The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXIV.--NUMBER 50. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 1,246.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

Chadron has an athletic club.

Nebraska City reports a scarcity of houses for rent.

Columbus proposes to build two new school houses this year.

Republicans of Hastings have nominated a banker for mayor.

The salvation army in Nebraska last week observed a week of prayer.

Nuckolls county district court has adjourned after disposing of about forty cases.

Will Carlisle, a machinist, of Wahoo, took a header off his bicycle and broke his arm.

An effort is being made to locate the man who set fire to the court house at Aurora.

The people of Stella are determined to suppress the illegal sale of liquor in the town.

Ex-Gov. Chase of Indiana is to lecture in Tekamah on "Mexico and the Mexicans" and on the "Grand Army."

Jasper Luebben of Milford had his right leg broken below the knee while cultivating oats on his father's farm.

The house and barn of A. E. Cross, near Gering, with all their contents, including a span of mules, were burned.

E. A. Rudiger, of Nebraska City, has secured the contract for constructing the Auburn water works. His bid was $15,400.

Mrs. Spohn of Omaha is suing a gambling establishment for money lost by her husband in the institution. She wants $1,500.

Emma Bleck, a very small girl of Grand Island, while playing with a hatchet severed one of her fingers at the second joint.

The Boyd County bank at Spencer, filed its articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. It has a capital of $50,000.

The Clay Center Building and Loan association has received its certificate from the State Banking board authorizing it to commence business.

Fire at O'Neill destroyed the slaughter house, pens and hay belonging to Fred Gatz. The loss is several hundred. This was the second fire in Gatz's property.

C. A. Jackson will answer at the bar of justice in Beaver City for the crime of selling whiskey without having first obtained a license to do so as provided by law.

The grand jury of Nemaha county returned an indictment of murder in the first degree against J. W. Arghright, who recently shot his wife's father near Howe.

The Oxnard beet sugar factory at Grand Island has already contracted for 2,500 acres of beets for this season. Last year at this time only 555 acres had been contracted for.

William Adair of Decatur, aged 17, attempted to draw a shotgun from a boat when the gun was discharged, tearing the flesh from his arms. It will leave him a cripple.

Thieves broke through the back window of Olbeiser's hardware store at Juniata and stole about $200 worth of cutlery, guns, silverware, etc. They were caught at Dorchester.

Burglars forced an entrance to the grocery and merchandise store of John Amiern at Ravin City and the saloon of John Stahlecker and secured about $200 worth of groceries, dry goods and wet goods.

Ex-county Treasurer Gutmer of Howard county is being investigated by State Examiner Nathan Fodria. His accounts have been found short to the state $26,000, also to the county about $3,000.

The next mayor of Kearney, says the Hub, will be a man who will pledge himself publicly and solemnly to ally himself with the homes of the city as against the gambling rooms and the brothels.

Bradshaw, that in 1893 was almost destroyed by a cyclone, is now one of the most prosperous towns in Nebraska. All kinds of business is well represented and trade generally is of a satisfactory character.

At Hastings a writ of habeas corpus was granted commanding Michael Britt to produce in court the body of the unfortunate Mundt, the helpless and aged paralytic, for whose property there is such a scramble.

The canning factory at Nebraska City is enlarging its capacity somewhat, or rather preparing to work at better advantage, and has had one or two buildings of moderate dimensions added to the plant.

J. H. Harley, Lincoln's new postmaster, assumed the duties and responsibilities of his office last week. His deputy is T. S. Allen, a law partner of Congressman Bryan and chairman of the congressional central committee.

Hugh R. Fullerton is in jail in Seward in default of $1,000 bonds on the charge of rape. He was arrested at the instance of his wife, charged with having committed the crime on her daughter, Maud Robins, a girl fourteen years of age.

At Tecumseh Judge Babcock handed down decisions in the district court for Johnson county in ten cases pending against the Tecumseh National bank as successor to the old bank of Russell & Holmes of that city, wherein depositors brought suit on certificates of deposit issued by the old bank and which were dishonored by the new bank. The judge found for the plaintiffs in the ten cases. The amount represented in all of them is about $18,000.

Times are always prosperous when labor and capital are steadily employed. Western goods for western people. Farrell & Co's brand of syrups, jellies, preserves and mince meat: Morse-Coe boots and shoes for men, women and children; Consolidated Coffee Co.'s brand of coffee, extracts and yeast; Page Soap Co.'s Silver Leaf and Borax soap; American Biscuit & Manufacturing Co., Omaha, crackers.

