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## BELLA'S ATONEMENT.

By Anna Shields.

Two figures stood under the shade of a huge tree in a little garden, one strong, erect, defiant; the other drooping, timid and pleading. It was a repetition of the old story of true lovers torn asunder by a cruel fate, a parting and vows of constancy and faithful love.

The man, Rodney Kirke, was a fine looking young fellow of twenty-eight, who had been from infancy the ward and darling of his uncle, James Kirke, relieving himself always to be the certain heir of that gentleman and ever his devoted nephew from true, earnest love and gratitude. His life had been a shadowed one, having little brightness, for his uncle for thirty years had been an invalid—sometimes well enough to move about in his own extensive grounds, but often, for months together, confined to his room and bed, suffering intensely.

When Rodney left school and would have studied a profession or entered upon some business career, his uncle kept him bound to his chair, letting all the management of his large estate fall gradually into his hands, and taking intimate comfort from his gentle care when he was suffering.

It was a strange, gray life for youth, and Rodney fretted sometimes at musing his own existence into that of the invalid, but the argument his uncle used at such times was a powerful one.

"When I die this whole property will be yours, and you must care for it and control it. It will never be necessary for you to undertake any other business."

He was content, therefore, to let his life narrow to the limits his uncle dictated, until, about two years before the date when this story opens, Mr. Kirke being ordered to the seaside, there met Mrs. Kirke, a widow with one son very nearly Rodney's age. Looking back, it was all like a whirlwind dream to the young man to recall how the handsome widow took possession of his uncle, flattered him, petted him, coaxed him and married him.

The return to Ferndale, James Kirke's home, was a wedding trip, and from that hour every effort was made by the bride to thrust Rodney out of his place in his uncle's heart and home. Misrepresentations were made first in vain; afterward with more effect. Keeping him out of his uncle's room, Mrs. Kirke made the old gentleman believe his absence was from voluntary neglect. At last a tangible cause of complaint was found, when Rodney, lonely and miserable, fell in love with Bella Green, whose father—

and whose mother kept a small drink saloon, and whose mother was a very personified. The girl herself had been educated in a good seminary, and came home to find all her surroundings revolting to a delicate, sensitive nature, refined by study and associations with companions above her in the social scale.

She was wonderfully pretty, considering what her parents were, and Rodney's deepest sympathies were roused by her miserable home life. That he met her in the shady lanes and woods was no desire for coquetry, but simply because her home was so noisy, ill-ordered and vulgar that there was no place for quiet or conversation.

The story of this "love association" was so told to James Kirke that he was furious with anger, and this added to the other sins attributed to Rodney, so roused him that the young man had put before him the choice of giving up his love at once and forever or leaving his home. All the chivalry of a sensitive heart, which a life of seclusion had made still more romantic, was aroused, and Rodney refused obedience to his uncle for the first time.

And so, under the trees in Sam Green's garden, he was taking leave of the girl for whose sake he was leaving luxury and hope, to face a world whose bitterness he had never tasted.

"You will be true to me, Bella?" he said, as he pressed a final kiss upon her tear-stained face.

"I will wait for you if it is for twenty years," she said, clinging to him and, keeping that promise for comfort, Rodney left Ferndale to find employment in L., a large manufacturing town ten miles distant, where his uncle owned property. And every face that had smiled upon him for years was turned away; every door that had opened to him was closed. His uncle's influence, which had been his position, and he suffered from positive hunger more than once in the first three months of his exile. The bitter regrets for the easy obedience to his uncle which had made him neglect all preparation for a life of self-support, were unavailing, and there came a time when he was alone in the streets, homeless and penniless and waiting the temptation to defy even his Creator by suicide.

Suddenly he roused himself from such bitter reverie and walked rapidly until he reached a handsome home, where a sign announced to all comers that Dr. Bedlowe lived within. He was in his office when Rodney Kirke entered, and rose at once to give him the most cordial greeting.

"You give me courage for asking a favor," the young man said, gratefully. "Old friends have not cared to see me of late."

"Anything I can do for you is done," said the doctor, cordially.

