

The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXV.—NUMBER 23.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1894.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,271.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

A political glee club has been organized at Beatrice. A democratic weekly paper has been started in Lincoln.

The school year of Beatrice will not open until September 17.

A number of forgeries have been reported in South Omaha.

Independents of Nebraska have established headquarters at Lincoln.

Jim Lee, an Omaha man, was fined \$100 and costs for beating his wife.

G. A. Black of Nebraska City has purchased ground for a memorial hall.

J. H. Hacks & Son raised twenty acres of celery on their farm near Kearney.

The Ashland public schools opened with a greater attendance than in former years.

Rev. John Power has accepted the pastorate of the Congregational church at Kearney.

Managers of the Beatrice cannery factory complain that they cannot get help enough.

Real estate in Beatrice is commanding good prices and considerable of it is changing hands.

Nelson wheelmen have put up \$250 in prizes for the bicycle races to be held there September 20.

The Richardson county fair, at Salsburg, September 15 to 21, offers many premiums in all directions.

The total number of children in Dodge county of school age is 7,333, about equally divided as to sex.

To belong to the Old Settlers' association of Dodge county requires a residence in that county of twenty-eight years.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Nebraska State Firemen's association will be held in Norfolk, commencing January 15.

During a storm the Methodist church at Cambridge was struck by lightning and considerable damage done.

The 4-year-old daughter of Reese Williams of Verdon, was kicked by a horse last week. The skull was fractured and death resulted.

Peter Heesch, living near Grand Island, is hunting for the fellows who stole twenty bushels of potatoes he had laid by against the day of starvation.

Large herds of cattle belonging to John Barr of Lawrence City are affected with granulated sore eyes, and he is puzzled to know the cause of the complaint.

Prof. H. E. Corbett of York will deliver the address before the Seward county teachers' association on September 25 on the subject, "The Teacher of Today."

Rev. P. Sjoholm, D. D., has been elected pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church at Wakefield, to succeed Rev. F. Aurelius. Dr. Sjoholm comes from Forsyth, Minn.

Sheriff Mencke of Washington county returned from Iowa last week with Albert Jay, wanted for criminal assault on a young lady near Fontanelle, Ia. Jay is a farmer and married.

The news of the misfortune that has befallen Maj. J. W. Pearson at Omaha in the loss of his mind, was received with profound sorrow in Nebraska City, where he formerly lived.

An old soldier named Franklin E. Forschick died at the soldiers' home in Grand Island of paralysis. He had a brother in Hammon county, who was present to cheer him in his last hours.

Rev. Henry Fremont met with an accident while coasting down the hill at Waverly Sunday afternoon. The wheel was unaccountably for nearly an hour and had to be taken home in a buggy.

The North Nebraska Methodist conference will convene in Omaha October 4, and continue in session five days, with an anticipated attendance of 175 ministers and delegates from over 100 churches.

The sugar factory at Grand Island discharged all its employees who were employed to clean up preparatory for the coming campaign, and it is believed the company intends to ship beets to Norfolk.

Expert Examiner Dawid reported a shortage of \$2,720 on David Ackerman, ex-clerk of Hall county, who was arrested in 1887. Balance of the investigation is not completed. Ackerman was clerk from 1886 to 1894.

The residue of the assets of the Red Cloud National bank were sold last week by Receiver Dorsey. On their face they amounted to over \$81,000. They were sold in several lots and brought \$75,000.

The three-month-old child of Mr. Wilkinson, of Eagle, was seriously injured by a runaway team. Mrs. Wilson sustains a very severe bruise, while Mr. Wilkinson escaped with a few scratches.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gordon were on a journey from Benkelman to their home at Lawrence city when their child was stricken with an attack of inflammation of the brain and died before they reached their destination.

When the wife of a farming man or farmer buys Nebraska goods, she increases the demand for labor, makes it easier to obtain profitable employment, and makes a better market for the products of the farm. Nebraska made goods are the best in the market. Farrell & Co's brand of syrups, jellies, preserves and mince meat; Morse-Cox boots and shoes for men, women and children; American Hosiery & Manufacturing Co., Omaha; and

J. C. Walters of Harrisburg was shot and killed in Enderly Bros' store at Harrisburg last week. The man who did the shooting was L. E. Enderly, a well known business man of that place and a member of the firm of Enderly Bros. It was during a quarrel that the shooting occurred.

