

The Columbus Journal

VOLUME XXVII.—NUMBER 36.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,388.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Intelligence of the Cockroach.

A writer in the Revue Scientifique, of Paris, says: "DeBout has published a very interesting study of the psychology of lizards, a study that has led him to the conclusion that there exist among these creatures veritable 'sentiments' that we find among all the superior animals; love, friendship, hate, anger, devotion, courage, defiance, jealousy, craft, fear, malice, and even pity."

These very interesting notes recall some observations that I made in 1893, not on a lizard, although a lizard was the subject, but on a cockroach. One of our comrades had brought to the Marcellus Scientific School a lizard, an individual of the genus Lacerta, those great lizards that reach thirty or forty centimetres (twelve or fifteen inches) in length. They are of a beautiful gold, which are so abundant in the south of France. When the lizard was given to us, it had not eaten for several days. I thought that I would collect different insects to feed on, especially some of the cockroaches so numerous in most cellars and in kitchens. The lizard, as may be imagined, did not hesitate to accept this offering, and the terror of the cockroach was great. They cast their eyes with their front, and in the glass case where the saurian was confined. And we could observe in the insects real sentiments—the sentiment of fear: that was not difficult to recognize; it is found also among all animals, perhaps often confined with the instinct of self-preservation; the sentiment of craft; also the sentiment of pity, and as a consequence of this sentiment of pity, the sentiment of devotion and courage.

This lizard was permitted to show the existence of these last sentiments. We had placed in the reptile's glass prison a porcelain cup full of water; we did not see our guest suffer from thirst. Now, in their confined movements, I happened several times that one of the cockroaches rested on the edge of the cup, and in his haste lost his balance. We saw him tumble into the water, almost always on his back. The poor insect then presented a lamentable spectacle, stretched out in the water on his back, terrified by the thought that the lizard was so near him, he waved his six legs in the air despairingly. This accident happened at least five or six times. And each time, without exception, one of the other cockroaches, interrupting their flight, went to the edge of the cup to aid their companion; forgetting their own danger, they actually succeeded in saving him, aiding each other in reaching their unfortunate brother, and always saving the same animal. We tried the experiment several times, and always observed the same facts.

The Californian Sea Lion.

It reports are true we may truthfully call the Californian Sea Lion the champion jumper and climber of all the pin-nipeds in the world. Captain Scammon states that on Santa Barbara Island the old male sea lions are in the habit of climbing to the tops of the bold rocky cliffs that abound on its coast, and lying there for days at a time—to enjoy the scenery, perhaps. What is stranger still, these same lions, when attacked or thoroughly alarmed, will take flying leaps from the tops of those same cliffs into the sea. Captain Scammon relates how he and his crew once cornered a herd of about twenty of these animals, who were collected on the brink of a precipitous cliff, at a height of at least sixty feet above the rocks, which shelved from the beach below. Our men were sure, in their own minds, that by surprising the animals, they could drive them over the cliff. This was easily accomplished, but to our chagrin, when we arrived at the point below where we expected to find the huge beasts disabled or killed, the last animal of the whole rookery was seen plunging into the sea. The Californian sea lion is found only on the coast of California and the peninsula of Lower California, and its two centers of greatest abundance are the Farallone Islands near San Francisco, and Santa Barbara Island. In former years immense numbers were killed for their oil, but that has ceased to be a paying industry. Owing to the fact that they are protected by law, they have become so numerous around the coast of California that they are now a nuisance. They are particularly destructive of valuable food fishes in the bays and harbors, and their voracity is bitterly complained of by the fishermen of San Francisco. Of all pin-nipeds, this species is the most noisy. "Oh, approaching the island or point occupied by a numerous herd," says Captain Scammon, "one first hears their long, plaintive howlings, as if in distress; but when near them the sounds become more excited and accentuated, and the males roar so loudly as to drown the noise of the heaviest surf among the rocks and caverns, and the younger of both sexes roar hoarsely, or send forth sounds like the bleating of sheep, or the barking of dogs. In fact, their tumultuous utterances are beyond description." In the water, the body of this creature appears to be a shiny dark brown, but when the skin is mounted and dried in a museum collection, the hair is of a dirty brown, coarse, very short, and of a brownish-yellow color.