Rodney, your old friends do not understand, as I do, how foolish you have been wronged. Knowing everything, I have exerted all my influence with your uncle in your favor, but so far in vain. Now tell me, what can I do for you?"

study medicine, loans of money—anything the truest friendship could suggest. But Rodney was firm. He must earn the bread he ate, though he thankfully accepted the doctor's proposition to make the position of medicine and surgery. It was for too long a time to record all the trials of the next two years. Faithful in the discharge of every duty, the nurse found time to study under Dr. Bedlowe's advice, and put in every dollar not needed for actual existence toward the expense of a medical education. He was amazed himself at the enthusiasm with which he studied, and the doctor encouraged him warmly, seeing clearly how he would be fitted for his profession. But over the new hopes there hung a heavy cloud. Six months after he left Ferndale, his letters to Bella remained unanswered so long that he went to seek her, to find the store in new hands and the family gone.

Shocked and bewildered as he was, he did not lose his faith. When he could offer her a home he would seek Bella and find her true to him. News from home came to him from Dr. Bedlowe. He was kept informed of the rapid changes—the first that Ralph Olney had taken his place in the uncle's affections and was a most devoted stepson. Later, Mrs. Kirke died, but Rodney's letters to his uncle were returned, and he was informed in a curt note that Ralph Olney would be his uncle's heir, as he was his "devoted son."

"Your uncle is completely under that young man's control," Dr. Bedlowe said, and the mention of your name excited him to a perfect fury of rage. Trust me to do all I can for you!"

And having already given up all hope of reconciliation, Rodney only studied more diligently, and gave more faithful attention to every opportunity to advance his practical knowledge.

He was in his own room, a tiny cell of a place at the end of his ward, busied with preparations for the day, when a stroke upon the bell over his head warned him that an accident case was on the way to his care. Instantly he was on the alert, and moved to the vacant bed that must receive the new patient. Cool, self-possessed, but tender for all suffering, he helped to lift the injured man from the stretcher to the bed, but his very heart seemed to cease its beating as his eyes fell upon the pallid face of Ralph Olney.

"Run over!" the man said who had carried him. "Ain't moved nor spoke since we picked him up. Not dead, is he?"

No! He was not dead, but frightfully injured, and the doctors who clustered about the bed shook their heads ominously. It was strongly impressed upon Rodney that the life of the patient hung upon a thread, the strands of which were largely composed of his watchfulness and strict obedience to orders, and then he was left to watch. Under Providence he held in his hands the life of his uncle's son, and he had supplanted him, maligned him, injured him in every way. He had thought the worst shock was over, until, an hour later, one of the physicians, who sank upon her knees before the patient, whispering to him, "Oh, Ralph, speak to me! My husband, my dear husband!"

And the weeping wife was Bella. Was it strange that Rodney Kirke asked himself if he was in a dream—some hideous nightmare pressing upon his brain? He moved to his hand, and in broken, sobbing sentences implored him to forgive her—to be kind to Ralph and save his life for her sake.

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"Oh, Ralph, speak to me! My husband, my dear husband!"

But the invalid, too, was obstinate, and while Ralph was still in the hospital James Kirke was found dead in his bed—heart disease having followed a train of other ailments.

The will that made his step-son his heir was found, and, with a bitterness like death, Rodney one morning assisted in dressing his uncle for the last time, and saw him drive away, with his wife and baby boy, to take possession of the home he had regarded as his own for the greater part of his life. Ten years later Dr. Kirke, a man already known in his profession, was sitting in his office alone, when his old friend, Dr. Bedlowe, came in, his face full of pleasure.

"At last!" he said. "At last, I may congratulate you. But I must tell you story first. Before your uncle died, Rodney, he gave me his solemn promise to right the wrong he had done you. Ralph Olney was not a poor man, having inherited a fair income from his father, but he was grasping, selfish and deceitful until the accident that threw him into your care, and that left him crippled and imbecile. When your uncle died I thought the will that he had promised to make in your favor was one of the unaccomplished acts dying men so often leave until too late. But to-day, only to-day, Mrs. Olney came to my office with the will, which she found a week ago, quite by accident. Rodney, you must pity and forgive her. Such a heart-broken face I have never seen. Five children live in little graves, and her husband is only a wearing source of grief and care. In this last week she has removed all their personal possessions from Ferndale, and she asks of you only that you will seek to find her in her new home or to thank her. She was fearful that pride or some mistaken chivalry might lead you to refuse what she called her atonement, and so brought the will to me. Your old home awaits you! May you be very happy there!"

