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must be the mother of Tommy's mother. Do you know what Tommy's mother's first name is?" avents and Trade Marks obtained, and all Pates to business conducted for MODERATE FEES OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT "I heard Mom call her Alice The tramp's eyes glistened. lirect, honce we can transact patent busines time and at LESS COST than those "And Mr. Coates?" he inquired. "Oh, I never heard of him. I guess e died long ago." advise if patentable or not, need ar fee not due till patent is secured.

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pposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

-COME TO-The Journal for Job Work

OF ALL KINDS.

by yards closed in by iron tences. One of these houses had a little piazza, on which sat two children. From the open half door and from two windows came light. "That's Hackett's house," said one of the boys.

On a July evening at dusk two boys

sat near the crest of a grass grown em-

was over the housetops behind them.

A rumble sounded from the north.

and in that direction a locomotive

headlight came into view. It neared

as the rumble grew louder and soon a

From between the two grain cars

leaped a man and after him another.

they seemed to be hurled from it.

Both alighted upon their feet. One,

tall and lithe, ied the way up the em-

was short and stocky.

bankment, followed by the other, who

"Bums," whispered one of the boys

The tramps stood still when they

reached the top. Even in the half light

t could be seen that their clothes were

ill-fitting, frayed and torn. They wore

east off hats; the tall man, whose face

was clean cut and made a pretense of

being smooth shaven, had a pliable

"Here's yer town at last! And i

looks like a very jay place at that,'

said the short tramp to the tall one,

casting his eyes toward the house roofs

The boys, sitting twenty feet away,

became silent and cautiously watched

"Yep," replied the tall tramp, in a

deep but serious and quiet voice: "and

right about here's the spot where I

jumped on a freight train fifteen years

That seems like vesterday, though I've

"Skipped a good home because the

old lady brought you a new dad! You

wouldn't catch me being run out by

"Mebby I was. But, on the dead,

Pete, it was mostly jealousy. I thought

my mother couldn't care for me any

more if she could take a second hus-

band. My sister thought so, too, but

she wasn't able to get away, like me!

Of course I was wrong. It was boyish

having another man in my dead

father's place, either. And I wanted

to get around and see the world a bit.

After I'd gone I often wished I hadn't.

I'd never imagined how much I loved

mother and sis. But I was tougher

and prouder in some ways than most

"Oh, I've read somewhere about that

-the way great men feel when they

till you come back. If you could pinch

a bit o' bread an' meat by the way, it

wouldn't hurt." .
"I'll try," answered the tall tramp.

"I'm goin' to ask the kids yonder.

first, if any o' my people still live here."

two boys. His companion shambled

"Do you youngsters know people

boys.

Both remained sitting on the grass.

One shook his head, The other said

The tramp was silent for a moment.

and his sister might be married. There-

"How about a family named Coates?"

"None here," replied one of the boys.

But the other 'said 'Coates? That's

the name of Tommy Hackett's grand-

mother. Don't you know, Dick-old

The tramp drew and expelled

"Then," he said, "this Mrs. Coates

"And Tommy Hackett's father.

"He's the boss down at the freight

"Where does this Mrs. Coates live?"

"She lives with the Hacketts. Would

you like to see the house? Me and

Dick has to go past it on the way home.

"Yes; I would like to see the house

sleepily. They led the way across the

railway company's lot then along a

The boys arose, one of them rather

station. Agent, I think, they call

with which to light his pipe.

fore he asked:

Mrs. Coates."

who's he?"

We'll show you."

quick, audible breath.

I spent half my life here, Petie!"

visit their native towns."

are you go'n' to do?"

bounce that?"

no stepfather! Billy, you was rash!"

ago, the night I ran away from home.

not been here since."

at the top of the embankment.

past at the foot of the embankment.

"Thanks, very much," replied the tramp, continuing to walk with them.

the boys looked surprised at his not stopping at the house, but they said At the next corner the tramp spoke

up: "I think I'll go back now. Good night, youngsters!" The boys trudged on and the tramp retraced his steps. When he reached

bankment by the railroad at the westthe Hacketts' house he paused at the ern side of a Pennsylvania town. They gate. The children, a boy of 8 and a talked in low tones of the sky's glow above where the sun had set beyond girl of 6, looked at him curiously from the piazza. the low hills across the river; and also "Are you Mr. Hackett's little boy

of the stars and of the moon, which and girl," he ashed. The girl stepped back to the hall There was poise of insects chirping in door and stood there. The boy looked the grass and of steam escaping from up at the tramp and answered: "Yes. locomotive boilers in the engine shed.