A Wonderful Lizard.

Living specimens of the strange frilled lizard of Australia, scientifically named chlamydosaurus, have recently been transported to England, where photography has most convincingly proved the truth of the legend that these animals, which sometimes attain a length of three feet, are in the habit of running about on their hind legs. The lizards are furnished with a broad fringe or collar around the neck, which lies flat when the animal is threatened. In that case it immediately spreads its fringe like a suddenly opened umbrella, to scare its enemy. When running on its hind legs, with its long tail swinging in the air, it presents an irresistibly funny appearance.

London Market Porters.

There are 400 licensed market porters in London.

ELECTION BONFIRES.

They Are Prohibited in New York, but Blaze on Every Block.

The moment the polls close the liquor-saloons open, but the excessive drunkenness and brawling common in former years are not now. Five or six editions of the newspapers are issued, but have little to tell, for everywhere the clerks are still busily counting the votes. The streets overflow with boys who hardly wait for the earliest darkness to institute their picturesque part of the day's doings. The New York citizen begins to break election laws as soon as he can toddle about the block. Bonfires are strictly prohibited, yet thousands of them red-dened the air and set all the windows aglow before 7 o'clock. Antiquarians inform us that this custom is nothing but a survival in America of the old English celebration of burning Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November, in recollection of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, which the children have transferred to the night of our election day. At any rate for weeks beforehand the lads, large and small, rich and poor, have begged, borrowed or stolen every burnable thing they could lay their hands on, and have kept their treasure as well as their fire, and in the morning they have burned the trash of the neighborhood. There is honor among thieves," they usually persuade some one to let them choose these combustibles in his back yard, or still safer cellar. From hundreds of such repositories the lads bring their treasures, heap them up in the middle of the street, and light off riders until they are safely blazing. Women and children swarm out of no huge tenements and cluster about the scene, where the youngsters are leaping and whooping and waving brands, like the true fire-worshippers they are. "There is honor among thieves," they usually persuade some one to let them choose these combustibles in his back yard, or still safer cellar. From hundreds of such repositories the lads bring their treasures, heap them up in the middle of the street, and light off riders until they are safely blazing. Women and children swarm out of no huge tenements and cluster about the scene, where the youngsters are leaping and whooping and waving brands, like the true fire-worshippers they are.

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EUROPE BEATING US.

Big Cities of the Continent Growing More Rapidly Than Ours.

It will surprise many people to learn that the big European cities have been growing much faster than those of the United States, says the New York Journal. This fact is pointed out by Dr. Albert Shaw in a recent book on the municipal government in Europe. In 1870 New York had 150,000 more people than Berlin; in 1880 Berlin had outstripped New York, and it still maintains. In the twenty-five years since the war the increase in the population of Berlin has actually been as great as that of Chicago. Philadelphia was bigger than Berlin thirty years ago; since then it has only grown by 50,000. Americans will say that Berlin is exceptional; that its growth is due to political causes. But how are they to explain Hamburg? In 1875 Hamburg had 218,500 people and Boston 242,000. In 1890 Hamburg had 352,200 and Boston 458,000. Baltimore was once as big as Hamburg, but it has been overtaken by the latter city. It grew from 127,000 in 1875 to 255,000 in 1890 and has distanced San Francisco. Even St. Louis has not grown as rapidly. Breslau used to be smaller than Cincinnati; it has now distanced it. Cologne, which was smaller than New York in 1880, is now bigger than New York. Dresden is growing more quickly than New Orleans and Madagascar, and is now bigger than New York. The old-fashioned city of Cologne, which was smaller than New York in 1880, is now bigger than New York. Dresden is growing more quickly than New Orleans and Madagascar, and is now bigger than New York. The old-fashioned city of Cologne, which was smaller than New York in 1880, is now bigger than New York. Dresden is growing more quickly than New Orleans and Madagascar, and is now bigger than New York.

Prince Nicholas and the Swineherd.

