

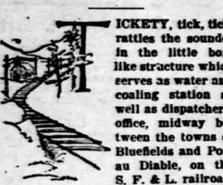
The Columbus Journal

VOLUME XXVII.—NUMBER 25.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,377.

PINETREE SIDING.



ICKETY, tick, tick, rattles the sounder in the little box-like structure which serves as water and cooling station as well as dispatcher's office, midway between the towns of Bluefields and Port au Diabie, on the S. F. & L. railroad.

Overhead the sun pours down in pillars of glare, making the air quiver and swirl in a wavering sort of dance over the straight stretch of track on either side of the station.

Upstairs, in his glass-enclosed cage, the operator sits in his shirt sleeves, mopping the perspiration from his face and neck and gazing moodily at an open letter on the desk in front of him. It is a short letter on the company's paper, and signed by the division superintendent, but its few typewritten lines have had a wonderful effect on the operator. Only a sharp, business-like letter, written by a busy man who cannot afford to waste time on trifles.

"Dear Sir:—Certain details of your previous history, which you thought fit to conceal when you entered the employ of this company, having come to the knowledge of the writer, your services will not be required after Thursday, July 31, when you will receive your pay in full to that date.

Your successor will arrive on the special following No. 6. Very truly yours,

"Division Superintendent."

The 21st! That is to-day, and he has only received the letter an hour ago! So he was to be turned out on the world at a moment's notice, without a chance to prepare himself for the struggle for existence! To be dogged all his life by that one black act of his youth, which had hoped buried forever. It was always the same old story: like Banquo's ghost, it would not down, but, spreading its grisly arms, effectively barred his entrance into the paths of honest competition for what many claim as a right, and which he only asked to be allowed to work for a livelihood.

His ears are ringing and his head burns as though a thousand devils were making a cast of it in molten steel. Even the clatter of the telegraph instrument, which during the long, lonely hours spent in his glass cage, had become like the voice of an old friend, as the train orders and message flashed through the little station, now seem to mock and jeer at him with its ceaseless rattle and tick.

And above all that great dazzling orb continues to blaze down upon the shrinking earth until the verdure on the hillside above and below the station withers and curls, and the glass cage is like an oven.

The operator's head seems to be on fire and his brain throbs so violently that he cannot think at all clearly. There is but one idea around which his mental forces rally and to which his nerves respond—retaliation! And this idea grows upon him irresistibly.

Shall he tamely kiss the foot which kicks him out of a position in which he has ever tried to subvert the interests of his employers and which he now loses through the malice (so he tells himself) of one of the superior subordinates of the company for which they both work, and who uses as a means of satisfying his spite an error committed and expiated twenty years ago? What claim has that error on a life which should be respected by the rest of humanity? Would he not be doing the human race a favor by riding the world of such a travesty on man? The human race! Bah! What did he owe the human race? Had not

START BACK IN HORROR.

the hand of a fellow-man been against him for twenty years? Was he not a parish, one cut off from social communication from his fellows, living, traveling, working under an assumed name, ever endeavoring to obliterate and dispel the old shadow? He had striven to live to the point of view and those few with whom he had been thrown in contact, and who knew naught of his previous history, could cast no aspersions against his character. But to what avail? It was his fate. Surely it had been the every man's hand should be against him to be his—his own hand should be raised against the unforgiving race of Pharisees. And the operator knows that: his present position, albeit his tenors of it is but short, is such as to render such a wholesale declaration of war doubly effective.

Hotter and hotter blazes the sun from an almost white sky, and wilder and wilder glare the eyes of the operator at Pinetree Siding.

Suddenly they happen to rest on a water running close to the glass front of the station, and light up with a gleam that ever, while his working features distort themselves into a malicious grin.

The towns of Bluefields and Port au Diabie are lighted by electric light, the plant being close to the station. Promptly at 5:30 every evening the dynamo are started up, running until 6:30 the next morning. The wires connecting the two points run directly in front of and close to the station at Pinetree Siding, and it is one of these wires which has caught the attention of the operator.

It is now 2:45 in the afternoon, and not a cloud has crossed the face of that hanging ball of fire which threatens to shrivel and scorch to a cinder everything on which its beams rest.

The operator goes over to the window and attaches to the electric-light wire, from a portion of which he carefully removes the insulation, the end of the

INDIANA'S ICE CAVE.

