The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 51. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1889. WHOLE NO. 987.

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6-tf COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

SMILEY'S TOUGH FIGHT.

HE LAYS OUT TWO IMMENSE BEARS WITH A HICKORY CLUB.

An Act of Carelessness Which Came Near Costing a Man His Life—A Fight for the Carcass of a Deer—An Interesting Reminiscence Told by the Old Hunter.

On the top of Smoky mountain, at least five miles from any settlement or farm, in the midst of the wildest part of this rough, mountainous section, there is an old hunter named Job Smiley.

Among the many narrow escapes he has had, one of the most interesting perhaps is the account, as he himself told it, of his fight with two full grown black bears, in which, with nothing but a big hickory stick, he comes off finally victorious, although terribly clawed and bitten. This is the story as he told it himself:

I was out hunting as usual one day on one of the cross ridges of the Big Smoky when I got on the trail of a big buck, which I followed for two hours before I got close enough to shoot. When I did get the chance the buck was about seventy yards below me on a narrow shelf, which overhung a rocky precipice of fifteen or twenty feet. I drew a bead on the buck and dropped him dead in his tracks. Then I did a very foolish thing—one I never did before and never will again, and that was this: I laid my gun down against a log, not even taking time to load it, and climbed down to the spot where the buck lay.

THEY ALL GOT THERE.

I got there safely, and so did a couple of thundering big bears about the same time. They had a den in the side of the mountain close by, and my shot alarmed them or they had been laying for the deer themselves. Well, they were there and so was I, and, unfortunately, I was without a weapon. I saw there was going to be trouble, and that I couldn't get back to my gun, so I looked about me quietly to see if I could find anything with which to defend myself.

Down close by my feet I saw a big hickory limb, which had been broken off in some of the fearful wind storms so common on the mountain. The stick was about five feet long and nearly three inches thick. Now, you can just imagine that I got hold of that stick mighty quick. It was fresh and sound, and an excellent weapon against one bear; but two—I had very serious doubts about the outcome in that case. This all occurred in a good deal less time than it takes to tell it—in fact, in less time than that both brutes were coming at me with open mouths. I waited until the first one rose to his feet, which they do when they are in for a fight, when I gave him a rap on the side of the head that knocked him down. Then I drew back my club just in time to strike at the other one. Somehow that bear knocked that blow off, and he did it so quickly that the force I had given it came near making me lose my balance. As it was, the infernal brute gave me a swipe with his fore paw which tore my hunting shirt at the shoulder into shoe strings and ripped my hide and flesh clear across from the shoulder half way down my arm.

Before the bear could close in on me, however, I sprang back and drew up my club ready for another blow. The first one I had knocked over was now on his feet, and both of them having smelled the blood were in savage earnest, and it was now a fight to the death. They both came at me on their hind feet, about six feet apart and about the same distance from me. As they got close enough to reach I swung the big club down on a level, and just as quick as I possibly could I gave one of them a thundering poke square between the eyes. This was the fellow on my left. Then I swung the club to the right, and got in a pretty good one on the other one's neck. The bear I had struck between the eyes was badly hurt, as he laid right down and whined. I happened to turn my eyes in his direction and this gave the other one an opportunity, and the first I knew I was knocked backward and came near falling, with the bear close upon me.

IN A TIGHT CORNER.

There was no getting away this time. He had his fore paws around my left arm and waist almost before I knew it. Fortunately my right hand was free, and I shortened the club and battered him over the head while he clawed and bit me on the shoulder and across the back. We had it forward and back, the bear trying his best to get a hold on my neck or face, while I kept beating him over the head and body with the club. At last down we went on the ground; but just as I was going over I fortunately struck the bear on one of his eyes and knocked it out. The pain made him loosen his hold, and he never got another, for I got on my feet as quickly as I could, and brought that big club down square across his throat and killed him. I was pretty badly hurt and rather short of wind, but I knew I had better finish the other one mighty quick, for if he got up and fairly at me again I would be wiped out, so I jumped for him, and got close to him just as he was getting on his feet. Lord! how I did batter that fellow! I knocked him over and pounded him until I was out of wind and the bear beaten almost into a jelly.

