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COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1887.

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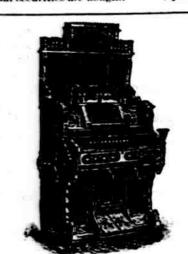
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Ah! blessed is that long expected hour, When, safe from all the cruel sea's dread power From furied storms and tides and buffetings, The driven ship folds close its beaten wings, And o'er the peaceful waters of the bay Is heard the seaman's gladsome roundelay— Safe, safe in port!

Safe, safe in port!

IN PORT.

Safe, safe in port!

Ah! blessed is that longed for, hungered hour, When, safe from all life's dread and hurtfu stings,
The breaking heart no longer sobs, but sings; And, narbored in love, consecrate and leal, Through homeside bliss the soul's true love songs

Safe, safe in port!

--Edgar L. Wakeman in Good Housekeeping

#### THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

The two westernmost islands of the Sandwich group are known by various names. The English sailors call them "The Twins," the American sailor calls them "Punch and Judy." They are lown on the English sailing charts of a few years ago as "The Big and Little Cannibals." with a note of warning that all boats sent on shore should be armed, as the natives are a treacherous lot and eat

In the year 1875 I took a first mate's berth out of San Francisco on the brig Harry Lee, she having been sold to parties in Honolulu, and the owners having engaged to deliver her there. We had no trouble in shipping a good crew, and better weather I never saw until we were within two days' run of our port. Then we got a gale which dismasted us and swept two men overboard; and when we finally brought up it was under the lee of the Big Cannibal, in a sheltered bay, with masts and sails gone, bulwarks nearly all swept away, bowsprit broken off, and the brig leaking so that we had to take long spells at the pump to keep her afloat. We had not been able to secure an observation for three days, and, although quite certain that we had fallen in with one of the Sandwich group, none of us had ever seen this particular island before. But for the help of a very powerful current which caught the brig as she was being upon the weather side of the island not a man of us would have lived to tell the story. This current ran us along the shore and whirled us into a bay on the lee side, where our anchors found good holding ground and brought us up in safety. It was two days before the storm blew itself out and the sea went down. We lay within half a mile of the shore, and had seen people on the beach every hour in the day. At night they had built fires opposite our berth, as if to say that they were our friends and to encourage us to be of stout heart. From this circumstance our captain argued that we had not been driven to the west as far as at first supposed, and that we had at least two islands between us and Big Cannibal.

When the sea had gone down sufficient to warrant us in lowering a boat I was ordered to take the vawl and four men and pull for the beach and ascertain our whereabouts. The weather had continued dark and cloudy and no observation could be taken. I went away in the boat without the slightest misgivings, and without a firearm of any description. We had settled it that there was nothing to fear, and I anticipated no trouble ir. engaging a native craft to run for some of the island ports and secure us the services of a steam craft. Almost opposite where the hull of the

brig lay pitching at her anchor was the mouth of a creek, and, although there was a bar and the surf was rolling pretty high, we entered the creek without accident. Just as we were going over the bar it struck me as curious that none of the natives had been out to visit us. It wouldn't have been anything extra of a will live in a sea which would roll a man of war rails under. It was now 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and I remembered that we had not seen a native on the beach since soon after daylight. There was no one in sight now, and we ran up the creek about a cable's length and grounded. There were two native boats there, but not a person in sight. I reasoned that a village must be close at hand, and, leaving two of the men to care for the boat, I took two others with me and set out to follow a broad and well beaten path, which I believed led to the rillage. In this I was correct. We had not gone above half a mile when we came to the village. We had scarcely caught sight of the first huts when we were ourselves discovered, and three minutes later were surrounded by 100 dusky people. I anticipated a friendly welcome, and was a good deal put out at our reception. Most of the people were old men, women and children. There were not above five or six middle aged men. A circle was at once formed about us, and as soon as they saw that we were not armed we were seized, flung down and tied hand and foot. I had served with Kanakas aboard of whalers and knew the dialect of the islanders pretty well. It was therefore with horror that I soon learned we were on Big Cannibal island, and that the natives were greatly rejoiced at the prospect of the feast before them. I attempted to say something, but the noise of their shouts drowned my words, and each of us was hustled off by himself to a differ-