Good enough for the price. Mrs. Grogan (to lady friend): I was very much disappointed with the sermon—very. Little Willie (who had his eye on the plate): Yes, mater, but what can you expect for a penny?—Tit-Bits.

Just the Thing. Lea (sadly)—"I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical college and still keeps at the foot of his class." Mrs. (promptly)—"Make a chiropractor of him."—Tit-Bits.

In the Counting Room. "Spilkins seems like a nice, quiet fellow." "Spilkins? That man's a regular dictator." "To his wife?" "No, to his typewriter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SCRAPS. The agricultural department of a Texas newspaper is conducted by Green Meadows Brown.

Transportation of soft-shell crabs alive from the east to Portland, Ore., has just been successfully accomplished for the first time.

The distance from St. Petersburg to the Pacific terminus of the Siberian railway is about twice as great as that from New York to San Francisco.

Alexandria, Va., has raised the ban which from the early days of the settlement made it unlawful to bring inysters between April and September.

The West Sullivan (Me.) base ball nine saw a pile of wood for a residence of the place and put the money received for the work in the treasury.

A Kansas City woman who tried in vain to make an honest living gave it up recently and turned fortune teller. Now she has money to burn.—Exchange.

Already grasshoppers are hatching in such numbers in the region of Oakesdale, Wash., that the inhabitants are alarmed over the threatened injury to crops.

Lightning struck two hogs that a negro was carrying over his shoulder near Millington, Md., and passed through him from his shoulder to his feet, killing him.

Mrs. Dahlgren—Ah, Mr. Phipps, I saw you in church last Sunday. Mr. Phipps—Yes, it rained, you know. Was that the reason you were there, too?—Cleveland Leader.

There is a family of twenty-six persons in Strasburg, every one of whom rides a bicycle. The oldest is sixty-two, the youngest six months old.—Foreign Letter New York Post.

Sycamore trees which for several years have flourished where they were planted in various sections of Portland, Ore., are dying of some disease which the citizens do not understand.

## IT IS A COLD BLUFF.

TALK ABOUT FOREIGN RETALIATION ON OUR TARIFF.

It Has Been Tried Before Without Success—Some of the Reasons Why It Won't Work—Voice of Republican Press.

(Washington Letter.)

The last noble cry of the free traders regarding the tariff bill is that it will disturb our relations with foreign countries. It is a last resort and an unsuccessful one. They have been beaten at every point; have failed in all their arguments and assertions against the bill, so much so that many members of their own party have refused to vote with them. And now, seeing that this bill is bound to pass, they raise the feeble cry that its passage will affect our relations with other countries. But all this talk does not worry the experienced statesman or diplomat. Similar protests have come to them and to the government time after time in former consideration of tariff measures, and they have been politically received as the wind. A fully "blatant" in a convenient pigeon-hole and never heard from afterwards, either in the framing of the bill or in their bearing upon future commercial relations of those countries with the United States.

This custom of filing protests against pending tariff measures is altogether a one-sided one, as relates to the United States and the nations which have made these protests. Tariff laws come and go with other nations, and the United States pays not the slightest attention. A prospective system grows up in Europe and elsewhere, and such nations as France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Spain and others which are now scolding about our proposed new tariff increase year by year from period to period their protective tariff rates, but in all these cases the world over, the United States has never entered a protest of general character against anybody's tariff laws or proposed tariff legislation. There have been occasions in which attention of foreign governments has been called to certain of their laws or regulations which seemed to bear unjustly upon a single industry in the United States or to discriminate against productions of this country as compared with those of other countries, but there is no case on record in which the government of the United States has offered any protest to a general tariff measure proposed by other countries, which would bear with equal weight upon all nations sending their produce to the markets of these countries.

