

# The Columbus Journal.

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## POLLY'S LODGER.

It was a beautiful August morning—one of those delicious mornings when the air is full of melting blue light, and the leaves flutter softly and the tiny brown sparrows dart in and out under the eaves in an ecstasy of tiny delight. And the golden darts of sunshine, peeping through the shabby brown moreen curtains of No. 19 Darrow street, made a little aureole of brightness around Polly Hopkins' brown braids, as she sat with the account book in her lap and the top of the pencil between her teeth.

"Thirteen," said Polly, indistinctly, on account of the pencil, "and three and a half—three and three and thirteen are nineteen. That's all I can make of it, do what I will! Oh, dear!"

"Polly, what a noise you are making!" said a gently reproachful voice from the adjoining room. "How do you suppose I can get a divine repose into my 'Evangeline's' face if you keep on chattering so?"

Polly rose up, stowed the pencil behind her ear, took the account book under her arm and went into the other room, where Miss Musidora Hopkins, her elder sister, stood before an easel, with her yellow hair coiled carefully around her head and her slim, pretty form enshrouded in a brown linen tailoring blouse. And at one glance it was easy to see that in the Hopkins family Musidora represented the ideal and Polly the practical.

"Musidora," said the little brown-checked, brown-eyed maiden, "is there any chance of your getting a purchaser for that picture on exhibition at Montrose's?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Musidora, stepping back a pace or two to obtain a better view of "Evangeline's" nose.

"Because, if there isn't," added Polly, desperately, "I can't pay the rent—that's all."

"Polly," said Musidora, in despair, "no one can hope to be a genius with such a sister as you. To conceive a grand idea one's mind must be entirely at ease. To portray that idea one must be free from every lurking care."

"But the rent must be paid," persisted Polly.

"Well, something, then?"

"That what?"

"The little silver teapot."

"I sold that last week," sighed Polly.

"The harmonium?"

"That is already offered in Schneider's windows."

"Aunt Janet's gold beads?"

"We paid the grocer yesterday with Aunt Janet's gold beads."

"Well—something then—anything, I don't care what. Didn't that old lady decide to take the furnished room upstairs?"

Polly shook her head dolorously. "There are so many furnished rooms to let," said she.

"Well, then, we had better sell the furniture," said Musidora, frowning at her palette.

"But—don't be vexed, Musidora, after we've eaten and drunk and lived that out."

"Then," said Musidora, tragically, "we'll starve!" At all events, Polly,

## CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

Where the Bravery of Battle is Surpassed—An Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington—A Ode to American Flag.

"Seven minutes after eleven, your ladyship."

"She paused a moment in thought. Then she said, with emphasis: 'Give my compliments to the Duke of Wellington and say she is very glad that the first enforcement of the rule of exclusion is such that hereafter no one can complain of its application. He cannot be admitted.'—Youth's Companion."

Queretaro and Maximilian. Queretaro was born before the Spanish conquest and was made a city in 1655. A legend of Queretaro is that an Otomian chief, Fernando de Tapia by name, undertook to convert the city to Christianity in a way that seems novel to us, but was common among the Aztecs. He came from Tula with a challenge to the people of Queretaro to a fair stand-up fight. If he won, the people surviving were to be baptized. The challenge was accepted, but while the fight was in progress a dark cloud came up and the lightning struck the Otomian chief, who was a very strong man, whereupon the people of Queretaro gave up and were baptized. They set up a stone cross to commemorate the event on the site of the present Church of Santa Cruz. There is scarcely a church in Mexico which is not a legend of this kind attached to it. The town is identified with the history of Mexico.

Here the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was ratified in 1848 and here Maximilian made his last stand in 1867, was obliged to surrender, and was executed on the Cerro de las Campanas, and with him General Miramon and Mejia. The place is marked by three little crosses of stone. The two generals were killed at the first volley, but Maximilian, who had requested that he be shot through the back, was the last to be killed. The emperor had been led to believe that Carlotta was dead. She became insane from grief, and was kept in a asylum for many years, but she still lives and still mourns for her dead husband and the loss of her throne.

The United States government protested against the execution of Maximilian, but in vain, Juarez refusing to spare him.