A curious story is going the rounds of the European press concerning Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, the father of the future prince of Naples. A few years ago the prince, who is far from being wealthy, found it necessary to borrow 40,000 florins from the Lloyd bank in Cattaro. A few days before the debt became due the prince saw a peasant, driving a pig, pass by his palace. He rushed out and asked the countryman where he was going. "To Cattaro, my prince," replied the peasant. "All right," said the prince, "you can do me a great service if you will leave this at the Lloyd office," and he gave him a package of bank notes, which the peasant carried faithfully to the cashier of the bank.

Our Railways.

The annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission covers the year ending June 30, 1895. At that time the total mileage of the railways of the United States was a little more than 180,000 miles; and the increase during the year was but a little over 1 per cent, the smallest since the organization of the commission. About 79 per cent of the aggregate amount of railway stock paid no dividends during the year, and about 17 per cent of the funded debt paid no interest. These unusually discouraging figures reflect the depressed business conditions which prevailed during the year covered by the report. Passenger traffic fell off but freight traffic increased.

DELIRIOUS BITES.

WEIRD ARIZONA DANCE FOR PENANCE.

Horrible Rite of the Moki Indians Who Dance with Live Rattlesnakes Dangling from Their Hands and Mouths—Snakes Biting Indians.

WAY OFF IN NORTH-ARIZONA, in one of the most desolate regions of North America, live the primitive Moki or Moqui, a most interesting tribe of Indians, who have a religious ceremony that has been handed down unchanged for centuries. This is the "snake dance," which occurs usually at about the last of August, on some one of the three mesas on which their villages are built. In this dance, which is an invocation or propitiation of the rain gods, the performers carry living rattlesnakes in their mouths as they circle about in step with the songs. The Moki are an agricultural people, and Arizona is one of the most arid countries in the world. Naturally, their sacred dances are intended to bring a plentiful supply of rain and moisture upon the crops. The rain gods are always symbolized as wells. To the Moki the rattlesnake is the God of water. The lightning is the snake's tail in the clouds, and the thunder is his rattles.

The approach of the biennial performance of the rattlesnake dance ceremony and its meaning to the Moki nation is announced on a certain afternoon, some two weeks previous to the dance itself, by the chief priest, Hui-ka-h, of the tribe, from the sacred rock in the little plaza at Walpi, where such announcements have no doubt been made every alternate season for the fully five hundred years. From the time of the official announcement the whole Moki population at Hano and Walpi makes ready for the ceremonies. There are two classes of warriors who take part in the ceremony. One is known as the antelope men. They are young men, in their middle years, who number sixty, and others are the mu-mi-pi-kong, the snake priests, who number twenty, and who are selected from the antelope men for their age and experience in the art of handling snakes. The chief priest, Hui-ka-h, is followed by the antelope men, and the snake priests, and there is not a beat of burden within one hundred miles of the Moki nation) across the desert to hunt for rattlesnakes. They go singly and in every direction.

THE SNAKE-BITING INDIANS OF ARIZONA DOING THE RATTLESNAKE DANCE.

Each Indian carries a bag made of animal skins in one hand, and a short brush of gnaty eagle feathers in the other. When a rattlesnake is found the Indian waves his eagle feathers over the coiling and hissing serpent for a few seconds. Then by a sudden and adroit movement, which he has learned long ago, he snatches the snake by the head, and thrusts him in the bag before one can barely see the operation. In the course of a week several hundred serpents are caught and the antelope men bring them to Walpi in their bags of skins, and turn the reptiles into a stone chamber known as the kiva. Meanwhile there are a dozen bucks who have traveled on foot across the burning desert sands for miles to the San Miguel Mountains, and have like the chief components of a broth, brought back bundles of herbs, which are dried in preparation for handling the deadly reptiles.

The day of the snake dance has come. The old-fashioned broom-sweeping He-ne-mi-gog—who has held this important office for over half a century, sits on the floor of the kiva at a cordon of steaming and bubbling broth made from the herbs as an antidote to the snake poison. The antelope men, who are dressed in all finery that savage taste may conceive. They have a huge head arrangement of eagle feathers. They wear a sort of red kilt from the waist to the knees, but otherwise their legs are bare. They have bracelets of shells and silver by the dozens about their wrists and ankles. Their faces are painted a ghastly white set off by jet black painted ears and chins. Indeed, the distinguishing mark of the antelope men and the snake men among the Moki on their tribal fetes days is simply the coloring of their faces. Elaborate moccasins with beaded tassels are on the feet of each of the antelope men.

