

The Columbus Journal

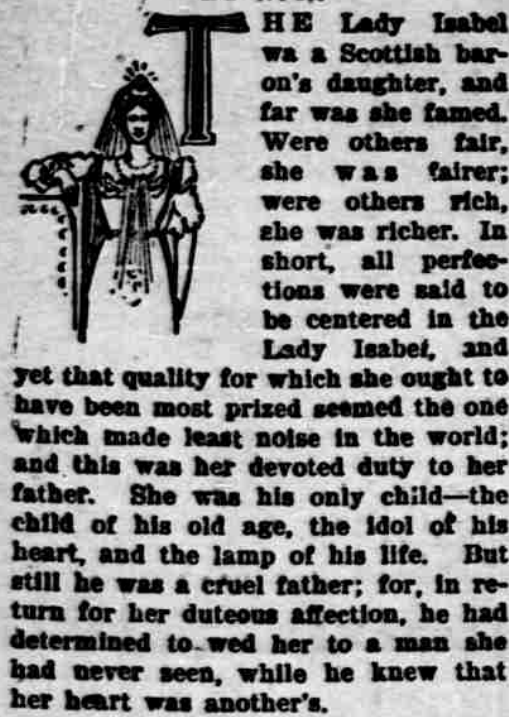
VOLUME XXVIII.—NUMBER 40.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1898.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,444.

LADY ISABEL

BY W. X.



HE Lady Isabel was a Scottish baron's daughter, and far as she was famed. Were others fair, she was fairer; were others rich, she was richer. In short, all perfections were said to be centered in the Lady Isabel, and yet that quality for which she ought to have been most prized seemed the one which made least noise in the world; and this was her devoted duty to her father. She was his only child—the child of his old age, the idol of his heart, and the lamp of his life. But still he was a cruel father, for, in return for her dutiful affection, he had determined to wed her to a man she had never seen, while he knew that her heart was another's.

The Lord of Ormsdale was the son of his ancient friend, and the possessor of broad lands in a distant part of Scotland. The two old men had sworn to each other that their children should be united, but ere this pact, the youth had been sent abroad to be initiated in the art of war—an art but too much practiced in his native country at that time; for he it knew that our peerless beauty bloomed in the fifteenth century, when the feuds of the Scottish nobility were frequent and deadly. Much was bruited abroad of the goodly person and brave qualities of the young earl, but of this Lady Isabel had no opportunity of judging, for never, as has been told, had she seen him. She had, however, but too often seen his cousin Roderick, and to him was her heart devoted. It was true he had neither title, land nor vassals, but he was a handsome, a noble and a gallant youth, and he had knelt at her feet, confessed his love, and sworn eternal constancy; and though, when she thought of her father, she turned coldly away, it was but to treasure his image in her heart, and to weep his bitter tears at the hapless fate which doomed her to wed another.

Roderick, by and by, went away to a foreign land, distraught by his passion for the Lady Isabel; and the time was long, and he returned not, and none spoke of him, or seemed to think of him, save his disconsolate lover. But it was not so, for the old baron loved him for his worth and manly bearing; and when he saw his daughter drooping her head like a lily, he, too, was unhappy, and repented him of his rash vow, though he would rather have sacrificed his own life, and hers, too, than have broken his oath.

But now the time was at hand when the sun was to shine upon the 19th birthday of the baron's daughter, and multitudes were invited to his castle to celebrate the festival with mirth and revelry. Many were the seasons on which he had thrown wide the castle gates and welcomed numerous guests, and ample the hospitable provision he had been so doing as of now. While hecatombs of sheep and oxen bled on the occasion, with wain-loads of deer, wild and tame fowls, and other creatures, every country seemed to have been taxed for fruit and other delicacies, and wines of the richest seemed by the quantities provided to be intended absolutely to flow in rivers.

