

The Columbus Journal

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WHOLE NUMBER 1,311.

A STORY OF JIM.

By Will Lisenbee.

It had been out for four weeks—Jim Parsons and I—and now we were returning to Blue Rock, filled with joy at our good fortune. We had discovered a rich pocket far up among the gulches, which had yielded us a small fortune in yellow nuggets. I had followed us so long that this bit of good fortune seemed good to be real, and more than once I fully expected to awake to find it all a dream. We were friends and schoolmates—Jim and I—and had come West two years before to seek our fortune among the gold-bearing gulches of the great Rocky mountains. Our first day's journey lay across a spur of the foothills that stretched, bleak and barren, toward the blue rim of the southern horizon. Night was already coming down over mountain and valley when we stopped in a small valley, threaded by a silvery stream, which dashed merrily over its rocky beds. As soon as we had eaten a hasty supper, we stretched ourselves on our blankets, and, weary with our day's journey, we quickly fell asleep. The gray of early dawn was just lighting the mountain tops when I awoke, and as I turned to call my partner I was amazed to find that he was gone. I glanced quickly in the direction of where our campfire had been built, fully expecting to see him rekindling the smoldering embers, but he was not there. I got up and drew on my clothes, thinking it strange that he was nowhere to be seen. At the same time my eyes wandered instinctively to the head of our bed, where the sacks containing the precious nuggets had been



I LEAPED UPON HIM.

placed. A single glance showed me that these were also missing. I stood staring about me, stupefied and bewildered. In that brief moment a dreadful suspicion took possession of me—a suspicion that I struggled hard to crush out, but which rapidly grew into a conviction—a suspicion that Jim Parsons had meant to me. It was a terrible shock to me. To lose the little fortune for which I had undergone so many hardships, and which had cost so much toil, was indeed hard, but I think I can truly say that the discovery of the baseness of one whom I had regarded as a true friend, sent a still greater pang to my soul. In the midst of my gloomy reflections I tried to comfort myself with the faint hope that it was only a joke which Jim had played upon me, and that he would soon return; but after an hour had passed this hope died out in my breast, leaving only the conviction that my first suspicions were true. I had no heart to eat breakfast, and after lingering about the place for a couple of hours, I set about for Blue Rock. After traveling some hours I sat down to rest in a deep gully. Near where I sat a small stream leaped over a wall of rocks and fell in a tiny cataract on the rough rocks below. As I sat watching the play of the waters, I suddenly espied what seemed like an opening back of the sheet of water, and on a closer investigation I saw that it was a cavern leading back into the cliff. I had no sooner made the discovery than a resolution to explore it took possession of me. Procuring some torches from a patch of resinous bushes that grew near by, I leaped through the falling stream to the mouth of the cavern. I found myself in a cave of considerable size, and extending back, how far I could not discern. Lighting one of the torches, I began to make my way through the winding passage, which grew wider and more spacious as I advanced. I had traveled but a short distance when I was suddenly startled by the sound of voices, and at the same instant the gleam of a light flashed in the darkness some distance ahead. Uncertain as to who the strangers could be, I quickly extinguished my own torch and crept forward to get a view of the inmates, whoever they might be. Keeping in the shadow of the wall, I now had a view of a large chamber, rudely furnished. In one corner a fire was kindled, and near it sat two evil-looking men of about forty. They were conversing in a spirited manner, punctuating their sentences with frequent draughts from a large black bottle. "I'll tell you what, Jake," said one of the men, "this is about the slickest piece of business we have done since we cracked the drug store at Aspen." "So it is," replied the one called Jake. "How lucky it was that we got away with the swag without any suspicion of the cops either. I say, Mac, we ought to indulge in a regular jubilee when we get back to Blue Rock."

"We will do that, all right," said Mac. "Just take another look at these fellows. It does my eyes good just to give them a squint." With this he took up two heavy bags from the cavern floor and poured out the contents. I started in amazement as I saw the bags, for I instantly recognized them as the ones belonging to Jim and me, and the same that had been taken from the head of our bed the night before. Where, then, was Jim? The thought came to me like a flash. Had he been murdered and carried away by the two robbers while he slept, while I lay all unconscious of what was going on? "They are beautiful, and no mistake," said Jake, taking up one of the largest nuggets and holding it in the light of the fire. "I'll tell you, Mac, we are in luck. You are a genius, and no mistake. That plan of yours was a daisy. How much better it was to knock one of the coves in the head while he was asleep and tumble his body down in the ravine, and get away with the swag without bothering the other, than it would have been to knock 'em both over. The cove that's left, as soon as he wakes, will miss the gold and his partner, and it won't take him long to come to the notion that the other has skipped out with the stuff. That will throw all suspicion off from us and save us the trouble of committing what the newspapers call a 'double murder.'"