I was taken in hand by two stout fellows, and when thrust into an empty hut turned on them and asked for an explanation. They were dumfounded to hear me using the dialect, and at once exhibited a more friendly demeanor. They had expected the brig to drive ashore, and when she did not they feared she had too large a crew for them to attack. They wanted to know where she was from, how many men she had aboard and what her captain proposed doing. I told them my object in coming ashore, but they at once gave me to understand they would do thing. It would be far better for the if the brig was to drive ashore. I offered as high as \$500 in gold if they would get word of our condition to some civilized port, but the fellows were immovable. They were a set of outlaws, and held no intercourse except with the smaller island. A ship touched at the islands now and then for water or vegetables, but the natives kept out of sight and would do no trading with the sailors. When I asked after the rest of the villagers they replied that upward of forty men were at the smaller island, where a wreck had driven ashore about two weeks before, but were expected home next day.

"And what do you propose to do with us?" I finally inquired. "Roast and eat you," was the curt reply, as they fastened the door and left me

It seemed more than likely. Why they had not gone to the creek to attack and capture the sailors and the yawl I could not understand, but it seemed that our coming among them rather surprised and rattled them. When they had secured us

they formed a party of twenty of the best men and set off for the creek, and in half an hour this party returned shouting and singing. The sailors had suspected nothing and were easily captured. One of them was put into the hut with me, and he told me they supposed they were being invited to a feast of some sort, and that the natives had my permission to

bring them to the village. To be honest with the reader, I did not think these islanders were eaters of fore, the victim selected was a sailor called human flesh. I had been told so by Sam. His other name was on the brig's Kanakas and others, but the idea of a articles, of course, but I had not learned race of men living within a day's sail of it. He was an old sailor, blind of one

practices was too absurd for even sailor Jack's belief. They might be pirates and wreckers, but they certainly could not be cannibals. I am writing of twelve years ago. If I could not believe it then, who can believe it now? And yet this dispatch has lately been published all over the

San Francisco, Sept. 5.—Information is re-ceived that on one of the outlying islands of the Sandwich group a massacre of three boatmen be-longing to the schooner Mary Anderson was lately made by natives under exceptionally bru-tal circumstances. The boatmen were first se-verely wounded to render them helpless, tied hand and foot, and then taken in canoes over to another island and traded for pigs. The pur-chasers then finished them and had a cannibal

I quieted the fears of the sailor with me by affirming that the natives yet hoped to see the brig come ashore, and by holding us they knew they would weaken the crew and render the event more probable. Shortly after noon they gave us a very liberal meal, and from what outside words I could catch up I gathered that messengers had been sent off to bring the villagers home to attack the brig. They came before sunset, and they had scarcely arrived when a couple of guards came and conducted me to the head man or chief. He was a short, steut, ugly looking fellow, and I saw at a glance that all the people seemed to fear him. He had been told, I suppose, that I could speak the dialect, and no sooner had I come into his presence than he shouted at me: "So you dare land on my island with-

"But we are sailors in distress," I re-"Bah! What is your distress to me! Am I responsible because you don't know how to sail your ship safely? Where does your craft come from, and where is she

out first seeking permission. We shall

see about that."

I told him truly. "What is your cargo?" "She is in ballast only." "How many men are left aboard?" "Seven, counting the cook."

"Is he a negro?" "Well, you needn't count him. will throw him to the sharks. I ate some negro once and it made me sick for three days. We will capture the ship and bring

some of the ports and thus earn a large sum of money?" "And be seized and shut up in prison, or hung? Take the lean, long devil away and fatten him up. If he won't eat you must cram the food down his throat.' He hit the nail on the head when he called me long and lean. I stood about six feet, was long armed and long legged. and weighed only 140 pounds. finding an ounce of fat. When I returned to the hut I no longer had any hope. I felt certain that we had not only fallen among cannibals, but that some of us surely be eaten within a day or two. I was greatly worried, too, about the brig. The yawl was the only boat left her by the storm. and our continued absence would puzzle the captain. He would have no idea of the mess we had got into, and would not therefore be on his guard against an attack by the natives. I am certain they meant to make one, but Providence interfered. With the going down of the sun a strong breeze set in from the land and before midnight, as I learned several months later, the cables which had so long stood the strain parted and let the brig drift to sea. She was picked up by a steamer next day and towed into Honolulu, and the captain reported that we of the yawl had likely been capsized and drowned while trying to come off to the brig after dark. That report settled our

fate, and nothing more would ever be

learned of us except by accident.

