The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXIII.—NUMBER 25. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER 1,169.

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—COME TO—

The Journal for Job Work

OF ALL KINDS.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

STATE BREVITIES.

The Dunkards are building a house of worship at Juniata.

The elevator of August Clair at Delta was destroyed by fire.

Nine divorce cases are pending in the Saline county courts.

A lodge of the Loyal Mystic Legion has been instituted at Hardy.

William Fligg, living near Unadilla, has lost two children from diptheria.

The Nebraska exhibit train left Omaha on the 26th. It went over the B. & M.

Huldа Wallace, a little girl of North Bend, fell from a swing and broke her collar bone.

At several well-established cases of glanders have developed recently in East Lincoln.

Catholics are putting up at South Sioux City the finest church building in Dakota county.

Bud Keen, a Custer county farm hand, fell from his horse at Broken Bow and was fatally injured.

Henry Johnson, a fileman, was caught in a land slide in a Sarpy county pit and smothered to death.

The Nebraska exhibit train is now on the road and good reports concerning it are expected from time to time.

G. M. Miller, a prominent farmer of Furnas county, dropped dead while at work on his farm of heart disease.

A running team has been organized among the firemen of Schuyler and the city promises to buy them a cart.

Six pocketbooks, which were stolen on circus day at Norfolk, were found under the depot rifled of their contents.

Owners of dogs in Lincoln who desire them to live to a green old age will have to make terms with the tax gatherer.

While feeding an ensilage cutter, C. H. Johnson of Fairmont stuck his hand too far into the machine and lost three fingers.

House burglars appear quite numerous in some parts of Omaha, and the police, though numerous, fail to get hold of many of them.

Emma Larson of Omaha, seven years old, while jumping over a bonfire in a playful manner, had her clothes ignited and was burned to death.

Five thousand dollars in premiums will be offered at the Nemaha Valley district fair, which is to be held at Falls City October 4 to 8. The exhibition promises to be a great success.

El Dean, an Ashland dairyman, quarreled with a man named Landreth and struck him with a hatchet, cutting his head wide open. The wound is a bad one, but will not prove fatal.

Sheriff Henry Crow of Thomas county returned last week from Albion, Idaho, with Edward Thompson, who broke jail at Thedford last May. Thomson is held to answer to the charge of rape.

The Methodist conference held in Nebraska City accomplished much important work. Bishop Warren said it was the most successful conference ever held. Delegates are loud in their praises of Nebraska City's hospitality.

In Omaha last week a negro named Clark seriously if not fatally slashed his wife with a razor, jealousy being the cause assigned. After cutting the woman he attempted to take his own life by use of the knife but was prevented by bystanders.

Fire was discovered in the hay fields west of Schuyler. Union Pacific section men fought the flames to protect railroad property, but before they were controlled several stacks of hay were consumed. The fire is supposed to have been incendiary.

The partially constructed and costly residence of O. H. Swingley, in Beatrice came near being destroyed by fire. Presumably through the careless handling of matches, a fire started in the rear of the house and before being discovered burned through a couple of studding.

Two accidents occurred at Harvard last week to two little boys. One, a son of Mr. Pembroke, fell from the veranda and broke an arm, and the other, Bertie Austin fell from a horse and broke his arm. Doctors were called and relieved the little fellows as much as possible.

Last week judgments amounting to $7,500 were obtained from two saloon keepers in Kearney on damage suits brought by women whose husbands drank too much. Jack Dwyer, who was refused a license last spring, was also found guilty of selling liquor without a license.

Fire in the hay fields west of Schuyler consumed several stacks of this year's crop. Railroad men fought until midnight to keep flames from railroad property before all was safe. The hay belonged to Webber & Bohman, and is supposed to have been fired by incendiaries.

Jane Barona, the wife of a fruit vender of Plattsmouth, gave birth to a monstrosity. In the place of eyes nothing but the bone sockets appear. The nose was formed correctly, but with no nostril. On each hand appear five fingers and a thumb. It lived but a few moments.

