

The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXVIII.—NUMBER 32.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1897.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,436.

A FRONTIER DUEL.

By Maj. Alfred R. Calhoun.

HE plagues of the mining camps in the far west were the bullies and desperadoes who, ignoring the laws of society, lived by gambling, or even worse.

These fellows always go armed, carry themselves with a swagger and aggressively drag their coat tails on the ground at all times in the hope that some one will give them an excuse to shoot.

Fairplay is a very good name for a town or camp, and Fairplay, Colorado, is today a thriving, law-abiding place, but, like all western towns, it had to pass through the rougher stages of evolution from the absolute barbarism of its beginning to the high civilization of the present.

There are many men not yet beyond middle life who distinctly remember the first but erected in Fairplay, and who can recall the scene of the first hotel, the Great Western, which was composed of three rooms, one canvas, one log and the other unplanned boards. Though this establishment claimed to furnish "accommodations for man and beast," it had no table for horses, and all its lodgers had to sleep in bunks in one room, while bread and bacon constituted the bill of fare, with now and then sugar-cane coffee. The "extras" were composed wholly of bad cigars, strong chewing tobacco and whisky of a kind much worse than the ordinary fluid that one drinks of it has the effect of delirium tremens on a man accustomed to it, and it always produced a homicidal mania in those who indulged in it as often as once a week.

The bar of the Great Western was the rendezvous, the headquarters, for all the miners and teamsters in the vicinity, and you may be sure that it was a constant resort for the gamblers and desperadoes who always swarm about a new mining town like flies about a sugar hogshead in July.

For the reasons above mentioned, the class, with whom he was in full sympathy, and with an eye to his own gain—he had only one eye—the landlord of the Great Western had fitted up a place for playing faro, and a number of pine tables on which those treacherous dice were wont to be tossed. Many were so inclined—could play that alluring but most uncertain game called poker.

At this time there were only two women in Fairplay, viz: Mrs. Chamberlain, the wife of the principal mine superintendent, and Lizzy Chamberlain, her daughter.

Ladies were certainly at a premium, and Lizzy was very popular and a standing toast with the hundreds of men working in or near the camp. But as she was a very charming, modest and bloodthirsty person, had the sexes been more evenly balanced.

Some men, with wives and daughters at home in the states, rather blamed Mr. Chamberlain for subjecting his family to the hardship inseparable from such a life, but had they known that the devoted wife and daughter insisted on accompanying him and sharing his trials, they would not have been so hard in their judgment.

Arthur Lyons, a fine fellow of four or five years ago, was Mr. Chamberlain's assistant, and as he boarded with his employer, it was pretty generally conceded that he had "the inside track" so far as Lizzy was concerned, and that their marriage was only a question of time.

It was, however, in Fairplay, one man who emphatically refused to believe that Lizzy Chamberlain looked kindly on Arthur Lyons, and this man was known as "Red" Snively, the first name being given to designate his hair, which was a sanguine color of his hair.

Red Snively wished to be known as "The Mountain Terror," and he tried hard to have the name attached to himself, but as the majority of the miners looked upon him as a nuisance rather than a terror, the name did not stick to any great extent.

Red Snively was a swaggering, ever-armed braggart. He was supposed to be a silent partner in the Great Western hotel, and it was a matter of notoriety that all the gambling tables of the establishment were under his immediate charge.

He always had money; he always drank, yet he was the one man who did not appear to be affected by the vile whisky—indeed, it would be nearly impossible for any liquor to make him more brutal and bloodthirsty than he was when in his natural condition.

He claimed Missouri as his home, and when he became confidential—which was always the case when the game was going against him—he would hint that he was forced to come west "on account of a little cuttin' scrape" he had over a game of cards.

With the brazen effrontery of his class, Red Snively made himself very objectionable to Lizzy Chamberlain, and on one occasion the latter told Red Snively very emphatically that his conduct was disagreeable to Miss Chamberlain, and that it must be stopped, and this was said with such calm emphasis that the bully was not left in any doubt as to the young man's meaning, nor of his determination to enforce his request.

