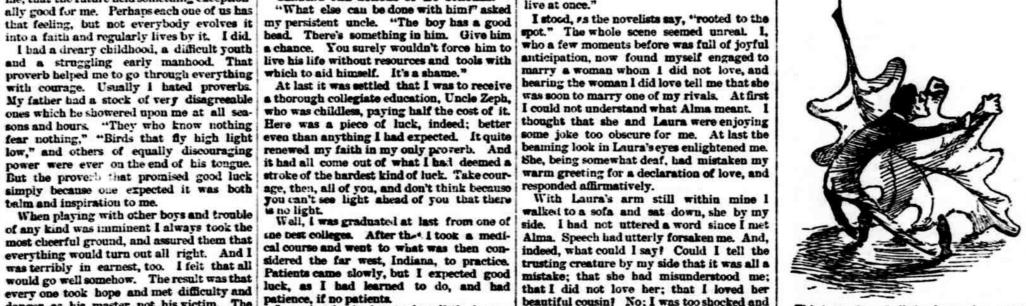
LONG LIFE.

A mantle for the New!

The year still lives! oh, ho! oh, ho!

Oh! bright New Year, with snow white train, Oh! glad New Year, you've come again; Covering the earth, its every stain, With snow white train from mount to main, May good live on in you! The beautiful and true! .ong life, long life to you!

world, Dr. Mason. I congratulate you. I know that you will return an equal amount of good wishes when I tell you that I have promised to marry Mr. Carey. We will be



Nebraska. another generation will see the last of "Walking Egypt."

Numerical Strength of Religions.

The numerical position of Buddhism in the world will be found, says Monier Williams, to be very much below that with which it is commonly credited. It has entirely died out of India proper, the place of its origin, and is rapidly dying out in other Asiastic countries. My own belief is that 100.000.000 Budhists (monks and laymen) for the whole world would

be a liberal estimate in the present day. It seems to me too that owing to exaggerated ideas in regard to the population of China, and to a forgetfulness of the millions who worship no one but their ancestors, the number of Confucianists

A Siamene New Year.

All Siamese birthdays are celebrated at have no hesitation in affirming that even New Year's, and at this time the curious cus- in numbers Christianity now stands at tom of "hair cutting" is observed. When a the head of all the religions of the world. boy reaches the age of 11 or 15, and a girl Next to it I am inclined to place Hinduthat of 9 or 13, they are considered no longer ism (including Brahminism, Jainism, children. Up to this time a tuft of hair is demon and fetich worship), while perallowed to grow just above the forehead, and haps Confucianism should probally be is always dressed with great care. It is twisted into a graceful knot and held to- Buddhism tifth, Taeism sixth, Judaism gether with a long gold or jeweled pin. At seventh and Zoroastrianism eighth .the base of this knot is worn a wreath of New York Home Journal. fragrant white flowers. The ceremonies of

TON MASSON.

hair cutting often last five or six days. It is Mourning Colors. the "coming out party" of the boy or girl, Besides black, the following are used and thereafter they are not permitted to as a sign of grief for the dead. Black mingle with the other sex as children, but and white striped to express sorrow and are considered to have arrived at a mar- hope among the South Sea Islanders. riagenble age. Grayish brown, the color of the earth to which the dead return, in Ethiopia.

A Happy New Year! Why not? The path Pale brown, the color of withered leaves, is the mourning of Persia. Sky blue to express the assured hope that the deof duty is the path of safety ever, and the separations of the good are for time alone. ceased has gone to heaven. This is the We are moving in a veritable journey. Our mourning of Syria, Cappadocia and Ar-menia. Deep blue in Bokhara. Purple earthboat swims through seas of light sustained by the power that launched it into and violet to express "kings and queens

to god." The color of mourning for cardinals and kings of France. The color of mourning in Turkey is violet. White (emblem of hope), the color of Have your shrubbery in the front yard boxed upon New Year's day. We once knew a Galveston caller, an otherwise estimable mourning in China. Henry VIII wore young man, to tumble down the front steps white for Anne Boleyn. The ladies of of a lordly mansion and break a valuable ancient Rome and Sparta wore white. tree all to flinders with his head. It was the color of mourning in Spain till 1493. Yellow (the sear and yellow



The song may be an adaptation from Watts' Hymns; but all the same it is an Africanized Watts.