That any nation should assume to offer a protest against a proposed law by another nation, which law is to bear with equal weight upon the productions of all nations, is a very much more than a protest, but that these protests should come from nations which themselves have a high and steadily growing protective tariff adds very much to the interest, not to say the importance, of such a proposition. It seems a little curious, for instance, to observe that Italy, which collects about the million dollars a year from Austria-Hungary's sales to us in the past ten years are \$33,301,481 and her purchases from us \$54,219,710.

The total sales to us of the fifteen countries which are reported as complaining, formally or otherwise, of our tariff, have been in the past ten years \$1,843,943,523, while the purchases from us in the same length of time have been only \$3,059,220,782. Thus they have sold us in the past decade \$1,742,224,441 worth of goods in excess of what they have bought from us, or an average of \$178,472,284 per annum.

The following table shows our purchases from and sales to each of the countries in question during the past decade:

Imports into U. S. Exports from U. S. (1886-96) U. S. (1886-96)

Country	Imports	Exports
Greece	\$10,184,600	\$1,512,584
Turkey	46,978,714	1,762,357
Argentina	57,903,788	57,235,505
Austria-Hungary	\$3,301,481	10,993,221
Switzerland	138,919,673	262,482
China	189,246,849	54,219,710
Italy	267,592,145	143,397,948
Netherlands	212,737,794	312,708,599
Japan	212,730,200	45,067,117
Mexico	220,772,832	138,162,178
Canada	386,006,478	463,071,742
France	683,428,892	586,509,286
Brazil	733,723,990	120,677,691
Spain	733,660,426	290,353,338
Germany	888,766,566	822,455,664

Total...\$4,843,943,523 \$3,059,220,782

Including colonies.

G. H. WILLIAMS.

Business Improvement. Information from manufacturers of agricultural implements shows a very marked improvement in business conditions. It is one thing to make a better, and the manufacturing industries, which furnish improved machinery for the farmer, are feeling the impetus. This is one very gratifying evidence of growing good times. Others are appearing on every hand. Good times are coming, and coming as quickly as they can come safely.

Of course the political clammy fever will continue to talk, but the force of their complaint is certain to be broken ere long. The Republican party in power could not accomplish anything in three or four months, but the evidence accumulates that confidence is returning, that times are becoming better, and that business is beginning to move steadily upward to the broad plane of prosperity occupied by this country prior to the election of Grover Cleveland in November, 1892.—Ohio State Journal.

Should Make Our Own. The United States are, of course, the best customer we have for our lines. Out of the 1895 export America took 126,672,400 yards, or considerably more than one-half of the total and 41,950,700 yards more than she took in 1894, when the proportion was still more than one-half of the whole. The bulk of the shipments goes from Belfast, as the principal center of the industry, but Barnsley, Dundee, and a few other centers contribute to the total.—John S. Brown & Sons, Belfast, Ireland.

The Delay of Democracy. Every day's delay in the passage of the new tariff has been due to needless discussions on the part of Democratic senators.

Revenue and Protection. Now is the time to inaugurate the policy of protection for our shipping in the foreign trade, to which the country gave its approval at the last election. There is neither wisdom nor patriotism in deferring the settlement of this matter until another time. The government needs revenue and our wage-earners need the opportunity to build our own ships.

Interesting Comparisons. It will afford interesting reading to compare the recent tariff talk of Senator Vest, Senator Jones of Arkansas, and other Democratic statesmen, with their remarks in 1894 when they voted against free trade schedules.

Thank Goodness! We are another week nearer to the restoration of the policy of protection, and its twin, prosperity.