Our first night in the village a wretched one. The natives were awake all night long, singing, shouting and rejoicing over our capture, and, being midsummer, we were nearly devoured alive by insects. I caught a few words now and then from the guards during the night, and I thus learned that the sea was too heavy to permit the attack on the brig, and that none of us would be eaten until the people of Little Cannibal, which was three or four miles distant, could cross the channel. This, they figured, could be done in another twentyfour hours, but they were wrong. The wind held at half a gale for the next two days, and it was on the fourth day of our capture that the visitors appeared. A chief and about twenty men came, and were warmly welcomed. I had not seen any of the sailors except the one who lodged with me up to this time, but I knew the huts in which they were confined, and by looking through the crevices of my prison walls I got an idea who would be the first victim. The fattest man in our crew had come ashore with me. He was a second class seaman named Philbrick, and was built like a porpoise. He had a smooth face, red cheeks, and were after something fat and tender in the way of human flesh they would certainly take Philbrick, and I soon saw they meant The choicest food they could provide was being carried to him, and it was evident they were stuffing him for the feast. He, poor fellow, evidently had no suspicions, or, with a sailor's proverbial recklessness, was bound to live high while the

opportunity held out. The visitors arrived about 9 o'clock in the morning, and half an hour later I saw Philbrick led out. I do not think the men in any of the other huts could have seen him. I think they had given him plenty of strong drink, for he acted tipsy, and as he came out of the hut he singing a happy song. The people at once gathered around him and led him off to the woods in the rear of the village. Our guards went with the crowd, their places being taken by five or six boys of from 15 to 18 years of age. These boys were well out would have resulted in our death. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the men returned, and I was soon aware of the fact that Philbrick had been killed and devoured. Indeed the people congratulated each other on his excellent condition, and the strangers departed for home with the promise to come back on the third day. It sow seemed that the programme was to kill and eat one of us about every third day, and the sailor and I made up our minds to eat no more food than would barely sustain life. I was, as I have told you, in very poor flesh, and, fortunately for the sailor, he was not much better off, while he had a running sore on his leg. He had no sooner informed me of this than I out with my knife and gashed the calf of my right leg,

and then, by rubbing tobacco into the fresh wound, I got up an irritation which I knew would soon produce a sore. The next day after the death of Philbrick our allowance of food was greatly increased, but we scarcely tasted a mouthful. They also gave us plenty of brandy, in bottles of English make, but we never touched it. I kept working at my wound and the sailor kept irritating his sore, and in a couple of days we both had fever, and really cared very little about food. I knew we should not be the next victims, as the two other men were in better flesh; but still as the third day came around I was in anything but an enviable frame of mind. I could not see the huts of the prisoners, but when the visitors arrived. which was at about the same hour as be

eye, and when he had been brought out he probably suspected for the first time what was to follow. Wrenching himself from his guards, he seized a war club and laid about him with such fury as to hold the crowd at bay for four or five minutes. He had no show, however, and was soon knocked down and dragged off. When the men returned after the feast I heard them discussing the meat. It was not so good as in the previous case, and they laid it to the fact that Sam had heated his blood. It was suggested that the next victim be made drunk before he was taken out, and it was that suggestion that saved

That evening my companion and I were inspected by the chief and his two doctors. They came to our hut and ordered us to strip. Our lean flesh disgusted them, and when they saw the sores they were furious for a time. The doctors were ordered to put us on a diet and give us something to purify our blood, and as they went away the chief, who seemed to a slap in the face and exclaimed: "Ah, you lean, long waisted devil; I'll

roast you for my dogs if you don't fat-

ten up!