As I listened to the words a full realization of the dreadful business came to me. Poor Jim had been murdered then while I slept, and the gold taken, and his body thrown in some deep ravine, to be the food of the mountain vultures. And the thought that I had suspected him of dishonesty gave me a keen pang of remorse. I clutched my heavy forty-five revolver in my hand, feeling that I would be more than justified in sending bullets through the brains of the remorseless villains. "I say, Mac," went on the one called Jake, "suppose we hide this stuff and

take a turn down the gulch and knock over a deer. I am as hungry as a wolf, and our leader is about empty." "That will suit me to a T," responded the other, and, secreting the bags of gold in a corner of the cavern, they came in the direction of where I stood. It was plain that my presence would be discovered, and knowing full well what that would mean to me, I stepped back into a niche in the rocks, clutching my revolver for instant use. I had no plan in view, so sudden had been the turn of affairs, but as they came near I leaped quickly from my place of concealment, and with a quick, heavy blow, sent one of the villains to the floor of the cavern as if he had been a log of wood. Then before the other could realize what was taking place, I leaped upon him, dealing him a blow with my pistol that sent him a senseless heap on the rocky floor. It was the work of but a few moments to securely bind the two. Then, as I disarmed them, I heard a step in the passage, and turning, I stood face to face with Jim Parsons. In a moment he was at my side, and throwing his arms about me, told me of all that had passed since his departure, and begging his forgiveness for the unjust suspicions that had at first assailed me when I discovered his absence. "What else could you have thought under the circumstances?" he said with his old-time smile, pressing my hand warmly. "But fortune is still on our side, old boy." He added, glancing at the two robbers on the floor of the cavern. And then he went on to relate how he had been aroused in the night by some one bending over him, and before he could move, was knocked senseless. When he recovered his consciousness he was lying in a deep ravine, covered with blood. He managed to crawl to a stream of water close by, and after drinking and bathing his wounds, felt much stronger. He then returned to the camp, to find me gone. Not knowing whether I was dead or alive, he set out at once for Blue Rock, with the intention of returning with a posse of men, but as he was descending the slope of the hills he saw me entering the valley, and, arriving at the place, he tracked me into the cavern where we met. As you may well suppose, we were overjoyed at the happy ending of our adventures, and an hour later, the robbers being sufficiently recovered from yesterday, and to start on the journey, we set out, taking them along, as well as the precious nuggets that had come so near costing us our lives. On reaching Blue Rock we turned over the robbers to the proper authorities, and a few days later started on our journey in the East, feeling that we had had enough of the wild life of the prospectors; yet, as we thought of the precious nuggets in our possession, we had no cause to complain. A bird which builds a hanging nest never expects a dead or insecure twig.

WHY THEY WERE DROWNED.

New Cause Assigned for the Disaster to Pharaoh's Heirs.

From Scottish Nights: In a Sunday school in the midlands, one of the teachers, a Hibernian, was more remarkable for his zeal than his learning. On a certain morning he was in the middle of a glowing account of the overthrow of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, when he volunteered to explain the subject more clearly. "Ye see, boys," he remarked, "when the Red Sea parted in the middle the two halves became frozen into solid walls on each side of the Israelites, and they passed over safely. But when the Egyptians came running' after 'em the sea melted and they were all drowned on their 'shopt." The boys forming the Irishman's class glanced at each other, but few of them were convinced. "Ye don't believe it, Johnny?" exclaimed the teacher to one who had loudly expressed his doubts. "Indeed, thin, an' 'pwat part can't ye believe?" "About the ice, sir," answered Johnny. "Well, pwat about the ole?" "I don't think the Red Sea ever did freeze, sir. It's too near the equator." For a moment, and only a moment, the Irishman was at fault. At length he exclaimed triumphantly: "Sure, there was no equator in thin days." This reply, ingenious as it was, failed to satisfy the boys, who soon had the Irishman cornered again. Being obliged to withdraw his former statement, he admitted that the equator must have been there. "Didn't I tell ye," he exclaimed, "that when the Egyptians came the ole melted, and they brought the equator along wid 'em."