When a traveler or man of science attends a "colored revival" in the back districts of the guif states and hears this roaring chorus from one thousand throats-I see St. Petah a standin' in the do'.

Dip in the Golden Sea! An' all my ffien's what went befo'. The First Symptoms

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married next month and go to New York to live at once." I stood, "s the novelists say, "rooted to the head. There's something in him. Give him spot." The whole scene seemed unreal. 1, who a few moments before was full of joyful live his life without resources and tools with anticipation, now found myself engaged to marry a woman whom 1 did not love, and hearing the woman I did love tell me that she was soon to marry one of my rivals. At first

Mason says I have made him very happy,

and he wants to tell you of it at once, and so

The goddess glanced at both of us, a faint

pink color coming into her white cheek, and

smiled at us as she would have smiled at two

Her eyes opened wide, with a look that was

part pleasure and part astonishment, blended

with deprecation. She had the appealing

eyes which so often belong to the young who

her look told me that she had not really un-

welcome makes me very, very happy. Now,

"Do you really mean it, Dr. Mason!" and

hearty clasp.

glad tidings."

once in a life time.

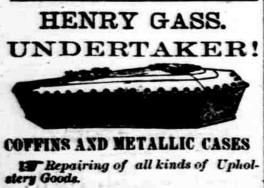
hall to the sitting room.

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6-tf COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

But the proverb that promised good luck stroke of the hardest kind of luck. Take coursimply because one expected it was both balm and inspiration to me. When playing with other boys and trouble of any kind was imminent I always took the most cheerful ground, and assured them that everything would turn out all right. And I was terribly in earnest, too. I felt that all would go well somehow. The result was that every one took hope and met difficulty and danger as his master, not his victim. The boys soon learned to depend upon me for

strength and encouragement, and they stuck to me with romantic devotion. I learned then the wonderful influence one mind can have over others when it recognizes no such thing as fear. Call it superstition, foolishpess, what you will; but my faith in that proverb was something marvelous. 1 will admit, however, that I am of a credulous nature. When 1 was young 1 believed every assertion I ever heard or read. I was not a questioner or doubter. If a man asserted somehe knew, else he would not assert. It never occurred to me that he might lie. Being honest myself I believed in the honesty of others. I lived in the country and I longed to live

in the city. My parents were well to do: but it was the custom of that locality to live simply and bring the children up to work. Mental accomplishments did not take high rank in the circle in which I moved for the rank in the circle in which I moved for the me, who had only eyes and ears for the girl first fifteen years of my life. I wanted a be adored. But Laura, this cousin, was

better education than I was ever likely to good if she was exceedingly plain, and the get. Somehow I fancied that I would get it, though I could not see how. The holidays At last my unspoken love became At last my unspoken love became almost a burden. I thought of but little else than always carry me back in memory to some of the main events of my life. I believe that

fortune has a habit of making extraordinary changes when the Old Year goes out and the

warm greeting for a declara age, then, all of you, and don't think because | responded affirmatively.

you can't see light ahead of you that there With Laura's arm still within mine I s no light. walked to a sofa and sat down, she by my Wall, I was graduated at last from one of side. I had not uttered a word since I met one best colleges. After the 1 took a medi- Alma. Speech had utterly forsaken me. And, cal course and went to what was then conindeed, what could I say! Could I tell the sidered the far west, Indiana, to practice. trusting creature by my side that it was all a Patients came slowly, but I expected good mistake; that she had misunderstood me; luck, as I had learned to do, and had that I did not love her; that I loved her