The Red Willow county records show that from June 1, 1891 to September 1, 1892, there have been 117 releases of mortgages in excess of the number filed and $42,000 in amount released more than mortgaged, not counting partial payments which have been made in many cases.

Thomas Fivecoat, a prosperous farmer living near Shickley, was arrested on complaint of his daughter for incest. The preliminary trial was before Justice Beeson and he was bound over. Failing to give bond he was taken to Geneva. The evidence was very convicting.

During a circus performance at McCook the fire bell commenced ringing and it was with difficulty that a terrible panic was averted, as the mammoth tents were filled to their utmost. The people were prevailed upon to keep their seats when assured that the fire was under control. T. N. Young's hardware store was the only building damaged. The loss will not exceed $1,000.

Willow county is now sure of the biggest crop of corn ever raised in the county. There has been no frost to injure late fields and the late hot weather has matured even the late planting. A conservative estimate places the average yield at fifty bushels per acre.

George Badsman, a carpenter, committed suicide at Dewitt by taking laudanum. He has been drinking heavily. Domestic unhappiness and too much drink was the cause of his act. He had attempted suicide before, but the druggist to whom he had applied for poison fixed him up an innocent dose.

Secretary Foida reports that the receipts from the exhibitions of Colfax county agricultural society were enough to cancel all debts left from last year on account of rain on dates set for the fair, all indebtedness incurred this year and to pay for $250 worth of improvements on the society's grounds; also that the county appropriation will cancel the only note existing, thus leaving the society out of debt.

Ex-Governor John M. Thayer, who returned home to Lincoln last week, left shortly for the east again. He left Mrs. Thayer in Massachusetts and was assured that she was rapidly improving. Soon after reaching home, he received a telegram from her physician stating that she was much whorse and summoning him to her bedside. The long strain occasioned by Mr. Thayer's illness has affected the governor, seriously interfering with his own health.

Some "stock" is being taken, says a Beatrice dispatch, in the rumor that the Rock Island will construct a line through here to the south by reason of the fact that the chief engineer, while on a recent visit remarked that the company was not going to give Beatrice the "go by." However, the majority of people consider this as meaning that the company would continue to run a "stub" train to Lincoln over the U. P. to connect with the new main line.

This vicinity, says a Herman dispatch, was visited by a fearful hailstorm the other night. Hail fell six to nine inches in diameter by actual measurement. Fifteen window panes were broken out of the Baptist church and twenty out of the Methodist Episcopal church. Private houses were also damaged. Farmers are in buying glass and putty for repairs. Most of the losses to private persons range from $5 to $25. Some persons were injured by the hail.

The advent of Ringling Bros.' circus brought to Tecumseh a gang of sneak thieves and pickpockets. During the parade and circus a number of houses were entered and the losses as follows: Mrs. Waterworth, notes, checks and money to the value of $1,070; Matt Swan and Haughton, watches, chains and other jewelry; C. E. Curran, $5. Mrs. Best, Mrs. Halloway and Mrs. Dorsey had their pockets picked and lost small sums. A number of other small losses were reported.

William Rasp, a well-to-do farmer living five miles northeast of Gresham, attempted to commit suicide by drinking alcohol. He sold his farm last week for $7,000. Some one told him that he sold too cheap; that he should have received $1,500 more for it, and it so preyed on his mind that he became partly insane. He got hold of a bottle of strychnine, but before he could take any of it his wife got it from him. A doctor administered the proper medicines and at last accounts the patient was better.

A. Huffager and wife of Holdrege, while on their way to visit a married daughter at Lebanon, Kan., met with a serious accident while crossing the Republican river bridge south of Franklin, which may prove fatal to the lady. They had proceeded to the middle of the bridge when their team became frightened and backed off, throwing the occupants to the bottom, twenty feet below. Help was summoned and the old couple were taken to Franklin, where Mrs. Huffager now lies in a critical condition.