> "Is your mother in?" "No; she's across the street at Mrs.

"She'll be back soon," added the freight train appeared. This rolled "Grandmother's in, though," continued the little boy. "Would you like

to see her?" So rapidly was the train moving that "No, no! Don't call her. I wanted to see your mother." "Do you know mamma?" inquired

> the girl. "Well-no! I knew her brother, your uncle." "We haven't an uncle-except Uncle

> George, and he's papa's brother," said the boy. "What! Not an Uncle Will-Uncle Will Kershaw?"

> "O-h! yes," assented the boy. you know him before he died? That was a long time ago." The tramp made no other outward

> be silent and motionless for a time. Presently he said, in a trembling voice: ber when he died?" "Oh, no. Tuat was when mamma

> was a girl. She and grandmother often talk about it, though. Uncle Will started West, you know, when he was 15 years old. He was standing on and he saw a little girl fall into the river. He jumped in to save her, but he was drowned, 'cause his head hit a stone and that stunned him. They didn't know it was Uncle Will, or who it was, at first, but mamma read about it in the papers, and Grandpa Coates went out to see if it wasn't Uncle Will. brought him back here, but what do you think, the doctor wouldn't allow them to open his coffin, and so grandma and mamma couldn't see him. He's buried up in the graveyard, next Grandpa Kershaw, and there's a little mon-

> can't. She's my little sister there." The tramp had seated himself on the piazza step. He was looking vacantly before him. He remained so until the boy, frightened at his silence, moved further from him, toward the door. Then the tramp arose suddenly.

kids. You can't understand that sort "Well," he said, huskily, "I won't of thing, Pete. And you can't guess how I feel, bein' back here for the first time in fifteen years. Think of it, I was just 15 when I came away. Why,

thing at out it?" The boy took his sister's hand and good morning." withdrew into the doorway. Then he

The short tramp took a clay pipe from his coat pocket and stuffed into it a cigar end from another pocket. Then he inquired:
"And now you're here, Billy, what "Only ask around what's become o' my folks, then go away. It won't take long."
"There'll be a through coal train along in about an hour, 'cordin' to what the flagman told us at that last town. Will you be back in time to "Yes. We needn't stay here. There's little to be picked up in a place like "Then skin along and make yer investigations. I'll sit here and smoke

said: "Why, of course. You can see The tall tramp strode over to the her through the window." The tramp stood against the edge

down the embankment to obtain, at the piazza upon his toes, and craned the turntable near the locomotive shed his neck to see through one of the across the railroad, a red-hot cinder lighted windows. So he remained for several seconds. Once during that time he closed his eyes, and the mushere by the name of Kershaw?" began cles of his face contracted. Then he the tall tramp, standing beside the two opened his eyes again. They were He could see a gentle old lady, with afterward he was doing a deed that

smooth gray hair and an expression of won him his shoulder-strapa - Detroit calm and not unhappy melancholy. Free Press. he hands resting on the arms, her look mother had taken his stepfather's name fixed unconsciously on the paper on the wall. She was thinking, and eviher thoughts, though sad, perhaps, were not keenly painful.

> The tramp read that much upon her face. Presently, without a word, he turned quickly about and hurried away, closing the gate after him. When the two children told about

> their visitor later their mother said: "You mustn't talk to strange men. Tommy. You and Mamie should have come right in to grandma." Their father said: "He was ably looking for a chance to steal some-

> thing. I'll let the dog out in the vard to-night." And their grandmother: "I suppose he was only a man who likes to hear children talk, and perhaps, poor fellow,

> he has no little one of his own.' The tramp new the way to the cemetery. But first he found the house where he had lived as a boy. It looked painfully rickety and surprisingly small. So he hastened from before it and went up by a back street across the town creek and up a hill, where

sparsely built up street, and around a green in The moonlight. At the top of corner into a more populous but quict | the hill he found his father's grave. highway. At the corner was a grocery Beside it was another mound, and at and dry goods store; beyond that were the head of this was a plain little pilneat and airy two-story houses fronted lar. The moon was high now, and the tramp was used to seeing in the night.