TEN years ago The Home Fire Insurance company, of Omaha, began business with one hundred thousand dollars capital, and has issued over eighty-five thousand policies, insuring over sixty millions of property, and received over one million dollars in premiums, paid over two thousand five hundred losses to the people of Nebraska, and now has assets amounting to over three hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, and a net surplus of over fifty-seven thousand dollars, with an average premium income of over five hundred dollars a day. The Home Fire has made a splendid record for the prompt payment of all honest losses, and its conservative management and steadfast aim to merit and receive the confidence and support of the people by conducting its business principles has been rewarded by an abundant patronage and deserved success. It is the oldest and largest state company, and one of the best known doing business in the state, with a large and constantly increasing business.

The $25,000 personal damage action of Henry Michael, Sr., in behalf of Henry Michael, Jr., of Omaha, in which the Union Pacific Railway company and its receivers are the defendants, will be fought out in the federal courts. An order transferring the case has been made.

The masonic fraternity of Falls City recently improved their hall with costly furnishings and now have very fine lodge rooms. To properly commemorate this event five hundred invited guests assembled and enjoyed the hospitality of the lodge.

The Indian is progressive, says the Wakefield Republican. Edward Bearskin drove gaily out of town last week with a washing machine in the rear end of his wagon. Soon Lo will be wearing a biled shirt every day, smoking cigarettes and reading his newspaper.

While oiling the elevator shaft at Nebraska City Wallace Roach, an employe of the starch works, was caught in the machinery and terribly mangled before he could be extricated. His right arm and leg were broken and shoulder dislocated. His recovery is doubtful.

Governor Crounse, Secretary of State Allen and Attorney General Hastings have approved the bonds of the Union Stock Yards bank of South Omaha and the First National bank of Columbus which entitle those institutions to state money under the depository law. The First National bank of Columbus presented a bond in the sum of $50,000.

Lawrence and Lucas, two men claiming to be an engineer and cook respectively, were arranged before Judge Beall at Hastings, charged with burglary, and, pleading guilty, were sentenced to the penitentiary for one year. The two entered a hardware store at Juniata, to get something to eat, they claimed, and stole cutlery to the value of $100.

Gus Head, a Swede, of Cozad was taken to the county jail under $800 bonds, charged with assault upon May Elliott, an 8-year-old girl. Head committed the assault while intoxicated, and was thwarted by the cries of his victim attracting the attention of persons passing, who discovered them in an houthouse, where the fiend had taken the girl by force.

A case of swindling by a clairvoyant has come to light in Omatha. Not long ago a fortune teller visited the house of Mrs. Lizzie Kimp and told her that a sum of money had been buried in the cellar. In order to have the charm work properly the fortune teller must have $100. By a series of such stories the fortue teller obtained over $300 of the credulous woman, whom she seems to have gotten completely in her power.

Eva Houser, a young Lincoln girl who has been bad and wants to continue to be bad, was taken from the station to the Rescue home by two ladies representing the association. The girl was placed in the home last week, but after being supplied with a new outfit ran away. When brought to the station she was given the alternative of going back to Rescue home or going to the county jail for ninety days for vagrancy. She concluded to remain at the home.

Dean Mecker of Table Rock started on horseback Saturday afternoon to notify the patrons of the district school that it would open Monday morning. The horse returned alone. Search was made and the next evening some 200 people gathered at the sound of the school bell, which indicated that the missing boy had been found. The boy left Colonel Thar's place and remembers nothing that occurred afterwards until he awoke next day at the side of the road.

The pay car in charge of Superintendent R. R. Sutherland was wrecked about two miles west of Oconee. The tender and car left the track and turned over in the ditch, the engine remaining on the track and running forward some distance. There were but four occupants of the car, Sutherland, Conductor Compton, Roadmaster Tom Wade and the colored cook. All, except Compton, were more or less bruised, but Sutherland was injured in the back, although the doctors think not seriously.

I. S. Merrick, living a short distance from Brainard, has a shepherd dog that knows his business and strictly attends to it. He turns his horses, cattle or hogs into the stalks and tells the faithful Shep to herd them and the dog will not allow them to leave the field, nor allow others to enter. He will remain with them throughout the entire day and drive them home safely in the evening. The dog will not allow any of the animals to fight and considers himself an arbitrator in all disagreements arising on the farm.

What appears to have been a well organized gang of thieves was last week neatly bagged by the police force. Burglaries and robberies have become so frequent an occurrence during the past month that recently plans were laid to capture the thieves, which resulted in the arrest of James Groat, Lon Carry and Charles Root, on whom suspicion had rested for some time. When their premises were searched about two wagon loads of stolen goods were recovered and identified by numerous citizens as their property.

Gen. Thayer recently gave in Lincoln his lecture on "Leaves from the Unpublished History of General Grant." In 1861, when Lincoln made his call for 300,000 men, one or more regiments were assigned to the other states, but none to Nebraska. The population of the state at that time was 28,000, and General Thayer thought he could raise one full regiment. He accordingly wrote to the war department and asked that one regiment be assigned to Nebraska. This was done and he himself was appointed to command it.

