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Columbus Journal

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COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1885.

WHOLE NO. 778.

THE MISSING PICTURE. How It Was Out From the Frame in a Ducal Palace. The Detective's Scheme Baffled by a Grating Key—Parade of the Suspended Thief—The Remarkable Hat and Its Contents.

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AN ARMLESS WOMAN'S FEATS. Writing, Threading a Needle, and Feeding Herself With Her Teeth. "Now, let me show you what I can do. Dinner'll be here in just a moment."

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A NICE LITTLE ROMANCE. How a New Jersey Domestic Met Her Old-Time Lover. Among the passengers on the steamship City of Rome on one of her recent trips was Mary Murphy, a tall, handsome girl with lustrous black hair.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE." "If he refuses to pay for it, I will," said a bystander in a saloon. The first man refused to pay, and so did the speaker—as he had said he would.

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Business and professional cards of five lines or less, per annum, five dollars. For time advertisements, apply at this office. Legal advertisements at standard rates. For transient advertising, see rates on third page. All advertisements payable monthly.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Mrs. Sarah Howlett, of Amelia, Va., now eighty-three, has just out her third set of teeth. —There are only eight lawyers in Philadelphia who have been in practice over forty years in that city. —The richest man in Colorado is Governor Evans, and he sits up at only three millions.—Chicago Herald. —Colonel Ingalls is said to have made \$25,000 from fifty lectures during the past few months.—Chicago Herald. —The Prince of Wales is only forty-five. But if you count his age on the little darky's plan, by the fun he's had, he'd be more than three hundred, says the Boston Globe. —President Arthur is said to be looking better than at any time during his term of office. His complexion is clear and his color good, a marked change from one year ago.—Chicago Herald. —Paul Revere, of Revolutionary memory, is to stand in marble in Charleston Square, Boston—the exact spot where, according to Longfellow, he stood tightening his girth before setting out on his famous ride. —Colonel A. S. Johnson was the first native of Kansas to be elected to the State Legislature, and Mr. Edward F. Greer, recently chosen to that body, is the second. All other Kansas lawmakers have been natives of other States. —A farmer near St. Helena, Cal., raised this season a pumpkin he estimates would weigh fully three hundred pounds. He had it taken out the inside, leaving only a shell, which is used for and completely shatters his New-Foundland dog.—San Francisco Call. —Ben Perley Poore, the veteran correspondent, is credited with inaugurating the wheelbarrow bet for elections about thirty years ago. He lost a bet and in payment wheeled a barrel of apples from his farm in Newbury to the Tremont House, Boston, a distance of forty miles.—N. Y. Tribune. —Belaney Sayon, a native of Zululand and a student at the Hampton (Va.) Normal School, is dead. He was twenty-four years old, and was brought to this country by Barrum, the sportsman, with whom he traveled for a while. He had been at the school more than two years, and was making excellent progress. He died of consumption. —There is soon to be erected a monument over the grave, in Clarendon, Vt., of Theophilus Harrington, who was from 1805 to 1813 a Supreme Court Justice in that State, and died in the town of Ferrisburgh, Vermont. He refused to return fugitive slaves to their masters, replying to a slave-hunter who asked him what proof of ownership he would require, "I want a bill of sale from God Almighty."—N. Y. Times. —Robert Stephenson left no family behind. His wife died many years ago, and he remained a widower, so that the direct line from George Stephenson, the engineer, goes to the next generation. James Watt, the noted inventor, left no descendants. It appears that the men noted for mechanical genius like any of those famous in literature, science and government, leave no children to perpetuate their names. Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Pope, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Gray, Cowper, Collins, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Keble, Keble, Home, Bishop, Butler, Locke, Adam Smith, Bentham, Davy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Byron, Lord Clyde, and others well known to all, have no surviving descendants now living.—Indianapolis Journal. —"A LITTLE NONSENSE." "If he refuses to pay for it, I will," said a bystander in a saloon. The first man refused to pay, and so did the speaker—as he had said he would. —"Well, now that's settled in my crop," remarks the old farmer, whose customer showed him over six bushels of twigs and branches extracted from a ton of his best hay.—Burlington Free Press. —A misunderstanding. His master—"Did you take those bolts of mine to be sold, Larry?" Irish valet—"I did, sorr and see the thrille the big yard give me for 'm—said they were purty giv' wore through 'em."—London Punch. —Arabella—"Mary, you've been drinking again." Mary—"Oh, no, mum; not drinking, mum. The doctor says I'm threatened with the zebra spiral meningitis, and recommended me the water-cure as a tonic." —Boston Herald. —Innate. A little cloud. An oak about. A broom's light, aerial. Another swear. The rest is innate. —Erratic Enigma. —"Why do you wear your beard without a comb?" he asked a commercial traveler by a friend. "Because," said the philosophical answer, "in the first place it hides my cheek, and in the second place it gives my chin full play."—Chicago Tribune. —"You must come and see me, my dear," said a little girl of her dear acquaintance. "Do you know my number?" "O, yes, ma'am," replied the innocent child. "Papa says you always live at sixes and sevens."—N. Y. Journal. —The verdict: First Irishman (waiting in the corridor, to his friend, rushing in from the court)—"What's Tim got?" Second Irishman (in a breathless whisper)—"For loife!" First Irishman (in a breathless whisper)—"Tim got a fine case." —London Punch. —Robert McPhun was arrested in Louisville, Ky., charged with forgery. He was a newspaper man, and his name would indicate that he edited the newspaper. When we learned that McPhun had got into trouble, we predicted that some unconscionable paragraphist would publish a story of his name.—Norristown Herald. —It was an Arizona man. With steady hand he filled the can, for, as usual with him, he filled the chance to the brim. Appalled, frightened and dismayed to see the behind the bar, in trembling tones, exclaimed, "Look here! You are mistaken, pard, I'm thinking. That isn't cider that you're drinking!" The stranger's face grew dark and he looked as though he had had it. In tones of growing mild rebuke, he said with a reproachful look: "You're mighty right, stranger. You've got a whole lot of that stuff in that can, and it's worth fifty dollars."—Burlington Free Press.