> upon the marble this inscription: "William Albert, beloved son of the late Thomas Kershaw and his wife Rachel; born in Brickville, August 2, 1862, drowned in the Alleghery river near Pittsburg, July 27, 1877, while ner's jury decided it a case of selfheroically endeavoring to save the life of a child." The tramp laughed and then uttered

poor bloke it is that's doin' duty for me under the ground here?"

And at the thought that he owed an excellent posthumous reputation to the unknown who had happened resemble him fifteen years before, he laughed louder. Having no one near to share his mirth he looked up at the amiable moon and nodded knowingly thereat, as if to say: "This is a fine joke we're enjoying

between us, isn't it?" And by and by he remembered that he was being waited for, and he strode from the grave and from the cemetery. By the railroad the short tramp, having smoked all the refuse tobacco in his possession, was growing impatient. Already the expected coal train had

and roar when his associate joined "Found out all you wanted to know?" queried the stout little vagabond, starting down the embankment to mount the train.

heralded its advent by whistle and puff

"Yep," answered the tall vagrant. contentedly. The small man grasped the iron rod attached to the side of one of the mov-

ing coal cars and swung his foot into the iron stirrup beneath. His companion mounted the next car in the same "Are you all right, Kersh?" shouted back the short tramp, standing safe

above the "bumpers." climbing up the end of a car. "But don't ever call me Kersh any more. "Yes, before he died. Do you remem- After this I'm always Bill the Bum. Bill Kershaw's dead,"-and he added to himself: "and decently buried on the hill over there under the moon." Under the moon."

ROBERT N. STEPHENS.

GOING TOO FAR.

a bridge out near Pittsburg one day, He Had a Somewhat Fastidious and Refined Appetite. "Have you any cold vituals?" inquired the rusty looking pilgrim. 'to spare for a hungry-'

"No!" snapped the woman at the kitchen door. ·Perhaps I was wrong in asking for cold vituals," he rejoined, apologetic-Grandpa 'dentified him and they ally. "If I had suggested tenderloin steak with baked potatoes, madam, and a cup of cocoa-

"You wouldn't have got that ·H'm! My own preference, I acknowledge, would have been roast ument there that tells all about how he turkey with cranberry sauce, chicken died trying to save a little girl from salad, a morsel of Roquefort cheese drownin'. I can read it, but Mamie and French coffee, with perhaps a glass of-"

·It wouldn't have done you any good to ask for that, either, you impudent, insulting vagabond! You ought to go to work!" "Madam," interposed the rusty

tourist, with dignity, "I can overlook your total inability to satisfy the gaswait to see your mamma. "You needn't tronomic requirements of a man with tell her about me bein' here. But, say a somewhat fastidious appetite, but -could I just get a look at-at your when you apply offensive epithets and grandma, without her knowing any- offer unsolicited advice, you are presuming altogether too far. Madam, And as he got around the angle of

the kitchen he could plainly hear the dipperful of hot water strike the wall of the house opposite with a horrible swash. - Chicago Tribune.

A Brave Soldier, But Not a Warrier. "The soldier is always more or less brave," remarked the veteran, 'and even when he is not at all inclined to heroism he will when the tug of war comes rise superior to himself and do great deeds of valor. It is funny to hear a man you know, who will go right up to a cannon's mouth when it is loaded to the muzzle and a man standing at the vent ready to pull the string express his feelings when the spirit isn't moving him. Once when we were down there before Petersburg, when the shot was tearing up the ground in 40 places at once, I was lying in a safe corner with a man who had only a few hours before come through a perfect rain of fire, carrying the flag to a point where he could shake it in the enemy's face. We got to talking about war in general and this sort of fighting, and I said to him: "If you had your choice would you have war this way or out in the open, face to face?" .There's only one way I'd have

war," he said sharply. "How's that?" I asked. "Have it over and that quick," he replied, and 10 minutes

Wool Is a Plant. Wool is a kind of hair, and that hair is simply a species of plant rooted in the skin of animals. Through the whole range of human, plant, goat's hair and sheep's wool, however, nature shows such close gradations that it would be difficult to draw an exact line or to distinguish beyond a question of doubt between wool and hair

Consumption in Prison. Retween the ages of 20 and 40 prisoners die of consumption much more rap-idly than people outside of configement, but whether this is owing to the confinement or to the previous lives of the convicts is not clear. Few criminals of any kind live to be old men.