third day, but on the second a gale set in, and continued to blow and kick up such a heavy sea that they could not cross until the sixth day. During this interval the two of us turned over many plans of escape, but the guards never gave us the least opportunity to carry any of them out. Our hut was stoutly built, the people around us were as keen as foxes, and no outlook could be more gloomy. refused to eat or to imbibe the blood medicine left with us, and the sores were by this time in a very bad state. It would be a long time before the natives found us choice morsels; but what I feared was that they would become impatient and knock us on the head. It was plain that the chief had taken a dislike to me, and I felt

sure he would not allow me to live an-

other week. On the sixth day, as I have said, the people from Little Cannibal came over again, and everything was ready to feast on the third sallor's body. He was a powerful young fellow named Kilder. He must have realized the fate in store for him, and the liquor which they plied him with made him desperately furious inhim out he broke away, backed into a with a lance he had wrested from one of the men, he held them at bay. There was immediate and great excitement. There were two guards at our door. One ran away at once. After a moment the other called to a boy of 14, and left him in his place. The boy was excited and anxious, and gave us no attention. As soon as I saw this I went to the far corner of the hut and kicked out enough of the poles to permit me to crawl through. My companion stood at the door to watch the boy, and when I was ready I called to him. He was crossing the hut when I slipped out into the grass and bushes and started off. The sailor who was fighting for his life must have given them a ter-rible battle, for he held them fully ten minutes and drew the whole population around him. No one saw me as I glided away, and I had made a run of a quarter of a mile before I found that I was alone. I supposed the sailor was close at my heels, but it seemed that he had taken a different direction. No hunt was made for us until after the feast. I crossed the island, found another fresh water creek, saw two or three sail in the distance, and then looked about for a hiding place. I went to the top of a very thick tree, and for the next three days and nights I did not set foot on the earth. A vigorous and persistent search was kept up by the natives for that time, and then they seemed to argue that I had flung myself into the sea. For five days I lived on the wild oranges and berries growing in profusion around me, and then a small boat from a wrecker came into the creek for a cask of water, and I was taken off. Unfortunately for me the schooner got hold of a wreck next day to the east of us, and this upset the captain's plan to put me aboard the first vessel bound for Honolulu. He needed my muscle aboard the craft, and it was exactly two months from the day of my capture that I landed at the capital of the Sandwich islands. The brig had come in and reported the yawl and her crew lost.

bor, and he heard about half my story and brusquely dismissed me.-New York Sun. The Broadway milliners have inaugurated a very pretty fashion. It is to deck their windows with natural flowers. The rule seems to be to display only a couple of bonnets and to attract attention to them by a superb basket of cut roses or whatever other flower happens to be the star for the day. Nothing could be finer than one of these windows thus arranged. Only a woman's taste could hit upon the idea, and it is certain to find general acceptance. Indeed I have noticed that some other shops beside the milliners have commenced to adopt the practice, and I suppose we shall soon have it carried to the usual extreme that will rob it of all charm. It will be a flattering tribute to the inventor, but a pity for the invention. -Alfred Trumble in New York News.

I went to the American consulate, but the

consul himself was off on a junket, and

his subordinate took no interest in the

case. I went to the British consul, but as

I could not assure him that any of the

sailors were British subjects he would

make no move. I went to the captain of

an American man of war lying in the har-

Truth is the foundation of bonor, and this is strikingly illustrated on the world of waters. Every duty on board of a ship must be performed truthfully. The most debased sailor that ever lived, if sent aloft in a dark and stormy night to inspect the condition of sail or yard, would not dare to make a false report. Again, if the captain were on the forecastle and hailed armed, attended strictly to the business | the man at the wheel how the ship headed, on hand, and any attempt to force our way | he would implicitly believe the answer received. Now for the result of this truthfulness. We always have many millions of property affoat, yet who ever hears of crews running away with their ships or embezzling their cargoes? Look up and down the lists of bankrupts ashore, and how rarely or never do we see the names of master marines.-Boston Bulletin.

Methods of Reading Books It is easy to read, yet no two men, who have made anything of themselves, ever read the same book in a similar way. Neander, the church historian, read a book carefully through, making notes on the margin. Dr. Johnson, on the contrary, used to dip into a book at random. He read enough to seize the leading ideas and then threw it aside. Daniel Webster began with the table of contents and only read such parts of the text as would give him new ideas or add to his stock of knowledge. - Youth's Companion

An Ingentous Bargain, "Please, mum, gimme a slate pencil." said little Fred as he entered a store on

his way to school. "Look here," said the old lady, "you didn't pay for that; I want a penny." "I hain't got a penny." "Then give me back the pencil." "No, I won't." And breaking the pencil evenly in two he added, offering the old lady one half: There, that pays

for my part."-The Epoch. New England papers assert that you can't get any satisfactory milk in New York. They say there is too much humidEMBARKING THE MAILS.