Next following come a half dozen Indians, small, entirely nude except for a breech cloth of red fabric. Each boy bears small, entire bowls of the steaming broth from the cauldron. The antelope men circle past the boys and strain the bowls at a swallow, only to renew their chants and gyrations. Seven times the antelope men circle the little plaza at Walpi, and as they pass the struggling hissing serpents the chief priest, an old man painted hideously in red and white from head to foot, blows upon a cattle horn instrument that produces a sound like distant thunder, followed by a sound similar to those of growling bears and roaring pumas.

Another harsh blast from the horn in the chief priest's hand, and the priests suddenly thrusting in their bare hands and arms drawn out two or three wriggling and squirming snakes at a time. The serpents are snatched eagerly by each of the antelope men, and the snake dance begins. The antelope men and the priests sing a wild piercing song, and while the tomtoms beat fierce and faster, each of the antelope men bears three and sometimes six rattlesnakes, while he dances about the plaza. In a moment the little plaza of hard, sunbaked earth becomes a scene of yelling, dancing and hideously grotesque antics, while the rattlesnakes, which are carelessly let fall, wriggle and squirm across the earth in their efforts to escape. The snake priests keep sharp eyes on the serpents and permit none to get away from the hands of the wild and excited antelope men. The serpents shake their rattles and twist convulsively in the hands and even in the mouths of the antelope men. When they fall to the ground they strike their fangs deep into the naked legs and feet of the semi-insane dancing Moki.

A Star Snake-Chewer.

One dancer carries a venomous snake in each hand, and has two more tucked in a belt at his waist, while he holds two squirming and rattling snakes between his teeth. All of the serpents are deadly. A little old Moki Indian, who has evidently participated in many snake dances from his early manhood and means to retire, displays as to his prowess in practically naked, and is apparently mad with excitement. He carries a very large rattlesnake in his mouth, and lets the tail trail on the ground, while he hops about. The reptile is fully seven feet long, and as large around as a boy's arm. It is of the bull snake species. His fangs are thrust far out towards the face of an Indian, who has at least six serpents coiled about his wrists. As the performance goes on you see snakes engaged in fierce combat upon the stone surface of the court. When the snakes fight among themselves the Moki spectators regard their actions with an interest that is almost morbid. The Indians hop around in this torrid desert deviltry the maidens and old women throw little handfuls of cornmeal upon them and croon dimly all the while. A feeble old warrior hobbles about on a heavy cane, and the Moki have done honor to his offering to intercede for blessings upon the Moki lands and crops.

Wood Fibre.

Improvements have been made in wood fibre by Otto H. Schwartz, an architect of Munich, Germany, which he claims give to such fibre a special adaptation and value as a building material, and well worth the attention of all those who are interested in building and architecture. The substance is made of wood fibre impregnated antiseptically in combination with a mortar stucco, manufactured by a new and peculiar process, or in combination with a mortar of Roman cement, and has proved, says Le Echo Forestier, of great strength and durability.

IRVING'S HOME BARRED.

A Thoroughfare Used for Nearly 100 Years Now Closed.

The community of Tarrytown are figuratively up in arms. Sunnyside lane has been fenced off. Washington Irving's historic old mansion has been closed to the public. Isn't that enough? The famous old lane is midway between Irvington and Tarrytown. There Irving lived and died. There he wrote about Tom O'Shanter and Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle. There he wrote his life of Mahomet and his vivid descriptions of the Alhambra. And when he died Sunnyside went to two of his nieces, the Misses Irving. None loved Irving more than they. His memory was everything to them, as it was to the village he made famous. As it was made was to be kept just as he left it—successful, livid-green and romantic. The room he lived in was to be kept just as he left it forever. And the public were to have free access to it all. Sunnyside became a visiting place for hundreds of pilgrims. Some walked with poles to be sure, but more flowers grew and more grass came up. The old ladies were getting along in life. Both passed eighty last year and the burden of the historic place became too much for them. So when Mr. Irving, their cousin, offered a good sum for the railroad track was a high board low, for she knew by his dress that he was a man of rank.