Size of the Body. It is stated that the height of the numan body is generally ten times the length of the face; the face is as long as the hand; the arm is four times the length of the face; the sole is one-sixth the length of the body, and six times the thickness of the hand equals the thickness of the body.

A Costly Dinner. the town creek and up a hill, where at last he stood before the cemetery gate. It was locked; so he climbed over the wall. He went still further up the hill, past tombatones that looked very white and trees that looked very white and trees that looked very white and trees that looked very plate.

The costliest dinner set ever made by the medicine woman of the tribe, and one-half is given to the groom. They begin to chew the nut, and then the old woman, after some sort of incontaining the cost in all \$95,000, and no sovereign in Europe eats from such a gorgeous plate.

STATE NEWS.

MEBRASKA MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS. -August Fried a farmer aged 72 living two miles west of Hastings, who suddenly disappeared from home two Word by word he could slowly read weeks ago, was found dead the other day in a grove or thicket half a mile from home. The body was decomposed and was only identified by the clothing and a revolver which lay between his arm and body. The corodestruction, but the neighbors seem inclined to think it a case of murder.

-A tabulated statement has been prepared at the office of the bureau of industrial statistics showing the results of the efforts to promote irrigation in Nebraska by means of artesian wells. There are ninety-one artesian wells in the state having an average depth of 247 feet. The average cost of each well was \$172 and the average discharge per minute is thirteen gal-lons. These wells are confined to five counties, Holt county having fortytwo, Cedar thirty-six, Knox eight, Dixon four and McPherson one.

-A meeting of representative citizens was held in Hastings for the purpose of organizing a county auxiliary to the state world's fair commission. W. W. Cox, superintendent of agriculture for thirty-four Nebraska counties, was present and addressed the meeting. An organization was perfected by the election of James N. Clarke, president; Isaac Le Dioyt, secretary, and E. S. Fowler, treasurer. A committee was appointed to wait on the county board at its next meeting and solicit aid to the enterprise.

-Today, says a Beatrice dispatch. was the closing day of the school year at the feeble minded institution, and both pupils, teachers and attendants were busily engaged in making it appropriate to the occasion. The vacation at this institution lasts two ner as do our public schools. Special exercises tending to show the development of mind and advancement of trait appears in this column has gone to the point of bare subsistence, is in the line of entertainment went to almost every woman ambitious for make up the day. The success of su- journalistic distinction has been perintendent Dr. Armstrong and his obliged to do, but some of her best work assistants in caring for these unfortunates, is really remarkable.

A YOUTHFUL CONJURER. His Wonderful Tricks Would Interes

A very clever little boy-he is only ten years old-astonished a great many people Friday night at the Niagara to discuss them intelligently. She has suffers. A poem cannot be used as panorama on Fourth avenue, says the New York World. He was advertised



the exposition expecting to be bored

by the usual infant phenomenon were

agreeably disappointed. A handsome little youngster Edward Abbort, and clad-although he is an American-in full court costume, even to the silk stockings and breeches, he fairly bewildered the audience. The stage—that used for lestures-is not very large and any opportunity for hocus pocus is lacking. so when this child began his work he was coldly received. People thought the performance would consist of a few tricks, dull and tiresome, and when this youngster took three pieces of paper, rolled them up in his tiny palms and evolved an American flag, everybody began to think that perhaps Master Abbott wasn't so much of an infant after all. Next he took a paper cone, and this trick is a chef d'œuvre with De Kolta, Herrmann, Kellar and other adult professional deceivers. After it was inspected the small boy rolled up his sleeves and proceeded to shake nearly a bushel of flowers therefrom. Next he evolved a curious state of affairs. He borrowed a lady's ring and after pouring several sorts of wine out of a bottle, proceeded to crack the bottle and extract therefrom a live guinea-pig, and the ring was found attached to a ribbon about the little animal's neck.