Too Much Bait and Worry.

In this age of prosaic active business life, it sometimes seems as though there were not room for any real romance or tender thoughtfulness to creep into a man's mind. There is continual talk of how best to obtain the nimble dollar, and the sentiment is often left in the lurch, overgrown by the moss and lichens of ambition and the desire for worldly prosperity. Of course we are sufficiently womanly and human to appreciate the dainty, tender surroundings that money brings, but we believe we voice all women's thoughts when we declare that we would rather have fewer handsome clothes, less impressive furniture in our homes, and five-cent trolley rides instead of brass bands behind blooded steeds, and sentiment were brought to bear a little more strongly upon our daily lives. The anniversaries of births or of weddings are allowed all too frequently to pass by unheeded, the father or husband actually not knowing that the all-important date from a woman's standpoint is any different from others that mark only the rise or fall of certain stocks in which he is interested. If, but, oh! there looms up such a gulf of natural impossibility after that we word of two letters—if men could only be made to understand that a bunch of flowers given in remembrance of a birthday or a wedding anniversary means more to a woman than a seal-skin coat or a diamond pendant, bestowed when business is particularly flourishing, then, perhaps, they would try right hard to acquire what seems absolutely unattainable to them at all. To a woman there is so much in the memory of the past. She dwells upon it, lives in it, and wonders why it does not appeal so utterly and entirely to her husband or lover as it does to her. We women are really very silly about some things, but it is our nature to cherish sweet recollections and to feel touched by the thoughtfulness that plans some little festivity on the anniversary of an occasion which we mark in our lives. We do not demand much. No great gifts are coveted, no marvelous entertainment desired, but a gift breathing forth the sentiment with which we are filled, no matter how humble it may be, seems sweeter to us than the royal robes of kings or queens. If it were not for this secret to the great world of married men, who, though wedded, do not understand women, we would do more toward bringing happiness into domestic life than will ever be accomplished by crusades or public movements of any sort.

Wars Won Last Long.

Captain James, in an address before the Royal United Service institution in London, declared that modern military development would inevitably shorten the period of war. Moreover, he asserted, while at the actual point of battle, the destruction would be vastly increased, the aggregate loss of men in an entire war would be really reduced by the improved means of treating the wounded.

MORE OR LESS HUMOROUS.

"I suppose that you have forgotten your house No. 10," said Phillips severely. "No, I haven't," retorted Wilbur. "I mean to have done so. Give me time, old man, and I will."—Harpur's Bazar. "Knickerbockers?" she said; "why not? I have a perfect right." "And the left?" one asked her, hesitatingly. But she preserved a dignified silence, deeming the question in the nature of a personality.—Indianapolis Journal. Little Clarence (who reads and profits thereby): "Pa?" Mr. Callipers: "Well, my son? That it takes about ten times as much identification to cash a check as it does to get lynched?"—Puck. "Baptiste!" "Monsieur!" "You are getting careless, my boy." "Oh, monsieur!" "I assure you—" "I left a half-franc piece in my waistcoat pocket yesterday, and it is there yet."—La Petit Parisien. So! Slingshot: "If we keep a sharp lookout over safe on dat last job." Sam Sandbag: "Dat's all right. De gang's pipin' the whole detective bureau." So! Slingshot (contemptuously): "Rats on de bureau! Keep yer eye peeled fer reporters."—New York Herald. "Wonderfully active old fellow, that man Binks," said De Elf; "he told me that his legs were so limber he could kick himself in the back. I couldn't do that—and I'm half his age." "You don't need to," said Hawkins; "almost anybody would be glad to do it for ye."

WALES AS HER GUEST.

AMERICAN WIDOW GIVES HIM A DINNER AT HOMBURG.

Prince Tells What He Wants to Eat and Drink and Selects the Goods for the Occasion—Leaves Out the Mother of His Hostesses.

IT IS NOT NECESSARILY expensive to give a dinner to the Prince of Wales. The friends of a young American widow who has received much attention from the Prince at Homburg and England in the last two years are telling of a dinner which she gave last summer to him at the Germin watering place. There were five persons at the dinner, and it cost only \$60. The widow is well known in New York and Boston society. She is tall, slender, and remarkably handsome. About four years ago she married a wealthy Boston architect. She and her mother have been seen frequently in Central Park on bicycles. Her husband died about a year after their marriage, and left her nearly a million dollars. Before their marriage she had met the Prince at an English country house where she was visiting, and since her widowhood she has retained his warm friendship. Her acquaintance with him began through the admiration his eldest son showed for her long before being engaged to Princess Mary. The Duke of Clarence was a frequent visitor at some of the country houses where the beautiful American girl was sojourned, and spoke to his father about her. The latter did not disguise his ad-

AMONG THE APACHE INDIANS.



