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WHOLE NO. 937.

COLUMBUS

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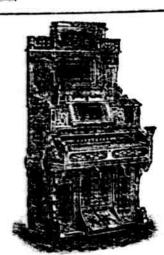
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then for the first time aware that it was raining. A moment after a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the darkness without, opening up phosphorescent vistas in the mesquites with startling suddenness. Brief as was the interval for observation.

Amid the loud reverberations of the thunder clap that followed, I was confident that I had seen a man lurking in the scanty shrubbery outside. I cannot describe how much I was disconcerted by this discovery. I was alone lips of this frontier bobemian, it seemed

AT LAST. Ah, not the first love, dearest-but the last, (So? Who can tell?) The tides of Youth run fast-run fast; The buds upon the young trees shoot and swell, Reckless of frosts. Well, well!

For now, you know, the green and callow shoots Of early Spring
Are dry and withered to the very roots.
They were Love's first, faint, perfumed offering Taking swift wing. Leaving a fragrant memory, but no fruits. We will not speak of them with smiling scorn,

For the rich bloom and fruitage later born-And born of spirit-not alone of clay, Making our day Glad with the freshness of perpetual mora. Eternal Dear-let us believe it so, And in our bliss

They have made way

Let dull analysis and doubting go-Content so long as in a rapturous kiss
Like this—my sweet—and this—
The fullness of celestial joy we know.
—Thomas H. Muzzey in Frank Leslie's.

A FRONTIER BOHEMIAN.

The sun was setting on the Maverick valley. As I walked to the door of the ranch a few parthian arrows from his declining bow splintered themselves among the dusky tops of the live oaks. There was a faint pink glow all around the horizon that on its western threshold lingered in feathery flecks of crimson and gold. The brief twilight of Texan latitudes was already hastening through the thin files of mesquite that stood like straggling pickets before the windows of the little cabin. A silence was falling over the hushed landscape-"vast, measureless,

Certainly I had some excuse for the sudden loueliness that fell upon me. It was the first time in my border life that I had been left upon the trackless prairie, solitary and alone. The annual shearing was just over. But an hour before our entire "outfit" had departed for a general merry making at a distant frontier town. As I had volunteered in accepting the position of cook during the past three weeks, and for that period had labored to fill a recurrent and appalling vacuum in eighteen able bodied men, my efforts had naturally been somewhat debilitating. Amid that exuberance of society, in which conviviality and elected repose. I was left

His beard and hair were long, straggling and unkempt, and were surmounted by behind as custodian of the ranch. But as I stepped from the door for the an extravagant slouch hat of the frontier purpose of penning the buck herd. I was pattern. Running over the scant details of my former apparition, I mentally classibeginning to regret my choice. I realized fied him at once as a "border tramp." But I was lonely that evening and disthat I-a "tenderfoot," with only a three months' residence in the state-was alone posed to be polite. I therefore offered upon an area of 50,000 acres without let or him the only chair in the room, stretched limit; that my nearest neighbor was five myself upon the low bed and calmly miles away, over a chartless, emerald awaited developments. sea, to be traversed only by aid of that "Good evening," he said, in a rather shifting guide, the sun; that my only husky but pleasant voice, as he lapsed into companions in this primitive wilderness the chair. Then he took off his broad hat were thirty-five merino bucks of contemplative and exclusive tendencies; a shepwith a swirl of spattering rain drops, wiped his forehead with a red bandana nerd dog, which was immaturely effusive handkerchief, ruminated a few minutes, and slobberingly demonstrative upon being addressed as "Miss Flo," and an ebony replaced his hat, and finally producing a

add to the cheerfulness of my surround-

ings to notice that they bore an unmistak-

nosed Jews; that their knees were sprung

with the rheumatism of age; that their

they appeared to be unusually afflicted

odies. They were so repulsive in ap-

disreputable specimen "Fagin"-a bap-

tismal inspiration that eventually

hypocrisy which characterizes man when

lonely, I began to patronize my much

abused dog, and even the feline antique;

for both had accompanied me in my pas-

oral duties. After which I walked back

to the ranch. Here I encountered another

dubious object, that in my then dejected

condition struck me as almost ominous.