The birthday of the Lady Isabel had been celebrated, as it came round, ever since that on which she first drew her breath, but never had there been even imagined such preparations as this. The tongue of all the gossiping old dowagers in the kingdom were set a-going on the occasion; some assigned one reason for this extraordinary entertainment, and some another. Now there were several whose eager curiosity caused them so much uneasiness that they went so far as to ask an explanation of the old dowager's words. They were all, however, failed in the attempt to penetrate the mystery, and therefore settled in their own minds that the old man had either lost his wits altogether or was in his dotage.

Nor, to speak the truth, did the young lady, on whose account was all the turmoil, feel less surprised than other people at her father's unbounded extravagance, especially as there arrived from the capital chest after chest, packed with the richest vestments of all the most approved fashion of the times, and filled with jewels, which, added to the family gems she already possessed, might have furnished the dowry of a princess.

GIRL'S DARING NIGHT RIDE

Staying Home and Now Lover

An Indiana romance which almost rivals that of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith comes from Pine Ridge agency. Last week William Jacobson, a young fellow in charge of one of the classes at Carlisle, eloped with Jeannie Beallard, an intelligent quarter-breed Sioux. The couple rode from Pine Ridge to Chadron, Neb., on their ponies during the night pursued by the girl's relatives all the way. They arrived in Chadron in the gray dawn of the morning, thoroughly exhausted, and at once proceeded to secure a license. Then in the presence of friends of the bride they were made man and wife. The couple met about two years ago at Carlisle, where the young woman was attending a private seminary, and became enamored of each other. They became engaged, when the girl received a letter ordering her home to Pine Ridge. The young couple kept up a correspondence, fearing that their attachment would become known to the parents of the girl, who were very much opposed to her forming an alliance with other than a thoroughbred Sioux. A letter to the girl was finally intercepted by a young Sioux admirer and laid before the mother. Thereafter not a letter was permitted. Becoming alarmed at not receiving an answer Jacobson decided to go to Nebraska and investigate. Upon arriving at the agency he contrived a secret interview with the girl and arranged an elopement. On a dark night the girl stole forth, and procuring a saddle horse from the corral, slipped a halter over his head and led him to the outskirts of the Indian village, where she met by her lover in a lonely canyon near the historic battleground of Wounded Knee. Mounting their ponies, they started on their journey to Chadron. The echoes of the hoofbeats awakened the village and a thirty-mile chase was begun over the roughest country of the Rocky mountains. The journey was exceedingly dangerous and hazardous. The road at times winds around precipitous rugged cliffs and through rough canyons, where a misstep might plunge the riders into eternity. For four hours they rode on their ponies, expecting at every moment to hear the cry of their pursuers. When the light of Chadron appeared in view the pursuing party increased their pace, hoping to overtake the fleeing couple before they entered the city. They failed in this attempt, however, and the lovers managed to elude them.

Buried deep in the sands at the edge of Spirit Lake, near Grand Haven, Mich., lies the hull of the old sloop Porcupine, which was one of Lieut. Oliver H. Perry's fleet in the battle of Lake Erie. The old boat is nearly gone. She has lain there since 1875, when she went out of service, and was beached by a gang of men who had tried to rig her up as a lumber lugger. D. M. Ferry, later a United States senator from Michigan, owned the sloop, and the discouraged sailors fished the hull, and he left her there to work deeper and deeper into the sand. She is just at the end of one of his docks now; but he knew the honorable part she had played, and while he lived he refused to move her.

Belgian Postage Stamp Swindle. Belgian swindlers have been passing transparent paper over the postage stamps they put on letters. The post office per took the postmarks, leaving the stamp beneath uncancelled.

POPULAR SCIENCE. The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the province of Galicia, Hungary. It is known to be 550 miles long, twenty broad and 250 feet in thickness.

The length of a light wave, at the violet end of the spectrum, is about 1-62, 500th of an inch and at the red 1-37,000th. Light travels 12,000,000,000 inches in a second. Multiply the denominator of the fractions here given by 12,000,000,000, and you will get the number of light waves (or vibrations) per second for red and violet.

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over twelve thousand feet above the ocean level. Forty of these are higher than fourteen thousand feet, and more than half of that number are so remote and rugged that no one has dared to attempt to climb them. Some of them are massed with snow, others have glaciers over their approaches, and others are merely masses of jagged rocks.