Sheriff Harriman of Washington county was in Lincoln the other day and obtained from Governor Boyd a requisition on the governor of Texas for the arrest of Arthur D. Sloan, whose murder of his stepfather and stepbrother near Fontanelle, Washington county, is a matter of history still fresh in the minds of the people of Nebraska. Sloan, it will be remembered, was captured in Iowa shortly after the commission of the crime, but after lying in jail three weeks he managed to make his escape. He was recently discovered in Cotulla, La Salle county, Texas, by the sheriff of that county, who recognized him by a photograph that had been sent out generally over the country by the authorities of Washington county. Sloan was captured by the sheriff of La Salle county while engaged in a game of poker at a well known gambling resort at Cotulla. He will be brought to Nebraska for trial.

A Circular to Nebraska Schools.

A. K. Goudy, superintendent of public instruction, has issued this circular:

To School Officers, Teachers and Patrons of the Public and Private Schools of Nebraska: In consonance with a joint resolution of the senate and house of representatives of the United States and with proclamations issued by the president of the United States and the governor of Nebraska, this department recommends to all officers, teachers and patrons of the schools of the state of Nebraska that at the children, the patrons and the friends of education and American patriotism be invited to join in a school celebration of the 4 th anniversary of the discovery of America, to be held on October 21, 1892, in the manner set forth in the accompanying circular issued by the executive committee appointed by the department of superintendence of the National Educational association of Brooklyn February 17, 1892:

This is the first attempt to make the schools of the entire country the centers of local demonstrations all over the United States.

The event to be celebrated is grandly fitted to inspire a noble and an intelligent patriotism; and the public school, the outgrowth of the American civilization, may properly claim the right to lead in this jubilee.

While the public school is the product of the American spirit, the perpetuity and the character of our institutions depend largely upon the training which the schools of the state give to the citizens of the state; and so it is peculiarly fitting that in this festival the schools shall lead; as, let the school lead, and let all the people follow.

The boys and girls may be led to feel that in this celebration they are partakers in the opening ceremonies of the Columbian exposition in progress at the same time in the city of Chicago.

I trust that every effort will be made in every community—in every school district in the state—to stir up the people to a realization of the far-reaching results of the events to be commemorated on that day, and that the local press, so ready at all times to do its part in arousing and intensifying every proper sentiment, may be everywhere enlisted.

I am confident that those in charge of the educational interest of the state will be ready to respond to this call, as they have uniformly done in response to the recommendations of this department.

Full official programmes, including the ode, addresses, etc., may be had by application to Fanny Bellemy, Boston, Mass., at the following rates:

One to 100 copies at the rate of $1 per 100, post paid.

One hundred to 1,000 copies at the rate of $1 per 100, post paid.

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Sample copies of the programme can be had of Mr. Bellemy on application, free of charge.

Respectfully,
A. K. GOUDY,
Superintendent Public Instruction.

A FARMERS' FRIEND.

A farmers' friend went forth one day,
To sniff the scent of the new mown hay.
He'd a scheme to work and a game to play,
On the honest, trusty farmer.

He had fame, and his name was Charles Van Wyck;
He'd a check as hard as a railroad spike,
For the railroad pass he'd a keen dislike(!)
But he loved the honest farmer.

He wore his favorite old blue coat
That had captured many a farmer's vote,
And he sang in a soft, free, silvery note,
In the ear of the honest farmer.

"O, I'm the original farmers' friend;
Invented the scheme myself.
If it works with you, as it works with me,
It will fill your lap with pelf.
First put me into the governor's chair,
And then into the senate.
Then you stay here, while I go there,
And thus we'd both be in it."

Now the sun was hot and the air was dry,
And the sly old schemer passing by,
Drew rein in front of the farmer's door,
And began his song about the working poor.

"Your hand is the hand that holds the bread,
Give me your vote," the old man said,
"Follow me and I'll lead you through,
And show you a scheme that is good for you."

But the farmer heard not a word he said,
'But the honest hand that holds the bread,
For fast asleep in his easy chair,
On the broad front porch as he rested there,
He dreamed a dream and seemed to see
Himself in a great fine apple tree,
And as he shook with might and main,
And the apples fell like drops of rain,
Down on the ground was old Van Wyck,
With a check as hard as a railroad spike,
Urging the farmers all to strike,
And he said that as fast as the apples dropped,
Into the old man's bag they popped.