In addition to his many other uses the Great Western was the postoffice at which the weekly mail was delivered monthly-mail was delivered.

As Arthur shook the fellow's huge hand from his shoulder, he said, very quietly:

"I do not drink." "You don't, eh?" answered Red Snively. "I do not."

"Then I'll drink for two." The barkeeper handed Red Snively a bottle and a glass. Half filling the latter, he raised it toward his lips, but, stopping as if he had suddenly changed his mind, he shouted, with an oath:

"No gentleman ever drinks alone!" and with this he threw the contents of the glass into Arthur Lyons' face. The unexpected explosion of a bomb could not have caused greater consternation than did this unwarranted act. Men leaped from the tables and sought places of safety, for such an insult they felt must be followed by immediate shooting.

Red Snively expected to use his pistol, but he was not prepared to do so, for he could fire, Arthur Lyons seized the arm that held the pistol with his left hand, and with his right he planted a blow between the ruffian's red eyes that caused him to fall as if a bullet had been sent through his brain.

"No more fighting here," shouted a number of men, rushing in between Arthur and the man whom the landlord of the Great Western was helping from the floor. "If there's to be shooting let it be done fair and square outside under the rules of the code, and not in a crowded bar where innocent men may get pointed over."

"I agree to that," roared Red Snively, who had now recovered himself. "Landlord, you'll act as my second." "I'll do that and take your place if you go down," replied the landlord, who was not a little less of a brute than the man he was helping up.

"And I'll act for this gentleman," said a tall man, who had been sitting unnoticed since he reached the place, a few hours before, with the mail-carrier. He had a long, black beard, his hat was slouched, and his coat collar turned up so that but little of his face could be seen, but there was that in his voice and bearing that convinced the lookers-on that he was no ordinary person.

As the stranger took his place beside Arthur, who acknowledged the offer by a courteous bow, he drew out under his coat two revolvers and he held them with the peculiar grip of a man who knew how to use them.

Arthur Lyons, like all civilized men of sense, was opposed to duelling, but he knew that if he did not fight this offer by a courteous bow, he drew out under his coat two revolvers and he held them with the peculiar grip of a man who knew how to use them.

Up at Stremburg's a farmer sold his horse, paid his mortgage and floating indebtedness, bought his wife a new range and sewing machine, took \$100 to go to Buffalo and poor wife out-going, and had \$300 left. When he had finished all the business he wiped his brow with his shirt sleeve and remarked: "I voted for Bryan last fall, but I'm glad he wasn't elected."—York (Pa.) Times.

Manna. In Australia, tropical Asia and Africa true manna is found on a kind of blue grass. It appears in masses as large as a marble on the nodes of the stems. Nearly three parts consist of mucilage, which, though sweet, is not sugar. The manna also contains a ferment which has power to decompose cane sugar without evolving carbonic acid or any kind of gas.

PERSONALITIES. Sir William Harcourt is chopping down trees on his estate for export to Miss Alma Tadema which will shortly be published.

Gen. Lew Wallace has written a new book, consisting of two poems, dealing with Oriental life.

Rev. Mr. Saunier, a member of the Ely, Neb. United Brethren conference, recently resigned because the conference decided that its members should not use tobacco.

An ant which Sir John Lubbock, the English naturalist, has kept for observation many years, died recently, whereupon the Indian Mirror published an obituary notice of his aunt.

An obelisk adorned with a medallion of Chopin has been erected at Renzow, in Prussian Silesia, where in 1826, at the age of 17, he gave his first public concert. He organized it for the benefit of two orphans.

Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, the only surviving daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray, intends to write biographical and anecdotal notes for each volume of a new edition of her father's works, which is soon to appear.

my pistol, and no man can fire at him till I have secured my account.

"Who are you?" demanded Snively, his countenance purple and his thick lips trembling with excitement.

"I am George Pierce, the twin brother of Henry Pierce whom you murdered in St. Louis one year ago."