There are all kinds of relics of Maximilian in Mexico. The Yurbide Theatre, where he was tried and condemned, the table on which the death warrant was signed, the wooden stools on which the prisoners sat during the trial and the coffin of Maximilian, whose remains were subsequently sent to Austria and buried at Miramar.

Maneuvers of Dutch Cavalry. In the Dutch army a man must be able to swim as well as to fight. Moreover, if he is in the cavalry, he must have a horse which will take a river as easily as a hunter takes a fox. Swimmers and horsemen are part of the regular drills nowadays. Collapsible canvas boats, manned by a few oarsmen, lead the horses, so that they do not attempt to land on stone quays and other difficult points. The men swim across with their horses and on them. They do it in swimming costume and in all the accoutrements of war. There are few nautical emergencies for which the Dutch army is not prepared. Some of the officers have even reached the degree of proficiency that not only the horses and men, but the rivers with them, but their net does upon their shoulders and are borne over—Buffalo Bill's Press.

President McKinley's Postman. From the Indianapolis Sentinel: The man who for seven years has delivered the mail to President McKinley's residence in Canton, Ohio, was in the city yesterday afternoon and received instructions from Postoffice Inspector Fletcher which will enable him to assume the role of district inspector. He received his appointment to this position as a gift from the president on July 1. Today he and Mr. Fletcher will make a tour embracing several post-offices in the district.

Mr. Owens is a firm-looking, solidly built man of perhaps thirty-five years of age. In a conversation he related some interesting bits about the prodigious amount of campaign mail which the president got last summer.

"His mail," said the ex-carrier, "was larger before his nomination than after, but it held up marvellously all the way along. His letters would number three thousand a day, although the average was somewhat below that. As for patients well, you never saw the like. They seemed to come from every newspaper publisher in the country, and the amount of letters and papers together was sometimes so prodigiously large that it seemed that all the mail dropped off at Canton was for Mr. McKinley. These letters often contained the most laughable subscriptions. The effort of a great many of the writers was to get the candidate's signature. All at once I noticed that the number of registered letters was increasing largely. This kept up for several days, until the presidential candidate quit signing the receipts and turned them over to his secretary to sign. That ended the flood of registered letters. You see a receipt accompanied every registered letter, to be sent back to the sender, and these letters were merely a dodge to get Mr. McKinley's signature. I carried every piece of mail that the president got during the campaign, and did it without assistance and on foot, and carried my regular route besides. In fact, I do this I had to make extra trips to the McKinley home every day, but I lived only a block away and it was not much trouble to do it. It required five or six trips a day to deliver the mail."

## GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

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## DEAR OLD TOM'S LITTLE TRICK.

DEAR OLD TOM'S LITTLE TRICK. He had a trick on the other fellow but he had to stand it.

I'm an old bachelor now, have no relations except those so distant that I resent their being relations at all, live at a hotel and find little comfort except in Tom's family, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. He and I grew up together, roomed together in college and did business together for years. We swore eternal friendship, come what might, and many were the pranks we pulled on each other, going to a length that none but a fast friend will permit.

Tom and I were both athletes, both given to society and both in favor of the fair sex. On a trip home for the Christmas vacation we participated in a railroad wreck. From a burning car I had the good fortune to rescue a beautiful young lady who would have perished but for my aid. She was unmarried, I was nearly so and in the fearful excitement we were separated without either knowing who the other was. But she was always with me in memory and, by some strange trick of mysticism, I was hopelessly in love with her. After months of detective work on my part I found her and managed an acquaintance. At every meeting I wanted to tell her, next to her, the dearest thing in my life, but the fact of having saved her life, but it seemed so much like boasting and appealing to her gratitude that I forbore.

One evening when I called she met me with both hands extended and a radiant look of happiness. She wanted my congratulations on the fact that she was going to marry Tom. "Ever since my horrible experience in that wreck," she said, "I have loved the man who saved me such a awful fate. Only the other day I learned it was dear old Tom, and now we are to be married."

"Dear old Tom be—" I began in my desperation, but he was dear old Tom with all his faults. Hadn't I played him many a trick? So I took her by the hand and said the conventional words that made her eyes glow with pleasure. Then I went away for weeks to stand up with myself, but I was back to stand up at the wedding. Tom's children will get all my money, for their mother is the only woman I ever loved and their father has always been my chum.