This was a pet lizard which, for the past

month, had inhabited the neighboring

kitchen-a long, low structure with a can-

vas roof-and which was now perched

upon the doorstep. But "Tommy" was

on the present occasion very much out of

able circumstances, a prepossessing ob-

ject. He was brick red, covered with

polka dots of black, and had a diabolical

leer about the eye. "Tommy," however, had now unaccountably lost his tail, and

was obviously so humiliated and dispir-

ited that he unconsciously infected and

I opened the door of the kitchen, into

which he immediately dived and hid his

diminished lizardship from view. Enter-

ing the little cabin, and acting from a

feeling of generous hospitality that must

have struck both as phenomenal, I in-

vited the companionship of "Miss Flo" and "Miss Emma." Then I lighted the

lamp, and drawing the solitary chair of

the apartment to a convenient distance.

picked up a volume of "Macaulay's

Essays" (for we were fortunately blessed

with an abundance of literature), and dis-

posed myself to read. I remember think-

ing, as I settled myself into a comfortable

position, that I would make amends for

my enforced isolation by profound literary

culture, and rather pluming myself upon how much benefit I should derive from

this prairie study. But I made singularly

self entirely unable to concentrate my

attention. I was oppressed by an inde-

finable feeling of dread that at last cul-

minated in a nervous sensation of being

gust, and endeavored to account for it.

bserved. I threw aside my book in dis-

It was now pitch dark outside. I was

sitting at a little desk that, from the pov-

erty of our household furniture, was

obliged to perform manifold duties. To-

night it was somewhat overburdened with

frontier bric-a-brac, conspicuous among

which was a large Colt's revolver and

cartridge belt. I perceived that, as I sat,

I was directly in line with the two win-

dows of the ranch-one on the south, the

other on the north side of the house.

Partiy from a feeling of caution which

one acquires on the frontier, and partly

from this nervousness I could not explain,

I shifted my chair around against the

wall until I faced the southern window.

In effecting this change of position I suc-

ceeded in treading on Miss Emma and dis-commoding Miss Flo, who, after looking

at me in a grieved fashion, accommodated

herself to another quarter with the usual

As I tilted my chair against the door

and assumed an aggressive attitude to-

ward the opposite window, I noticed a few

drops of water upon the panes, and was

it was sufficient to confirm my suspicions.

canine philosophy and circumlocution.

aggravated my own melancholy.

He was not, under the most favor-

pipe and a plug of tobacco began slowly cat that wore a mangy and somewhat discutting up and crumbling the latter—the sipated exterior under the sobriquet of usual frontier preliminaries to a smoke. "Miss Emma." A dearth of the consolations of female society apparently inspires I watched his movements with absorbthe native Texan to a courteous acknowling interest. He reminded me so forcibly edgment of the sex of domestic pets. of pictures of the lamented John Brown. When, therefore, I had driven the that I was more than ever inclined to accept the "singular conflicting conditions horned contingent of my associates into their rude brush pen, and had fastened of that martyr's soul and body," as exemplified in the popular song.

When he had finally lighted his pipe and the hurdle gate, I stood leaning against it and seriously regarding them. It did not

emitted several curling rings of smoke, this odd figure vouchsafed the information able resemblance to a company of hook that he had come across country in the hope of assisting us in shearing. I informed him that we had just finished that eyes were rheumy and inflamed, and that day for the season. He seemed to experience some regret at this, and for a that evening with snuffles and chronic catime smoked on in silence. At length, his tarrh. Besides, they were so fresh from eyes happening to fall upon my relinthe shears that the air of venerable wisquished volume, he took it up, glanced dom which their faces arrogated seemed over it hastily, and laid it down again. "You have been reading Macaulay?" to be caricatured by the rest of their he said. I assented in some surprise. pearance that I at once dubbed the most "Ah!" said my strange guest; "a wonderful man! a wonderful man, that same Macaulay! What a genius, what a learnschieved popularity. Then, with that ing, what a noble style he had, to be sure!"

in a wild and lawless country, where a

man might be attacked and murdered without a chance of succor. I was in a

lighted room, whose unshuttered windows

stared into the black night so glaringly,

that practically I was as defenseless to an

enemy hid in the darkness without, as if

shut in a glass case. As this thought leaped to my brain, I suddenly extin-

guished the light and groped for the re-

volver and cartridge belt, resolving to

make as determined a stand as possible.

Securing both, I buckled on the belt and

backed against the door, in order to resist

any forcible entrance. In this defiant at-titude I waited, the storm continuing to

A Texan thunder storm is at all times

awe inspiring. I do not think I ever lived

a more thrilling existence than during the

brief interval I crouched in the darkness

of that little cabin, which was incessantly lighted by the blue flashes that seemed to

leap from window to window, and which

shook tremulously under the crash of the

shattering reports that followed one an-

other in quick succession. My excitement reached its height when, during one of these sudden illuminations, I perceived pressed against the pane and peering into the room a wild, red face, with long gray beard and disheveled hair streaming in the

wind. The apparition, seen by the lurid

light, was so malevolent that I think I

was only prevented from firing at it by the

brief interval of the flash. When the

lightning gleamed again the face was gone, and I was certain now I could hear

some one grouping his way along the side

of the house, evidently supporting him-

self in that way against the charging

gusts of wind and sharp fusillade of the

driving rain. At the same time Miss Flo

"Hulloa, here!" shouted a gruff voice.