Then I sat down and did what I never did before—keeled right over and fainted. I must have lain there an hour or more before I came to. It took two full hours to walk about two miles to my cabin, where, luckily for me, I found old Tom Blakelock, another hunter, laying out a supper for himself. Old Tom soon had me spread out on the shakedown in the corner, and then he went to work to wash my wounds and tie me together again. After he had fixed me up in some sort of shape old Tom went to the place where I had the fight and skinned the bears and hung them up. When he came back the old fellow was dragging along three cubs about 3 months old. He found the bears' den and captured the cubs, which he pulled out with a piece of rope he always carried. That fight laid me up for about two months, but I came out as sound as ever.—Cincinnati Enquirer Letter from Graham county, N. C.

WHY THEY GET IT WRONG.

A Specimen Interview Which Explains How Information Is Not Given.

It was the evening of the graduating exercises in a philanthropical institution. Said the reporter to the lady in charge rustling around in the dignity of a new black silk:

"How many graduates have you?"

"Oh, dear me, are you a reporter? I just dread to see one coming in. They never get anything right. I never knew one to. I think they do it on purpose. It is too mean for anything. I hate"——

"But will you tell me the number of graduates?"

"Oh, ever so many, and they are just the brightest girls. Oh, it is such a wonderful thing that this institution can educate them as it does. It is perfectly splendid. I don't suppose it's any use to tell you about it, for you won't get it right any way."

"What do they graduate in?"

"Why, everything most. That's the idea of the institution, to make them so self reliant and ready for emergencies and"——

"Who are the patrons of the institution?"

"Oh, nice people. Everybody ought to be interested in it. They would be, too, if the papers took it up in the right way, but they won't. They never get anything right, the reporters—oh, I can't tell you how they twist things."

"How many instructors do you employ?"

"Oh, we have the loveliest teachers. I'll go and ask Miss B—— to come and tell you about them. She knows them personally—all the little family history, you know. But of course we don't want you to publish that. Papers are just filled with every one's private affairs now. It is just horrid, but I suppose the reporters don't care what they say if they just get their pay. Excuse me, I'll go and speak to Miss Smith," and she rustled away. The reporter waited while they counseled together, and approaching, heard: "Oh, I think she's lovely in that dress. You know I advised her to put those revers on—so much more becoming than a plain waist. Oh, there's that dreadful reporter. I'm tired to death telling him about these things. You tell him about the teachers, won't you, dear, and put those violets up a little nearer your chin."

"I? Why, I don't know anything about it, and I'm too busy; I'm on the flower committee."

"Well, we might as well let it go. I've told him all about it, but he'll get it all wrong, anyway. It is perfectly awful the way those reporters misconstrue things and never get anything right."—New York Sun.

Lost in Detroit, Found in Boston.

There should be a moral with a sharp point to the following episode, and, unÆsop like, it will not be appended, but left to the reader to affix. A Fall River gentleman was last spring in Detroit. He went on Sunday evening to attend a fashionable church, taking with him his religious views and a handsome silk umbrella. The latter he left in the inside vestibule in an umbrella stand with numerous others, while the former he kept with him. The service being long, he went out a few seconds in advance of the benediction, and, on looking for his umbrella, found it not. So, being an honest man, he took the next best one and went to his hotel. Last Friday while in Boston he stepped into the Parker house. There with others on a large settle hat rack stood his umbrella.