patience, if no patients. I was just beginning to be a little known when I fell in love. The young lady who beautiful cousin? No; I was too shocked and dazed to do anything but sit there in silence, with the perspiration standing in cold drops had effected this state of my emotions was on my face and my eyes staring vacantly Miss Alma Adams. She was very handsome. ahead of me. I think I could have She had the dark eyes I am so fond of, and a spoken had it not been that Alma stood placid, unemotional manner that I greatly before me looking placid and even happy in dmired. She was not rich, and I was rather telling of her engagement to Mr. Carey. 1 glad of it, because I wanted to win her and to accepted the situation in desperation. The do everything for her myself. I think a man whole face of life had been suddenly changed who is a man ought to feel that way. I was for me and I saw nothing but gloom ahead. very much in love with her, and I thought I thought myself a strong man, but is it that she felt more than kindly to me. But I any wonder that I wept like any child on my wasn't sure. She was a queer girl. One pillow that night / What a New Year's that could never tell of what she was thinking. I was! Whither had my expected good luck put off learning the actual state of her heart gone!

until I saw my way clear to a decent prac-I put the best possible face on my misery tice. In short, till I put some money in my and went on in the dismal path fate had

marked out for me. Since I could not have Miss Adams' parents had in the family Alma, what did it matter whom 1 married? niece about Alma's age, a plain little body, who was somewhat deaf and, therefore, some-Ugly little Laura would do as well as any woman. It was fortunate that she expected thing of a bore to a selfish young fool like no extraordinary demonstration of affection from me. Truly I could not have given it. My beart seemed frozen or dead. Yes I happy. Her plain face actually began to with all past guile.

glow with new life, and there were times Alma. Rivals I had, to be sure, but none whom I really feared. Young Wilcox, son trying to make her happy. The idea was a there just now. It's just as plain as day to

This is the day of all the days, when everyody thinks it pays to overturn a brand new eaf. This is the day when all our grief is heightened by the past year's sin. This is the day when we grow thin reflecting over last year's fun and thinking what we might have

Heigh O! I'm sad, now it's too late when I remember '88. Think of the money I have spent. Think of the bills (Great Scott! the enth 'Bout all I've done is earn my bread. My boy, you ought to sonk your head! What use are you upon this earth? Why, pshaw! I tell you you're not worth the powder that would blow you up. I'm blue today. Well, well, my cup is very fuil. It makes me mad to

think that I have been so bad. But after all, what is the use! What's done is done. Come, come! a truce. My boy, brace up, 'twill be O.K. a hundred years from yesterday. It does no earthly good to fret. The thing is done, and vain regret won't make it better. Come, don't pine; 'twill be all right in '89. All right? Well, I should faintly smile. You bet; I've done

This raking up of chestnuts old is all when she looked almost pretty. It occurred played out. The day'll be cold when you obto me that I might forget my own misery by serve upon my brow such wrinkles as were

of the richest man in the growing young mark from the mind of infinite love, for it mo the reason we unhappy be. My son, it's

Dip in the Golden Sea! O, dip me, bathe me, sistaha, you;), brothers, won't you help me through? We'll all ride tchind the milk white stoeds An' dip in the Golden See.

he perceives at once that this is African, not Saxon, imagery. And by the eye of scientific faith he can look back 300 years to the time when the ancestors of these people, under the palm or on the sandy shore, sang and rioted in praise of Bennamucka or Mumbo Jumbo.

The negroes have also had one experience common to all freed people. At first there was a violent reaction against everything that belonged to slave times; they carefully discarded the most trifling customs which might serve to imply a slave origin. By and by, when their freedom was an assured thing and taken as a matter of course, there was a counter reaction; they took up the old songs and customs, but gave them a tone that implied a sense of deliverance. Thus, "Roll, Jordan, roll," became an emancipation song, and "Old Nicodemus" was completely transformed. And by a similar evolution one phase of the old "Juba dance" became "Walking Egypt." This is, in plain English, only a mildly religionized form of the walking dance or dancing walk which the Africans, like all beathen people, have always had. The Indians' "corn dance" and "sun dance" are but variations of the same thing. But "Walking Egypt," as it now is, dates from emancipation, and is performed on New Year's eve-that is, when they "watch the old year out and the new year in." One description, by a white lady who saw it from the gallery of a Georgia church, is as fol-

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 "galloping Consumption." Run no risks, but begin immediately to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Several years ago, James Birchard, of Darien, 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 Aver'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 emaciated, 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 a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. From the first dose, I found relief. Two bottles cured me, and my health has since been perfect."

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