I hastily relighted the lamp and opened

There entered a tall figure, so gratuit-ously limp and bedrangled with rai as to

be almost grotesque; so worn with travel

and with such an utter weariness of life

in the eyes as to be really pathetic. The

clothes that he wore were torn and

abraded, exposing a sub-stratum of red flannel at the knee, which gave him a

ludicrons suggestion of having worn him-

self down to the quick from the excess of

his devotions. His shrunken pantaloons

encroached upon the calves of his legs, and,

as he was without stockings, this lack of

intimacy with his hob nailed shoes exposed

became uneasy and barked loudly.

the door in some trepidation.

rowing his wild eyes, he suddenly broke "'An acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia; the smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities; the wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam engine. But there are steam engines. And the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born. A philosophy which should enable a man to feel perfectly happy when in the agonies of pain may be better than a philosophy that can assuage pain. But we know that there are remedies that will assuage pain; and we know that the ancient sages liked the toothache as little as their neighbors." I sat up in some amazement at this effort at memory. For the past three

Then throwing his head back and nar-

months, having associated with individuals whose vocabularies hardly ventured beyond the possibilities of "right smart" and "away over yonder," I was somewhat startled I admit. "Are you a native of this state, sir?" I sked, with great respect. "No," replied he, turning full upon me

for an instant those singular eyes of his. "I am, like yourself, a northerner." "Let me offer you a better pipe," I said, cointing out to him the case cont ning my best meerschaum; "you will fin some excellent Cavendish in that jar." He gave me a quick glance, as if appreciative of my hospitality, but declined,

saying that long habit had given him preference for the natural leaf. "What is your college?" he suddenly asked, as I was filling a pipe preparatory 'Yale," I answered, with the pardona-

ble pride of all sons of that alma mater; "and yours?" "I seldom mistake a collegian," remarked my incongruous visitor; "'Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.' I hail from Dartmouth.

I had made the inquiry more from liteness than any other motive, and yet, at the moment of my speaking, it dashed across me that he must be college bred. Now that I was assured of it, I felt a sincere regret in seeing one who had enjoyed such advantages at such wretched odds with fortune. He must have divined what passed through my mind, for he glanced hurriedly-and half sadly, as it seemed to me-over his forlorn garments, and then raising his eyes to mine, and with a gleam of humor lurking beneath his shaggy brows, said:

of your education and intelligence down in this God forsaken country?" I smiled, and attributed my advent to the adventurous spirit of the Nineteenth century, for want of a better reason. He took my answer in the spirit in which it was given, and appeared in a sense to be relieved by it, as if it established a bond of union between us, it struck me. But he resisted all inquiries of mine into his antecedents or past history, meeting my hints and questions with adroit evasion

"And pray, sir, how came a gentleman

and skillful changes of the subject. And so, in the quiet night-for the rain had now ceased, and the moon, riding high, silvered the wan landscape, and fringed the dripping foliage with flashing gems—we drifted back to the topic with which we began and talked of literary themes. It has been my privilege to converse with not a few cultured and learned men, and to enjoy the society of some of the most brilliant of modern conversationists; but, as I sat and listened that evening to the words that fell from the

to me that my acquaintance with the nature of true eloquence had just begun. It was "like reading Homer by flashes of lightning." What a wealth of bold

imagery, of keen appreciation, of suggestive analogy, of marvelous insight was there! And what a treasure house of memory! And when he finally lapsed into monologue, and indulging in a rhap-sody upon the wonders of Milton, quoted from "Paradise Lost" by paragraph and page, I thought of Macaulay's boast that if the great poet's immortal epic should by any chance be lost to men, he might hope to reproduce it; and my admiration for the attainments of the man swept over me in one vast wave of wonder. And then, as I lay there, listening to his deep voice, which had grown singularly rich and sonorous, as if in sympathy with the dignity of those grand periods, pondering what strange chance or force of circumstance had compelled this incongruous being to such surroundings, his form sud-