The Passport in Russia. In Russia, a child ten years of age can not go away from home to school without a passport. Nor can common servants and peasants go away from where they live without one. A gentleman residing in Moscow or St. Petersburg cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers; and for everyone of the above passports a charge is made of some kind.

HISTORICAL. In former times the nobles of Venice spent such immense sums in decorating their gondolas that the government passed a law that all should be alike, and all have since been painted black. The historic windmill at Nantucket, Mass., was sold yesterday by auction to the Nantucket Historical Association for \$85. There were only two bidders, one a private gentleman and the other an agent of the association. Among the treasures of the Passamaquoddy (Me.) tribe of Indians is a letter from George Washington written from his army on the banks of the Delaware, Dec. 24, 1776, in which he expresses his pleasure that the Passamaquoddy had accepted the chain of friendship he sent them the preceding February.

Life and death among our presidents is always an interesting subject. William Henry Harrison was the oldest man to become president. He took office at sixty-seven and lasted one month and eleven days among the presidents were advanced in years, Jackson being sixty-two at the time of inauguration and Taylor sixty-five. One-third of all the presidents have died in July and half of them in July and June. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe died on the same date, July 4, and James A. Garfield was shot July 2. Martin Van Buren was the longest lived of the presidents, reaching his eightieth year. The average duration of life of the presidents of the United States has been twenty-two years and eight months.

THIS AND THAT. The common house sparrow flies at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour. Canada has given more than \$198,000 for the relief of the plague and famine sufferers of India. Governor B. H. Barnes, of Oklahoma, was a telegraph operator at Leavenworth when the war broke out. Persia exports every year about 6,000 boxes of opium, each containing 120 pounds. About the same amount is consumed at home. There is a fifteen-year-old widow at Covington, Ky. The girl was married a year ago to a nineteen-year-old boy, all the parents consenting. Her husband died a few days ago. The latest Maine sea serpent proved to be a pig wading near the shore after dark. A man on shore hit him on the head with a brick, and he rolled out into deeper water and fed the sharks. McLubbery (who has picked up part of a laundry check)—Phwat's this square man in this police cap, paper? Officer O'Haggarty—A Chinese character, O'belave. McLubbery—That's a dun lo! Th' Chinose hev no character's, begorra!—Judge. Switzerland, though she spends only half a million dollars yearly on her army, can turn out 100,000 trained men in two days in case of need, and has a reserve of 100,000 more and a Land-sturm of 270,000. The army maneuvers this year will be held in the mountains of the Engadine. Larrikiri, a famous Australian steeplechaser, fell in the grand national hurdle race, near Melbourne, breaking his leg. As soon as the race was over the crowd broke in and began to cut up the dead horse for relics. One man took his hat, another the ears, and others the teeth and hoofs.

## WERE TOLD OF DEATH.

WERE TOLD OF DEATH. IMPENDING CALAMITY FORE-WARNS THE SENSES.

ROM the New York Herald: There is a very interesting paper, or presentation—suggested, of course, by the terrible Paris fire—in first staid and reliable periodical, the Journal des Debats. It is from the pen of H. de La Parville, than whom there is no greater authority on matters relating to hallucination, second sight, obsession and kindred subjects.

The first fact is noted that Mme. Julie Garivet, one of the victims of the fire, had a clear presentiment of her death. When she bade her friends good-bye on the morning of the fatal day it was evident that she never expected to see them again. She said that during the night she had suffered from a frightful nightmare, and that she had dreamed of being burned alive. Equally singular was the recent experience of a Parisian doctor. This gentleman was taking a walk one afternoon when suddenly the thought struck him that his house might catch fire during his absence. There was apparently no reason why any such accident should take place; nevertheless, the doctor hurried home, and, sure enough, as he approached the dwelling he saw volumes of smoke pouring from one of the chimneys. Rushing in, he found that the fire in the room adjoining his own had caught fire. Thanks to his presentiment, he was soon able to quench the flames.

The Annales des Sciences Psychiques recounts two similar examples of exceptional value. President Lincoln, it is said, had an unerring presentiment that he would be assassinated. During the night preceding his death he dreamed that he walked down a flight of stairs which were draped in red cloth. When he awoke the cause of this mourning he was told that the president of the United States had been killed at the opera house. He told Mrs. Lincoln of his dream, and she begged him, but in vain, not to go to the theater that evening. He smiled at her fear and went calmly out to meet his doom.

