

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 44

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 980.

COLUMBUS STATE BANK.
COLUMBUS, NEB.
Cash Capital - \$100,000.

COMMERCIAL BANK
COLUMBUS, NEB.
CAPITAL STOCK, \$60,000.

WESTERN COTTAGE ORGAN
A. & M. TURNER
Or G. W. KIDLER,
Traveling Salesman.

SCHAFFROTH & PLATH,
CHALLENGE
WIND MILLS,
AND PUMPS.

BUCKEYE MOWER, COMBINED, SELF BINDER, WIRE OR TWINE.
Pumps repaired on short notice.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Almost as Palatable as Milk.

CURE FITS!
FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.
HENRY GASS, UNDERTAKER.

MARRIAGE OF THE CONGO.

STRANGE CUSTOMS OF A LITTLE PORTUGUESE COLONY.
A honeymoon spent in a hut—Rampant and if the answer is in the affirmative it costs \$10 to get a wife from a neighboring town.

Happier than some other races of men, none of these West African tribes practice infanticide. On the contrary, it is considered a misfortune not to have children, and this desire is the source of some very curious habits and customs. Among the Basas, a tribe further to the south, a banana tree is planted on the day of marriage, and if on the day of its first producing fruit a child should not have been born the contract is considered void and the parties marry again.

With the Kabins the bride and groom immediately after marriage are locked in a hut, which is the only one occupied before, and are there close prisoners for three months, except that at every midnight the old men of the town take the groom for a walk, and the bride and escort them to the "fetich man," to whom they appeal for children.

During this time, however, they are well supplied with food and drink. At the end of the three months a great feast is held, when the prisoners are released and the hut where they have been confined is burned, and thus their honeymoon is brought to an end.

HOW A WIFE IS GOT.
The ceremony of marriage among these people is conducted by different tribes in a manner that is common to them all.

When a native wants a wife, if there is none in his own town to suit him, he sends to some neighboring chief asking if there is a girl in his town of the age desired. If the answer is in the affirmative, he then presents his case to the old men of his town, and after a "palaver," or talk, at which there is the drinking of much rum, they agree that he may bring home as a wife a woman from another town.

After securing this permission he, with presents in his hand for the propitiation of the spirit powers, visits the head "fetich man," and after listening to his many prayers receives a charm. He is then ready to start on his journey. In the meantime the women of his town—maids, wives and widows—having been advised of his intention and being incensed by his slighting them in selecting a stranger, are prepared, as they are allowed by their laws to do, to prevent his leaving until he has satisfied them. They then present their indignation by many presents. This custom, despite every precaution of the man, often ends in a quarrel which is settled only by an appeal to the "fetich man" and "dual-wood."

A MODELS EXPERIENCE.

THE WOMAN IN BOSTON WHO HAS POSED FOR FAMOUS ARTISTS.
She Was Madonna, Venus, Helen, Margherita, and Other Celebrities—Many Women's Heads Painted on Her Lovely Shoulders—Americans Are Struck.

A homely visaged, well formed Italian woman, about 35 years of age, occupies a room of rooms on Greene street, and gets a living by doing fancy needle work and taking lessons. Her name is Margherita Campelli. Her husband, formerly a tenor singer, but later an organ grinder, died two years ago, leaving her a small estate and a black veil. As for her husband, she was paid by the city. But Margherita was not to be cast down. She had seen better days, and she was not a beggar. The result is that she is now comfortably situated, and is growing more prosperous every day.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

CAPRICIOUS FORTUNE.

HOW THE FICKLE MISS FLINTS WITH THOSE WHO COURT HER.
The Great History of Gamblers Are Unfortunate—Big Windfalls from Small Stakes—A Fly Turnabout Who Has \$25,000 on the Loose.

"The capricious of chance or fortune, whichever you may call it, is singular, to say the least," remarked a well known gambler to a New man, in recounting his ups and downs at roulette, faro, poker and various other games. "Not long ago I made a nice little winning at faro, and was cashing my checks, when a rather seedy looking fellow, with a gaunt, hungry face, asked me to give him 35 cents. I didn't know him from a crow, but seeing him so pretty well, I tossed him a white check and told him to go and make a winning. What do you suppose that did for him? He came back, took the 35 cents, and placed it on the six and seven, and won \$45 the first turn of the wheel. He was the money," he exclaimed, and away he went to get the first square meal he had probably eaten in a week. He might have made that same 35 cents a fortune, but he lost it in a week, but some people can fall into the river and they'll come up with a fish in both hands."

"That reminds me," said another knight of the cloth, "of an incident that came under my observation last week at a gambling house on Fourth street. A fly tenderfoot from the east, who, it is said, had won \$25,000 on election, sauntered in and asked the dealer the limit on the color. 'Any amount you want to stake,' was the reply. 'All right, there's \$5,000,' said the sport, putting \$500 bills on the block. 'Just flip the ball and see what she'll do,' coolly chirruped the fellow. 'The dealer, who had picked the ball out of the pocket, stayed his hand. He looked at the money, sized up the player to see if he was bluffing and a cable came from the outside craning their necks over the shoulders of those in front of the daring stranger, who, with the usual air of a gambler, calmly awaited the dealer's move. The dealer, who had picked the ball out of the pocket, stayed his hand. He looked at the money, sized up the player to see if he was bluffing and a cable came from the outside craning their necks over the shoulders of those in front of the daring stranger, who, with the usual air of a gambler, calmly awaited the dealer's move."