The stranger threw off his cloak and false beard, and stood before the cowed desperado—Hyperion facing a Satyr.

"Stand back, men, and let us have it out. Coward and murderer though this Snively is, I will give him a chance for his wife's life."

The men dropped back and Snively suddenly raised his pistol and fired. He was in the act of cocking his pistol again, when the young stranger raised his arm.

A crack, a puff of silvery smoke and a crimson spot in the center of the man's forehead, who lay dead before the barroom door.

One hour after this George Pierce shook hands with Arthur Lyons and rode away from the mountain camp, the preserver of one man's life and the avenger of another's.

Soon after this the landlord of the Great Western had to fly the camp, and was subsequently lynched in Nevada.

Arthur Lyons is today one of Colorado's most prominent citizens, and he often tells his children of the early days of Fairplay and of the duel he came near fighting on account of their mother.

The Rabbit Problem Solved. The vexed question of the extermination of the Australian rabbit, which has hitherto constituted the chief problem that has confronted every antipodean administration, has at length received a satisfactory solution. There is no longer any necessity for invoking the services of great scientists such as the late Dr. Pasteur and Professor Koch to devise means for their extermination, for the invention of the cold-storage rooms on board ship has led to the bunnies being exported in a refrigerated condition to the continent.

Rabbit pie is a favorite dish in the United Kingdom, and the rabbit which could not be successfully canned for transport and preservation is now leaving Australia for England at such a rate that soon there will not be a single one of them left in the antipodes.

Clad of It. Up at Stremburg's a farmer sold his horse, paid his mortgage and floating indebtedness, bought his wife a new range and sewing machine, took \$100 to go to Buffalo and poor wife out-going, and had \$300 left. When he had finished all the business he wiped his brow with his shirt sleeve and remarked: "I voted for Bryan last fall, but I'm glad he wasn't elected."—York (Pa.) Times.

Some Old Signs. A tinsmith near Exeter, England, has a sign which reads: "Measurements of all shapes and sizes sold at a market town in Rutlandshire, the following placard was affixed to the shutters of a watermaker who had de-camped, leaving his creditors mourning: "Wound up, and the mainpringing. Equally apposite was one in Thomaston, Me. On one of the principal streets the same room was occupied by a physician and a shoemaker, the disciple of Galen in front, while he of St. Cripsin's trade worked in the rear. "We repair both sole and body." On the Londoner's sign in Paris are buried there appeared the notice: "This coffee-room removed upstairs till repaired." The proprietor of the place was not an Irishman, though the framer of the notice over the entrance to a French burring ground. "Only the French who live in the parterre are buried here," must have been. One may see in the windows of a confectioner in Fourth avenue, New York, "Pies Open All Night." A Bowers placard reads: "Home-Made Dining Rooms, Family Orders," with a West Broadway restaurant, which is really a Paris. Pastry and Oysters, and still another caterer, on East Broadway, retails "Fresh Salt Oysters and Larger Beer." "Boots Polish Inside." is a frequent sign in New York, and at Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, there is a "Stationary Library" which is really a circulating library, and the word "Stationary" adorns one window and "Library" the other. Philadelphia has a sign reading "Ho Made Pies" and a barber shop in the same city bears this inscription on its window, "G. Washington's immortal abattoir."—Democrat's Monthly.

Health Meter for Bicycles. An ingenious Frenchman has invented a health meter that is attracting considerable attention from leading scientific and medical men abroad. There are several variations of the machine, one form being made in a bracelet which is fastened to the wrist. There are two thin strips of metal surrounding the wrist. Between them is the mechanism, which is affected by changes in the patient's health, and this records them on a tiny roll of paper which is carried by the patient by the physician at his leisure.

Dr. Ollivary, of Paris, who has given more attention to the meter than any other person except the inventor, is using the machine to determine the effect of riding a bicycle. He first used the meter to learn the state of the patient's health, then instructed the patient to take violent exercise by riding a wheel or a stationary exerciser in the form of a bicycle. When the rider is exhausted the meter is again adjusted and his condition noted. Dr. Ollivary says that he thus obtains insight into the condition of the patient that he could get in no other way.