Into that farmer's ear the flies
Buzzed like a politician's lies;
'Till at last awaked from his troubled dream,
With a bound and a wild unearthly scream,
The farmer reached for his old smooth bore,
And the yaller dog stood near the door.

You've heard of the witches of Tam O'Shanter,
Of the old grey mare and her midnight canter,
But never witches or old grey mare
Made better time than was made right there,
And no lip pop with a drooping lip,
Has ever held with a tighter grip
Than that yallar dog as he saw the chance,
And closed in on the slack o' the old man's pants.

It's the guess o' this plain country bard
That the scene which occurred in that farmer's yard,
Will occur again on election day,
And the very old Harry'll be to pay,
But the most embarrassed man at the end,
Will be Van Wyck the Farmer's friend;

ALVIA WATHA.

Just two years ago this summer
We'd a drouth that was a hummer,
From a rainless sky the sun light
Burned the grass and caused a corn blight,
And the people lost their reason
When they saw its dreadful season,
And they danced like ghostly creatures,
Round a band of famine preachers,
Came a hungry grey back faker,
Chief McKeighan money maker,
Came like Quantrell's bloody raiders,
Vandervoorts and Kem and Shraders;
Came a dozen other speakers,
Boodle searchers, office seekers,
And they talked in ways erratic,
Of the people plutocratic,
Of their food and the loan cheat,
And the bulls and bears of Wall street,
And of Shylock and his vices,
And the rubber tariff prices,
Talked they all like long eared asses,
Rode they all on railroad passes,
Talked they all of deprivation,
And of hunger and starvation,
How republicans and sinners,
Were appressing the bread winners,
By manipulating grain rates,
And controlling heaven's flood gates,
And how through the tariff slaughter,
Grover had a six pound daughter.
And they shouted forth defiance,
And enrolled in an alliance,
And the farmers paid assessments,
Paid they in great wads of foodie,
From the pockets of the man,
Came the quarter, nickle, penny,
Till the sum was many thousands
And the boodle suckers fattened,
Fattened on these contributions.

O, the gentle summer showers!
Freshening the grass and flowers,
O, the rain from heaven descending,
Bringing harvests never ending!
Filled again is every granary,
Plenty is the corn Modamin,
Even the hopper Pahpuk kneels
Falls to enter the arena,
Thrift and wealth in every valley
Make the people spirits fally;
Makes them stay within the corn field,
Gathering the golden grain yield,
And refrain from ghostly dreaming,
While the earth with fruit is teeming,
And the pearly rain drops falling,
Rouse the hobos of their calling.
Now the hobos curse the weather,
And they murmur hard together,
"Farewell to our boasted glory!
Wasted is our ghostly story!
Darkness spread he mantle o'er us,
So we'll join the legions before us.
Join the host of ghostly strangers,
Join the late lamented granger,
In the realm of the disgusted,
In the kingdom of the busted.

The Smile Has Lost Its Grip.

"How now, my good Lord Bryan, how fares your grace and whither doth the battle tend?"

"Oh my kind Horatio, is that you? Come nearer me good fellow, for I need a friend. Come near to me Horatio, and let me have your sympathy. Place your cool hand thus upon my temples Horatio, for I am feverish, I am not well."

"Tut, tut, my boy, be not so peevish in this hour of mighty consequences! See you not how yon bold Knight doth rush the battle? He has already gained the moat and with his mighty battle ax is pounding at the castle gate as he would shiver it in splinters with his ponderous blows?"