"Go ahead; win or lose. Give us a roll and see what my luck is today." "The dealer still refused to turn, and the fellow, who had picked up the money and leave when the proprietor came over, and after a little meditation decided to call the limit. The dealer would pay the bet if he lost. The little ivory ball was sent spinning around, and after making ten or twelve circuits it stopped on the number 35. The man, who had bet on the color, dropped in three in the red. The house had a good laugh at him. The man, who had bet on the color, dropped in three in the red. The house had a good laugh at him.

"Another well known gambler, who had a pocket full of money, was sitting at a faro table on Broadway street. Before 1 o'clock he had won \$2,400, broke the bank, and lost it all. He then lost \$1,200, and the dealer had to close up the game and jumped the game. Two days later the same gambler didn't have a dollar, and was on the street, looking for a job. He had lost \$3,600 in two days."

"The funniest play I ever witnessed was the other night," chirped in a third party. "A young fellow whose appearance was suggestive of a railroad fireman or brakeman bought \$10 worth of chips and tackled the wheel. He won \$175 off the \$5. He exercised a whole lot of sense then, for he cashed in and got away with the money. 'Never mind the money,' he said, 'the sport, 'gambling don't pay.' In the instances of the parties won by a scratch, but they were not the parties who were the winners. The winner was the man who had the money to play with. The winner was the man who had the money to play with."

"The funniest play I ever witnessed was the other night," chirped in a third party. "A young fellow whose appearance was suggestive of a railroad fireman or brakeman bought \$10 worth of chips and tackled the wheel. He won \$175 off the \$5. He exercised a whole lot of sense then, for he cashed in and got away with the money. 'Never mind the money,' he said, 'the sport, 'gambling don't pay.' In the instances of the parties won by a scratch, but they were not the parties who were the winners. The winner was the man who had the money to play with. The winner was the man who had the money to play with."

"The funniest play I ever witnessed was the other night," chirped in a third party. "A young fellow whose appearance was suggestive of a railroad fireman or brakeman bought \$10 worth of chips and tackled the wheel. He won \$175 off the \$5. He exercised a whole lot of sense then, for he cashed in and got away with the money. 'Never mind the money,' he said, 'the sport, 'gambling don't pay.' In the instances of the parties won by a scratch, but they were not the parties who were the winners. The winner was the man who had the money to play with. The winner was the man who had the money to play with."

THE WOMAN IN BOSTON WHO HAS POSED FOR FAMOUS ARTISTS.

She Was Madonna, Venus, Helen, Margherita, and Other Celebrities—Many Women's Heads Painted on Her Lovely Shoulders—Americans Are Struck.

A homely visaged, well formed Italian woman, about 35 years of age, occupies a room of rooms on Greene street, and gets a living by doing fancy needle work and taking lessons. Her name is Margherita Campelli. Her husband, formerly a tenor singer, but later an organ grinder, died two years ago, leaving her a small estate and a black veil. As for her husband, she was paid by the city. But Margherita was not to be cast down. She had seen better days, and she was not a beggar. The result is that she is now comfortably situated, and is growing more prosperous every day.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

THE WOMAN IN BOSTON WHO HAS POSED FOR FAMOUS ARTISTS.

She Was Madonna, Venus, Helen, Margherita, and Other Celebrities—Many Women's Heads Painted on Her Lovely Shoulders—Americans Are Struck.

A homely visaged, well formed Italian woman, about 35 years of age, occupies a room of rooms on Greene street, and gets a living by doing fancy needle work and taking lessons. Her name is Margherita Campelli. Her husband, formerly a tenor singer, but later an organ grinder, died two years ago, leaving her a small estate and a black veil. As for her husband, she was paid by the city. But Margherita was not to be cast down. She had seen better days, and she was not a beggar. The result is that she is now comfortably situated, and is growing more prosperous every day.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

THE WOMAN IN BOSTON WHO HAS POSED FOR FAMOUS ARTISTS.

She Was Madonna, Venus, Helen, Margherita, and Other Celebrities—Many Women's Heads Painted on Her Lovely Shoulders—Americans Are Struck.

A homely visaged, well formed Italian woman, about 35 years of age, occupies a room of rooms on Greene street, and gets a living by doing fancy needle work and taking lessons. Her name is Margherita Campelli. Her husband, formerly a tenor singer, but later an organ grinder, died two years ago, leaving her a small estate and a black veil. As for her husband, she was paid by the city. But Margherita was not to be cast down. She had seen better days, and she was not a beggar. The result is that she is now comfortably situated, and is growing more prosperous every day.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

THE WOMAN IN BOSTON WHO HAS POSED FOR FAMOUS ARTISTS.

She Was Madonna, Venus, Helen, Margherita, and Other Celebrities—Many Women's Heads Painted on Her Lovely Shoulders—Americans Are Struck.

A homely visaged, well formed Italian woman, about 35 years of age, occupies a room of rooms on Greene street, and gets a living by doing fancy needle work and taking lessons. Her name is Margherita Campelli. Her husband, formerly a tenor singer, but later an organ grinder, died two years ago, leaving her a small estate and a black veil. As for her husband, she was paid by the city. But Margherita was not to be cast down. She had seen better days, and she was not a beggar. The result is that she is now comfortably situated, and is growing more prosperous every day.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although she was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story. She was a simple "Mother Hubbard" type of woman, she was very much interested in the reporter's story.