Last week the store and postoffice at Eldorado was entered by burglars, the safe blown open and \$95 in cash and about \$10 worth of stamps taken. Everything in the safe was taken, even the books and papers, but later the books and papers were found in a box cart, scattered over the floor. They also took a lot of cigars.

Prof. J. S. Van Eaton, who was employed as principal of the schools at Ulysses, wanted to throw up the job and accept a like position—which had been offered—at an increased salary. \$1,000 at Salsburg. He was offered a man secured who was willing to work for \$75 a month.

The Holt county board of supervisors met in special session to consider the petition calling for a special election to vote \$100,000 bonds to aid the Nebraska River Irrigation and Power company in building the big irrigation ditch. Irrigation meetings are being held nearly every night in different parts of the county.

E. T. Horn, formerly superintendent at Fremont of the Elkhorn, has been appointed general manager of the Mason & Northern, with headquarters at Mason, Ga. Mr. Horn is well known throughout the west, and was one of the best division superintendents the Elkhorn ever had.

The newly organized Law and Order league held full sway in Columbus last Sunday. Saloons were closed tighter than a drum and no base ball was played. The league proposed to abolish Sunday fishing and hunting.

Last week during the hard rain and thunder storm, the barn of Willard Mack at Fall City, was struck by lightning and consumed and twenty-two tons of hay belonging to John Hossack destroyed. Loss, \$500.

F. E. Merrill, who has been station agent for the Rock Island ever since the first train ran into Pawnee City seven years ago, left last week to assume the duties of agent at Fort Worth, Texas. It is quite a promotion for Mr. Merrill.

George Stohman, a Cass county farmer, slept on a porch outside his house one of these hot nights, and during his slumbers he fell off his perch, sustaining injuries which will compel him to keep to the house for some time.

Willie Dillenbeck, a 10-year-old son of J. S. Dillenbeck, a farmer living four miles east of Milford, attempted to climb a tree that had just been completed. The axe fell back, striking him on the head and making a severe wound.

Lieutenant Donovan arrived in Kearney last week on his way from Fort Russell, Wyo., to Omaha on a bicycle with all equipment for field duty, including tent, arms and ammunition. His object is to test the bicycle for army movements.

During the temporary absence of the sheriff, several of the toughest prisoners confined in the county jail at Blair, on an assault upon a fellow prisoner, and had not the sheriff returned at an opportune moment, murder would probably have been added to the numerous crimes of the assault.

Both saloons at Newcastle were "pulled" by the sheriff on information of J. R. Manning. The saloons were removed to the city, and the sheriff moved all intoxicating liquors from the buildings, consequently nothing but temperance drinks were found. The saloons are running without state license.

The full term of the institute for the feeble minded at Beatrice began last week with 182 pupils in attendance. It is the intention of the management to send four of the pupils to the state fair at Lincoln with benches and other things to make benches, in order to give the public a better understanding of the practical studies carried on at the school.

Secretary Norton has written to Governor Sherman telling him that he has on exhibition some samples of corn which were sent him. These are kept in the office of the Secretary of agriculture at Lincoln. Mr. Norton declared that they each and every one exceptionally stand up for Nebraska, especially as a farming state before all visitors.

At a meeting of the congregation of the M. E. church of Hastings, Dr. F. G. Test was expelled for non-attendance at the services of the church. He had been at the asylum, has been in the drug business in Hastings for the past year, but last week moved to Chicago. He was fully conversant with the fact that he was to be taken by the congregation, but was not much concerned over the outcome.

Dr. Snyder, receiver for the Holt county bank, paid the preferred claims ordered by the supreme court 100 cents on the dollar, and has been ordered to pay a dividend to other depositors. Mr. Snyder has notified some depositors that the same will be paid after September 15. This will put twenty thousand dollars in the hands of the farmers, and it is appreciated by the farmers that vicinity who have suffered loss of crops by drought.

The sixteenth session of the West German conference of the Methodist Episcopal church convened in Clatona last week, with Bishop Thomas Bowman in the chair. Rev. Charles Harms was elected secretary and Rev. W. C. Kraemer treasurer. About one hundred ministers were present. The conference embraces Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and part of Missouri. The colleges at Mt. Pleasant, Ia., and Warrenton, Mo., were represented as in a prosperous condition. The session lasted seven days.