The grace and ease with which the little boy performed these feats was only equalled by the clever little running talk with which he supported a rose tree, which compressed couldn't have been put into an ordinary trunk, but which dropped out of its covering in a remarkable manner.

Eat What You Like Best. As a rule people digest most easily what they like best. There is a dyspeptic in this town who suffers the agonies of death if he eats a piece of white bread or drinks a cup of tea, and yet he will eat a large piece of fat pork and a plate of baked beans swimming in grease without experiencing the slightest annoyance. He says he likes pork and beans, and nobody can doubt it after seeing him eat them, and he unquestionably furnishes an illustraion of the maxim that dyspepsia is an unaccountable malady.

The marriage ceremony practiced by

the people of Borneo is very short and simple. Bride and groom are brought out before the assembled crowd with great solemnity and seated side by side. A betel nut is then cut in two The costliest dinner set ever made by the medicine woman of the tribe,

PAPER WOMAN.

Among the women who have, within the past decade, distinguished themelves in newspaper work but few have made any success in the field of polltics. The women who can write an intelligent political article or interview are few and far between, and the roman who does that sort of work

from choice is a very rare bird indeed in the newspaper offices. Fashions, society gossip, special articles about months. A few only of the inmates | the care of babies and the construction go home during the interim, hence the of 50-cent dinners for \$1.50 have been officials and attendants practically do looken upon as woman's legitimate not enjoy a vacation. The closing day | sphere in journalism, and editors have was observed in much the same man- | been jealous of allowing her to pass

has been done in fair and square competition with men and in political interviewing where men are supposed to enjoy exclusive privileges. A part of her success in this line is owing to her Literature no longer directs public indefatigable industry, but more from the fact that she enters into political questions with a thoroughly masculine zest, studies them carefully and is able done considerable work in this line and an asset or serve for profitable specuas a conjurer and professor of various 1889, she had an interview with Cleve- even be utilized for revenue like a land on the tariff which was printed in the London Times, and her Bar Harbor interview, last summer, with Blaine, is of too recent occurrence to have been forgotten. It was vigorously denied, at the time, by the special correspondents who were ignominiously "scooped" by the plucky young girl, and its truth was admitted, later, by the very men who had been loudest in

> New York and was taken on the staff of the World. She has done special work for most of the New York papers, writes a regular weekly letter for several western dailies, conducted the woman's department of the United Literary Budget, of the New York Journalist. This does not, by any means, cover the amount of work which she turns out every week. for with true newspaper instinct she catches a good story wherever she sees it, and places it in the most appropriate market. She is enthusiastic in her love for her profession and she studies as hard as she Curiously enough, for one whose

taste runs in the direction of political problems, she has a pretty knack at rhyming and has written verses which contain genuine poetic feeling. Miss Hamm is young, clever, ambitious and plucky, one does not need the gift of prophesy to predict for her a brilliant designation is necessary. in New future in journalism.

Monte Carlo.

But as to the Wells system, the most knowing people declare he has none, and is simply a plunger at heavy stakes, winning heavily when he is lucky, as on the first notable visit, and losing when unjucky, as at his second a few weeks ago. Up to the present, Fortune consuming even then double time has been in his favor.

There are now twenty-one law firms in the United States composed of husbands and wives, and there are about 200 American women who practice law in the courts or manage legal publications. —Journal of Education.

SHE LIKES POLITICS.

DOES THIS BRILLIANT NEWS-

in the East-A Writer at the Enriv



their denials. Miss Hamm was born in St. Johns, Canada, and comes naturally by her studious disposition and her penchant for politics, her grandfather on her mother's side having been the Rev. Harold Jean Spencer, a well-known Episcopalian divine, and the author of a number of controversial pamphlets. Her paternal grandfather was Gen. Pierre Hamm, a man prominent in the Liberal party in Montreal.

Miss Hamm began writing for the press when she was but 13 years old. and when she was fifteen she was regularly on the staff of the Boston Herald. She did all sorts of newspaper work in Boston, from society news to police as-

WELLS, THE PLUNGER.