The Facts as to Our Increased Exports. The cold facts as to the cause of the increase in exports of manufactured goods from the United States during the existence of the Wilson law are beginning to come to the surface. Even Democratic papers are now admitting that this abnormal increase in exports is due to the fact that manufacturers were either compelled to sell their goods abroad at any price they could get or close their establishments because of the business depression at home and the fact that the home market was filled with foreign manufactures. The Memphis Scimitar (Democratic), discussing this subject, says: "There is every reason to attribute this rapid expansion of the part of our export trade during the last few years to the fact that the depression of the home market forced American manufacturers to seek other and foreign fields. The Boston 'Journal' also publishes a letter from a prominent business man of that city, who says: 'There is not a shadow of doubt that the large increase of exports has resulted from the ruinously low prices which have prevailed, caused by stagnation of business and resultant poverty of the people. This was brought about by the practical working of a tariff designed to favor free trade ideas.'"

Uncle Sam's Heavy Load. The Democratic party in 1892 declared in national convention for a "tariff for revenue only." In 1894 the Wilson-Gorman tariff became a law, founded on the Democratic precedent. How this has operated can best be told by comparing the customs receipts of the Wilson law and the McKinley law for the first thirty-three months of both:

Customs Receipts—Customs Receipts—

Month	Wilson Law	McKinley Law
1892	\$1,234,567	\$1,234,567
1893	\$1,234,567	\$1,234,567
1894	\$1,234,567	\$1,234,567
1895	\$1,234,567	\$1,234,567
1896	\$1,234,567	\$1,234,567
1897	\$1,234,567	\$1,234,567

The decrease under the Wilson bill was only \$87,862,219.—Kalamazoo Telegraph.

Hard for the Clevelandites. Democrats who have borne the burden and heat of political battles since long before Mr. Bryan was born will find the following catchism, which was posted in a conspicuous place on the wall of Mr. Bryan's New York hotel, during his recent visit there, pleasing reading:

Q. What is the standard of Democracy?—A. The Chicago platform.

Q. Do all Democrats profess allegiance to that platform?—A. Necessarily.

Q. Are there any other Democrats?—A. No.

Q. Are persons who repudiated that platform and voted against the candidate of the party entitled to membership in, or recognition by, Democratic organizations?—A. No.

Q. What are such persons?—A. Bolters and traitors.

Q. Should they be tolerated in the party organization?—A. No.

Cotton Growers Protected. When the Dingley tariff bill reaches the white house, and when it receives the President's signature, it will embody a duty upon all foreign cotton imported into the United States. The second demand protection for cotton as well as for rice and sugar. When we state that our imports of cotton have increased from less than 4,000,000 pounds in the 1887 fiscal year, up to 55,350,529 pounds in the 1895 fiscal year, we believe that it will be conceded by all friends of protection that there should be a check put to raw cotton imports which have increased at the annual rate of 138,400 bales (400 pounds each) within a decade. If foreign cotton is to be imported and take the place of American cotton, then let it pay a duty. A tariff of 20 per cent ad valorem upon the last fiscal year's imports would have added upward of \$1,300,000 to the revenue. We need revenue, and southern cotton growers need protection.

Revenue and Protection. Now is the time to inaugurate the policy of protection for our shipping in the foreign trade, to which the country gave its approval at the last election. There is neither wisdom nor patriotism in deferring the settlement of this matter until another time. The government needs revenue and our wage-earners need the opportunity to build our own ships.

Interesting Comparisons. It will afford interesting reading to compare the recent tariff talk of Senator Vest, Senator Jones of Arkansas, and other Democratic statesmen, with their remarks in 1894 when they voted against free trade schedules.

Thank Goodness! We are another week nearer to the restoration of the policy of protection, and its twin, prosperity.

## A FAMOUS MONEY LENDER.

Story of a Man Who Won Unenviable Fame in California.