The following is a summary of the business of the building and loan associations of the state for the year ending December 31, 1893: Assets, mortgage loans, $2,804,316.53; loans secured by stock of the association, $300,153.01; real estate $80,195.73; expenses and taxes paid, $102,632.86; cash, $73,461.62; other assets, $292,357.08; total assets for the year, $3,653,096.83. The liabilities were: Capital stock paid up, $2,525,879.92; premiums paid, $443,079.74; interest received, $311,458.95; fines collected, $31,961.86; other liabilities, $140,716.35; total assets, $3,653,83.

When the Capital National bank at Lincoln failed it had a nominal surplus of $27,180, the capital stock was $300,000 and the book liabilities $702,686. The assets as scheduled are: Estimated good, $353,352; doubtful, $174,852; worthless, $413,862; additional items received since date of suspension, $47,827; total assets compounded or sold under the order of the court, $1,500. The nominal value of the remaining assets are computed at $746,672. There have been collected from the assets $214,624, and from the stockholders by assessments, $54,451, making total collections from all sources $269,075.

Charles C. Carlton, sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Aug. Gothman, husband of the woman who later became his wife, and James Blake, Charles Wichlow, who were arrested in Lincoln, charged with robbing the jewelry store of M. Huck in North Bend, and George De Shane, held for bastardy, escaped from the Dodge county jail last week. Charley Carlton had up to a few weeks ago been kept in a cell to himself, but was recently put in with the others, though the court's order was that he should be kept in solitary confinement. He was to have been executed within a few days of this date, but a stay had been granted on an appeal to the supreme court.

WOMAN'S WAY.

Upon her neighbor's hat she gazed
Awhile with look intent,
And in these terms the structure
praised:
"It's grand—magnificent."

Upon Niagara she looked
And to her lover said,
As to his arm her own she hooked
"It's pretty, ain't it, Ned?"
—New York Press.

FORCING A CONSENT

From the French of Ferdinand Beissier, in the Strand Magazine.

"But uncle, I love my cousin!"

"Get out!"

"Give her to me!"

"Don't bother me!"

"It will be my death!"

"Nonsense! you'll console yourself with some other girl."

"Pray——"

My uncle, whose back had been toward me, whirled round, his face red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump.

"Never!" he cried: "Never! Do you hear what I say?"

And as I looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands he went on:

"A pretty husband you look like! without a sou, and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No,' nothing under the sun can make me say 'Yes.'"

I ceased to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong as old fellow as could be found in a day's search. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh and then went on with the furbishing of a big double-handed sword, rusty from point to hilt.

This memorial conversation took place, in fact, in the shop of my maternal uncle, a well-known dealer in antiquities and objetsd'art, 53 Rue des Claquettes, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross"—a perfect museum of curiosities.

Time out of mind the shop had belonged to the Cornuberis. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle—his neighbors said—could not but be the possessor of a nice little fortune. Held in esteem by all, a municipal councillor, impressed by the importance and gravity of his office, short, fat, highly choleric, and headstrong, but at bottom not in the least degree an unkind sort of a man such was my Uncle Cornubert, my only living male relative, who as soon as I left school had elevated me to the dignity of chief and only clerk and shopman of the "Maltese Cross."

But my uncle was not only dealer in antiquities and a municipal councillor—he was yet more, and above all, the father of my cousin Rose, with whom I was naturally in love.

To come back to the point at which I digressed.

Without paying any attention to the sighs which exhaled from my bosom while scouring the rust from my long two-handed sword, my uncle, magnifying glass in hand, was engaged in the examination of a lot of medals which he had purchased that morning. Suddenly he raised his head; 5 o'clock was striking.

"The Council," he cried.

When my uncle pronounced that august word it made a mouthful; for a pin he would have saluted it bareheaded. But this time, after a moment's consideration, he tapped his forehead and added, in a tone of supreme relief:

"No, the sitting does not take place before to-morrow—and I am forgetting that I have to go to the railway station to get the consignment of which I was advised this morning."

Rising from his seat and laying down his glass he called out:

"Rose, give me my cane and hat."

Then turning quickly toward me, he added in a lowered tone and speaking very quickly:

"As to you—don't forget our conversation. If you think you can make me say 'yes,' try!—but I don't think you will succeed. Meanwhile not a word to Rose, or, by St. Barthelemy, my patron of happy memory, I'll instantly kick you out of doors!"

At that moment Rose appeared with my uncle's cane and hat, which she handed to him. He gave her a kiss on the forehead; then, giving me a last but eloquent look hurried from the shop.

I went on scouring my double-handed sword. Rose came quietly toward me.

"What is the matter with my father?" she asked; "he seems to be angry with you."

I looked at her—her eyes were so black, her look so kind, her mouth so rosy, and her teeth so white that I told her all—my love, my suit to her father, and his rough refusal. I could not help it—after all, it was his fault! He was not there; I determined to brave his anger. Besides, there is nobody like timid persons for displaying courage under certain circumstances.