A divorce suit somewhat out of the ordinary has been filed in Otoe county. The plaintiff is James H. Rowe, who lives near Syracuse. He alleges that he married his wife, Susie Rowe, forty years ago and that she deserted him after four years of married life. Twenty years ago he made application for divorce and at that time the evidence in favor of the plaintiff was so strong that the court was prepared to grant it. He never had brighter prospects for corn than at the present time. He feels sure that he will have an average of forty bushels per acre on his ranch. Other farmers declare their corn is good and that they count on from twenty to forty bushels an acre. The fields are absolute failures, there being nothing to harvest but the fodder, but there are also a large number of fields where corn is good.

The trial of the men who had planned to rob a South Omaha brewer emphasized the fact that there are all kinds of ways of making a living. One of the men met the one who informed the others ahead of time and so caused the failure of the scheme, admitted that he had made it a regular business to live to induce other persons to plan robberies and had at an opportune time informed the prospective victim. In this way he not only secured immunity himself, but also as a rule was given a reward by the man who got three months in the county jail.

Chris Meyer, a husky young man from Oshara county, struck Nebraska City with about \$400 last week, and proceeded to fill up on corn juice. He visited various places of more or less respectability, and was finally taken up off the sidewalk, where he lay down to take a nap. He found most of his missing and had a couple of girls arrested, but nothing came of it.

The remains of E. L. Reed, who was killed in a mine at Blaine, Colo., were taken to Weeping Water for interment. The deceased was one of the original founders of Weeping Water and was one of the most widely known men in that country.

A young German named Herman Ott, living near Osmond, visited that place, and after purchasing a load of coal, killed in a mine at Blaine, Colo., where he left for his home he had accumulated a good-sized jag. When a mile and a half south of Osmond he fell from his wagon and the wheels passed over his head, crushing it to a jelly. The body was found by a farmer.

William Blouette, who is suspected of being the assassin of Frank Breitkopf at Oxford, Ia., July, had a preliminary hearing and was placed under heavy bonds to appear at the district court. The authorities believe they have the right man.

A DREAM AND A VISION.



YOU love me, Marguerite! Then, nothing shall prevent us; nothing but death!"

Mark Thornton drew the graceful figure close to his breast, and the golden head rested on his neck. There, while Marguerite's tender lips pressed against his, he felt her heart beat madly—throbbing so wildly with its joy and rapture that it seemed as if it would break.

"Nothing but death," she repeated, lifting her soft, blue eyes to her lover's noble face. "Oh, Mark, pray that we both may have long years to be happy in! The thought of giving you up is more bitter to me than death."

"You need never give me up, my sweetheart!" he returned. "This parting is only for a brief time; then we shall meet again, never to separate while we both shall live. Trust me, Rita; I will be true and faithful—true and faithful!"

She shivered slightly, as though a cold wind was chilling her delicate frame, and clung closer to her lover. She was so frail, this little snowdrop—fair and delicate as a flower. Over her life there hung the shadow of an awful doom, for the deadly blight of consumption had already ventured to touch her fragile body. There were those among her friends who believed that Marguerite Clyde was not long for this world. Her parents had both succumbed to the dread scourge; a brother and sister had also crossed the shadowy sea which washes the shores of eternity; and it had come to be believed, tacitly, that she, too, would eventually be stricken down. She was in a decline, the physician had wisely decided, and must have change of air and scene. A journey to the south of France was prescribed, and a wealthy relative, Mrs. Dallas, had offered to accompany the young invalid thither. So, it was all arranged, and on the morning Marguerite was to sail on the steamship New York. And Mark Thornton was saying good-by to her. All this was hard—litterly hard to let her go so far away from him, and know that they might never meet again; to carry a sad heart in his breast all day, and lie awake at night to grieve over the enforced separation; a feeling of desolation and terrible for expression, except into the young man's breast. If he could only accompany his loved one! But that was impossible. All their future, should she be spared to him, depended upon his efforts. He was working early and late, to make a home—a pretty home—for his darling; and Marguerite would not listen to his proposal to accompany her and Mrs. Dallas.