terror, his eyes became fixed on vacancy and staring, and with a sudden spring to his feet, he stood erect and menacing. "Avaunt!" he cried, gazing with a wild and frenzied stare into the empty air. "Avaunt! and quit my sight! Begone, I say! Think'st thou to dog my footsteps always? To hound me to the day of my death? Back! Back! G-r-r-rhr! Take your grip from off my neck! Avaunt!" He dashed his hands to his throat, clutching it wildly, and striding to the door, flung it wide open, glaring long and

denly dilated, his lips parted as if in

flercely out into the quiet night with a frenzied and hunted expression. Then he came slowly back to the table, tottering feebly and muttering incoherently, threw himself into his chair, and, covering his haggard face with both his trembling hands, shuddered and gasped alternately. Great beads of agony stood upon his I was so startled by this sudden out-

burst that I could only stare and sit speechless. When he first rose I was under the impression that it was to give greater force to some terrific denunciation. Not until he tore open the door did I realize that it was the hallucination of illness, and even then my consternation was so great as to deprive me of all power to act or speak. The paroxysm soon passed. Meanwhile. I had poured some brandy into the cup of my pocket flask and offered it to him. He drank it with a feverish eagerness. By degrees the stimulant seemed to overcome long time with listless, leaden eyes. Then he rose wearily and asked, in a humble, deprecating fashion, if there were any

place where he might sleep that night. There was something so piteous, so unutterably wretched in this appeal, coming from one whose wonderful discourse had so delighted me, that I was indescribably touched. "Surely," said I to myself, "such abilities as I have recognized this night shall not be without shelter." I instantly placed my bed at his disposal. After much remonstrance and reluctance, I, at last, got him to bed, and he laid himself down with a long, low, agonizing sigh—the sigh of one to whom life is

weariness and existence a burden. As I stepped to the table near which he had been sitting, I observed a small tin box, something like a tobacco box, lying in his empty chair. I picked it up mechanically. Such a singular odor rose from this box that I was tempted to open it almost unconsciously. It was half full of a grayish brown drug. I examined it curiously. Opium!

I glanced toward the bed. He was lying apparently in a heavy sleep. closed the lid of the box and placed it quietly beside him. Full of conjecture for the past of the unfortunate being who occupied my bed, I wrapped myself in my blanket and lay down beneath the window. There was no sound in the quiet night save the occasional long howl of the coyote from the hill. For a long time I lay awake, pondering over the singular conversation of the evening and its startling denouement. I wondered if his hallucination could be directly traced to opium, and what strange misfortune could have placed him under the thrall of the deadly drug. And then my thoughts recurred to his quotation from Macaulay, "But we know that there are remedie that will assuage pain." What was the

pain or what the sorrow? Unconsciously in my long reverie I had turned toward him. He was sleeping peacefully in the wan light. The pale moon, looking over the crest of a western divide, stole through the files of sentinel mesquites in a long pencil, and rested like a ghostly arm upon his breast. I thought, "The sister of Apollo has him in her keeping," and I fell asleep. But in the morning, the hands folded upon the breast were pulseless and cold, the face was waxen and still, and, hushed in the fearful calm of life's great mystery, the old man eloquent was dead.-Howard Seely in The Argonaut.

The Boomerang's Curious Flight. Some German scientists, seeking to discover the secret of the boomerang's curlous flight, caused a party of Australian natives to give an exhibition of boomerang throwing at Munster. The instruments used were of two sizes, the larger being a slender crescent about two feet long, two and a quarter inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, made of an extraordinary heavy Australian iron wood. This boomerang was jerked up into the air about 100 yards, when it flew straight away, then turned to the left and returned in a curved line back to the thrower, whirling around constantly and whizzing unpleasantly. One badly directed projectile fell through a spectator's hat with a cut as clean as that of a razor. A Weimar manufacturer, who has made some 11,000 toy boomerangs, believes that the mystery of shape lies in the sharper curvature in the middle, with unequal length of the two arms, which must be made of equal weight by unequal thickness. The peculiarity of motion is due to the difference in the length of the arms, which diverges the curve of rotation from the circular. - New Orleans Picayune.

Testing Colored Candy. To test candy with respect to poisonous colors one needs a few ounces of alcohol. about an ounce of bleaching powder in solution (hypochloride of calcium), a little white woolen yarn and a small bottle of aqua ammonia. See first whether the color can be dissolved out by alcohol. If it can, immerse the woolen yarn in the solution, and should the color adhere to the yarn and dye it, the probabilities are that it is a coal tar color; if a red, it may contain arsenic. If the alcohol produces no effect apply a drop of the bleaching powder solution to the surface of the sweetmest. If the color fades out, it is probably of vegetable origin and harmless.-New York Tribune.