Remarkable Phenomena That Has Not Been Explained.

One of the most remarkable natural phenomena discovered in recent years has just been reported in the south-west corner of Brown county, Indiana, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. It is near the diminutive village of Elkville. At its entrance, which is completely overlapped by the trees, the cold air is plainly perceptible. The winding way leads to a subterranean cavern which is fully fifty feet below the surface. This huge aperture is very like a broad vaulted corridor and is known to the natives as the devil's chamber. The air of this apartment is near the freezing point. It is trembled with glacial rock formations, which reflect the light and sparkle with the brilliancy of countless diamonds. From this point a number of halls lead off in a confusing manner, but the one to the ice vault is evident from the cold blast that comes from it.

The descent to this natural corridor is similar to the rocky decline at the entrance of the cave, but not over a dozen yards within the front from the ice vault is plainly visible and further on it is thick on all sides, like that crust that is formed on the pipes of an ice plant. A little further on the descent entirely ceases and here the walls are frozen hard like the ground in the middle of the winter. Then the narrow way leads to a mammoth chamber and this large natural opening is known as the ice vault. In this great subterranean aperture, which extends fully 100 feet in width, the ice towers in a miniature mountain, appearing like a dozen icebergs heaped together. The front-lined walls and ice-enclosed dome present a frigidness which would bring the shivers to a seasoned Equinoctial. Here the ice stands in a solid mass, extending downward to a depth which would be folly to conjecture.

Some have advanced the theory that the air is forced through under-passages of the earth with such pressure as to make the strange formation. Some have attributed the cause to an underlying bed of alkali, whose chemical change to a gaseous form has produced the phenomenon. Others have thought that the interior heat of the earth, acting upon the iron pyrites, or fool's gold, which largely abounds in this country, is the true source of this unparalleled discovery. Still others think the sudden expansion of carbonic acid gas given off by the heated limestone, which is also common in this country, could have easily produced the ice. But thus far the theories are nothing more than speculation, and further than the fact that the ice cave exists and is, indeed, a remarkable phenomenon none has been able to further determine.

HOW JIMMY GROWS RICH.

Scheme Adopted by an English Boy for Flooding Quinary Theater Goers.

They called him "English Jimmy." He came from London this summer in some unaccountable manner, says the New York Herald. He lives well without working and patronizes a fashionable Bowery tailor. When the theatergoers know him he will be dead, for he is the cause of the match nuisance between the acts. Everybody has encountered his representative. He is the boy who meets you as you come from the theater between acts with a match which the wind will not blow out. You light your cigar or cigarette by it and the small box is thrust into your hands. Then for the first time you glance into the face of the lad. Marks under his eyes show where the tears have dried and stuck the dirt in. His countenance is wistful in the expression of grief which it wears; his cheeks are hollow. You put your hand into your pocket, intending to give him a dime. You look again. You fancy he seems hungry. You give him a quarter. You think you have done a charitable act and your heart swells with pride till you see him work the same game on another man, and then you realize that you have been "done."

"I make \$2 or \$3 some nights," said one of these boys to me, "but half of it has to go to English Jimmy. Why? Because he puts me over the edge. The other day Jimmy comes up an' asks me how much I makes sellin' papers."

"'Bout 75 cents a day," sez I.

"'I'll show you how to make two bones a night," sez he. "'Will yer give me half?"

"'Sure," sez I.

"Then he sprang the match game on me. 'Tain't no work an' it's a good graft. It's a better graft for Jimmy, though. He's steered about twenty boys against the game an' he's makin' piles. He says it's his profit for importin' the scheme from England. I guess dat's right. I ain't kickin'."

Children's Centennial Building.

The children of the state of Tennessee are erecting a building for the centennial exposition, to take place next spring at Nashville, and some very unique ideas are being carried out. All exhibits will be for children and by children, showing children's work. Children's organizations of the whole country are invited to contribute their ideas and valuable specimens of art. Little Miss Lizzie Pearcey, 13 years old, daughter of the United States consul at Colon, suggested a very unique idea which is to be carried out. She proposed writing to every United States consul at foreign ports of the world, over 300 in number, and asking them for some typical toy or doll belonging to that country. Responses have come by scores and the collection of dolls promises to be a most surprising one and of great value. Some very valuable toys have already been received.—Exchange.