My cousin said nothing; she only held down her eyes—while her cheeks were as red as those of cherries in May.

I checked myself.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked, trembling. "Are you angry with me, Rose?"

She held out to me her hand. On that, my heart seething with audacity, my head on fire, I cried:

"Rose—I swear it! I will be your husband!" And as she shook her head and looked at me sadly, I added: "Oh! I well know that my uncle is self-willed, but I will be more self-willed still; and, since he must be forced to say 'yes,' I will force him to it!"

"But how?" asked Rose.

Ah! how? That was exactly the difficulty. But no matter; I would find a way to surmount it!

At that moment a heavy step resounded in the street. Instinctively we moved away from each other; I returned to my double-handed sword, and Rose, to keep herself in countenance, set to dusting with the corner of her apron a little statuette in its faded red velvet case.

My uncle entered. Surprised at finding us together, he stopped short and looked sharply at us, from one to the other.

We each of us went on bubbling without raising our heads.

"Here, take this," said my uncle, handing me a bulky parcel from under his arm. "A splendid purchase, you'll see."

The subject did not interest me in the least.

I opened the parcel, and from the enveloping paper emerged a steel helmet—but not an ordinary helmet, oh, no!—a superb, a monumental morion, with gorget and pointed visor of strange form. The visor was raised, and I tried to discover what prevented it from being lowered.

"It will not go down—the hinges have got out of order," said my uncle; "but it's a superb piece, and when it has been thoroughly cleaned and touched up will look well—that shall be your to-morrow's job."

"Very good, uncle," I murmured, not daring to raise my eyes to his.

That night on reaching my home I at once went to bed. I was eager to be alone and able to think at my ease. Night brings counsel, it is said, and I had great need that the proverb should prove true. But after lying awake for an hour without receiving any assistance I fell off to sleep and till next morning did nothing but dream the oddest dreams. I saw Rose on her way to church in a strange bridal costume, a fourteenth century cap, three feet high, on her head, but looking prettier than ever; then suddenly the scene changed to moonlight, in which innumerable helmets and pieces of old china were dancing a wild farandola, while my uncle clad in complete armor and with a formidable halberd in his hand conducted the bewildering whirl.

The next day—ah, the next day!—I was no nearer. In vain, with clenched teeth, I scoured the immense helmet brought by my uncle the previous evening—scoured it with such fury as almost to break the iron; not an idea came to me; but I could thing of nothing, of no way of forcing him to give me his daughter.

At 3 o'clock Rose went into the country, whence she was not to return until dinner time in the evening. On the threshold she could only make a sign to me with her hand; my uncle had not left us alone for a single instant. He was not easy in his mind; I could see that by his face. No doubt he had not forgotten our conversation of the previous evening.

I went on rubbing at my helmet.

"You have made it quite bright enough—put it down," said my uncle.

I put it down. The storm was gathering. I could not do better than to allow it to blow over.

But suddenly, as if overtaken by a strange fancy, my uncle took up the great morion and turned and examined it on all sides.

"A handsome piece of armor, there is no doubt about it; but it must have weighed pretty heavily on its wearer's shoulders," he muttered, and, urged by I know not what demon, he clapped it on his head and latched the gorget-piece about his neck.

Struck almost speechless, I watched what he was doing—thinking only how ugly he looked.

Suddenly there was a sharp sound—as if a spring had snapped—and crack!—down fell the visor; and there was my uncle, with his head in an iron cage, gesticulating and swearing like a pagan!

I could contain myself no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter. For my uncle, stumpy, fat and ruddy, presented an irresistibly comic appearance.

Threateningly he came toward me.

"The hinges!—the hinges, fool!" he yelled.

I could not see his face, but I felt that it was red to bursting.

"When you have done laughing, idiot!" he cried.

But the helmet swayed so oddly on his shoulders, his voice came from out it in such strange tones, that the more he gesticulated, the more he yelled and threatened me the louder I laughed.

At that moment the clock of the Hotel de Ville, striking 5, was heard.

"The municipal Council," murmured my uncle in a stifled voice, "Quick! help me off with this beast of a machine! We'll settle our business afterward."

But, suddenly likewise, an idea—a wild, extraordinary idea—came into my head; but then, whoever is madder than a lover? Besides I had no choice of means.

"No!" I replied.

My uncle fell back two paces in terror—and again the enormous helmet wobbled on his shoulders.

"No," I repeated firmly, "I'll not help you out unless you give me the hand of my cousin Rose!"

From the depths of the strangely elongated visor came, not an angry exclamation but a veritable roar. I had "done it"—I had burned my ships!

"If you do not consent to do what I ask of you," I added, "not only will I not help you off with your helmet, but I call in your neighbors, and then go and find the municipal council!"