"Aye, aye, Horatio, I see. I see it all too plainly, and the sight doth make the shivers chase each other up my spinal column. But Horatio, he has no science; this burley Knight of '69. He has no skill or grace of movement. He is but a plain Nebraska product, born to a life of toil, a mere digger in the mine of musty books. And for me, whose every tone is charged with eloquence, and whose every motion is graced with pleasing attitudes, for me whose name has been carried on the wings of fame to the four corners of the land, for me, in whose career the bourbon busom beats with high anticipation, for me to be matched with this bull dog, who closes his jaws upon republican truth and then holds on, this bludgeon swinger who pounds me with common facts as a sootty blacksmith would forge an iron beam, and then to have this sweaty mob of red necked farmers gather round and cock their heads and nod and lean and listen to his vulgar argument, and when I smile my sweetest smile, and soar my splendid periods as a boy would soar a kite, to have churlish yeoman turn away, and smile among each other, as if in cold derision of my matchless eloquence, it makes me sick; Horatio, and if I had that hasty chalenge back, I'd let this snarp spured warty legged rooster of the tariff have his way; and as a bird of swifter wing and brighter plumage, I'd sail me up among the bright free silvery clouds of dizzy eloquence, and never have any handsome feathers ruffled by the blows of this snort winged Shanghigh who fights upon a dung hill of common ordinary facts.

"But, my lord, you magnify your own calamity too much."

"Stop, Horatio! Utter that word again, and by the spirit of old Hickory Jackson I'll turn your picture to the wall forever. Know you not, foolish boy, that by the token of that accursed word this present evil is now come upon me? Never speak that word to me again, good friend, as you would have my blessing in the years to come. You see, I thought to please the farmer in the drouthy year, and when Hell's next-door neighbor, Texas, blew her scorching breath across Nebraska fields and withered all the crop I thought to please the farmer with my sympathy, and so in immagery I led him to the very poor house gate, and showed him there within the dingy quarters he must occupy, when tariff robbers had consigned him to the bankrupt's cell. But no sooner had the word calamity escaped my lips, when lo! prosperity burst forth like a blooming garden of sweet flowers, and now these ungrateful farmers, despising my prophesy, do hiss at the very word calamity, and say that I have slandered all the commonwealth. And so I say, Horatio, speak not that word to me again."

"But my lord, by this same evil token which you now despise, you planted your banner on these castle walls two years ago. And will you now turn tail and run, and let them kill the goose that laid your golden egg? Brace up my lord and have some spunk! Remember how you swiped the ground with that long, drooping, willowy wisp from Omaha! Brace up my noble lord, and smile as you did then. Ring in some verses with the smile, and cheer these brawny grangers with smooth speech! Why, by my halidome, as I remember now, that smile alone was then worth full one thousand votes in every ballwick. Mount the turret there and give 'em the smile again. Trot out the old lamb story, and mayhap for its very age they'll listen and reverence you once more."

"Ah, good Horatio, there's the rub! There was a time when I could play that smile upon the multitude, and even as a warm sunbeam kissing a baby's chubby face will make him dream of angels, so that same smile of mine shed out across the gaping crowd, would warm their hearts and give the easy access to their confidence. And when I wove in with my handsome Grecian smile a few smoothly curving gestures, the yawping noodlums would open up their lusty throats and from the very bottom of their stomachs would come such mighty yells as would silence the belching thunders of old Vessuvius. But alas! Horatio, the Grecian smile hath lost its grip, and the curving gestures no longer weaves the wanted spell upon the crowd. Horatio whatever be the issue of this uncertain hour, remember me, that I was eloquent. And if this bold young tariff slugger doth o'ercome here, then hang my picture on the wall, and in the coming years when you have wed, and curly-headed babes climb upon your knee, then point them to the picture, good Horatio, and say that I was eloquent."

Take Down Your False Colors and Put up Your Ticket as You Mean It.

The independent press of the state are carrying at the head of their columns what they call their state ticket:

For Governor,
C. H. VAN WYCK.
For Lieutenant Governor,
C. D. SHRADER.

But that ticket is a deception. It does not convey the real meaning of the Van Wyck and Shrader movement. Their ticket should read:

For U. S. Senator,
C. H. VAN WYCK.
For Governor,
C. D. SHRADER.