A Question in Arithmetic. Laura-So you are really engaged to him, dear? He is 40, you say, and you are 20-just twice as old as you, love. Dear me, when you are 40 he will be 80!" Clara-Good gracious! I hadn't thought of that .- Harper's Bazar.

Syrup of Figs Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective | box would be placed in the cellar among remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches. Colds and Fevers: to cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. For would be disgraced, even if we escaped sale only by Dowty & Becher. 27-y state prison. I would rather assign than

DESOLATION.

Alone I sit in gorgeous state, And view my gathered treasures rare, Which seem to mock my cruel fate-My lonely lot, so bleak and bare. Within is wealth and warmth and light, Close curtained from the whistling wind, That sweeps and swirls with reckless might, Whose breath brings death to human kind.

But the cold wind of her deep scoru lias blighted all my joy of life; Within my soul no hope is born-No rest or peace or savage strife. And what care I for pride or fame, Since love from out my beart is driven? All, all is but an empty name Ashes the prize for which I've striven.

Dead ashes from a deep despair, A heart burned out by passion's fire-O God: she was so false, so fair, And blind was I with fond desire. I loved with love that ne'er grows old; My worship followed where she led: But weary of a tale oft told, She left me!-and the world is dead.

MAKE ME A SONG.

-Martha M. Ross in Times-Democrat.

Out of the silence make me a song. Beautiful, sad and soft and low; Let the loveliest music sound along And wing each note with wall of wos, As hope's last tear Out of the silence make me a hymn

Out of the stillness in your heart-A thousand songs are sleeping there— Make me but one, thou child of art. The song of a hope in a last despair. Dark and low. A chant of woe;

Whose sounds are shadows soft and dim.

Out of the stillness, tone by tone, Soft as a snowflake, wild as a moan, Out on the dark recesses flash me a song, Brightly dark and darkly bright;

Let it sweep as a love star sweeps along The mystical shadows of the night. Sing it sweet, Where nothing is drear, or dark, or dim, And earth songs melt into heaven's hymn. -Father Ryan

SUPERSTITIONS OF ACTRESSES.

the Tom Cat-The Hunchback Offenbach's Evil Eye. It is singular, in fact, to note how Parisian actresses are attracted—as moths round a flame that will singe them-by the belief in signs and warnings and omens. Mme. Favart, a societaire at the Theatre Francaise, asserts that when a cat, and especially a black tom cat, comes of its own accord, with tail erect, purring round the stage, it is a good sign. Theo, who "sings so delightfully with her shoulders." as the Nestors of theatrical criticism aver, believes that it is very unlucky to catch sight of a hunchback and not touch his hump. The pretty actress will, in fact, go out of her way and dodge one a mile to get a chance to do so, as if by accident and without being seen. Croizette, who retired from the stage of the Comedie Francaise on a pension and married a rich banker, attributes her success in life to the fact that one day she

picked up a horseshoe. Some cantatrices are also highly superstitious. Among those who belong more or less to the Paris stage I may instance Adelina Patti. Adelina Maria Clorinda Patti-and indeed the whole musical tribe of the Strakosch and Patti broodstrongly believe in the jettatore, or "evil Patti will not sing where there is a cross eyed conductor, just as the blonde Sarah will not play by the side of an actor whose organ of vision is askew; and, as those who, like Patti, have been happy and successful are more liable to this fascination, the prima donna never fails to wear a bracelet or necklace of precious stones-even shells and corals will do-to counteract the malignant influence which darts from the eyeballs of certain envious and angry persons. She asserts that Offenbach, who possessed the evil eye, brought ill luck with him wherever he went; that he passed through the Rue Lepeletier the night the old opera house was destroyed by fire, when poor Emma Livry was burned alive in the only ballet Offenbach ever had represented at the opera, and that Mme. Berthelier died while playing in the "Vie Parisienne."

for which he wrote the score. I have also been told that Pacla Marie, of the Opera Comique, and her sister Galli Marie, both wear amulet rings to avert the snake like fascination which is currently attributed to Count Gabrielli, the well known boulevartier. Zulma Bouffar once told me that she never would think of washing her hands

-as it often happens behind the scenes to many of the music hall singers-in the water used by another person, not that she considered the act as so very unclean. but rather because she knew that the parties were bound to quarrel soon after, unless one of the two spat in the basin! And I may add parenthetically that I once saw a dancing girl, whose veracity was questioned by another member of the talent, suddenly draw back with some show of indignation, spit on the ground, stamp the boards with her foot, and raise her right hand, saying, "I swear it!"-

A QUEER INCENDIARY SCHEME.