"You'll end your days on the scaffold!" cried my uncle.

"The hand of Rose?" I repeated. "You told me it would only be by force that you would be made to say yes—say it, or I will call in the neighbors."

The clock was till striking; my uncle raised his arms as if to curse me.

"Decide at once," I cried; "somebody is coming!"

"Well, then—yes," murmured my uncle. "But make haste."

"On your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor!"

The visor gave way, the gorget-piece also, and my uncle's head issued from durance, red as a pot-py.

Just in time. The chemist at the corner, a colleague in the municipal council, entered, thes hop.

"Are you coming?" he asked; "they will be beginning the business without us."

"I'm coming," replied my uncle.

And without looking at me he took up his hat and cane and hurried out.

The next moment all my hopes had vanished. My uncle would surely not forgive me.

At dinner time I took my place at table on his right hand in low spirits, ate little and said nothing.

"It will come with the dessert," I thought.

Rose looked at me and I avoided meeting her eyes. As I had expected, the dessert over, my uncle lit his pipe, raised his head and then——

"Rose—come here."

Rose went to him.

"Do you know what that fellow there asked me to do yesterday?"

I trembled like a leaf, and Rose did the same.

"To give him your hand," he added. "Do you love him?"

Rose cast down her eyes.

"Very well," continued my uncle, "on this side the case is complete. Come here, you."

I approached him.

"Here I am, uncle."

He burst into a hearty laugh.

"Marry her then, donkey—since you love her, and I give her to you."

"Ah— uncle!"

"Ah—dear papa!"

And Rose and I threw ourselves into his arms.

"Very good, very good," he cried, wiping his eyes. "Be happy; that's all I ask."

And in turn he whispered in my ear: "I should have given her to you all the same, you big goose; but—keep the story of the helmet between us two!"

I will give you my word that I have never told it but to Rose, my dear little wife. And, if you ever pass along the Rue des Claquette, No. 53, at the place of honor in the old shop, I'll show you my uncle's helmet, which we would never sell.

Malicious.

Dinah—Mr. Hall proposed and I accepted him last night.

Nina—Of course; I am pleased, as I may say that I made the match.

Dinah—You!

Nina—Yes, you know you've told me hundreds of times you never intended to marry, and I told him that. Vogue.

DESPITE HARD TIMES

ONE CITY WHERE BUSINESS IS GOOD.

A Comparison of Houston's Business With Other Cities of the United States.

[Real Estate and Building Journal.]

The last census gave:

Cleveland, Ohio, a population of	261,353
Houston, Texas, a population of	27,557

For week ending March 10th:

Cleveland did business amounting to	$4,281,913
Houston, Texas, did business amounting to	4,322,060

Cleveland now claims 300,000 and Houston 50,000 population.

Houston does more business every week, with its 50,000 people, than

St. Paul, population	133,896
Denver, Col., population	106,713
Indianapolis, Ind., population	105,436
Allegheny, Pa., population	105,287
Rochester, N. Y., population	133,896
Providence, R. I., population	132,146

There are seventy-six other cities in the different parts of the country, from New England to the extreme west, ranging in population from 30,000 to 100,000, and Houston does from four to six times as much business as any one of them.

Houston had no bank failures and its business during 1893, despite the panic, grew steadily. Its prosperity can be easily accounted for in its fourteen railroads, all trunk lines, water transportation with the world, and the enormous territory of productive country tributary to it, the population of which is on farms producing cotton, corn, wheat, lumber, sugar, fat cattle and wool.

There is no army of unemployed in Texas. The population is agrarian instead of urban.

Business brings population to cities. Houston will not long remain smaller than other cities which do less than one half as much business.

In one month's sales of lots in one of its suburbs, Houston Heights (which by the way has every modern manufacturing or residence advantage of a suburb to any city in the country), the purchasers included people from eleven different states. See this prosperous city of Texas and take advantage of the excursion rates offered April 10th and 24th by the M., K. & T. railroad. One fare for the round trip; and the Rock Island, C., R. & Q. and Santa Fe make a rate a little more than one fare for round trip.

AMUSING TRIFLES.

Boarder—Is this genuine vegetable soup? Waiter—Yes, sir; fourteen carrots fine.

Auntie—It isn't good form to hold your fork in that way. Little Niece—Auntie, do you think it is good form to stare at folks while they are eating?

"Here you are, mum," said the peddler, briskly. "Flowers and music, mum! Sell you anything from a chrysanthemum to a Christmas anthem, mum!"

"I wish you wouldn't be asking me for money all the time," growled the husband. "I'm not, dear," responded the wife, sweetly. "Part of the time is occupied in spending it."

"Have you any faith in patent medicines?" asked the man who never feels well. "I should say I have," replied the man who hustles. "Quickest means in the world for getting rich."