Van Wyck is not running for governor. Everybody knows that. Van Wyck has no amobition to be governor and remain in Lincoln among the people of this state. His ambition all points toward Washington City, where his home is, and where his principal property and money interests are. The only personal effects of his that are purely of Nebraska, is the old blue coat that he has worn for years while among the farmers, in sham humility, as a decoy to capture the farmer vote. And it is Shrader who is the real candidate for governor. Shrader, who damned the constitution and insulted the supreme court, he is the precious patriot who has consented to save this commonwealth by becoming its governor, notwithstanding he despises its constitution and refuses to obey the mandates of its highest court. Go out into the country precincts of Clay, and Adams and Hamilton counties, where hundreds of independents have come back to the republican party in the last few weeks, and the loyal farmers there, who love the constitution and respect the law, will tell you that the thought of Shrader being governor of Nebraska makes them ashamed of the independent movement.

Trying to Fool the Swedes.

As the calamity leaders feel their grip loosening, and the sand slowly but surely sifting out from under their feet, they begin to clutch at straws. The desperateness of their losing the cause is shown in the silly attempt to make capital out of the story that someone in the republican state convention turned to his nearest seat mate and said "D—n the Swedes." If the Swedes of Nebraska were overgrown chuckle headed boys, as the calamity leaders seem to have sized them up, then an appeal to their sensitiveness on such a childish proposition might avail to arouse their anger against the republican party. But in the first place no one knows for sure that such a thing was said. In the second place no one knows who said it. In the third place everybody knows that if it was said, it was said by some hot headed fool, who is not in a position to control or represent the republican party, and lastly the Swedes of Nebraska are not mere grown up children that they should take offense on so flimsy a pretext. The Swede who left his humble home across the sea where men who are born poor remain poor and die poor, came to this country to better his condition and found the republican party welcoming him with open arms to a citizenship that has no peer in any land under the sun, with a 160 acres of land as a homestead thrown into the bargain; who has since steadily prospered and is now well-to-do, with land and home and public schools and all that blesses and exalts manhood, will not on such childish pretext, turn his back upon the republican party, the only party that ever honored his countrymen with a state office. The Swede is not naturally a part of the rag-tag and bob-tail of Nebraska, and to size him up as a chump is an insult to his good sense.

The Impulse of the People Is With the Republicans This Year.

Some one out in Dawson county telegraphed the Bee that the republican alliance men were becoming tired of Van Wyck and Shrader and Vandervoort, and were coming back into the republican party. The next day a World-Herald dispatch denied the report and asked to have a single man pointed out in Dawson county who was tired of Shrader and Van Wyck and Vandervoort. Promptly twenty-three men in one little neighborhood stepped up and signed a statement renouncing the independent party and pledging their faith and votes to Ben Harrison and the republican ticket. Out in Clay county where McKeighan ate fuller legged chickens from house to house two years ago, in Marshall precinct, where only four republican votes were polled in 1890, forty-three voters have already announced for Harrrison. In El Dorado precinct, of the same county, where only twelve republican votes were polled in '90, there are now fifty voters who are tired of Elder, the ex-speaker, and of Vandervoort the lobbyist. In Hamilton county the alliance republicans are coming back by the score and are rallying to the party that stands up for America and Nebraska. Republican meetings everywhere are largely attended and the state committee have more calls for speakers than they can supply.

A Brilliant Man Who Has Never Uttered a Word In Defense Of His State.

"The brilliant young Bryan," is the way his admirers put it when they speak of the congressman from the 1st district. Yes, he is brilliant, an eloquent speaker and a handsome young man of pleasing ways. But how has he used his brilliant qualities during the few years he has been a citizen of this state? His principal business has been to talk; and what has he talked about? Has he talked about the splendid achievements of his own state in its material development? In his soaring flights of eloquence has he ever pictured the sturdy thrift and the unprecedented financial success of the farmers and business men of his own district? When did "the brilliant young man" ever utter to his "vast and magnificent audiences" in other states, a word of praise for Nebraska? Has he ever stood up for Nebraska, and has he ever advertised the fact that more poor men have started here and become well to do in the last decade than in any other state on the face of the earth? Has he ever told that to his audiences? Or has the general force of his eloquence been turned against Netraska and against its reputation? Let him answer how he has used his talents. Let him now account for his stewardship.

Stand Up for Nebraska.