The Electrician, Paris, quotes from the Optician, London, an account of an invention by a man named Wilson. It consists of a minute incandescent electric lamp is fastened to a pen near its point, in order to illuminate the writing. "A little reflector," it says, "placed behind it prevents the light from dazzling the eyes and directs it toward the paper. This arrangement may be applied also to a pencil or to any instrument of the same sort."

PEN POINTS. Age makes some people wise and others only stubborn. Confectioners would make their candy over hot-ben fire. The dance they sit out in the most delightful to a pair of lovers. The upper ten is composed of the winning nine and the umpire. What the average Kentuckian needs is a waterproof coat for his stomach. Trifles light as hair sometimes turn the whole course of a man's appetite. No man ever realizes the power of a woman's eloquence until after he gets married. The baseball season being ended the pitcher is now at liberty to work the crowler.

Perhaps it's because with day comes next to Sunday that cleanliness is next to godliness. More illiterate bed-carriers reach the top of the ladder than men with college educations. If a friend comes to your office to borrow money and finds you in you will be out, but if he finds you out you will be in.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Military Tactics of Today—Some New Ideas from Europe—A Few Fanciful Thoughts—A Brave Newspaper Man—A Veteran's View.

The Eagle, WILD, enchanting bird! Whose music on the deep and dewy air Swells to the clouds, and calls on each heart. Fill a new melody in his throat. Wake, wake again, the night is so dark, and the throng of beauty and light.

With still stars burning on her name Intense and eloquently bright. Night, at its pulseless noon! When the far voices of water murmur in song. And the bird watch-dog, lastly and long Barks at the melancholy moon.

Mark! how it sweeps away, Scouring and dicing on the silent sky. As if some spirit of sound were wandering by! With lone halloo and roundelay!

Swirl, swirl in glory out! Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart. And my stirr'd spirit hears thee with a start. As boyhood's old remembrance's shout.

Oh have ye heard that peal! From slanting city's moon-bathed battlements. Or from the guarded field and warrior camp. Like some near breath around you steal!

Oh have ye in the roost Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise, Shriller than eagle's clamour, to the skies, Where wings and tempests never cease? Or, in some other, more far-off, No music that of air or earth is born, Can match the mighty music of that horn. On midnight's fallowness profound!

A Veteran's View of a Famous Case. To the Editor:—In your paper over the signature of Wilbur F. Crummer is an article headed "A Travesty of Justice," to which I wish to call attention, not because there is anything new or especially attractive in its reference to the Lovering court-martial and the circumstances that led to that trial. Much of the same kind of stuff on that subject has been written before, and might be excused in those who write for sensation, who, like the Miss Nappers of our times, assume that all military orders should be submitted to and approved by a town meeting before action. Old soldiers know better, and as your correspondent claims to be an old soldier, I respectfully call his attention to the oath administered to every man on entering the service of the United States—an obligation the most sacred, binding alike on officers and men. Under it all are required to yield prompt and strict compliance with the orders of their superiors. That Captain Lovering was officer of the day is not disputed. Then for that day he was in command of the camp, subject only to the commander of the post, by whom he was ordered to bring Hammond (then under guard voluntarily for detention) before a trial court. This he proceeded to do, sending this order first by the officer of the guard to Hammond and then by delivering it to him in person. To both orders Hammond made positive refusal. More than this, he made demand for conveyance, though it is not claimed that he was unable to walk or that he did not fully understand the order and all it implied. Yet, with this knowledge, and when he seems proud, he complains of the consequences. The complaint now of results is childish and unjust. He could have ended his suffering, if he had, at any time by complying with an order which he had sworn to obey. Surely sympathy is wasted on such pretense. Army regulations are of necessity strict, and the many men are so promptly recognized and as universally respected in the army as anywhere else, if we can believe the evidence of those who ought to know. If I have read the evidence right, Captain Lovering did his duty and deserves credit, not censure; and so does Colonel Hays for his manly assumption of responsibility.—William M. Loughlin, Lieut. Captain First U. S. V. Veterans.