To Prevent Rust.

A practical machinist who has found the following mixture very effective in preventing machinery from gathering rust: Melt together one pound of lard and one ounce of gum camphor. Skim the mixture carefully and stir in a sufficient quantity of fine lead to give it a color like iron. After cleaning the machinery thoroughly smear it with this mixture, and allow it to remain thus for twenty-four hours. Then go over it with a soft cloth, rubbing it clean. Treated thus machinery often retains its brightness for several months. Bicycle riders would find this preparation of value.

An Ideal Antiseptic.

Hermetine, or electrolyzed salt water, besides its use as a disinfectant for sewerage, is now employed as an antiseptic in Paris hospitals. Dr. Proger, chief surgeon of the Deaf and Dumb Children's asylum at Asnières, recently told the Academie de Medicine, as the result of long experiments that "the electrolyzed saline water is neither caustic nor irritating; it may be applied to the mucous membrane as to the skin; it instantly removes all the odors; it kills microbes more effectually and rapidly than any other antiseptic; it cleanses and heals fetid wounds and ulcers, and hastens healing; it is an ideal antiseptic. Consequently, it appears to me of the utmost importance to make it known, and to draw attention to all the applications that it may be put to, both from a domestic point of view for deodorizing and cleaning and from a medicinal point of view as an antiseptic and healer par excellence." Dr. Proger used hermetine with success in cases of angina, coryza and incipient diphtheria as well.

Change of Speech.

The speech of the aborigines of Africa changes with almost every generation.

While in England potatoes are grown almost entirely as an excellent food, about 4,000,000 tons are annually used in France in the manufacture of starch and alcohol.

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"AUNT" WRITES ONE.

THE REAL LABOR FALLS UPON HER MISTRESS.

Amusement Tried to Be Truthful—But the Clock and the Message to the Granddaughter Are Confusing—Ends with a Sigh.

UNT'Y crossed the floor with her heavy, plantation tread and set the clock down on the mantel, says a writer in the Chicago Daily News.

She kept company with old cronies and carried any and every kind of self in her pocket, but now for many years, on account of some obscure derangement, it had been retired to humble society.

"The clock doctor, he say she all right, now, an' just as magnum as she ever were; only you'll just have ter wind her up, please, ma'am," said Aunt.

The mistress cheerfully arose and essayed the novel task.

The key turned in its place with infinite difficulty, as if it dragged after it the whole weight of the unwilling gears and there was a strange groaning and creaking within and a convulsive shudder of the whole machinery and framework. But it began to tick and the hands began to move.

Aunt surveyed it with awe and delight.

"She goes tribulatin' along as pert

er give one," said Aunt, interrupting her dressing routine.

The scribe looked up in bewilderment. Aunt's eyes were fixed distantly on the clock.

"Didn't you hear her strikin'?"

"No. Never mind the clock now, Aunt."

"He said she were all right," murmured Aunt, sadly.

"We will consult him again if she is not, but now we must write the letter if you want it to go in the next mail."

"I done want it ter go powerful bad."

"Well, then, what act?"

"I am well and doing well at present, but I have had mighty pore health this winter. Be a good girl an' don't forget your pore ole grandmother." If her father don't let her come up here 'fore long I'm gwine down there."

The scribe caught her breath and drew her pen through a line and a half.

"What you do that fer?" complained Aunt.

"Never mind. Go on."

"You worries me so, scratchin' out the writin', I done forget. Oh! 'Wont' you please let my granddaughter come up an' see me, if it's only for a day? That's fer her father," said Aunt.

The writer paused.

"If I'd listen at her Aunt Lulu I shouldn't never have let her go with him. Tell her I'm comin' down ter see her. He beats her with his crutch and don't give her nothin'." Don't think hard o' me 'cause I didn't send you anythin' Christmas. I was away from home two months water-bound."

The mistress laid down her pen.

"Oh, Aunt, what a story!"

"It's jest ter satisfy her, honey, so she won't think hard o' me. Tell her

her, but he needn't have come at it that reverent way."

"What name shall I write on the outside?"

"Rev. Jim Brown."

"But, Aunt, it's for your grand-daughter."