"Stand up for Nebraska," says Judge Field of Lincoln. "Stand up for Nebraska," says young Andrews of Hastings. "Stand up for Nebraska," says Jim Whitehead of Broken Bow. And the three congressmen cowards who slandered the state in congress and advertised its people as paupers are now dodging the brickbats of truth and denying that they ever were calamity howlers. Bryan now tries to recall the slander, and with graceful bows and smooth gestures he stammers out a faint eulogy on his sturdy constituency for what they have accomplished. McKeighan chucks the farmer under the chin and prophesies that he will be able to keep the wolf from the farmer door a few years yet, if he, McKeighan, is returned to congress. Kem, in his dreamy confusion, clutches in the air for an idea and admits that his people will be able to keep soul and body together if the government will loan them $2,500 apiece on their land at 2 per cent per annum and if they send him back to read the signs at the national capital another two years. In the meantime the people are doing a little standing up on their own account and they will never again entrust the reputation of the state with men who will sell it for a salary of $5,000 per year.

McKeighan, the State Slanderer.

In the Republican Valley, McKeighan's district, homeseekers are coming in by the hundreds, into every county, and buying up the farm land at $10, to $15 per acre. They are coming from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin, against the advertisement of McKeighan, that his farmer constituency were on their way to the poor house. Looking over his record as an agitator for the last twelve years, can he now point to any word, or utterance of his, that has induced any homeseeker to come to this state? Will he now have the audacity to claim any part in the splendid progress of his district? Has he ever been instrumental in advancing the value of any poor man's home? Let the Republican Valley stand up for Nebraska and repudiate McKeighan.

A Practical Man vs a Dreamer

Whitehead is a practical man, with loyal impulses, strong and vigorous characteristics. Kem his opponent, is a dreamer, so unpractical in his plans, and so weak in his judgment that he voted for everything his people did not want, and opposed everything they did want, and now his canvas for relection is spent in explaining to his constituency.

Bryan, the Artful Dodger.

Congressman Bryan denies that he ever was a Calamity Howler. Will Mr. Bryan tell the people of his district when he ever uttered a word in defense of the prosperity of his state against the Calamity Howler?

Farmer Frank McGrath, ex-president of the Kansas State Alliance, in an interview with the Kansas City Journal referred to V. O. Strickler Independent candidate for Atty. Gen'l as "A little pop eyed baby faced lawyer."

Measured in Sulphuric Acid.

A famous scientific man has declared the measure of a nation's civilization may be gauged by the amount of sulphuric acid it consumes, since this acid is an essential to the most skillful, speedy and economical methods in the higher mechanical arts. Measured by this standard the civilization of the United States is the highest on earth. Inscriptions on mummy clothes with a material produced only through the agency of sulphuric acid are taken as an evidence of the high civilization existing in ancient Egypt.

How Storms Travel.

The rate of progression of a storm is often fifty miles an hour and a series has often been traced in a direct line from north to south a distance of 400 miles. The average altitude of thunderstorms has been found to be not over 5,000 feet above the surface of the earth.

ST. LOUIS CARNIVAL.

MARKED INCREASE IN THE ATTENDANCE AND ENTHUSIASM AT THE EXPOSITION.

Arrangements for the Veiled Prophet' Reception, Parade and Ball—Exceptionally Low Railroad Rates.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 22.—The Expositon has now been open about one-third of its ninth season and the attendance up to date is by far the best on record. Gilmore's magnificent band of 100 pieces is giving four concerts daily, and although there are 4,000 seats in the Music hall, a vacant seat during any portion of any one of the concerts is very unusual. The general features of the Exposition are voted by visitors from all parts of the country, as well as from Europe, as remarkable both for their beauty and costliness and also for the great variety, so many attractions having been rarely collected together in one building. The exhibits of manufactured goods, of electrical and mechanical triumphs and high class works of art are all first class; and any one department would provide a first class Exposition.