STATISTICS CONCERNING CONSUMPTIVES.

Extract From a Remarkable Document Proving That the Disease is Curable.

The following extracts from statistics compiled by the committee appointed to communicate with patients under the treatment for consumption discovered by Dr. Amick of Cincinnati, offers a new lease of life to thousands:

Fred P. J. Sager of Columbus, O.: Began treatment June 20th, 1893; discontinued it in seven months, cured; received first ten days treatment free.

James A. Downard, Danville, Ind.: Began treatment September, 1893; discontinued four months later; cause of discontinuance, cured; previous duration of the disease, 11 years; received first ten days treatment free.

L. J. Maxwell, Washington, D. C.: Began treatment October, 1893; discontinued December, 1893; cause of discontinuance, cured; duration of disease not stated; received the first ten days treatment free.

Ed Dolin, 63 State street, Utica, N. Y.: Began treatment April, 1893; discontinued June, 1893; cause of discontinuance not stated; present condition much improved; duration of disease, three years.

W. L. Wright, 503 Commercial building, St. Louis: Began treatment February, 1892; discontinued after two months, cured of asthma; previous duration of disease, twenty years.

Mrs. John E. Culger, Laramie, Wyo.; began treatment October, 1895; discontinued in two and a half months; cause of discontinuance, cured; previous duration of disease, two years. Received first ten days treatment free.

James Winslow, Carthage, Ind.; began treatment June, 1892; discontinued May, 1893; cured; previous duration of disease not stated. Received first ten days treatment free.

C. W. Love, Beloit, Wis.; began treatment December, 1892; discontinued ten months later; cause of discontinuance, cured; previous duration of disease, one year. Received the first ten days treatment free.

Mrs. A. Beamer, Lansing, Mich.; began treatment October, 1893; have not discontinued. Cured. No. Noticeable improvement? Yes. Received first ten days treatment free.

Alfred S. DeWitt, Guthrie, Okla.; began treatment May 1, 1892; discontinued in six weeks; cause of discontinuance, cured; duration of disease not stated. Received the first ten days treatment free.

R. G. Shanley, 905 Columbia building, Louisville, Ky.: Began treatment July, 1893; discontinued September, 1893; cause of discontinuance, cured, previous duration of disease, 18 months; received first ten days treatment free.

C. W. Colby, jr., 205 N. Fourth street, St. Louis, Mo.: Began treatment June, 1892; was at death's door; discontinued; cause of discontinuance, not stated; Noticeable improvement? "Decidedly so." Previous duration of disease, three years.

Dora E. Theobald, Biloxie, Miss.: Began treatment February, 1893; discontinued after four months, cured; previous duration of the disease, four years.

The first one hundred siatements report: Cured, forty-six; benefited, fifty-one; no improvement, two; dead; one. Concerning the free treatment referred to the report states: Consumptives everywhere are still given the same opportunity without cost; written application must be made through the family physician.

Only Chalk.

The most useful inventions are frequently the simplest. The father of the famous Sir Robert Peel was a cotton-spinner, in a comparatively small way, until he suddenly went straight ahead of all his competitors. The earliest cotton-spinning machinery gave serious trouble through filaments of cotton adhering to the bobbins, thus involving frequent stoppages to clear the machinery. The wages of the operatives were affected by these delays, but it was noticed that one man in the works always drew full pay. His loom never stopped.

"The onlooker tells me your bobbins are always clean," said Mr. Peel to him one day.

"Ay, they be," said the man, whose name was Dick Ferguson.

"How do you manage it, Dick?"

"Why, you see, Mester Peel, it's sort o' secret! If I tow'd yo' yo'd be as wise as I am."

"That's so," said Peel, smiling in response to Dick's knowing chuckle. "I'd give you something to know. Could you make all the looms work as smoothly as yours?"

"Ivery one of 'em, mester!"

"Well, what shall I give you for your secret, Dick?"

The man smiled and rubbed his chin.

"Well, Dick, what is to be?"

"Come, I'll tell thee," was the reply. "Gi' me a quart of ale ivery day as I'm in the mills, and I'll tell thee all about it."

"Agreed," said the master.

"Well, then," returned Dick, beckoning Mr. Peel to come closer and let him whisper in his ear, "chalk your bobbins!"

That was the entire secret. Machinery was soon invented for chalking the bobbins, and Dick Ferguson was given a pension equal to many daily quarts of beer.

Optical Exaggeration.

Mr. Owen Wister, writing of his experience with "The White Goat and His Country," mentions a circumstance which will perhaps recall to naturalists and hunters some miscalculations of their own. He had traveled across the continent in the hope of killing white goats, and of course he had white goats in his eye.

By ten o'clock the next morning T—— and I saw "three hundred" goats on the mountain opposite where we had climbed. Just here I will risk a generalization. When a trapper tells you he has seen so many hundred head of game, he has not counted them, but he believes what he says.