APACHE GIRL WITH CARRYING BASKET.

Capt. Berkeley Macaulay, U. S. A., the post surgeon at Fort Apache, Arizona, has recently sent to the museum of the University of Pennsylvania some highly interesting objects, collected by him from the famous White Mountain Apaches in the vicinity of the fort. An expert photographer, he has made pictures of the Indians, showing the specimens sent by him in actual use. Of all the surviving tribes there are few more primitive than these people. Contact with the whites, however, is modifying their habits, and they are

also rapidly diminishing in number, so that Capt. Macaulay's collections, with his admirable photographs, are of peculiar interest among other objects in a large museum store. A photograph represents an old Indian woman at work on the prairie kneeling over this identical stone. The flour she was grinding yet adheres to the rounded pebble she used as a mano or rubbing stone. The carrying basket still survives among these Indians, and the one sent to the museum is of fine braided grass, with ornamental designs and a graceful fringe of buckskin. A picture shows a not unbecoming Apache girl carrying this basket by a buckskin band that passes across her forehead. The same basket is seen in a picture of a group of Indian women and children, one with a baby strapped in its cradle basket, of which a practical model is included among the specimens. The pictures above presented are from a group printed some time ago in the New York World. That paper secured the lot from Captain Macaulay.

period he fell overboard no less than fourteen times, the last time being saved only by a miracle. It was a dark, stormy night, and Garfield, who had been promoted from the township, had been called to man a line which was to steady the boat into a lock. In the darkness he tripped and went overboard. He was the only person on deck, so nobody witnessed the affair. The youth struck out and suddenly his hand touched a rope that was trailing astern. Fortunately the rope had a kink in it, which had got jammed in the wave pipe, and the enabled the boy to climb to the deck hand over hand. But his wetting gave him a severe cold, which took such threatening proportions that he had to go home and be nursed through a long illness. During his mother never ceased to pray that her son might be preserved to achieve greater things than could come from a sailor's life, and God answered her prayers. When the young man recovered he showed no desire to go back to his canal boat occupation, but willingly accepted the advice of his mother and friends to enter upon the course of study which eventuated in one of the most remarkable careers in American history.

Japanese Printers. The Japanese are great newspaper readers. There are now fifty daily journals published in Tokio alone, although the first Japanese newspaper only appeared a quarter of a century ago. It is no joke to set the type of a native journal in the mikado's kingdom. Instead of a comparatively few characters, as in England, a Japanese printer's case contains nearly 4,000 different types. Each compositor is assisted by several boys, who run about the composing room calling out the names of each piece of type required in turn. Further, each compositor must set the whole of an article, as the lines of each column read downward, not across the paper.

Saloon-Keepers' Harvest. A great manufacturing company in Massachusetts recently paid their workers on Saturday evening \$10 bills, each bill being marked. By the following Tuesday 410 of these bills were deposited in the bank by the saloon keepers of the town. Four thousand and one hundred dollars had passed from the hands of the workers on Saturday night and Sunday and left them nothing to show for this great sum of money but headaches and poverty in their homes.

MADE HIM PRESIDENT.

Gen. James A. Garfield's Fall Off a Canal Boat.

It was tumbling overboard from a canal boat and a miraculous escape by clinging up a rope that changed the destiny of James A. Garfield, twentieth president of the United States, says William M. Thayer's book, "The man who knew Lincoln," like Lincoln, was born amid distressing poverty. His father died when he was 18 months old, leaving, besides himself, three other children for the impoverished widow to support and rear. At an early age he was compelled to work at the humblest toil to provide food and clothing for the family. He engaged in various occupations that a boy could find, and finally, when about 16 years old, he conceived an overwhelming desire to become a sailor. This his mother would not listen to, and long and frequent were the controversies on the subject. Finally he was so importunate that his mother, from a pure sense of weariness, consented that he make one voyage on the lakes, believing that one voyage, with its kicks and cuffs and attendant hardships, would cure her son of his nautical ambition. Young Garfield thereupon went to Cleveland and sought to enlist on a lake vessel. In this, to his great disappointment, he was unsuccessful. But he did find a semi-nautical berth as a driver of mules on the canal boat Evening Star, commanded by his cousin, Capt. Amos Letcher. He remained at this work two months and was very efficient. During this

SWEPT THROUGH A GORGE.