Heard Music Far Away. During the continuance of Damrosch's concerts at Willow Grove park which were given in the summer season, which closed on Tuesday, a considerable number of people listened to the music regularly every afternoon and evening without being obliged to go out to the park at all. This was accomplished by the means of the private telephone company operated by the Union Traction company, which spreads all over the city. Electricians fitted up receivers in the band shell, connected by a special wire with the telephone exchange at Ninth and Dauphin streets. Then this wire was connected with other wires centering on the switchboard and the music distributed as freely as possible. All the important officials of the company have private officials of the company, so the concerts were enjoyed by the members of their families whenever they desired. In addition to the switchboard, the traction telephone exchange, could listen to the music and give it to any of the city hall officials, and in the same manner the girl operators at the Bell Tele-

IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

Some Old Signs Found in Various Places—A Chicken With Four Legs—Health Meter for Bicycles—Strange Place for Fish.

Trovato. It is but the idle fancy Of mocking-necromancy. That together, leaf and blossom, by the Indus once we grew. And that hadst hadst came, or Ornat. To imprison the In some half-remembered measure which has rhymed me to you!

Is it false or is it real? In that ages more ideal I was song and you were Sappho, you were a sunbeam, I the dawn. For I longed for the rainbow Of a passion vague and wild Which you quicken to remembrance of a former life we knew.

Was it stream when you were willow? Was it shell when you were willow? For your voice has ever echoed through the hushes of my heart. And I seem as I behold you That the very air around you By the fragrance which, in welcome, all the budding buds impart.

But at last I stand beside you And the face which long denied you Yields, in response, a dear incarnation of my dream. What is it that you are, you are love, Was it twilight to the star, love, As the languor is to summer, as the murmur to the stream.

And since you are on me has perished But to break the lifted cloud you Yields, in response, a dear incarnation of my dream. What is it that you are, you are love, Was it twilight to the star, love, As the languor is to summer, as the murmur to the stream.

Some Old Signs. A tinsmith near Exeter, England, has a sign which reads: "Measurements of all shapes and sizes sold at a market town in Rutlandshire, the following placard was affixed to the shutters of a watermaker who had de-camped, leaving his creditors mourning: "Wound up, and the mainpringing. Equally apposite was one in Thomaston, Me. On one of the principal streets the same room was occupied by a physician and a shoemaker, the disciple of Galen in front, while he of St. Cripsin's trade worked in the rear. "We repair both sole and body." On the Londoner's sign in Paris are buried there appeared the notice: "This coffee-room removed upstairs till repaired." The proprietor of the place was not an Irishman, though the framer of the notice over the entrance to a French burring ground. "Only the French who live in the parterre are buried here," must have been. One may see in the windows of a confectioner in Fourth avenue, New York, "Pies Open All Night." A Bowers placard reads: "Home-Made Dining Rooms, Family Orders," with a West Broadway restaurant, which is really a Paris. Pastry and Oysters, and still another caterer, on East Broadway, retails "Fresh Salt Oysters and Larger Beer." "Boots Polish Inside." is a frequent sign in New York, and at Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, there is a "Stationary Library" which is really a circulating library, and the word "Stationary" adorns one window and "Library" the other. Philadelphia has a sign reading "Ho Made Pies" and a barber shop in the same city bears this inscription on its window, "G. Washington's immortal abattoir."—Democrat's Monthly.