"No, dear," she had said, gently and decidedly. "I will go with Aunt Dallas; but you must remain at home, and when I come back to you—for I will return, dear—we will be so happy!"

And then Mrs. Dallas appeared upon the scene—a kindly, motherly woman—who insisted that Marguerite

AN EDITOR ON LINCOLN.

Costa Rican Dogs Do Not Do It Naturally.

"They've got the queerest dogs down in Costa Rica you ever heard of," said Henry Coyne of Looming county, Pennsylvania, who spent several years in that tropical country with an engineer corps, to a New York Sun reporter. "When they are grown they are about the size of a shepherd dog, and look as if they were a cross between a wolf and a fox. They are of a light yellow color and slouch along as if they suspected every one they met of having a tin can and intentions of fastening it to their tails. The queerest thing about the Costa Rica dogs is that if they live to be 1,000 years old they can't bark unless they are taught when they are puppies.

"They have to teach these dogs to bark down their throats as some canary birds have to be taught to sing. When the pups are a couple of weeks old the Indians—every person down there is an Indian, so called—take them and either put them with a dog that has learned to bark, so that they can hear him and imitate him by degrees, or bark the lesson to the puppies themselves. The latter is the surest and most satisfactory way to teach a Costa Rican dog to bark, because a dog down there that has mastered the voice that is natural to him, chooses to bark once in six months, and if a puppy doesn't receive lessons in voice culture before he is six months old he will be mute all his life. So the Indians usually make sure that their dogs shall bark by giving the puppies lessons themselves.

"The funny thing about teaching these young dogs that they have a voice is that their instructors can teach them to bark in any tone. The eager puppy will imitate the sound his Indian teacher emits, no matter whether it is a deep bass, a mellow baritone, a plaintive falsetto, or a fiendish shriek or a yell in no tone at all.

"So you can well imagine that a family of Costa Rica dogs trained to sing after the varied methods of their teachers dictate may be able to give a concert on a moonlight night which would startle a stranger when he first heard it.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

That Was Enjoyed by All Paris Save One.

Paris' shaken with a north over the tribulations of a commissary of police, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph. A certain lady went to the Bon Marche the other day and stole a quantity of valueless goods. She was arrested forthwith and turned over to the police. The culprit was invited to dine that evening, and begged the authorities to let her notify her expectant husband, but as the authorities are not tender to thieves they calmly ignored her request. That evening M. Prelat, the police official from the left bank of the Seine, hired a cab and went to the gully woman's rooms.

There he found so many stolen goods that he ramraged through the entire place, and packing all the stolen effects in a big black trunk took her cabman to bid him in taking it down to the carriage. The next morning the gentleman whose dinner was spoiled by the absence of his fair guest called to see what was the matter. He rang and pounded unavailingly, so the concierge produced a pass key, and they both stood agape at the terrible condition of the apartment. The case was plain, a manufacturer, probably an anarchist, had gone in on some pretext; the disorder of the room denoted that she had fought desperately for her life, but she had murdered her husband and still the inventor of the valuable he could find into a missing black trunk.

The friend flew off with cries of despair to notify the police of the quarter of this awful crime. The concierge related the whole affair in a series of curious but interesting and specially expanded into a dense crowd. The police took down the description of the criminal who stole the black trunk and the description of the cabman who drove a white horse, ordered the books changed on the apartment so that no one could enter without the knowledge of the police, and then withdrew with dignity. Half an hour later, while the crowd was still staring at the murdered man's door, a white horse drove up to the door, and the supposed murderer alighted. He was instantly denounced by the irate concierge, and being utterly unconscious of his own supposed crime, he was nearly lynched by the furious mob before he sufficiently realized the situation to produce his police badge. When the crowd respectfully dropped him. The unfeeling commissaire then found himself locked out of the apartment, owing to the precautions of the police, and was forced to send for his colleague to open the door for him. His search for stolen goods was successful, as he netted about \$3,000.

DEHUMANIZED BIOLOGY.

No Other Species Is Thinking About Working for Humankind.