SCENES ON AN OCEAN STEAMER AT QUEENSTOWN.

Peep at the Steerage Passengers-As the Tender Draws Alongside-Fresh Beauty of Irish Children-Counting the Mail Bags-Outward Bound.

He must be a very unimpressionable person whose interest is not roused by the scene on an American mail steamer on the day after she leaves Liverpool, as she steams along the Irish coast in the bright sualight of a breezy morning. The vary-ing forms and color of headland and ere would alone be worthy of notice; but the curious mass of humanity gathered on the great ship is perhaps more in-teresting. And it must be admitted that the saloon passengers taken as a whole, have to the observer less of interest and character than the miscellaneous throng who collect in the less favored quarters of the ship. There is a monotonous appearance of comfort and prosperity about the saloon passengers—each with his private chair-wnich renders them a little dull. But every step among the steerage passengers gives rise to a guess or a reflec-tion. Here is a sturdy fellow from a Yorkshire iron works on his way to the states to seek for employment. Close by the saloon door is a laborer from Wilts tall, raw boned, with a couple of children and a weary wife. The whole family have an air of despondency about them which does not augur well for their future. A couple of Italian masons are laughing and joking with very light hearts indeed; and so one by one, each differing from the other-sad or glad, hopeful or despondent, full of confidence in the future or feeling that across the ocean life cannot be harder than at home-the miscellaneous throng moves about the ship.

MOVEMENT AND BUSTLE. But the white buildings on Roche's point gleaming in the sunlight tell that the vessel is nearing Queenstown, and a feeling of movement and bustle comes over passengers and crew. There is talk of a run ashore; there is an eagerness to see stead of quietly drunk. When they led him out he broke away backed into a heights of Carlisle fort, and on as if she were bound straight to the white terraces of Queenstown. Gradually she ceases to make headway, and comes to a standstill between the little village of Whitegates and the bleak sides of Spike island. The tender is approaching; but already boats full of untidy girls, selling apples and with baskets of bog oak ornaments and lace, have surrounded the ship. As the tender draws alongside it is evident that the mails have not arrived; there are only piles of luggage and a crowd of passengers. Some are English or Americans who have crossed through Ireland to shorten the voyage by some sixteen hours, or to visit Killarney; most are emigrants from Ireland. Soon the throng of Irish pours over the gangway-a widowed father carrying his infant, followed by half a dozen brown eyed gentle looking children; a stalwart youth with a comely sister; a hard wizen faced old farmer in a cost of frieze down Nothing is more striking than the fresh

to his heels, with his wife. beauty of the Irish children and the withered hardness of the middle aged and elderly men and women. Most of them carry their wordly goods in a bag or a handkerchief. Their heaps of bedding, with the tin utensils for the voyage fas-tened to them, are pitched one after another on the deck, while the owners vainly try to push past the line of seamen to secure their property. It would be a sad sight, this hurrying of these people from squalid misery from which they are escaping. But the tender has been emptied, and is off again for the shore to meet the mails. The train has just drawn up, and soon files of porters, like a line of ants, are putting the sacks on board, and the tender is prepared to make her second

This time she has scarcely any other purden but the mails; and so, when she comes alongside of the steamer, a doze : of the crew are very soon at work piling them on the deck of the ship. An officer counts the bags as they come on boardone, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, tally." So they go over the gangway by tens. They took up a great part of the space on the tender, and they make a Luge pile on the steamer; some 300 sacks of letters and papers make it possible to realize the vast correspondence of the present day. But for some time the great ship has been slowly moving amidships, and the line of seamen hurrying, each with his sack, across the gangway. The long dark sides of the mail steamer, and her lofty upper deck, quite dwarf the tender; the captain looking down from his bridge seems far aloft. The railings are lined with hundreds of faces-there are fully a thousand passengers on the ship-watching the mails come on board. Every one except the regular passengers between New York and Liverpool, of whom there are always several on board, look a little anxious. Most of the poorer men and women are