Maj. Arthur H. Wagner has a report to the war department on the subject of European army maneuvers which is full of interest to all who concern themselves with military matters. From advance sheets the Army and Navy Journal makes the following excerpts:

Under the heading of "Bicycles" Maj. Wagner says that "the role most frequently assigned to the bicycle company was that of a support to the cavalry. But its employment was by no means confined to this. For example, on one occasion a successful ambush was laid for the advance guard of the hostile cavalry; at another time a battery surprised by a cavalry sweep was rescued, the salient feature of both of these operations being the ease and rapidity with which the wheelmen were employed. At night the wheelmen were found exceedingly useful in searching the ground, passing undiscovered within a few yards of hostile forces. It was for scouting at great distances from the main body, however, that they made themselves particularly valuable."

On the first day of the German maneuvers the cavalry sought to establish contact with the enemy over the lateral roads and through open fields, while the cyclists held the principal roads. The latter had, of course, the advantage over their opponents, covered by ditches, they were immediately ready for combat, and by their fire could prevent the cavalry from pushing ahead and getting accurate information of its adversary's position. It would not report that the cyclists were on the grass of the ditches and hedges. It would thus be compelled to assume that it had been covered by infantry fire, and would convey erroneous information as to the enemy's position.

IN THE TENEMENTS.

HOLIDAY SPIRIT LIGHTENS SQUALID QUARTERS.

Two Boxes from Real Life Fictitious by a Newspaper Man—A Sad Case of Despair—Actual Scenes Fictitious by Grand Street.

ACOB A. RIIS, author of "How the Other Half Live," and of other studies of life in the tenements, contributes an article to the Century on "Merry Christmas in the Tenements." The paper is illustrated by J. H. HARRINGTON. Mr. Riis gives the following description of actual scenes on Grand street:

At the corner, where two opposing sides of travel form an eddy, the line of shabby tenements covers the darker side-street. In its gloom their torches burn with a stifled glare that casts black shadows among the trusses of the railroad structure overhead. A woman, with worn shoulders brightly about head and shoulders, bargains with a peddler for a monkey on a stick and two cents' worth of bitter-ale. The two children youngsters fatten their noses against the frozen pane of the top-shop, in ecstasy at something there, which proves to be a milk-wagon, with driver, horse, and cans that can be unloaded. It is something their minds can grasp. One comes forth with a penny gulch of pastebord clutched tightly in his hand, and casting cautious glances right and left, speeds across the way to the door of a tenement, where a little girl stands waiting. "It's yer Christmas, Kate," he says, and thrusts it into her eager fist. The black doorway swallows them up.

Across the narrow yard, in the basement of the rear house, the lights of a Christmas tree show against the grimy window-pane. The two children are busily engaged fixing the goldfish upon one of its branches. Three little pendants that burn there shed light upon a scene of utmost desolation. The room is black with smoke and dirt. In the middle of the floor eozes an oil-stove that serves at once to take the raw edge of the cold and cook the meals by. Half the windowpanes are broken, and the holes stuffed with rags. The sleeve of an old coat hangs out of one, and beads dreeperly upon the sash when the wind sweeps over the fence and rattles the rotten shutters. The family wash, clammy and gray, hangs on a clothesline stretched across the room. Under it, at a table set with cracked and empty plates, a discouraged woman sits eyeing the children's show gloomily. It is evident that she has been drinking. The peaked faces of the little ones wear a famished look. There are three—the third infant, put to bed in what was once a baby-carriage. The two from the street are pulling it around to get to the tree in range. The baby sees it, and crows with delight. The boy shakes a branch, and the goldfish leaps and sparkles in the candle-light.

"See, sister!" he pipes; "see Santa Claus! And they clap their hands in glee. The woman at the table weeps out of her stupor, gasps around her, and bursts into a fit of maudlin weeping. The door falls to. Five flights up, another opens upon a bare attic room which a patient little woman is setting to rights. There are only three chairs, a box, and a bedstead in the room, but the winter wind on the table weeps and bursts into a fit of maudlin weeping.