The goats that T—— and I now looked at were a mile away in an airline, and they seemed numberless. The picture which the white, slightly moving dots made, like mites on a cheese, inclined one to a large estimate of them, since they covered the whole side of a hill.

The more we looked, the more we found; besides the main army there were groups, caucauses, families sitting apart over some discourse too intimate for the general public; and beyond these we could discern single animals, moving, grazing, browsing, lying down.

"There's a hundred thousand goats!" said T——.

"Let's count 'em," I suggested, and we took the glasses. There were thirty-five.

Norwegian Superstition.

The simple faith of the Norwegian peasants is that the seeing or non-seeing of beings of the other world is the mere question of weak or strong nerves. Only, reversing the generally accepted belief, it is the Northman of strong nerves who has power to see the unseen says All the Year Round. And he who sees it fears not. "If you have the grit," says my informant, "you may see dozens and scores of forms pass the door, but you know not what it is to fear alarm."

"There's a ghost on every ship," says the same authority. "My own uncle who saw the unseen from his childood, was married to a woman who did not believe in spirits. One night he asked her to go out with him and she went. 'If I see anything I will call for you,' he said, and she agreed to it. In the dark middle of the night he could see three men walking on the water toward the vessel. He went and called his wife saying:

" 'Look uot now; do you see anything?' "

" 'No,' said his wife. 'I see nothing but the water and the darkness.' "

" 'Well,' said he, 'there are three men there, plain to be seen, and now I'll go and get up the nets, for a storm is surely coming.' "

Two o'clock was the wonted hour for getting up the nets, but wait he would not, in spite of all his wife could say to him.

"'When two o'clock came the nets of all the other fishermen were lost, and their boats were wrecked in a sudden great storm that rose, but my uncle was well out of it, and anchored in safety, because he could read the signs they were all blind to."

A Young Canadian Habitan Boy's Sled.

Among the young habitan boys of the mountainous district of Quebec, Canada, a little sled is used which is so novel and simple in construction, and affords such famous sport on the steep mountain roads, that its introduction to the boy and girl readers will be heartily welcomed. Any boy can construct one in a few moments, and the cost is practically nothing.

A good smooth stave from a barrel having been procured, an upright bank about twelve inches high is securely nailed to it. On the top of this bunk a seat is nailed. This may be also a piece of barrel stave about fifteen inches long. The sled is now complete.

Now for a slide down some hill to begin with. Seated on the bunk seat, both hands holding the ends of the seat and both feet touching the snow to help balance the little craft and to steer it, away you go. Such an exciting run, such fun, so easily guided and controlled, no danger, for a firm pressure of the feet on the snow brings the little craft to a standstill at will, and as it weighs but a pound, it is so easily carried up hill.

I have seen these little sleds used by boys and girls of five or six years of age on the roughest and steepest mountainsides on the snow-crust, and they were always under such perfect control that I never heard of an accident.

Twenty or more of these little crafts can be made from one barrel with a younf of three-inch nails.—Harper's Young People.

At the late jubilee in Carlsbad in honor of Labitzky, the Catholic priest composed a festival hymn, the protestant minister wrote the words and the Jewish synagogue furnished the singers.

THE TRUST AFTER NOTOBAC.

Estimated That a Half Million Tobacco Users Will Be Cured in '94 by the Use of No-to-bac, Causing a Loss of Many Millions of Dollars to Tobacco Manufacturers.

CHICAGO, March 19.—[Special.]—It was reported to-day that a large sum of money had been offered the proprietors of the cure for the tobacco habit called "no-to-bac," which is famous all over the country for its wonderful effect. This offer, it is said was made by parties who desire to take it off the market and stop its sale, because of its injury to the tobacco business. Mr. H. L. Kramer, general manager of the no-tobac business, was interviewed at his office, 45 Randolph street, and when questioned, promptly said:

"No, sir. No-to-bac is not for sale to the tobacco trust. We just refused a half million from other parties for our business. Certainly notobac affects the tobocco business. It will cure over a half million people in 1894, at an average saving of $50, which each would otherwise expended for tobacco, amounts in round figures to twenty-five millions of money. Of course tobacco manufacturers and tobacco dealers' loss is the gain of the party taking notobac. "Does no-to-bac benefit physically? Yes, sir. The majority of our patients report an immediate gain in flesh, and their nicotine saturated systems are cleansed and made vigorous. How is no-to-bac sold? Principally through our traveling agents, we employ over a thousand. It is also sold by druggists wholesale and retail, throughout the United States and Canada. How are patients assured that no-to-bac will affect a cure in their case. We absolutely guarantee three boxes costing $2.50 to cure any case. Failure to cure means the money back. Of course there are failures but they are few, and we can better afford to have the good will of an occasional failure than his money. We publish a little book called 'Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away,' that tells all about no-to-bac, which will be mailed free to anyone desiring it by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., 45-49 Randolph street Chicago.