Terrible Experience of Two Army Engineers in the Black Canyon.

Lieutenants Davis and Potter of the United States Army, with their guides, Barney Weaver and John Goldy, arrived at Yuma recently by boat from Needles. The army officers had been assigned the duty of inspecting the river from Black canyon to Yuma, with a view to improving the navigation. They met with nothing of any interest from Needles northward, but on the first part of their trip they had excitement and danger enough to last them the rest of their lives says the San Francisco Call. Their boat, which weighed 550 pounds, was sent by rail to Peach Springs and from there by wagon twenty-two miles to Diamond Creek. This is 200 miles further up the river than required for their purpose, but they wanted to see some of the scenery of Grand canyon. The boat, supplies and men had to be lowered with ropes down the sides of the canyon. The discovery was at once made that the boat was not adapted for the voyage, being a keel boat, narrow and heavy. In a short time the craft became utterly unmanageable and every moment threatened them with death. They were bumped on rocks, thrown against the sides of the canyon, drenched with spray and shot through gorges with the rapidity of an express train. With salvation out of their sight there was apparently nothing but certain death ahead of them. Above rose the perpendicular walls of the canyon thousands of feet. Still the boat kept in the water for seventeen terrible miles, when a rocky rapid was reached. Quick as lightning the boat was tossed bottom upward, rolled over and finally crushed to pieces. The four men struggled to save their lives. It was useless to try to save anything else. But, strangely, none of them was hurt and they reached a place of safety. At once their dangerous situation forced itself

CURIOS.

Italy has more theaters than any other country in Europe. With a population of hardly 2,500,000, Greece has a debt of \$2,000,000, or about \$15 per capita. Potassium, the basis of many medicines, was discovered in 1817 by Sir Humphrey Davy. Persons born in spring are said to have a more robust constitution than those born at other seasons. Alcohol is first distinguished as an elementary substance by Albucazin in the twelfth century. Nux vomica is prepared from the seeds of a tree that grows in abundance in India, the East Indies and Ceylon. A refreshing drink for invalids is made by pouring one pint of boiling water over three apples, sliced oranges. When cold sweeten to taste and add a bit of ice. In consequence of a pure water supply being provided in Indian towns the death rate among the British troops stationed there has been reduced from 60 to 15 per 1,000 since 1855. Muffs were adopted by women after these articles were made in the time of the use of doctors to keep their fingers warm and soft while going from the house of one patient to that of another. In Valparaiso there are women conductors of the street cars, who collect the fares and talk back with great energy to female passengers who complain about the neglect and incompetence of the company's employees.

STATISTICS.

There are 47 papers and magazines in this country managed or edited by women. In France the sexes are almost exactly balanced, there being 1,004 women to 1,000 men. The invention of the typewriter has brought employment to half a million of women. According to the most reliable estimates the world contains today 250,000,000 of the women of this country. Wyoming has the smallest female population, 21,352; New York the largest, 3,020,960. There are said to be 526 lady physicians practicing medicine in the cities of the United States. According to the last census, the number of women above the age of 18 in Russia is 22,200,000. The average height of 1,000 French women is 5 feet 1 1/2 inches; of 1,000 Russian women 5 feet 2 1/2 inches. A competent authority declares that over 1,000,000 of the women of this country earn their own living. In all Christian countries the number of females who attend the churches is far greater than that of the men. An authority on anthropology says that the ears of women are set further forward on the head than those of men.

The Pace That Kills.