Four Legs to One Chicken. They have many curious things over in India and occasionally some of them find their way to this country. The latest to reach Philadelphia is now in the possession of Prof. Babu H. Sukhl, whose kindly disposition is really a great boon for several years has claimed Philadelphia as his home. It is a chicken. Seen from in front it looks like a plain, ordinary pullet of the Plymouth Rock variety. But it isn't ordinary by any means. As in the case of other members of the poultry family, the chicken stands on two legs. That is, when it wants to. When it takes a notion to stand on four, however, it can do so, for it has them. Growing from the top of each of its normal legs is another leg, not so large, quite, but just as perfect. When

the chicken stands erect the extra legs project at right angles to the other legs to the first joint. From that point they hang downward, terminating in a pair of perfectly formed feet. The possession of four feet is not the only unusual feature in it which Prof. Sukhl's curiosity rejoices. It also has two well-developed tails.

How Did Fish Get There. A party of Philadelphia residents recently returned from an excursion through Wyoming are still talking of a stream-bird ride they enjoyed on Yellowstone lake, which is one mile and a half higher above the sea level than is this city. The lake is of clear cold water, and well stocked with fish, though 7,740 feet above the Atlantic ocean.

The tiny steamer Zillah makes daily runs of 25 miles up and down the lake. Storms that rage with great fury are frequently encountered, but the gorgeous sunsets on clear days are greatly admired. Big game is plentiful in that region, and bears and antelopes can frequently be seen from the deck of the steamer.—Philadelphia Record.

Long Time Away from Fla. A Boston citizen who had been in Europe all summer and had not seen a single piece of pie went into the most famous pie-joint in Boston the day after his return. For his luncheon he took a cup of coffee, a piece of apple pie, a piece of custard pie, a piece of lemon pie and a piece of blueberry pie. He didn't take any of the grape pie because it was out.

The official reports show that the highest temperature ever recorded in California was 130 degrees, this being at Mammoth Lake, in the desert region of San Diego county. Close to it was 123 degrees at Indio, in the same county.

PAINTER GILBERT.

STORY OF A CELEBRATED ARTIST'S CAREER.

Brief Biographical Sketch of the Famous London Illustrator Who Recently Passed Away—He Led as a Book Picture Maker.

IR JOHN GILBERT, R. A., president of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, died in London the other day at the age of 80 years.

Gilbert's first picture was exhibited in 1836. It was a water color drawing of a young man in a blue coat, and his subject was "The Arrest of Lord Hastings by the Protector, Richard Duke of Gloucester." In the same year he exhibited an oil painting in the Royal Academy and in 1839 he exhibited at the British Institution.

From that time forward his pictures were seen constantly in the last named gallery and occasionally at the academy. Most of his paintings have been historical, and many of them were suggested by the classics in English and continental history. His brush was busy up to 1890, in which year he painted "Onward."

He was better known to the English-speaking public as an illustrator of books and periodicals than as a painter. Among his most important illustrations are those of an edition of Shakespeare, upon which he spent several years. In 1871 he was elected president of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, in whose galleries he has been a constant exhibitor. He was knighted more than twenty-five years ago. In 1876 he was elected a Royal Academician and was also made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Sir John for many years refused to sell any of his paintings, with a view to one day presenting them to the nation. In 1832 he divided the collection among the art galleries of London, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool.

Sir John for many years refused to sell any of his paintings, with a view to one day presenting them to the nation. In 1832 he divided the collection among the art galleries of London, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool.

The recent death of the young stationer Domino, and the mark of respect shown him by his owners, the Messrs. Keene, in putting an appropriate slab over his grave, recalls the fact that but few of the great horses which have died in this country have any tablet to show where their bones lie buried.

One of the first of horses to have this mark of respect shown him was Lexington. This fine horse died in his stable near the house occupied by his groom, Henry Overton, and at his request Lexington was buried not far away. Mr. A. J. Alexander, Lexington's owner, had an appropriate marble shaft placed at the head of the grave, on which is recorded brief mention of the horse's virtues.

"Uncle Frank" Harper, who was a neighbor of Mr. Alexander, followed the example set by the Scotchman and when his incomparable turf performed and stallions, Ten Brock and Longfellow, died, he gave them decent burial on his pretty Nantura farm, near Midway, and over the grave of each he has erected suitable monuments. These enduring stones tell the observer

Graves of Great Horses. The recent death of the young stationer Domino, and the mark of respect shown him by his owners, the Messrs. Keene, in putting an appropriate slab over his grave, recalls the fact that but few of the great horses which have died in this country have any tablet to show where their bones lie buried.