"He gets the letters an' he'll know who it's fer. And now there's another one an' it's to the Rev. Jim Brown. An' then if you ain't anythin' particler to do, I'd like ter have you write ter my daughter out on Ticklaw, please, ma'am."

Two hours later the amanuensis laid down her pen with a long sigh of relief.

The Original of Mr. Casabon.

Many years ago Frederick W. Myers, in an article on George Eliot, told us how once, when he called upon that great woman and George Lewes, he found the couple vastly amused over the portrait of the pedantic, capricious and jealous Mr. Casabon had been drawn from Lewes.

"But whom did you draw it from?" asked Mr. Myers.

Mrs. Lewes pointed solemnly to her own breast and said: "From myself."

This old story is brought to mind by a paragraph in Mrs. Annie Field's "Days with Mrs. Stowe." In the current Atlantic Monthly, from which we identified Lewes with Casabon.

In the summer of 1863 Mrs. Field called upon George Eliot at her home in St. John's Wood, in London. The novelist expressed the great love and admiration which she felt for her American contemporary. "Many let me and passed between Mrs. Stowe and herself and she confided to me her amusement at a fancy Mrs. Stowe had taken that Casabon in 'Middlemarch' Lewes. Mrs. Stowe took it as entirely even. Mrs. Stowe took it as entirely even for granted in her letters that it was impossible to disprove her mind of the illusion. Evidently it was the source of much harmless amusement at St. John's Wood."

Had Never Heard of Him Before.

"A new slang phrase is picked up and worn out in a day in the great cities of this country," said a commercial traveler, "but sometimes years elapse before they are ever heard in rural districts. I was sidetracked in a small mining camp in southern Oregon a few days ago and was playing freecost with some of the natives. In the course of events I got three tens and made a small bet. A big, red-shirted hoodler opposite raised me. I raised him back, and he came back at me with another raise.

"Well, I'll have to call you, 'My name is mud.'"

"He raised up from his chair, seized my hand in his big paw and shaking it enthusiastically, said in all seriousness:

"'Glad to know you, Mr. Mud. My name is Jenkins.'"—San Francisco Post.

Outside the Park.

"That boy of yours has put himself outside the pale of civilization."

"Gracious. What has he done now?"

"He is up the alley emptying the pail of beer he sent him after."—Exchange.

NEWSY TRIFLES.

Sixteen out of the eighteen assembly districts of San Francisco have woman suffrage clubs.

The cost of a London four-wheeled cab is from \$350 to \$400, that of a handsome one about \$550.

In Russia the principals in a duel partake of breakfast together before going out to fight.

A flowering plant during its life is said to abstract from the soil 200 times its own weight in water.

It is proposed to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Natal by an exhibition next year.

English radicals are asking for the appointment of public defenders to oppose the public prosecutors.

A forty-four-year-old chancery case has just been decided in England, and there was a little "oney left for the contestants.

The piles of old London bridge, driven 800 years before, were found to be in good condition when the new bridge was erected.

The city attorney of Helena, Mont., warns the council that the indebtedness is over the limit and future contracts will be illegal.

A New Orleans man who rides home on a street car is met every evening by a pet cat, which waits for him at his usual place of alighting.

In Albania the men wear petticoats and the women trousers. The women do all the work and the husbands attend to nothing in particular.

An Oklahoma editor expresses his thanks for a basket of oranges thus: "We have received a basket of oranges from our friend Gus Bradley, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly six inches in diameter."

The Morning Post in 1812 made the following statement: "We congratulate ourselves most on having torn off Cobett's mask and revealed his cloven foot. It was high time that the hydra head of faction should be soundly rapped over the knuckles."

An English lecturer on chemistry said: "One drop of this poison placed on the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest man," and an English lieutenant said that the Royal Niger company wished to kill him to prevent his going up the river until next year.

It was the celebrated Sergt. Arabin who, at the Central Criminal court, informed the prisoner before him that "if there was a clearer case of a man robbing his master that case was this case," and, after passing sentence, concluded: "I, therefore, give you the opportunity of redeeming a character irretrievably lost."

A clergyman at an Eastern town warned his hearers lately "not to walk in a slippery path, lest they be sucked, manstromlike, into its meshes!" The metaphor suggests that of another clergyman who prayed "that the word might be as a nail driven in a sure place, sending its roots downward and its branches upward."

as ever she did. How natchal it does sound!"