Some Matches to Start a Fire. "I have a plan that will help us out. It is a last resort, and desperate, I know, but

it is safe. The speaker was a well dressed, fine coking man, apparently not older than 30. His cold, gray eyes, aquiline and rather prominent nose and heavy chin were the unmistakable indices of a calculating, bold and resolute character. He spoke to a man of at least 50 years, neat appearance, but whose face betrayed anxiety and discouragement.

The words were spoken in a down town Broadway restaurant, near midnight, as the men described took seats at a table toward the rear of the room, in front of a mirror in which a reporter saw them. The newspaper man had lunched and was reading a novel. A partition concealed him from the strangers' vision. "Well, what is it?" asked the older man,

after drinks had been set before them. "It is, as I said, a desperate scheme, but it will put us on our feet again. I do not see any other way for us to avoid a failure from which we cannot recover." "What is the plan?" "There is an insurance of \$14,000 on

the stock and building." The speaker paused, but his companion did not speak. They eyed each other intently and the younger man continued in a subdued voice: "We have stood by each other in hard

times before this. You have paid for insurance policies for many years. If the store should happen to burn and there were no evidences the fire was not accidental, we would not have much difficulty in getting the \$14,000, and we could start out anew in splendid shape. But accidental fires do not come when they ought, "I will not consent to any such thing as

you are driving at." "But think of it. You are on the verge of ruin. You need not do a thing to incur risk. Your part will be to keep silent, and not to interfere. Intrust the business wholly to me. On a certain night a small the oils and paint stuffs, and where it would not be seen. You might be out of town. You would be summoned home to find the store in ashes or badly damaged. We could then meet our notes and have

fair sailing." "If the attempt should be detected we

"Put confidence in me," persuasively urged the younger man, "and you will be in no peril and you will not regret your

"What would be in the box?"

trooper who raided up the valley with Sheridan and endeared himself to two generations of Virginians by the home-"A mouse, a piece of cheese stuck nearly full of matches, the heads appearing, and some oil soaked combustibles. The mouse will not be able to gnaw out, of him, barring gray hairs. Gen. Averill was introduced to a young man named Rudd a day or two ago, and it reminded and, getting hungry, will attack the cheese and ignite a match. The box will quickly be on fire and the flames will spread like a flash, and before the burn-ing is discovered the box will have been consumed. Then there will be no evidence. The fire would get such a start into West Virginia some cavalrymen were the store would be very likely to go. It would undoubtedly burn the night the be no other than Jack Rudd's. It was a box was hidden."

"A novel idea," said the older man, evidently relenting, yet looking very grave; "we'll think it over well before we take such a step." "It's perfectly safe, I tell you," rejoined the schemer. "You stay in New York a few days and let me go back and do the job. Then you will be safe from suspicion. I would not have mentioned it to

you if I had not feared you might discover the box and give the thing away." After a few minutes of silence the men drained their glasses and left the place .-New York Press.

RUNNERS FOR STEAMSHIPS.

Collaring People for a Small Comm How Passengers Are Picked. Back and forth before the offices of the big transatlantic steamship lines fronting on Bowling green and in that vicinity may, on almost any day, be observed certain men pacing the pavements with a hungry look in their eyes, eagerly scanning the face of every person who approaches. If that person happens to inspire in the minds of these watchers, from the fact of his looking at the office signs, from his appearance pronouncing him to be a stranger, or from any other outward indication, any remote hint that he might be desirous of purchasing a passage across the ocean, he is at once approached with offers to assist him in his search. The name of the port to which he wants to go being elicited, the "runners" will at once compete with each other for the honor of introducing him to the agent from whom he can obtain "the best and cheapest pas-sage." The man is at once dragged off, perplexed, but somewhat tempted by the offer of a cheaper fare than that which he

charge can obtain the largest commission upon the purchase of his ticket. 'There isn't half as much money in this business now that there was a few years ago," said a veteran runner recently. 'We used to get \$8 commission on each ticket across. Now the rates are down to almost nothing, and the companies will allow us only from \$3 to \$5. Then when several fellows get around a man, of course the one who will offer the passenger the most reduction off his ticket gets him, but that reduction, of course, has to come out of our commission."