It is a curious spectacle to stand on the bridge of the tender and look along the sides of the ship at the great vessel and the varying faces on her. But the last bag is on board, the bell on the steamer is sharply struck, and a few friends of the passengers, a newspaper boy, and some other miscellaneous persons hurry on board the tender to go ashore. The hawsers are cast off and the little tug steams ahead of the big ship, rounds to for the shore when she has got some lengths ahead, and is soon, with the quick, rapid strokes of her wheels, making for the quay at Queenstown. The great steamer steals away to the sea with a kind of irresistible and almost imperceptible motion. The passengers' forms soon become invisi- of janitor. See that marble," pointing to ble, and the big, black hull and high masts gradually grow less distinct as "the liner" passes away by the mouth of the harbor, heading for the west. As the tender touches the quay side the mail steamer is rounding the headland by the sea, and in a few minutes all that can be seen from the shore is the distant line of smoke which tells of her course across the Atlantic.—St. James' Gazette.

THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR. An American Correspondent's Amusing

Experience in Dublin. The jaunting car is the great feature of street life in Dublin. It is the popular method of conveyance. It will hold two people on each side besides the driver. The regular fare for their use is two shillings for the first hour and eighteen pence for the next. You learn this after you have paid all kinds of prices. These jaunting car drivers are perfectly merciless in their charges unless you make a bargain with them beforehond. No matter how liberal you may think you are in paying them, these drivers always look as reproachfully at you as if you were at-

tempting to rob them. The Irish drivers in the streets of Dublin are the most wreckless of any I have ever seen. Their horses are tough and wiry, and are always driven nearly on the dead run. At the slightest opportunity the driver forces his horse into a gallop. As the streets are very uneven and badly paved, riding on a jaunting car gives much more exercise than ordinary horseback riding. The first driver I had overcharged me in such a stupendous

way that he could not keep his face straight when he named his price. Then, after roaring at his own avarice, he calmly lowered the price himself and an-nounced that he would take so much. I paid it to him, telling him that I knew it was double his fare. After he had re-You are right; it is about double, but it isn't every day we get a chance," and then went off in perfect convulsions of

amusement over his successful strike at the stranger. The excessive volubility of the drivers is marvelous. They won't drive you well unless you let them talk. They get sulky directly and make it up by extra charges. They are much better natured to each other than the English cabbies. The first night I was out my driver ran the shafts of his car full tilt into the back of another car. I thought for a moment that he would take the back of the head car off. But he backed his horse off, and when the driver he had run into looked angrily back at him he said: "Look ahead of you, my boy. Never look behind when you are driving." And with this he swung out to the right and passed his friend's wheel by about a quarter of an inch; going on the dead bolt down Sackville street. The aggrieved fellow grinned at the assurance of his associate and stopped looking behind.

The last man I had continually called my attention to the beautiful black Irish

mare attached to his car. He told me she could make ten miles an bour day in and day out for years. He would let her go for sixty guineas. I pretended to misunderstand and said I did not think she was worth six guineas. This made my driver indignant, and he spent the next fifteen or twenty minutes in trying to tip me off, by whirling suddenly around corners, or spinning his car along on one wheel down some dark street or slippery lane. But yet on the whole they were so much more interesting and amusing than the English cabbies, because they met every possible situation with such wit and with such assurance. Wednesday afternoon I asked one car driver how much he would charge to drive me out to the horse show and back, about a mile diswas ready to go for two shillings. This speaking of the two shilling man, "He will not be able to give you such a drive as I will." As I was not engaged at that particular time in buying any fanciful kind of superior Irish driving at a high class figure I went with the two shilling man.-T. C. Crawford in New York

NEW YORK JANITOR'S LIFE.

Not Altogether a Happy Existence Arduous Duties-Wages. "A janitor's life is not altogether happy one," said the janitor of a large down town building devoted to banks, insurance companies and lawyers' offices. 'His chief enemy is the office boy. Any office boy who sets his mind upon it can secure the discharge of a janitor. How? He musses up his employer's office, scatters papers about, gets the employer angry, and lays it all on the janitor. The boy protests with the innocence of a heathen Chinee with a deck of cards up his sleeve that he found the office just that way when he came in. His employer believes him and complains of the nitor, and if the thing is persisted in he perhaps makes it a personal grievance. It's of little use for the janitor to deny the charge of negligence. If he does he is put down for a liar as well as a drone, and his departure is likely to be hastened.