Fast Work and Fast Eating Make Three Score Years and Ten a Rippe Old Age in Some Cases. (From the Cincinnati Enquirer.) The American people live too fast, eat too fast and drink too fast. This is a fact that is being recognized by the great world and other people ought to know their virtues as a medicine in stomachic ailments. Investigation and chemical analysis to discover such compounds as will help those suffering from such ailments as Pink Pills for Pale People, which has taken very high rank as a specific remedy. H. P. Owens, a traveling man thirty years of age, who is well known in this community and generally liked because he is a bright, energetic young fellow, residing with his mother at 202 Central Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. He has been a victim of dyspepsia which took the form of constant constipation, and, finally, he found his mother suffered from the same trouble. He is in a most cautious way, and said to the Enquirer reporter: "I am glad to say anything I can for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they did me great good, and other people ought to know their virtues as a medicine in stomachic ailments. It was some time ago when I felt a heavy feeling in my stomach, and I grew very constipated. I did not consult a doctor, but I tried to make my own medicine. I bought a box of them. In two or three days the heavy feeling in my stomach disappeared. I did not know what it was, but I did not have to use more than a box of them before I was well. Since that time I have not had any trouble with my stomach, and I never get worried, because I know just what to do. Mother was very much surprised, and she said to me: 'Pink Pills did the same for her that they did for me—cured her, didn't they, mother?' When asked to give his opinion of the wonderful remedy, he replied: 'That is right. I found it was a great medicine, so easy to take and so quick and lasting in its results. I believe that these pills are also good for nervousness, and for all the ailments that are connected with the dyspepsia. The Pink Pills were all that I needed. You can make any use of this testimonial you see fit.' H. P. Owens has occupied several positions of trust in his career. He was for a time an employee of the Commercial-Graphic. He will go on the road in a few days for a prominent business house here. Mrs. Owens is quite as enthusiastic as her son about the Pink Pills and her host of lady friends can verify her opinion of the wonderful remedy if they feel disposed to do so at any time. Where the testimony is so general and so true to the excellent qualities of Pink Pills as the Enquirer has found it to be there is certainly good reason to believe that the medicine is of the safe and simple remedy. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

VAGRANT NOTES.

The Marlborough muff is the latest. Smaller sleeves are seen on swell gowns. Some people mistake contrariness for originality. Opera costumes are this year repudiated with spangles. Be sure and have a few gorgeous buttons on your new frock. A Dresden clock adds much to the beauty of my lady's boudoir. The smaller the faint the more clothes it wears. Ermine trimmed cloaks and high bonnets are marks of distinction. Taste in confectionery has changed. The French variety is not in as great demand as the more ordinary molasses confections. The French dolls have grown to such formidable size that it is no wonder the live baby looks somewhat agast at a gift that overshadows her in height.

THE OLD MELLANES.

Columbus - State - Bank

Capital Paid in - \$500,000

Authorized Capital of - \$500,000

Paid in Capital, - 90,000

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

LEONARD GERRARD, Pres't,

R. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't,

M. BRUGGER, Cashier,

JOHN STAUFFER, Wm. BUCHER.

COMMERCIAL BANK

COLUMBUS, NEB.,

Authorized Capital of - \$500,000

Paid in Capital, - 90,000

OFFICERS:

H. P. OWENS, Pres't,

CLARE GRAY, Cashier,

DANIEL SCHRAM, Asst. Cash

DIRECTORS:

H. M. WINDLOW, U. P. H. OBERLIND,

C. H. SHELTON, W. A. McALLISTER,

JONAS WELCH, CARL KIEBER,

STOCKHOLDERS:

S. C. GRAY, J. HENRY WERDEMAN,

GERRARD LOEBER, HENRY LOSSER,

CLARE GRAY, DANIEL SCHRAM,

FRANK ROEHL, A. F. H. OBERLIND,

FRANK ROEHL, J. P. BRUCKER BEATTY,

KEBERCA BECKER.

Branch of Deposits Interest allowed on time deposits; buy and sell exchange on all States and Europe; and buy and sell all available securities; also the solicitor for your business. We protect your property.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

Fast Work and Fast Eating Make Three Score Years and Ten a Rippe Old Age in Some Cases.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

The American people live too fast, eat too fast and drink too fast.

This is a fact that is being recognized by the great world and other people ought to know their virtues as a medicine in stomachic ailments.

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The Century for January, following following upon two special numbers—the Twenty-fifth Anniversary and the Christmas numbers—is not lacking either in individuality or distinction.

The capable and picturesque artistic work of Mr. Castagna would of itself give distinction to any number of a magazine. This month his pencil is applied to the illustration of the first of several separate papers on Rome by E. M. Mariani, a favorite of the artist, gives us "A Kaleidoscope of Rome," setting forth contrasts of the Eternal City, with, so to speak, a reconstruction of the city at the time of the Emperors, and coming down to the Rome of the present day, which he describes with very distinct detail. Mr. Castagna shows the versatility in the reconstruction of the Forum, and the Forum in the days of the Christian martyrs, together with numerous scenes and character-sketches of to-day.

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