When Albert Miesch was being shot at by three robbers at his Chicago place of business he dodged behind an Indian standing on the sidewalk. The bandits filled the Indian full of bullets and ran away. The Indian was wooden.—Ex-FAMOUS KISSES.

The kiss, we are told, was a formula of good will among the ancient Romans and was adopted by the early Christians, whose "holy kiss" and "kiss of charity" carried the weight of apostolic sanction.

It is usual that the golden cross of the sandal on the pope's right foot should be kissed by newly created cardinals and by those to whom an audience is granted. Even royal persons paid this act of homage to the Vicar of Christ, Charles V being the last to do so.

Kisses admit of great variety of character, and there are eight diversities mentioned in the scriptures. It is a sign of reverence and adoration in order to set a sacred seal upon their vows that witnesses in a court of law, when they are called upon to speak "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," are required to touch the bible with their lips, as also are soldiers when they enlist and make the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria.

Men in uncivilized regions kiss the feet of a superior or the ground in front of him, and in ancient times to press the lips to the knee or to the hem of a garment was to humbly implore protection. The Moors have adopted the custom of kissing, but the negroes of West Africa refuse to do so, and apparently that which is a medium of so much pleasure to many nations fills them with dislike.

The pleasant old Christmas custom of a kiss under the mistletoe is a relic of Norse mythology. Baldur, the beautiful god of light, was slain by a spear whose shaft was mistletoe twig. This was bewitched by Loki, the malevolent god of fire, until it swelled to the requisite size and was given by him to blind Hodur, who threw it and unintentionally struck Baldur when the gods were at play. Friga had made everything in heaven and earth under her name, but she had left out the mistletoe as being too slight and weak to be of harm. Baldur, however, was restored to life, and Friga guarded the mistletoe, which the gods determined should not again have power to do any mischief unless it touched the earth. For this reason it is always hung from the ceiling and the vigilant goddess propitiated by the kiss, a sign of good-will.

STATUE OF COL. CASS

Program in Russia.

Lecturing at a meeting of the Royal Statistical Society Major Craigie gave some interesting details acquired at the statistical conference at St. Petersburg, with regard to changes and developments in Russia. Since the emancipation of the serfs the patriarchal customs of rural life were disappearing, factories and mills were springing up, and the peasants were acquiring agricultural machinery. Changes were also occurring in the distribution of landed property. In the course of a single year 5,648,000 acres of land had been sold by the nobles, and of this amount something like 2,700,000 acres passed into the hands of the peasants, co-operative societies, or purchasers of the merchant class.

The general Russian census of 1897 showed the population of the empire to have risen to 129,000,000. With regard to the sexes, the men were in an actual, although very slight, majority. It was remarkable that females and males were more indulgent in Russia than in Western Europe, and women were especially lenient to juvenes.—London Chronicle.

On Cairo is changing rapidly. By Christmas the electric tramway to the Pyramids will be an accomplished fact, and the eight-mile trip, at present so expensive, will be possible for a few cents.

Crushed by Falling Sticks. Two men were crushed to death while working on a trestle near Winchester, Ky. A freight train broke the trestle down.

Gave the Queen a Furore. The only gift the Queen of England ever accepted from a private subject was the cream colored parrot carried by her on diamond jubilee day. It was presented to her by the Right Honorable Charles Villiers, still the "father of the house of commons."

Train Was Alive. A good story is being told about Mark Twain. Some time ago reports of his death in London were circulated in Hartford, Conn., his American home, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner cabled to a friend in London asking if the news was true. The friend handed the cablegram to Twain himself, who called back: "Reports of my death grossly exaggerated; Mark Twain."

The Homeless of Paris. Paris has, apart from two places where paupers can spend the night, 14 asylums for the homeless, which last year lodged 144,067 persons, of whom 15,577 were women and 2,696 children. Among the lodgers were 246 professors and teachers, 13 students, 5 authors, 5 journalists, 120 actors and singers, 30 musicians and 16 music teachers.

Graved by Falling Sticks. Two men were crushed to death while working on a trestle near Winchester, Ky. A freight train broke the trestle down.