"But do not janitors hold pretty steadily to their places?" "No, the contrary is the fact," replied the veteran janitor. "I have been here nearly twenty-eight years, but I can think of but one other building, even among those of recent construction, in which there have not been several changes of

"One reason is that the duties of a jantor are very difficult to attend to properly, although a contrary impression prevalent. As I have pointed out, he nust keep on good terms with the tenants of the building, and this requires tact as well as industry, and even these will not always accomplish it if there is a malidous small boy around. Another reason s that the duties of the place are not healthy. A janitor goes into an office after the occupants have gone, and at certain seasons of the year he finds the windows closed. He opens the windows and begins sweeping. While the draught of cool air plays upon him from without, his ungs inhale the cloud of dust that rises within the apartment. This cannot be realthy, and pulmonary and other diseases are the frequent result."

"But you have at least the satisfaction f living high up in the cool air in these ot summer months." "That is true; but there, again, the

anitor's lot is not as happy as it seems. The air up there is cool, it is true, but it s also laden with all the foulness and efluvium that naturally rises from below; and on damp, hot days it is extremely oppressive near the top. For my own idea of comfort give me the first floor. It is certain that the families of janitors are frequently visited by sickness and death, and this does not speak well for the healthfulness of their quarters. But jantors have one advantage, and that is comparative seclusion for their families from the associations of the street. They are enabled to bring up their children in comparative privacy.' 'How are janitors paid?'

"In the largest buildings by the owners t rates varying from \$100 to \$150 a nonth; in the smaller buildings by the tenants, at from \$2 to \$100 a tenant. In the large buildings offices are let with the services of the janitor. Of course the janitor's rent is free. Not only the cleanliness, but the preservation of a building depends much upon having the right kind a well preserved marble flooring; "but for the care with which I have that washed night after night it would present a very different appearance, and soon be in grained with dirt that could not be got out. After awhile owners will learn better than most of them know now how much the value of their property depends on the janitor, and then janitors will be more carefully selected, and hold their places longer when selected."-New York A Wonderful Surgical Experiment.

A miraculous surgical experiment has een performed at Buffalo by Dr. George E. Fell, professor of physiology at the University of Niagara. Dr. Fell is an enthusiastic vivisectionist, and has made a umber of experiments whereby he claims e has discovered a means of saving human life after the patient has taken poison Several weeks ago a man named Patrick Burns, who had been on a debauch, took a large dose of morphia, and was given up as dead. After Eurns had been unconscious for five hours, Dr. Fell was called in. It had occurred to him that if he had an artificial respiratory apparatus he would be able to bring back the patient to life. He had often applied artificial respiration to dogs and cats at college during his lectures, to show the action of their hearts and lungs. Burns was a poor patient, and the physician had very little hope of being successful. There was no pulse, and only a slight flutter around the region of the heart, which showed that it had not ceased to beat. There were a number of physicians pres-

ent, and the experiment was considered a

cerned. An incision was made in the throat, and a respiratory tube was placed in the trachea. The blood which oozed from the wound was a dark coffee color. The lungs of the patient were useless, and when air was blown into them they were so stiff that they could not contract. Artificial means was used, pressure on the chest to expel the air and cause the expi-

This was kept up for fifteen minutes be-

fore any change was noticed. The blood soon became more arterial in color as it came from the wound, and the face assumed a lifelike expression. The muscles of the eyes twitched when pressed by the eyer. After a time the eyes opened, and the legs and arms began to move. Water was placed to the patient's lips and he drank greedily. For two hours the artificial breathing was kept up. The tube was removed, and the wound was closed with antiseptic dressing. The patient, an hour after breathing was restored, had an attack of delirium tremens, the result of drinking. It took five men to hold him, and the wound commenced to bleed afresh. This was stopped, and when the poison passed from the system, after three days the respiration increased. and it was evident that the patient would recover. In two weeks he was able to go ut and attend to his business. Dr. Fell used a very crude apparatus which he employs in vivisection. He is now perfecting an instrument which can be used by an operator in such cases as the one described. The discovery is a valuable one, and will be of great use to the scientific world. - Demorest's Monthly.