One of the first of horses to have this mark of respect shown him was Lexington. This fine horse died in his stable near the house occupied by his groom, Henry Overton, and at his request Lexington was buried not far away. Mr. A. J. Alexander, Lexington's owner, had an appropriate marble shaft placed at the head of the grave, on which is recorded brief mention of the horse's virtues.

"Uncle Frank" Harper, who was a neighbor of Mr. Alexander, followed the example set by the Scotchman and when his incomparable turf performed and stallions, Ten Brock and Longfellow, died, he gave them decent burial on his pretty Nantura farm, near Midway, and over the grave of each he has erected suitable monuments. These enduring stones tell the observer

Graves of Great Horses. The recent death of the young stationer Domino, and the mark of respect shown him by his owners, the Messrs. Keene, in putting an appropriate slab over his grave, recalls the fact that but few of the great horses which have died in this country have any tablet to show where their bones lie buried.

One of the first of horses to have this mark of respect shown him was Lexington. This fine horse died in his stable near the house occupied by his groom, Henry Overton, and at his request Lexington was buried not far away. Mr. A. J. Alexander, Lexington's owner, had an appropriate marble shaft placed at the head of the grave, on which is recorded brief mention of the horse's virtues.

"Uncle Frank" Harper, who was a neighbor of Mr. Alexander, followed the example set by the Scotchman and when his incomparable turf performed and stallions, Ten Brock and Longfellow, died, he gave them decent burial on his pretty Nantura farm, near Midway, and over the grave of each he has erected suitable monuments. These enduring stones tell the observer

Graves of Great Horses. The recent death of the young stationer Domino, and the mark of respect shown him by his owners, the Messrs. Keene, in putting an appropriate slab over his grave, recalls the fact that but few of the great horses which have died in this country have any tablet to show where their bones lie buried.

QUEER SURGERY.

Big Ants Are Made to Take the Place of Needles and Thread.

Science has made vast strides during the last half of the century, and in no branch of knowledge is this progress more marked than in that of surgery. Many an operation is now performed with facility and safety that was not dreamed of fifty years ago, and many an operation that we now consider trivial and beneath the remark was then considered as next to impossible.

The introduction of anesthetics and the researches of Lord Lister in antiseptic surgery account largely for this state of things. Indeed, before the introduction of antiseptic methods in the operation of theatre as many lives were lost from those bugbears of all surgeons, pyemia and septicemia, as resulted from the operations themselves.

The method, therefore, of securing a wound which is still prevalent among the Brazilian Indians may be looked upon as at least strictly antiseptic. The materials required for performing the operation are found handy almost anywhere in a Brazilian forest. These are a species of a very large ant, which has mandibles that can bite through almost any substance. The mouth is furnished with transversely moribund jaws and does not possess a sting. A bite from one of these ants is perfectly harmless, and is followed by no swelling or other evil results. The lower lip of the ant, instead of being a simple cover to the mouth is developed as a strong jointed organ which can be shot out much farther than the upper lip or, when at rest, can be folded flat over the face and cut, be rapidly protruded or withdrawn. It is furnished at its extremity with a pair of forceps, and is able to grasp objects with the strength and firmness of a small pair of pliers. Nothing, unless caused in metal, can resist those jaws. What the Brazilian Indian does when he or one of his patients receives a gash is this: He catches some of these ants, and, holding them to the wound, which he has previously closed together, lets them bite. They fix their mandibles on each side of the wound, and then he pinches off the rest of the body, leaving the mandibles and jaws to close up the wound. A row of these ants' heads keeps a wound together quite as effectively as the needle and thread of a surgeon, but the pain given to the victim of this rude style of surgery must be considerable. But as this method may seem, however, it has its advantages in being strictly antiseptic and causing no evil effects. The jaws of the ant are extracted with a pair of forceps after the wound has satisfactorily healed.—New York Herald.