In the passing of Asa Fisk drops from California history an individuality so marked that it was proverbial in the community, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Asa Fisk gave a name to methods in finance as Machiavelli gave a name to methods in politics. The common remark of those who knew him only by repute is "Cent per Cent, Cent per Cent, the money lender is dead." Zealous for his fathering Asa Fisk may have been, and in a grasping posture was he photographed in the opinion of his fellows generally, but in this lender's nature was a kindly, even a generous phase, and there are tears that he is dead. For Asa Fisk was a loving man to his own, a liberal parent and husband, and, in stealth, he made charitable gifts that might astonish those who were called upon to pay to the last dollar the debts they incurred. Indeed, in the view of this man that one cannot bring one lens to his business life and another to his domestic life. Asa Fisk was one man to his debtors and another man to his family. His character is to be read from his ancestry and the struggles of his early life. He was a farmer's boy in New England, born on Christmas day, 1818, at the town of Holliston, Mass., and until 14 years of age he lived and worked on his father's farm. Then he made his way to Boston, and for a wage of \$3 a week worked in a grocery store. With thrift that showed higher development in his later years, Fisk bought board and lodging and cither from his meager compensation. Seeking advancement, he sought and obtained employment with the firm of Daniel Kimball & Co., dealers in tailors' goods and supplies. His income at first was \$100 a year. His industry and intelligence caused his salary to be advanced and his responsibilities to be increased. He moved steadily forward and before he was 20 years of age was a partner. Subsequently Fisk became the sole owner of the business. His fortune turning, he turned to railroads and politics, building the East Boston & Suffolk railroad and serving a term in the state senate of Massachusetts. In 1852 he came to California for his health. That visit determined the location of his residence. Returning to Boston he sold out his business interests, and with a pile of ready money, amounting to about \$75,000, he came, in 1853, to San Francisco to live. He started in business as a money lender, by his methods gained the notoriety that gave an unpleasant attachment to his name. He announced the rate of interest upon which he would lend money, 3 per cent a month, or 3 per cent a week, according to the applicant or Fisk's judgment of him, but always compounded. The applicant might take the money or leave it, as he chose, but usually he took it, for few went to Asa Fisk's dingy office on Montgomery street except in dire need. As a creditor he was relentless. He rigorously fulfilled every engagement he made, and he expected every other man to do likewise. If a debt of \$100 grew to \$15,000 by the increment of compound interest he used every means known to the law to collect the last cent. Withal he loaned money to distressed applicants when none others would listen to their requests. A clerical coat on a borrower was always deemed sufficient security for a loan—of course, at the usual rate of interest—and a general young lawyer might have gone hungry if Asa Fisk had not regarded their pride as collateral for an advance. Asa Fisk gained a large fortune, amounting probably to about \$500,000. Most of his money was carefully invested in productive real estate and all or nearly all of this real estate he transferred to his wife by deed. In the probate court the estate of Asa Fisk, deceased, will appear of small measure.

A Forestry Policy. In the selection of these lands for forest reserves, President Cleveland was guided by the recommendations of a committee appointed for the purpose by the National Academy of Sciences at the request of the secretary of the interior. This committee has recently made a detailed report, which the President has transmitted to congress, looking to the adoption of a definite forestry policy. The committee recommends the establishment of a permanent bureau of public forests, and the appointment of a board to determine what lands shall be set apart as forest reservations. It suggests that all public lands which are more valuable for timber than for agriculture or mining should be withdrawn from sale and settlement; and it recommends that regular troops be detailed to protect the public forests until a permanent bureau is established.

The Forest Reserves. There has been a long contest between the two houses of congress over an amendment which the senate added to the sundry civil appropriation bill to abrogate President Cleveland's orders of Feb. 22, establishing thirteen new forest reserves. The two reservations in California were excluded from the operation of the senate amendment, but as to the other eleven the amendment would have restored them all to the public domain for sale and settlement. The house would not agree to this, and a compromise was reached, under which the orders were suspended until March 1, 1898. After that date such lands as are not disposed of are to come under the orders, or such modifications of them as the President may make.

One Not Enough. The Minister—"My good man, do you believe in a hereafter?" Shotwell—"A hereafter? Shid shay I did, I'm married to a new woman. I believe in several hereafters."—Cleveland Leader.

A railroad running between San Francisco and San Rafael has established a monthly commutation rate of \$5 for men and \$3 for women, and is right to make such discrimination as now being considered by the state railroad commission.

## THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus State Bank

(Oldest Bank in the State.)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

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SELLS STEAMSHIP TICKETS.

BUYS GOOD NOTES

And helps its customers when they need help

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS: LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't. R. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't. M. BRUGGER, Cashier. JOHN STAUFFER, Wm. BUCHER.

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