Privacy in Telegraph Messages. I never like to send a telegraph message containing important matter, points on a market, or orders to buy or sell, other than in cipher. The telegraph companies take every means to secure the safety and privacy of messages intrusted to them, but it is beyond their power to a great extent. Say, for instance, that I have special information and want to order an agent or advise a principal to buy or sell something. The operator knows it's an tant. He promptly responded half a inside tip, and says, "I guess I'll go in on guinea, without a blink. The next man that." He tells another. That is the inside tip, and says, "I guess I'll go in on way operators get racing tips. Then there extraordinary drop did not decompose the is another danger. So many people nowafirst driver. He stepped forward as if I days understand telegraphy, and can were going with him as a matter of course, stand outside of a counter and read the well as the operator can

I recall an amusing instance in my own experience. I went into an office in the West End one day, where there were two instruments. The operator, a young man, was working vigorously at one of them, and in reply to an inquiry of mine as to calling up another station said the other wire was down and that one was working bad, and he was then trying to get the nain office to order a line repairer out. He was in reality talking to his girl at another station, and their talk was very tender and sweet, concluding with arrangements for a meeting down town that night. At last he shut off, giving up in lespair the idea of getting a line repairer. I told him I'd like to take a seat at the table, as I thought I could straighten out the difficulty, and his chin fell a foot. He blurted out something about not knowing I was an operator."-Operator in Globe-

A Story of Bishop Simpson. An incident showing his gifts is related by his uncle. Late one Saturday night he arrived at a town in the mountainous region of Pennsylvania, where he was a total stranger. The next morning he made his way to the Methodist church and accosted the pastor, telling him he was a brother in the ministry. Simpson being extremely awkward and plain in appearance, the pastor was half inclined o omit the courtesy due a brother preacher, of asking him to deliver a sermon. If he inquired of the bishop as to his name he must have failed to catch it, for he certainly had no idea to whom he was speaking. His request for the stranger o preach was therefore expressed in the most formal and constrained manner. The stranger readily agreed to fill the pulpit, and the pastor's chagrin was evident, as he resigned himself to his fate. The bishop preached one of his powerful sermons, and everybody in the audience whispered to his neighbor, "Who is he?" Before he had taken his seat the pastor had him by the hand, "What did you say your name was?" "Simpson." "What! Not the bishop?" "That is what they call me." The minister instantly sprang to his feet and shouted, "You have just had the privilege of listening to Bishop Simpson. Let us sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow." - American Magazine.

The Persian's Lack of Cleanliness. As the Persians are filthy beyond belief in their personal habits, it is no unusual thing to see a high dignitary giving himself airs in a coat glittering with precions stones and resplendent with gold, while vermin are daintily picking their way between the clusters of diamonds on his breast, in full view of his royal master. Their public baths, although they number by the hundred in each of the larger towns, prevent cleanly habits rather than promote them. The water in the common tanks not alone serves for the ablutions of hundreds, but is changed only twice a week as a rule, while the towels furnished are never washed, and only hung out to dry in the broiling sun along the mud walls of the bathing establishment. Diseases due to or aggravated by uncleanliness are, therefore, frightfully common in Persia, even among small children. As for their clothes, they put them on, like the Chinese, layer after layer, as the weather grows colder, and peel themselves again in the same fashion as the sun waxes fiercer and fiercer. They always sleep, men and women, in at least one full suit of clothes, and during the winter in a half dozen, covering their heads tightly with a quilted skull cap, afterward drawing the coverlet over the head, and thus preventing the fresh air from getting into their lungs.-Wolf Von Georgie's Applied Zoology. Little Georgie, after his mother had pre-

pared him for bed, while still in her lap used to say his evening prayer. One night he said; "I don't want to say my prayers in this way," and getting out of ais mother's lap he knelt down before her and, placing his open hands together, repeated his prayer. When his father heard of this he was much interested. He always felt that this was the proper attitude in prayer in the family and in the closet. As nothing had been said to Georgie on the subject, he thought it was evidence of a sort of natural religion. "Georgie," said his father, "do you suppose God likes to have you say your prayers this way better than the way you used to?" "Oh. I don't suppose God cares anything about it. I was thinking of the kangaroo." He had lately been to the menagerie and seen that animal sitting on its haunches with its fore feet placed together somewhat as he placed his hands in saying his prayers. The father, in relating this incident, says that it took all his notions that it had anything to do with natural religion out of him.—Boston Traveller. Syrup of Figs

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