Gave the Queen a Furore. The only gift the Queen of England ever accepted from a private subject was the cream colored parrot carried by her on diamond jubilee day. It was presented to her by the Right Honorable Charles Villiers, still the "father of the house of commons."

Train Was Alive. A good story is being told about Mark Twain. Some time ago reports of his death in London were circulated in Hartford, Conn., his American home, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner cabled to a friend in London asking if the news was true. The friend handed the cablegram to Twain himself, who called back: "Reports of my death grossly exaggerated; Mark Twain."

The Homeless of Paris. Paris has, apart from two places where paupers can spend the night, 14 asylums for the homeless, which last year lodged 144,067 persons, of whom 15,577 were women and 2,696 children. Among the lodgers were 246 professors and teachers, 13 students, 5 authors, 5 journalists, 120 actors and singers, 30 musicians and 16 music teachers.

Graved by Falling Sticks. Two men were crushed to death while working on a trestle near Winchester, Ky. A freight train broke the trestle down.

Gave the Queen a Furore. The only gift the Queen of England ever accepted from a private subject was the cream colored parrot carried by her on diamond jubilee day. It was presented to her by the Right Honorable Charles Villiers, still the "father of the house of commons."

Train Was Alive. A good story is being told about Mark Twain. Some time ago reports of his death in London were circulated in Hartford, Conn., his American home, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner cabled to a friend in London asking if the news was true. The friend handed the cablegram to Twain himself, who called back: "Reports of my death grossly exaggerated; Mark Twain."

The Homeless of Paris. Paris has, apart from two places where paupers can spend the night, 14 asylums for the homeless, which last year lodged 144,067 persons, of whom 15,577 were women and 2,696 children. Among the lodgers were 246 professors and teachers, 13 students, 5 authors, 5 journalists, 120 actors and singers, 30 musicians and 16 music teachers.

ELATED BY THE CLIMATE.

Algebra Should Be 20 Degrees Further South of 10 Degrees North.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times publishes a letter from an Algerian expert which gives a vivid notion of the natural difficulties with which the French have to compete in Algeria. According to this authority the one insuperable bar in commercial or agricultural success is the temperature. He argues that if the country were two degrees farther south or ten degrees farther north it would be a better country. Instead of the 30 degrees far north or ten degrees far south which the country is now, it would be a better country. Instead of the 30 degrees far north or ten degrees far south which the country is now, it would be a better country. Instead of the 30 degrees far north or ten degrees far south which the country is now, it would be a better country.

On the other hand, if it were situated ten degrees farther to the north, Algeria in its mineral wealth, at present incapable of exploitation, would rival Normandy, Auvergne, Beauve and Picardy. But as it is everything is blasted by the climate. The sugar cane has no sugar, it is inferior ham-bone. The coffee berry is empty. The cotton is too short for spinning. The cocoa-palm is incapable of bearing fruit. The indigo plant comes to nothing. The pineapples does not ripen, as do those in the tropics. It is harsh tropical glances right and left, speeds across the way to the door of a tenement, where a little girl stands waiting. "It's yer Christmas, Kate," he says, and thrusts it into her eager fist. The black doorway swallows them up.

All Will Be Cooked. The preliminary fashionable fad of the season is cooking. To be in the very height of the moment you must join a cooking class or form a cooking class, according to your tastes, as a popular favorite. The rooms devoted to cooking at the Armour Institute are filled with the debutantes who are to bow their prettiest to society during the coming month, and the debutantes who went through the ordeal last year. You begin at the beginning with washing dishes and you end the term a domestic jewel. Nothing is too complicated for your capacity, for the student making to the indispensible edibles that simmer under the cover of a chafing dish. When Owen Meredith wrote his verses in praise of cooks and dining, his prophetic vision must have rested upon the picture of the fashionable modern queen of the kitchen.