"Where did you get such a fine old relic, Aunt?" asked the mistress, noting its points.

"My granddaught'er give her to me arter the surrender. They was all broke up and the ole plantation was sold and they went to N' Orleans ter live. An' now, honey, I'm ready fer de letter if you is."

"Yes, Aunt. Who is the letter for?"

"My granddaught'er. Her mother give her ter me an' I let her go to N' Orleans ter stay with her father. You see, they didn't get along."

"Who, Aunt? Your granddaught'er and her mother?"

"Bless yer heart, no! I means her father an' mother, an' they separated an' he's got another wife an' she's got another husband."

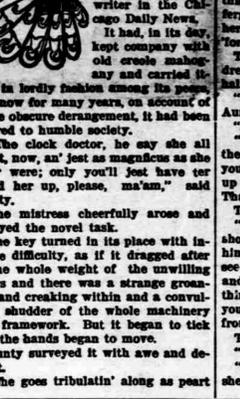
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HIGHER THAN EIFFEL.

From an article entitled "1150 feet Chicago proposes to look down on the rest of the world. A tower which surpasses in height the Eiffel structure of Paris is projected by the citizens of the Windy City, and already land on which to build has been secured and actual work begun. This cloud disturbing structure is the outcome of a patriotic desire by Chicagoans to fly the American flag higher than any other banner in the world. The structure is to be known as the City Tower, and as an attraction it will outrival anything ever before undertaken, except the World's Fair. The base of the tower is to be 325 feet square, and it will occupy an entire city block. At the base, from the four corner supports, each of which is 60 feet square, will rise arches 200 feet across and the same in height.



These arches will support the first landing, which will have 90,000 square feet of flooring, where 22,000 persons can be accommodated at one time. There is a distance of 225 feet from the ground to this first landing. After passing the first landing there is no other landing until one is another 225 feet up in the air. There, at a height of 450 feet, there is to be a platform 150 feet square. This second platform is about as high as the top of the Great Pyramid of Egypt, or the Washington monument. Six hundred and seventy-five feet above the ground is the third landing, far higher than any building in Chicago. At an elevation of 1,000 feet above the earth is the fourth landing, and from these stairs lead up to the very top of the tower.—From the Chicago Dispatch.

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"She give one when she order give twelve an' she give twelve when she

I'm comin' ter see her in a week or two an' to be sure an' look out fer me."

"Now, Aunt, you know I can't spare you in a week or two."

"'Coze I does, an' I ain't a-gwine. But she kin be lookin' out. I wish, I added the kind soul, regretfully, "that I could send her some fruit. But how can I? I don't know anybody gwine there."

"Why, Aunt, there's always lots of fruit in the city market and you can send her a dime or two bits any time in a letter and she can buy some."

"Law sakes! So I kin. Huccomes it you always thinks of everything? That head of yours is plum full all the time," said Aunt, admiringly.

"Is that all, Aunt?"

"Oh, tell her ter be sure ter ax her father ter pray fer me."

"Aunt, I wouldn't. He seems to be a bad fellow."

"But you see, honey, I don't want him ter be mad at me, 'cause nobody don't 'wont' ter let her come an' see me. I don't reckon he aims ter let her come, 'cause he took her away ter keep

THE OLD SALT DOCTOR.

From the World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.

Mr. William C. Hart, formerly known among his friends as "Acquaintance" as "The Old Salt Doctor," is probably the most familiar character in the vicinity of Twenty-fourth and Franklin streets, Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Hart is now a resident of Omaha.

An interesting history of his recovery from a common malady follows: A little over five years ago I became afflicted with a malady, the name of which I do not know. My family had been troubled the same when they arrived at my age, and they said I was on the name road and that there was no cure for me. The symptoms were, dizziness, loss of a memory, and an utter prostration of the nerves. The most notable trouble was a swimming of the head, when I came from a walk or went out standing in the sun or doing any kind of exertion. When I would sit down, my head would swim and everything would dance before my eyes, and I would become so dizzy that I would have to lie down to keep from falling; or if I were sitting down and got up suddenly, everything would whirl before me, and I would have to hold to the chair for some little time; my memory was so poor that it was difficult for me to remember some of my best friends. This state of things continued for about a year, and I was kept getting worse and worse; I could not remember anything, and my head swam before me so that life was really miserable.