"I want to buy some of you," she said, like a child that cannot calculate. "I give it to you because you love your flowers and are good to them," answered the stranger. She watched him curiously as he walked away, and then she looked at the coin which he dropped into her hand. It was a long piece of yellow metal characters which Sunnyside could not understand. "It is too much," she said, like a child that cannot calculate. "I give it to you because you love your flowers and are good to them," answered the stranger. She watched him curiously as he walked away, and then she looked at the coin which he dropped into her hand. It was a long piece of yellow metal characters which Sunnyside could not understand.

"It is gold," said her mother. "If we had three more we should be rich." The next morning the stranger came again. He came over to where Sunnyside was gathering flowers, and said to her, "Sunnyside, Sunnyside, give me a flower." "I have picked the best one for you," she answered, blushing. "Why have you picked the best one?" he asked. "Because I know you love flowers," he answered. "Do you know you are a flower?" he said. She hung her head. No one had ever called her a flower. "You are as beautiful as the flowers," he said. "Your heart is pure and sweet. I love you as you do the flowers." The stranger one is at the gate talking to her," said the father to his wife. "I wonder if he will give her any."

Peru's Desert.

In the long coastal desert of Peru, which is 2,000 miles in length, but only 120 miles broad at its widest part, the rivers disappear in the dry season and begin to flow again in February or March (when rain falls in the Cordilleras). One of the most important of these rivers is the Piura, the return of whose waters is welcomed with great rejoicings by the inhabitants of its banks.

The Great Pyramid of Cheops.

The great Pyramid of Cheops is the largest structure ever erected by the hand of man. Its original dimensions at the base were 756 feet square, and the perpendicular height at its highest point, 481 feet. It covers four acres, one rood, and twenty-two rods of ground, and has been estimated by an eminent English architect to have cost not less than \$165,000,000.

Climbed the Mount.

Fifteen thousand people climbed Mount Washington the last season.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wellesley college, Mass., has registered 722 students. The freshman class numbers 181.

The preachers of the Pittsburg conference subscribed, at the last session, \$3,755 to the American university, New York.

Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell university, declines the call to the presidency of Rochester university, New York.

The Modern Language Association of America holds its annual meeting at Western Reserve university at the Christmas holidays.

Prof. T. F. Crane has presented to Cornell university, Ithaca, N. Y., a valuable collection of 279 books relating to the society of France and Italy.

The White Violet.

(The inhabitants of far Cathay have a pretty little legend which accounts for the origin of the white violet. The following story is an accurate translation from the Chinese.)

At Nantai, close under the great south wall of Fuchuan, lived Sunnyside, the violet girl, in the house of her father, the maker of baskets. But he was old, his hands had lost their skill, and he was like a blind fowl picking at random after worms. They would have been poor had he not been as careful with his cash as a bee with its honey. Sunnyside did not know, so she sold violets that heaven might give her the money to buy a new basket. Her flowers grew in front of the house, which faced the north, and she knew the flowers loved her, because when they blossomed they always turned their heads toward the door.

She gathered her flowers early in the morning before the sun was up, and she kept them in a basket made of bamboo shoots. One morning, just as she had finished a young man stopped at the gate. "Do you sell flowers?" he asked. "Yes, honorable sir," and she bowed low, for she knew by his dress that he was a man of rank.

"I want to buy some of you," she said, like a child that cannot calculate. "I give it to you because you love your flowers and are good to them," answered the stranger. She watched him curiously as he walked away, and then she looked at the coin which he dropped into her hand. It was a long piece of yellow metal characters which Sunnyside could not understand. "It is too much," she said, like a child that cannot calculate. "I give it to you because you love your flowers and are good to them," answered the stranger. She watched him curiously as he walked away, and then she looked at the coin which he dropped into her hand. It was a long piece of yellow metal characters which Sunnyside could not understand.

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