Here is a picture of Wells, the Engish plunger at Monte Carlo. Ima a common-looking, bald man, with a emergency, but certainly not 'serblack beard, and clumsy hands bedecked with diamonds which the corner man in a nigger troupe might envy, seated at the Trente et Quarante table nearest the door, playing persistently with a perfect haystack of thousand-franc notes before him, and you have Mr. Wells. The crowd is thicker and denser round the stable than usual, even when the season is at its height, and when fashionable and other Monte Carlo celebrities abound with maximums. Three times has the bank had to send for more money through the persistent winning of the so far triumphant Wells. In the evening he is still there, and the haystack of mille notes looks larger.

Unlike Necessity They Know Law.

Each generation has its own problems its own achievements its own sorrows and joys. If it is wise FIST but having its own life to live it is never profoundly and continuously impressed by antecedents.

It is recognized by all that the world has entered upon an epoch in which the victories of peace shall overcome those of war. The greatest statesman of the age wears as his laurel the glory of having changed his country's policy and made the work of arbitration take the place of

THE best thing one can do is to quit thinking about the comparative respectability or "ladylikeness" of different employments and remember that honest work of any kind is honorable, and that if you are a good woman you are worthy of a respect and reverence to which no form of "ladyship" can add anything what-

IN this free country no sócial odlum should attach to honest work of any kind, and the mistress who views her housemaid as other than a worker for wages, whose obligations end with the rendering of so much toil for so much money, is as great a snob as the shopgirl who cuts the acquaintance of an associate for choosing the kitchen to the factory. There is a duty laid upon parents and the public schools . T N. MIR.IAN. in this regard.

'CHARITY," as Richard Whiteing aptly says is "but an cintment for a cancer." If charity opens cheap lodgings and restaurants for working girls, these benefactions enable them to live for less and in the end they will get just that much less for their The clever young writer whose por- of wages, pressing the toiler down scholarship, together with something through that wearisome grind, as not to be permanently interfered with by the emollients of the humane however well meant

THE age is eminently a practical and gain-seeeking one. Our education follows the tendency of the age. movements but follows them, and poetry, which has no more intrinsic pecuniary value than music or beauty. is uniformly successful. In April, of lation, like a work of art-it can not play or a song. And accordingly poetry is neglected.

HUMANITY is becoming too strong and sensitive, too responsive to religion and civilization to permit the oldfashioned duels between nations to settle disputes and civilization has encouraged development of genius until it has made the weapons of war so terribly destructive that nations hesitate to feed their people to death. Civilization is doing its work; it is refining the world: humanizing it and leading it to find satisfaction that is greater than hatred, revenge and savagery can suggest.

THE mission of civilization as represented in the European partition of Africa bears a curious resemblance to savagery. So far as it is made effective it drives the natives from their lands and supplants them with the signments, and after several years of white race. Where only a 'prothis best-of-all training she went to tectorate" is undertaken and an attempt is made to put it into effect, it is found to consist in selling to the natives by force of arms clothes which they do not need, and rum which they ought not to have and shooting such of the natives as object to the white and has charge of the woman's pages man's control. In contrast with civilization the barbarism that minds its own business has some moral ad-

THE 'servant girl" matter must be

settled by the abolition of the word "servant." Said a Turkish statesman: .The first step towards the settlement of the Albanian question is the extermination of the Albanians and the first step towards the settlement of the 'servant" question in this country is the abolition of the words 'servant" 'service' and 'servant girl" Try some other name if a England in simpler days when all the members of the family worked the young woman who came in to Blacksmith and Wagon Maker. work with the family was called the 'help," and she fully deserved the

For from three to six months in the

year the country districts are barred from the outside world except for foot travelers or an occasional daring horseman. During all this time the products of the farm are unmarketable, the necessaries which it requires cannot be supplied, the desolation of lcne iness and stagnation settles down its intellectual and social life, farm animals and vehicles are useless and have to be maintained at a dead doss and even the work of education is interrupted by the impossibility of sending children to school. This is the country road at its worst estate. But there are other months when though it may be traveled it requires two horses to pull the load of one. and there is but a comparatively short period when the ordinary highway performs the office for which it was destined. The ensuing loss direc and indirect, is simply incalculable.

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P. ANDERSON. . ANDERSON, JACOB GREISEN. JOHN J. SULLIVAN.

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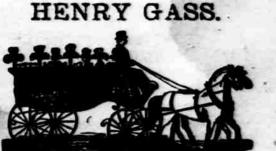
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