had been led to expect, to the steamship

office where the "runner" who has him in

"Do you depend entirely upon chance in the passengers you catch!" "Not altogether. Some of us who have made a business of the thing have agents of our own in other cities and out west, who advise us when a party is coming to New York to go across. Then we make it a point to meet the passengers and arrange with them to buy their tickets." "How do you tell by the look of a man whether he may prove a customer?" "It's easy enough," said the veteran

light rubber serves the purpose of warmth and keeps the water out, and is, there-'to spot a stranger, and easier still to tell fore, of double advantage and safer than whether he is German, Swedish or Irish. the heavy overshoe, as one is less liable to Then if you can speak to him in his own colds if by some mischance he should forlanguage the probability is that you are get to put them on. There is a peculiarity all right. If not, it's easy enough to back out. Sometimes I've spoken to a man wish a heavy, full rubber, and want them entirely on 'spec,' and struck a first class large, so that they can easily be put on passenger. Of course, the higher grade and taken off. The middle aged person assenger you get, the more commission wants a full rubber, but as light as possithere is off his ticket for you." ble and a perfect fit. The young man or

A former runner, who is now engaged n other business, was asked if the steamship companies gave special commissions to favored men. "Oh, no," said he, "any steamship company will give you a commission if you take them a passenger, it makes hardly any difference who you are. I sometimes

earn a few dollars that way yet, and frequently oblige a friend by obtaining a ticket for him at the discount of my commission. Last summer when I made a trip across myself, I got another friend to buy my ticket and saved \$3 on it." Another ex-runner said that there were very few men who made a permanent ousiness of picking up passengers now. Like himself, a good many were on the lookout for commissions when travel was brisk, as in the summer season, or when they hadn't anything else to do. But the commissions were small now, the competition was keen, and those who had made a business of it had mostly succeeded in establishing little offices of their own.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A BICYCLIST IN BENARES.

Idols and Temples, Mosques and Bathing At length I reach Benares, wheeling down the luxuriant Ganges valley. Of all the cities of the east, Benares is perhaps the most interesting at the present day to the European tourist. Its 1,400 shivalas, or idol temples, and 280 mosques; its wonderful bathing ghats, swarming with pilgrims washing away their sins, the burning bodies, the sacred Ganges, the hideous idols at every corner of the streets and its strange idolatrous population, make up a scene that awakens one to a keen appreciation of its novelty. One realizes fully that here the idolatry, the 'bowing down before images" that in our Sunday school days used to seem so unutterably wicked and perverse, so monstrous and so far, far away, is a tangible fact. To keep up their outward appearance on a par with the holiness of their city, men streak their faces and women mark the the parting in their hair with red. Sacred bulls are allowed to roam the streets at portion of the population seems to be the keeping of religious observances and paying devotion to the multitudinous idols

scattered about the city. Everywhere, in niches of the walls, under trees, on pedestals at frequent corners are idols, hideously ugly; red idols, idols with silver faces and stone bodies, some with mouths from ear to ear, big idols, little idols, the worst omnium gatherum imaginable. Sati, nothing visible but her curious face, beams over a black Mother Hubbard sort of a gown that conceals whatever she may possess in the way of a body; Jagaddatri, the Mother of the World, with four arms, seated on a lion; Brahma, with five eyes and four mouths curiously made to supply quadruple faces; Kamadeva, the handsome little God of Love (the Hindoo Cupid), whom the cruel Siva once slew with a beam from his third eye-all these and multitudinous others greet the curious sightseer whichever way one turns. Hanuman, too, is not forgotten, the great Monkey King who sided Rams in his expedition to Ceylon; outside the city proper is the monkey temple, where thousands of the sacred anthropoids do congregate and consider themselves at home.

Then there is the fakirs' temple, the most beautifully carved shivals in Benares; here priests distribute handfuls of soaked gram to all mendicants who present themselves. The gram is supplied by wealthy Hindoos, and both priests and patrons consider it a great sin to allow a religious mendicant to go away from the temple empty handed.—Thomas Stevens in Outing.

THE FIRST An Incident of the War. There's no more earnest Democrat in New York than Gen. Averill, the dashing

steads he saved from the torch. As he

swings down Broadway to his office on a

frosty morning, he is a soldier every inch

him of a curious incident in his military

career. He was at West Point with a

Jack Rudd, who afterward became a

major in the Confederate army. On a raid

about to pillage a farm which proved to

tight little patch of arable land right

under the mountains. As soon as Averill

heard the name of his old classmate he

set a guard over the place, and not a straw

That was in August, '63. Just a year

fterward, at a noted mountain pass called

callahan's, just twelve miles from the

White Sulphur springs, a Confederate prisoner was brought into Gen Averill's

headquarters, which were in the ambu-

lance, where he slept and read dispatches.