BITS OF DRIFT.

Students at Yale represent twenty-seven states and six foreign countries.

The largest theater in the world is the Chicago opera house, which covers three acres.

The fashionable cat at the national show in London this year was blue and long haired.

A neatly printed swinging sign over a Philadelphia door reads: "Repearing Kliner and Diang Neatly Done."

The favorite course of study among the Yale students this year is the constitutional history of the United States.

On a French tombstone is the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Mdlle. ——; died April 2, in her 81st year. She never looked her age."

An attachment to typewriters that counts the words as fast as they are formed, and with absolute certainty, has been invented by A. V. Gearhart of Richland Centre, Wis.

Lead colic has been treated most successfully in Paris by administering large doses of olive oil. In chronic cases sixty grammes of oil a day were given with excellent results.

The little villa near Waterloo, where Napoleon planned the historic battle, has been offered for sale by the Belgian architect who has long been the owner of it. It was here, too, that the emperor held his last council of war.

The bank of France has put in circulation notes printed on ramie paper. The notes are of the same form as the old-fashioned ones, but the new paper is lighter and at the same time firmer than the old, and renders a clearer impression, rendering counterfeiting more difficult.

There is church seating capacity in this country for 43,000,000 people. There are 111,036 ministers; this would give to each minister a congregation of 387. Everybody in this country could go to church morning or evening, and one-third of the population could go both times without a single person being forced to stand.

Roscoe Howard of San Diego, Cal., has presented to the Smithsonian institution a white king eagle from Ecuador, where it was captured in the Andes, and said to be the first one of its species ever brought to this country. It is a magnificent looking bird, and, although only six months old, weighs nearly fifty pounds and is about three feet six inches in height.

PRECOCIOUS MUSICIANS.

Rubinstein's first teacher was his mother, and his first concert tour as a virtuoso was made when he was not quite ten years of age.

Bellini was the son of an organist in Catania, in Sicily, and began his musical career by playing on the organ while held in the arms of his father.

Meyerbeer could sing popular melodies at two years of age, at seven he was an accomplished pianist, and at nine was considered the best performer in Berlin.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Yale has recently added a trophy room to its new gymnasium.

American capitalists have begun the operation of a line of steamers on the Orinoco river, Venezuela.

Blast furnaces of to-day which produce five times the amount of iron cost very little more than the furnaces of twenty-five years ago.

An interesting case was finally decided by the Boston supreme court lately. A law was passed not long ago forbidding the sale of trout at certain seasons of the year, the purpose being to protect the natural breeding of this fish in the streams of Massachusetts. Walter S. Gilbert of Plymouth raises trout in an artificial pond on his own land and makes a business of selling them. He thought a law forbidding him to carry on this business at certain seasons must be contrary to the provisions of the constitution which guarantees his property rights, and he fought the prosecution through the lower courts and up to the highest. The supreme court sustained the law.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Columbus - State - Bank!

(Oldest Bank in the State.)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

AND

Makes Loans on Real Estate.

BUYS SIGHT DRAFTS ON

Omaha, Chicago, New York and all Foreign Countries.

SELLS : STEAMSHIP : TICKETS.

BUYS GOOD NOTES

And Helps its Customers when they Need Help.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't.
E. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't.
JOHN STAUFFER, Cashier.
M. BRUGGER. G. W. HULST.

COMMERCIAL BANK

—OF—

COLUMBUS, NEB.,

—HAS AN—

Authorized Capital of - $500,000
Paid in Capital, - 90,000

OFFICERS.

C. H. SHELDON, Pres't.
H. P. H. OEHLRICH, Vice Pres.
CLARK GRAY, Cashier.
DANIEL SCHRAM, Ass't Cash

DIRECTORS.

H. M. WINSLOW, H. P. H. OEHLRICH,
C. H. SHELDON, W. A. McALLISTER,
JONAS WELCH, CARL RIENKE.

STOCKHOLDERS.

S. C. GRAY, J. HENRY WURDEMAN,
GERHARD LOSEKE, HENRY LOSEKE,
CLARK GRAY, GEO. W. GALLEY,
DANIEL SCHRAM, A. F. H. OEHLRICH,
FRANK KOHER, J. P. BECKER ESTATE,
REBECCA BECKER.

Bank of deposit; Interest allowed on time deposits; buy and sell exchange on United States and Europe, and buy and sell available securities. We shall be pleased to receive your business. We solicit your patronage.

—THE—

First National Bank

COLUMBUS, NEB.

OFFICERS.

A. ANDERSON, President. J. H. GALLEY, Vice Pres't.
O. T. ROEN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

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

Statement of the Condition at the Close of Business July 12, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 241,467 57
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures	16,784 90
U. S