On the recommendation of some friends, I went to my druggist, Mr. Shradar, on Twenty-fourth and Clark streets, and got a box of Pink Pills for Pale People, and was entirely relieved. And now, although I am getting on so good as it was forty years ago, it is greatly improved, and is better than many men's memory. I am much younger than I; my dizziness is entirely gone, and my nerves are strong as they were five years ago. I have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it too."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a very condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent by mail, on receipt of the price. Write for a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences M. Ballard presented a memoir describing an analysis of a sample of rice over a century old. He found the rice only slightly deficient in fat.

Though butterflies are often blown out to sea, and have been thought by inexperienced observers to belong to a different species to the ordinary land butterfly, there are none which can be said to live on the sea.

It is reported from Paris, where pneumatic tires have been introduced on some of the cars, that in consequence of the lessened shock to the vehicles the cost of repair has been reduced fifty per cent, to say nothing of the saving to the nerves of passengers and the muscles of horses.

Sir John Lubbock says that the house fly, which produces the sound F, vibrates 30,100 times a minute, or 335 a second, and the bee which makes the sound of A, as many as 25,000, or over 130 a second. On the contrary, a tired bee hums on E, and vibrates its wings only 300 times a second.

The tongue of the cat family is covered with recurring spines. In the common domestic cat these are small, but sufficiently well developed to give the tongue a feeling of roughness. In the lion and tiger the spines are strong enough to enable the animal to tear the skin of a man's hand by licking it.

It has been practicable to propagate sugar cane only by cuttings or their equivalents, and the lack of seedlings has been a difficulty in the way of improvement. From the 200 or 300 varieties experimentally grown in East Java Mr. J. H. Walker has been able to select a few plants that by crossing have given vigorous seedlings, which yield more sugar than the parent plants and promise varieties more profitable than any hitherto known.

SUMMER GIRL.

First, remember that a good voice is as essential to self-possession as good ideas are essential to fluent language. The voice should be carefully trained and developed; a full, clear, flexible voice is one of the surest indications of good breeding.

Second, remember that one may be witty without being popular; voluble without being agreeable; a great talker and yet a great bore.

Third, be sincere. One who habitually sneers at everything will not render himself agreeable to others, but will soon cease to find pleasure in life.

Fourth, be frank. A frank, open countenance and a clear, cheery laugh are worth far more even socially than "pedantry in a stiff cravat."

Fifth, be amiable. You may hide a vindictive nature under a polite exterior for a time, as a cat makes its sharp claws in velvet fur, but the least provocation brings out one as quickly as the other, and ill-natured people are always disliked.

USEFUL HINTS.

When an artery is severed compress above the spurting surface. Blood from the arteries enters the extremities.

Remove insects from the ear with warm water. Never use a probe nor other hard substance for the ear, lest you perforate the drum.

If a fever comes on at evening bathe the feet and wrap in blanket, put warm iron to the feet and give acetic water every hour till the patient is in a "good sweat," then keep well covered.

It is not generally known to farmers that wheat straw is a most valuable food for stock, containing almost as much nourishment as hay.

In 1891 the wheat crop of the world was estimated at 1,157,000,000 bushels, of which the United States raised 612,000,000, or over one-fourth.

In Connecticut the rate of farming land is the most serious form of pest in the production of wheat, being no less than \$6.21 per acre.

The cost of housing wheat after threshing is greater in the New England States than in any other.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus - State - Bank!

(What Bank is the Best?)

Pay Interest on Time Deposits

and

Save Loss on Bad Notes

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

LEONARD GERHARD, Pres't,

B. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't,

M. BRUGGER, Cashier.

JOHN STAUFFER, WM. BUCKNER.

BUY'S GOOD NOTES

and Sells to Customers when they need help

COMMERCIAL BANK

COLUMBUS, NEB.,

Authorized Capital of - \$500,000

Paid in Capital, - 90,000

OFFICERS:

G. H. SHELTON, Pres't,

H. F. H. OELRICHE, Vice Pres't,

DANIEL SCHRAM, Cashier,

FRANK ROEHL, Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS:

G. H. SHELTON, H. F. H. OELRICHE,

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