The second story recalls the mysterious tragedy of Louis II of Bavaria. This mad monarch threw himself into Starnberg lake, which surrounded his palace, and dragged down to death with him his physician, Dr. Von Gudden, who had plunged into the water in the hope of saving him. Now, a few days before his death, Von Gudden had dreamed that he was struggling in the water while vainly trying to save another man from drowning. He told his wife about the dream, and after his death she told the story to the Anthropological society of Munich.

Equally singular are the stories told about Mr. De Lorzolles. This gentleman was recently crossing a mountain at a little distance from his home when he suddenly received, as it were, a severe shock, which plunged him into the deepest melancholy. He felt as though he had been struck by a clinched fist, and for a few minutes his anguish was extreme. His first thought was that some terrible calamity had happened to him or his family, and that he would hear of it on his arrival at home. He was right. Hardly had he crossed the threshold of his home when he received a dispatch announcing the death of his father.

On another occasion Mr. De Lorzolles was traveling with his wife, and she remarked one morning that she had not been able to sleep during the night, as she had constantly before her eyes her dear friend, Mme. De B., who, according to the vision, seemed to be dying. As Mme. De B. was supposed to be of excellent health, Mr. De Lorzolles assured his wife that there was no significance in her waking dream. But his wife would not be convinced, and, indeed, a letter came in a few days telling them of Mme. De B.'s unexpected death.

Other hundreds cases, somewhat similar to this last one, are recorded in a book published some time ago in England. In each case some person saw a ghost or apparition of some living relative or friend at the precise moment when this relative or friend was at the point of dying.

If it were not for a presentiment Mozart would probably never have composed his immortal "Requiem." One day, while he was sitting alone, lost in a melancholy reverie, a stranger entered the room, and laying a considerable sum of money on the table, requested him to compose a "Requiem" in memory of a dear friend who had just died. Mozart agreed to do so, and he began work at once. Night and day he labored with extraordinary zeal, until, finally, his strength gave way and he became ill. When his wife tried to cheer him he said brusquely, "It's no use, I composed that 'Requiem' for myself and it will be played at my funeral." Nothing could rid his mind of this idea. Nay, he was even convinced that the stranger was a visitor from the other world, who had come to warn him of his approaching end. So he worked at the "Requiem" until it was finished, but when the stranger came for it Mozart was dead.

He Could Vote. Voter—I challenge Shamus MacFogarty. He's no dimmygart. Chairman—Give in your evidence. Voter—His wife borrows butter of Mrs. Robinson, a republican. Chairman—But I hear she never pays it back. Ver all right, Mr. MacFogarty. Ye can vote.—Boston Transcript.

There Was. "Is there anything in it, belts for this season?" Inquired the customer. "Yes, sir," replied the pretty salesgirl, incidentally blushing. "What size, please?"—Chicago Tribune.

One of the highest shot towers in the world is to be found at Villach in Carinthia, where there is a fall of 245 feet.

## SCIENTIFIC EATING.

SCIENTIFIC EATING. To eat that which tastes good regardless of its dietetic value is the only guide which too many follow in the selection of their daily food. That there are ingredients in some foods that are much more appropriate than others for the use of persons who follow certain occupations, has probably never occurred to them.

The man who eats three meals a day whether he craves them or not, merely because he has been accustomed to do so from his youth up, probably does not realize that he is doing more than his duty by his digestive powers. He has never realized, because he has never tried, the benefits of abstinence, and would no more miss a square meal that he would forego any other reasonable pleasure that came in his way.

Whoever eats until there is a feeling of sluggishness and drowsiness succeeding the act, is, and very likely, unconsciously, overtaxing his physical nature. The fact is that almost all persons not only eat too much, but they do not select those foods that will do them the best service.

Those who are inclined to take on flesh are very often inordinately fond of sweet and starchy articles of diet, and these, as a matter of course, the very things which they ought to use with the utmost caution. Such persons would be greatly benefited by a diet such as has been prescribed by some of the most eminent medical and scientific experts, and which is to be tried in some of the agricultural colleges by the students themselves in order to test the question practically, and upon those who are intelligent enough to follow out and see for their own satisfaction what will come from a strict adherence to rules.