Captor and captive looked long and hard

at each other, and knew each other once

more as "Rudd" and "Averill." And

afterward, when a friendly nip had thawed

out twelve years of absence and Averill

had told Rudd how he saved his farm

from being pillaged, Rudd exclaimed: "M —, man! why, I came within an ace

of shooting you dead! I was in ambush

on the mountain side, and drew a bead on

the officer who rode into my front gate, as

I thought, to fire the house. I soon saw

his kindly intentions though, and am now

doubly thankful for what we both es-

House Building in Earthquake Countries.

earthquake country, find out by the ex-

perience of others the localities which are

least disturbed, and build there. Some-

times these localities will be upon hills,

and at other times in valleys and on the

plains. A wide open plain is less likely

Avoid building on loose materials which

rest on hard strata beneath. Place

foundations on the hard rock and leave a

pit or trench all round them up to the

the blank walls are parallel to this direc-

openings in them-as windows and doors

Small structures can be supported on

flat iron plates. Such houses are much

less shaken than the ordinary kind. It is

advisable that brick chimneys to wooden

houses should be built so that the chim-

ney is not bound closely to the wooden

structure, but is detached from it in such

a way as to allow it to have itsown period

of vibration without interfering with that

of the house.-Edward S. Holden in Over-

The Demand for Rubbers.

There has been a wonderful increase of

ate years in the demand for rubbers, and

vershoe so popular a few seasons ago.

Lately the sales of rubbers have almost

loubled, and the demand has at times

been almost equal to the supply. The

about the styles worn. Elderly people

miss wants a tip that is a half rubber,

just covering the heel and part of the toe,

exposing most of the shoe. They must fit

like a glove, too. To one who has had ex-

perience in this line of business it is easy

to "size up" a customer, and one who un-

derstands the trade rarely loses much

time in selling a pair of rubbers. - Dealer

The Italian Way.

"As I sat by the window the other

afternoon," said a sick man, "and looked

at the people as they trudged along in the

sleet and snow, it occurred to me that a

sprained ankle, as well as the musquito,

had its uses. At all events, I experienced

a feeling of satisfaction that I, at least,

could sit comfortably at home and hug

the fire. Suddenly I was startled by

hearing shrill voices speaking in a foreign

language, and glancing up saw two

Italians of the male sex hastening toward

each other. They met, embraced and

kissed each other on the lips with a smack

that sounded like a pistol shot. This is

the Italian way of doing after a long

absence between friends, I learned, and it

may be all very nice-in Italy, but my

feelings can be expressed just as well by

a good, old fashioned Saxon hand shake."

The Brain of a Murderer.

A professional murderer was lately exe-

ented in Moravia, and his brain was dis-

sected and closely examined by Professor

Moriz Benedict. The convolutions of the

brain are, says the professor, closely re-

sembling those found in beasts of prey-

another proof of the theory that retro-

gression is as possible as progress with

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed a deacon

when his wife told him the Pilgrim church

Of all Lung diseases are much the san

feverishness, loss of appetite, sore

throat, pains in the chest and back,

headache, etc. In a few days you may

be well, or, on the other hand, you may

be down with Pneumonia or "galloping

Consumption." Run no risks, but begin

immediately to take Ayer's Cherry

Several years ago, James Birchard, of

Darien, Conn., was severely til. The

doctors said be was in Consumption,

and that they could do nothing for him,

but advised him, as a last resort, to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking

this medicine, two or three months, he

was pronounced a well man. His health

J. S. Bradley, Malden, Mass., writes :

Three winters ago I took a severe cold,

which rapidly developed into Bronchitia

and Consumption. - I was so weak that

and coughed incessantly. I consulted

several doctors, but they were power-

less, and all agreed that I was in Con-

sumption. At last, a friend brought me

a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

From the first dose, I found relief.

Two bottles cured me, and my health

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 ; six bottles, \$5

has since been perfect."

I could not sit up, was much emaciated,

remains good to the present day.

mankind.—Chicago News.

was on fire. - Paragrapher.

Pectoral.

-Philadelphia Call.

they have almost supplanted the heavy

land Monthly.

-are at right angles to such direction.

to be disturbed than a position on a hill,

especially on the edge of a hill.

In choosing a site for a house in an

caped."-New York Sun.

was touched.

National Bank!

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Authorized Capital of \$250,000. A Surplus Fund of - \$20,000.

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JACOB GREISEN,
JOHN J. SULLIVAN,
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T M. MACFARLAND, ests of spherical balls laid between two

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\$37 Parties desiring surveying done can address me at Columbus, Neb., or call at my office in Court House.

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Clover, Timothy, Red Top, Millet, Hungarian and Blue Grass Seed.

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work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have week ever started free. day at this work. All succeed.

\$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsis, sick headache, indi-gestion, constipation or costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and immitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 262 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. dec7'87y

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