ELOQUENCE OF A GIRL. The latest child phenomenon comes from Jersey City and she is drawing crowds of enthusiastic people to hear her in Pittsburgh this week. Her name is Isabella Harvey Horton and she is a little coquette just 12 years old. Her vocation is that of an evangelist and her preaching is said to be foretold.

THEIR. Columbus Journal! A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS. THE COUNTY OF PLATTE, The State of Nebraska THE UNITED STATES AND THE REST OF MANKIND.

THEIR. Columbus Journal! A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS. THE COUNTY OF PLATTE, The State of Nebraska THE UNITED STATES AND THE REST OF MANKIND.

THEIR. Columbus Journal! A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS. THE COUNTY OF PLATTE, The State of Nebraska THE UNITED STATES AND THE REST OF MANKIND.

THEIR. Columbus Journal! A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS. THE COUNTY OF PLATTE, The State of Nebraska THE UNITED STATES AND THE REST OF MANKIND.

THEIR. Columbus Journal! A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS. THE COUNTY OF PLATTE, The State of Nebraska THE UNITED STATES AND THE REST OF MANKIND.

THEIR. Columbus Journal! A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS. THE COUNTY OF PLATTE, The State of Nebraska THE UNITED STATES AND THE REST OF MANKIND.

THEIR. Columbus Journal! A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of COLUMBUS.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus State Bank

(Oldest Bank in the State.) Pays Interest on Time Deposits

AND Makes Loans on Real Estate.

ISSUES SHORT 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. E. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't. M. BRUGGER, Cashier. JOHN STAUFFER, Wm. McCrea.

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. O'NEILL, Vice Pres't. DANIEL S. HARM, Cashier. FRANK ROBERT, Asst. Cash'r. DIRECTORS: C. H. SHELDON, H. P. H. O'NEILL, DANIEL S. HARM, FRANK ROBERT, CARL RIESKE, S. C. GRAY, FRANK ROBERT.

STOCKHOLDERS: FARELLA ELLIS, J. HENRY WELLSMAN, CLARK GRAY, HENRY LOSER, DANIEL S. HARM, GEORGE GALLEY, A. F. H. O'NEILL, J. P. BRACKER ESTATE, REBECCA BRUCKER, H. M. WINSLOW.

Bank of Deposits: Interest allowed on time deposits; buy and sell exchange on United States and Europe; and buy and sell available securities. We shall be pleased to receive your business. We solicit your patronage.

THEIR. Columbus Journal! A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS. THE COUNTY OF PLATTE, The State of Nebraska THE UNITED STATES AND THE REST OF MANKIND.

THEIR. Columbus Journal! A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS. THE COUNTY OF PLATTE, The State of Nebraska THE UNITED STATES AND THE REST OF MANKIND.

THEIR. Columbus Journal! A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS. THE COUNTY OF PLATTE, The State of Nebraska THE UNITED STATES AND THE REST OF MANKIND.

THEIR. Columbus Journal! A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of COLUMBUS.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus State Bank

(Oldest Bank in the State.) Pays Interest on Time Deposits

AND Makes Loans on Real Estate.

ISSUES SHORT 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. E. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't. M. BRUGGER, Cashier. JOHN STAUFFER, Wm. McCrea.

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. O'NEILL, Vice Pres't. DANIEL S. HARM, Cashier. FRANK ROBERT, Asst. Cash'r. DIRECTORS: C. H. SHELDON, H. P. H. O'NEILL, DANIEL S. HARM, FRANK ROBERT, CARL RIESKE, S. C. GRAY, FRANK ROBERT.

STOCKHOLDERS: FARELLA ELLIS, J. HENRY WELLSMAN, CLARK GRAY, HENRY LOSER, DANIEL S. HARM, GEORGE GALLEY, A. F. H. O'NEILL, J. P. BRACKER ESTATE, REBECCA BRUCKER, H. M. WINSLOW.

Bank of