Charles Leade, who said so many wise and philosophic things, said one wise thing which might be written in letters of gold on every flag of humanity. I quote from his memory: "When you go into a room you fancy everybody there is observing and noticing everything about you. But they are not. They are doing just what you are doing—thinking about their own kind and their own offspring. Not for you or yours does any part or organ of any plant or animal exist, but simply and solely for that plant or animal. Each species tries to utilize every species for its own ends, but it never does anything for the sake of the other species—any more than you sow corn or plant lupins out of abstract love for the wheat or apple tree."

And because Darwin says he became the Copernicus of zoology and botany. He decentralized and dehumanized biological conceptions.

No man of science now ever believes, says Grant Allen in the Westminster Designer, that any object in nature is designated placed here for the good of humanity. Man, the last comer upon the scene of earth, found the stage already filled by certain plants and animals, with seeds and fruits and wool and fur that served certain needs in their own economy, and he made what use he could out of them. But not for man did plant or animal make them. Old-fashioned people still ask: "What's the use of such and such a species?" No man of science ever frames that question. Man of science only ask: "Of what use is such an organ or structure to the species that produces it?" And when they have answered the query they have done all that science now warrants them in doing.

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A CASE OF BIG HEAD.

This Baltimore Man Can Not Find a Fat to Fit Him.

A man with a head two feet one and five-eighths inches in circumference is a curiosity, and when Moses Hatis, colored, of Owings Mills, Md., walked into the store of C. R. Bates, Mr. Bates was not a little bit surprised. At first glance Hatis' head looked as if it would fit a 7, but it was an unusual large size, but when it was weighed it was too small.

Then Mr. Bates brought himself up to an order which he had had in his window off and on for over a year, with a placard stating that it would be better to buy one if it would fit. The size was 7 1/2, which is the largest Mr. Bates has sold in all his ten years' experience.

After some search the hat was found and tried on, but to the disgust and astonishment of the storekeeper it was too small. It rested on the back of Hatis' head as a ten-year-old boy's hat would rest on that of an ordinary man. Mr. Bates then measured the man's head and found that it would require a hat 7 1/2 inches. That is twelve sizes larger than the average hat worn by man—Baltimorean.

THE APPARITION.

was making too heavy draughts upon her strength by this interview with her lover, and so contrived to shorten the parting scene.

The next morning the New York steamer out of the harbor with Marguerite and Mrs. Dallas on board, and Mark Thornton waving a last farewell to the two figures standing upon deck.

He watched the vessel until it was out of sight, then turned away, a feeling of sadness lying upon his heart like a stone.

"I shall never see her again, my poor, lost darling," he said, hopelessly. "I feel it now. Oh, Rita! Rita! my heart will break. This parting is more than I can bear!"

But he was a man, with a man's strong heart and capacities for endurance; so he went back to his lonely room and the daily grind of the office, and time dragged by.

A letter came at last from the travelers. It had arrived safely in Southampton, and was to speed by rail to the terminus of their journey. Rita was as well as usual, only very tired and weak. The letter brought a ray of sunlight into his lonely heart, and gave him courage for the future.

Many weeks went by, and at last letters ceased to come. One night, in his sleep, he dreamed that he had seen his loved one lying cold and dead before him—her blue eyes closed forever, the white hands folded. He awoke with a nervous start, to find the corner of the room opposite his bed, brightly illuminated. With a stifled exclamation he started up, and there before him faintly outlined against the wall, a figure was dimly visible. It looked like the figure of a woman; and as he sat with dilated eyes fastened upon the apparent apparition, he was startled by the sound of a voice—a low, sweet voice, sighing upon the silence, like the wail of a wind-harp:

"My beloved, I have come back to you!"

And there in that strange, weird light, he caught a glimpse of a face; a pale, wan face; with an unearthly light upon it, and great, sad blue eyes, and a cloud of sunny hair streaming over graceful shoulders. The face of Marguerite Clyde—the one of his life. Her brilliant eyes, he sprang to his feet, and rushed to the corner of the room where the figure had seemed to be. But it was gone—no trace of any living creature.

His window stood open; he went over to it and leaned upon the sill, and let the cool night breezes fan his troubled brow. She was dead. Rita—his Rita—he felt certain of it. She was dead and her freed spirit had come to him as she had so often declared that she would come to look upon his face once more. Stunned, paralyzed with intense suffering, Mark Thornton sank upon his knees before the open window and prayed for help and comfort. He was weak and nervous, and to his troubled heart the vision appeared so real—the sound of her voice so palpable—that he could not shut out from his heart the conviction that the woman he loved was no more.