It has been tested and proven past a shadow of controversy or dispute that to frequently abstain from a regular meal is to give the digestive system a much needed rest and to allow the system to clear itself of a great amount of waste matter. Those who doubt this might for experiment's sake try the following diet and see if their bodily and mental condition is not greatly improved by the regimen: Breakfast, 16 ounces; potatoes, 16 ounces; milk, 28 ounces; butter, 2 ounces, and steak fourteen ounces. Eggs and soup are to be used as a variety.

Very few people realize the fact that water is one of the most important elements in a general diet. Most people consume too little fluid, and the consequence is a feverish state of the blood and general irritability and uneasiness. Attempts at strict dieting often prove a failure because the appetite leads the subject so far afield. The goodies of life are too tempting to resist, and all efforts come to naught. Even babies and small children cry for candy and cake and tarts, and because their mothers and nurses are sometimes weak and indulgent the little ones suffer.

Electric Power in Africa. Attention was recently called in this column to the proposed use of the cataracts of the Nile for the generation of electric power. At a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers in London a short time ago, Professor Forbes reported that he had been consulted about another similar enterprise in the "dark continent." This was a proposition to employ the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi river in supplying electric power to the gold mines in Matabeleland and all efforts come to naught. Even babies and small children cry for candy and cake and tarts, and because their mothers and nurses are sometimes weak and indulgent the little ones suffer.

A Wedding Notice. He went to the wedding with pride in his fearless hair array. To act like the others he tried, But he didn't know what to say; So he wished his charming young bride Many happy returns of the day.—Emma C. Down in September Ladies' Home Journal.

Great Scheme. "By next spring," said the wild-eyed inventor, "I shall be rich beyond the imaginations of parais. I am going to Klondike!" "So are a lot of other people." "That is where my fine work comes in. I have almost perfected a process for making gold edible."—Indianapolis Journal.

RAM'S HORNS. The common saint is an unassuming stranger to himself. He is well balanced that will take advice against inclination. Christ taught to teach; not to win admiration or applause. Aggressiveness without control, is the animal turned loose. The gospel and the long face do not travel well together. The man who loves his neighbor as himself, cannot be a hermit. A dollar has more power in America, than the Ten Commandments. The careless man wrecks his comfort; the covetous man his destiny. The eagle bathing her pinions in the clouds, is but one of God's thoughts materialized. If your schooling does not help you to better the world, your time and money are both lost. The man who thinks he knows all there is to know, is already too dead to know that he is dying. Scatter sunshine as you pass along, and by and by you may gather bouquets of immortal gladness. We may gain a reputation for piety by looking solemn, but we shall slander the Lord while doing it. The New York owner of a long-haired French poodle, has from time to time clipped from its coat twenty pounds of soft white wool, which will shortly be woven into cloth, from which he will have a suit of clothes made.

## THE OLD RELIABLE.

THE OLD RELIABLE. Columbus State Bank (Oldest Bank in the State.) Pays Interest on Time Deposits AND Makes Loans on Real Estate. ISSUES SIGHT DRAFTS ON Omaha, Chicago, New York and All Foreign Countries. SELLS STEAMSHIP TICKETS. BUYS GOOD NOTES And helps its customers when they need help. OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS: LEANDER GERHARD, Pres't. R. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't. M. BRUGGER, Cashier. JOHN STAUFER, Wm. RUCHER. COMMERCIAL BANK OF COLUMBUS, NEB., HAS AN Authorized Capital of - \$500,000 Paid in Capital, - - 90,000 OFFICERS: C. H. SHELDON, Pres't. H. P. H. OF BIER, Vice Pres. DANIEL S. SHERMAN, Cashier. FRANK ROBERT, Asst. Cashier. DIRECTORS: C. H. SHELDON, J. HENRY WELLS-BARN, W. A. McALESTER, S. C. GRAY, CARL REEDER, FRANK ROBERT. STOCKHOLDERS: SARAIDA ELIAS, J. HENRY WELLS-BARN, CLARK GRAY, HENRY LOSKE, DANIEL SHERMAN, GEO. J. GALLEY, F. H. GORRICH, J. P. BECKER, EDGATE, REBECCA BECKER, H. M. WINSTON. Bank of Deposit: interest allowed on time deposits; buy and sell exchange on United States and Europe; and buy and sell all reliable securities. We shall be pleased to receive your business. We solicit your patronage.

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