Stood for Office. A Bucks county man spent nineteen years of his life trying to get the appointment of postmaster. Finally he worked his strings properly and was appointed. When he learned that he was counted only as a fourth-class postmaster he immediately resigned. He said he had worked long enough to be a first-class postmaster, and deemed it he hadn't sense enough to know it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Advice to Negroes. Mrs. Booker T. Washington, the wife of the negro educator, recently addressed the young people of her race in Milwaukee and warned them not to shirk ordinary manual labor in order to become teachers, as there are too many teachers now.

Saved by an Indian. When Albert Miesch was being shot at by three robbers at his Chicago place of business he dodged behind an Indian standing on the sidewalk. The bandits filled the Indian full of bullets and ran away. The Indian was wooden.—Ex-FAMOUS KISSES.

The kiss, we are told, was a formula of good will among the ancient Romans and was adopted by the early Christians, whose "holy kiss" and "kiss of charity" carried the weight of apostolic sanction.

It is usual that the golden cross of the sandal on the pope's right foot should be kissed by newly created cardinals and by those to whom an audience is granted. Even royal persons paid this act of homage to the Vicar of Christ, Charles V being the last to do so.

Kisses admit of great variety of character, and there are eight diversities mentioned in the scriptures. It is a sign of reverence and adoration in order to set a sacred seal upon their vows that witnesses in a court of law, when they are called upon to speak "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," are required to touch the bible with their lips, as also are soldiers when they enlist and make the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria.

Men in uncivilized regions kiss the feet of a superior or the ground in front of him, and in ancient times to press the lips to the knee or to the hem of a garment was to humbly implore protection. The Moors have adopted the custom of kissing, but the negroes of West Africa refuse to do so, and apparently that which is a medium of so much pleasure to many nations fills them with dislike.

The pleasant old Christmas custom of a kiss under the mistletoe is a relic of Norse mythology. Baldur, the beautiful god of light, was slain by a spear whose shaft was mistletoe twig. This was bewitched by Loki, the malevolent god of fire, until it swelled to the requisite size and was given by him to blind Hodur, who threw it and unintentionally struck Baldur when the gods were at play. Friga had made everything in heaven and earth under her name, but she had left out the mistletoe as being too slight and weak to be of harm. Baldur, however, was restored to life, and Friga guarded the mistletoe, which the gods determined should not again have power to do any mischief unless it touched the earth. For this reason it is always hung from the ceiling and the vigilant goddess propitiated by the kiss, a sign of good-will.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus State Bank

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

Makes Loans on Real Estate.

SELLS STEAMSHIP TICKETS. BUYS GOOD NOTES

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS: LEANDER HENNEY, Pres't. R. H. HENNEY, Vice Pres't. M. BRUGGER, Cashier. JOHN STAUFFER, Wm. HUCKER.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF COLUMBUS, NEB.

Authorized Capital of \$500,000 Paid in Capital 90,000

OFFICERS: C. H. SHELDON, Pres't. H. F. B. OULF, Vice Pres't. DANIEL McBRIDE, Cashier. FRANK BOWEN, Asst. Cashier. DIRECTORS: C. H. SHELDON, J. H. WELCH, CARL BREWER, J. E. O'CONNOR, W. A. McALLISTER, R. C. GRAY, FRANK BOWEN.

STOCKHOLDERS: SARAELLA ELLIS, CLARK GIBBY, DANIEL SCHRAM, A. F. H. O'CONNOR, HERBECCK BECKER. J. HENRY WURMBACH, HENRY LOSKER, JOHN V. GALEY, J. F. BREWER, E. M. WISSELOW.

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 orders. We solicit your patronage.

COLUMBUS JOURNAL!

A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of THE COUNTY OF PLATTE, THE STATE OF NEBRASKA AND THE REST OF MANKIND. The unit of measure with us is \$1.50 A YEAR, IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

But our limit of usefulness is not prescribed by our own feeble powers. Sample copies sent free to any address. HENRY GASS, UNDERTAKER!

Collins and Metallic Cases; Repairing of all kinds of Upholstery Goods. 142 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

THE COLUMBUS JOURNAL. IS PREPARED TO FURNISH ARTICLES REQUESTED OF A PRINTING OFFICE.

CLUBS. BEST PAPERS. COUNTRY.