The next illumination will be given on Thursday, Sept. 29, when all the electrical panorama and pyrotechnic displays will be in full working order. The carnival will be at its height at the opening of October, for on the afternoon of Oct. 1 the Veiled Prophet will arrive by boat and be received by a strong military guard. Heretofore the Veiled Prophet has arrived secretly and has not been seen until he appeared in the parade, but as

BANDMASTER GILMORE.

a mark of his appreciation of the extraordinary attractions this year he will arrive by water and will hold a reception at the Exposition building during the afternoon. Veiled Prophet's day is Tuesday, Oct. 4, when there will be one of the largest crowds in St. Louis ever collected in a Western city. The details of the parade are kept a secret, but it is generally known that the pageant will be much more costly this year than ever before, and as over six miles of streets will be illuminated on Veiled Prophet's night the combined attractions will be magnificent to a degree.

All the railroads are making very low rates to St. Louis and intending visitors should apply at once to the nearest station agent to ascertain on what days round trip tickets can be obtained.

Advance in All Kinds of Rags.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—It is not alone that the public health is jeopardized by the ravages of cholera in foreign lands and its threatened invasion of this country, but business interests are likely to be affected thereby. Already it is stated that in consequence of quarantine on rags, there has been a rise in print paper, and that this is but the forerunner of a greater advance in the near coming future. The paper manufacturers of this country depend largely for their raw material upon countries now afflicted with or threatened with cholera, and as the quarantine already placed upon this class of goods is likely to be prolonged indefinitely, there is no telling how radical may be the advance in the price of print paper from time to time. Large consumers and dealers are taking all they can get at the advanced ruling rate, but are not able to place contracts for the future on the same basis, manufacturers not caring to give figures while the quarantine remains.

OPENING GUN IN NEW YORK.

The Republicans Begin the Campaign with a Speech from Thomas C. Platt.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—The first Republican mass meeting of the present Presidential campaign in this city was held in Cooper union. There were fully 3,000 persons inside the hall, all it could possibly hold, and twice that number without. The hall was profusely decorated with American flags and on either side of the speakers' stand were the German and Irish flags. Back of the platform hung the portraits of Harrison and Reid, draped with flags.

Whole Family Destroyed.

OTTAWA, Kan., Sept. 30.—The residence of Samuel Adkinson, near Telcup, was struck by lightning during the terrific storm last night, and Mr. and Mrs. Adkinson and their two children, one 4 years old and the other 7 months, were killed. The house was burned to the ground.

Musician Accused for Bigamy.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Sept. 30.—Deceeve, the musical instructor wanted in Brooklyn for bigamy, was arrested here yesterday. He has been elected director of the new Conservatory of Music and organist in the First Congregational church. During the time he has been here he has moved in the best circles, passing as a bachelor.

The Print Paper Market.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—Ready-print houses in the west and northwest and others who deal largely in white print paper, are endeavoring to buy extensively of this class of goods in view of the fact that there is likely soon to be still further advance in price, as indeed there has already been a percentage upward movement. The rise in rates is caused by the quarantine which this government has placed on rags from foreign countries, the source from whence comes the greater bulk of raw material entering into the manufacture of print paper. There is a probability this embargo will last as long as there is any danger of cholera getting a foothold in this country, and though print paper has already exhibited an upward tendency the increase is thought to be only a forerunner of other and greater advances that will rapidly follow.

—THE—

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COLUMBUS, NEB.

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J. H. GALLEY, Vice Pres't.
O. T. ROEN, Cashier.
C. E. EARLY, Ass't Cashier.

G. ANDERSON. P. ANDERSON.
JACOB GREISEN, HENRY RAGATZ.
JAMES G. REEDER.

Statement of Condition at the Close of Business July 12, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts		$ 214,215 16
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		19,540 46
U. S. Bonds		15,500 00
Due from other banks	$ 40,961.18	
" " U. S. Treasury	675.00	
Cash on Hand	21,210.75—	62,846 93
		$ 312,102 55

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$ 60,000 00
Surplus Fund	30,000 00
Undivided profits	2,373 80
Circulation	13,500 00
Deposits	206,228 72
	$ 312,102 55

Business Cards.

J. N. KILIAN,
DEUTCHER ADVOKAT,
Office over Columbus State Bank, Columbus, Nebraska. 29

ALBERT & REEDER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office over First National Bank, Columbus, Nebraska. 50-tf

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