All night he walked the floor of his room, and he bawled his heart bleeding with bitter anguish. It was so cruel! He had worked and striven bravely. At home all was ready at last for his darling; and now, right in the moment of his victory when fortune had smiled upon him, and the world seemed fair and cloudless, she must die.

In vain did he reason with the strange superstitious fancy. It had taken root in his mind, and added to the morbid business was a more tangible trouble.

He had not received a letter from Marguerite in many days. It must be true, then, she was dead; and—oh, heaven! how could he ever learn to live without her!

Morning dawned upon as terrible a night as man ever passed through. With the morning came an urgent summons to another city, a business summons. He left on the first train, and ten days elapsed before his return home. All this time he suffered intensely—acutely.

She was dead; he was positive of it. The thought plunged his soul into the blackness of despair.

He returned home at last, and once in his office, the first object that greeted him was a cablegram. He dared not open it—his heart failed him—his hand shook. Pale and trembling he stood looking at the fatal document in his hand, when there was a rap on the office door. His lips quivered, but he opened the door, and a woman entered. He recognized her as a cablegram. He dared not open it—his heart failed him—his hand shook. Pale and trembling he stood looking at the fatal document in his hand, when there was a rap on the office door. His lips quivered, but he opened the door, and a woman entered. He recognized her as a cablegram.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus - State - Bank!

(Oldest Bank in the State.)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

Makes Loans on Real Estate

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Chicago, New York and all Foreign Countries.

SELLS: STRAMSHIP: TICKETS.

BUYS GOOD NOTES

And Helps its Customers when they need Help

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't,
B. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't,
M. BRUGGER, Cashier.

JOHN STAUFFER. G. W. HULSE.

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DIRECTORS:

G. ANDERSON, P. ANDERSON,
JACOB GREEN, HENRY RAJAZZ,
JAMES G. REEDER.

Statement of the Condition at the Close of Business July 15, 1894.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts \$24,467.57

Real Estate Furniture and Fix- 29,000.00

U. S. Bonds 16,284.93

Due from other banks 82,526.31

Cash on Hand 2,867.26 78,439.39

Total \$100,196.36

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock paid in \$60,000.00

Surplus Fund 29,000.00

Undivided profits 4,226.00

Circulation 25,199.36

Total \$100,196.36

LORDS OF CREATION.

Each voter in Hawaii must speak the language fluently and be worth \$1,000.

"Come, ye condemners," was by the famous Irishman, Thomas Moore, and appeared in his sacred songs in 1816. Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

"I saw several cyclone cellars while I was out West," remarked the visitor. "Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Tucker, "who on earth would want to buy a cyclone?"

"Didn't he know how to be honest?"

The oldest members of the French cabinet are M. Dupuy and M. Delesclaux, and they are only 42. The minister of public works is the youngest yet.

Mrs. Banks—Is there any one, dear, you would like to have me marry when you die? Mr. Banks—No, darling; I hold no bitter grudge against any man living.

"Chinner is a great talker, isn't he?"

"He is," "Wouldn't you like to know as much as he knows?" "Well, no, exactly; but I would like to know as much as he thinks he knows."

"Just as I said," first appeared in the "Invalid's Hymn Book" in 1836. It was the work of Charlotte Elliott, who became an invalid in 1821 and remained such until her death in 1871. Jerome Bonanza, a young Russian resident of Harlem, New York, has invented a chemical process by which he says almost any fabric faded to the thickness of an inch can be made bullet-proof.

She—Before I consent to marry you, John, I wish to tell you that people say I have a temper. He—I don't mind that. "You don't?" "No, all you need to do is to take care of it. Don't lose it."

"Why, see that little cloudlet just above the wavelike like a tiny leaflet dancing o'er the scene?"

"O, come, you'll better go out to the pimplet in the back yardlet and soak your little headlet."—Texas siftings.

HENRY GASS.

UNDERTAKER!

Coffins and Metallic Cases!

Repairing of all kinds of Upholstered Goods.

141 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

THE COLUMBIAN JOURNAL

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