He knew it, for besides the peculiar handle there on the gold plate were his name and address. He claimed his property, explaining to the clerk at the desk. So the two watched for the man who should walk in and take the umbrella. Soon he came, lighted a cigar, buttoned his top coat, took the umbrella, and was stopped. "Whose umbrella is that, you want to know," he said when asked. "Last spring I was in church one evening in Detroit, and some sneak stole my umbrella out of the vestibule, where I left it, and I took the next best one. Next morning I found a fellow's name on it, but that didn't make it leak, so I kept it." There was an explanation, and while the Fall River man got his umbrella back, the other one got a new one at the expense of the man from the city of spindles.—Providence Journal.

An Alabama Ghost.

A ghost has caused a divorce suit and broken up a once happy family in Blount county, Alabama. About five years ago James Martin married a Miss Noel, one of the belles of the county. The young couple went to live at the old Martin home and all went well until about a year ago. Mrs. Martin, naturally very timid, heard a ghost rambling through the old house one night and was badly frightened. She told her husband about it, but he could hear nothing, he said. From that time it became a nightly visitor at the Martin home. Mrs. Martin wanted to leave the old house at once, but her husband objected, declaring the strange noises heard were made by rats. Several times Mrs. Martin, so she says, saw a white robed figure wandering through the old house, and soon her nerves and health began to give way under the strain. She was finally prostrated by her fear of her ghost, and went to the home of her parents to recover her health and strength. Fear of the ghost overcame love of husband, and Mrs. Martin refused to live with him again. Martin tried in vain to induce his wife to return to the haunted house to live, but she refused, and he filed a suit for divorce on the ground of abandonment.—Chicago Times.

Old Pat. Outdone.

Mr. Crumpton, who lives in the Arkansas flats, seven miles south of Quanah, had an inkling that something was going wrong around his place, and determined to seek out the trespasser. Going a short distance from his house, he entered a cave, and in the darkness was confronted with a pair of fierce, glaring eyes and rumbling growls. Whipping out his revolver he shot at his mark, when a scream was uttered and suddenly an enormous panther sprang upon him, knocking him some feet backward, when a hand to hand fight ensued. After a fierce struggle and being violently scratched in the face, Mr. C. finally succeeded in firing the fatal shot which stretched his game out. The animal was dragged from the cave and measured over nine feet.—Carter Eagle.

Law as a Judge Defines it.

An interesting case of trial for attempted bigamy was summarily disposed of by Judge Ridley in the criminal court. Charles Brady is a negro. Upon an indictment of bigamy he was brought into court the other day to answer a charge of attempting to commit bigamy by using a bogus license. The facts were fully established, but the judge gave a verdict of not guilty. "There can be no bigamy or attempt at bigamy," he said, "unless the license is genuine." He therefore dismissed the case. Brady was held in custody, however, as it is understood he has actually married several women and is still subject to indictment for bigamy.—Nashville American.

THE SLOYD SYSTEM.

IT IS BEING INTRODUCED INTO THE SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

The Object Is to Teach the Young How to Use Their Hands—Something Like Our Manual Training—Especially Beneficial to Girls of the Wealthy Families.

An association has been formed in England for promoting the teaching of "sloyd." This new system has for some time past been an important factor in the educational systems of several countries. The great beauty of it lies in the fact that it educates a child morally, physically and mentally. Sweden was the originator of this system of manual instruction, which is not, as is frequently supposed, merely wood carving, but is the system applied to the different kinds of handiwork for educational purposes.

Slojd, the Scandinavian word, which is termed "sloyd" in England for convenience, means originally "cunning," "clever," "handy." The result at which the system specially aims is to implant respect for work in general, even for the coarser forms of manual labor; to develop activity, to foster order, cleanliness, neatness and accuracy; to encourage attention, industry and perseverance; to develop the physical powers and to train the eye and the sense of form. It is intended to teach all classes, from the highest to the lowest, how to use their hands as well as their heads, so that each man and woman may be placed in a position of independence and be capable of earning an honest livelihood.

IT IS NOT LEARNING A TRADE.

The first article which learners have to make is a little pointer, using merely a knife and glass paper; from such articles they proceed to more difficult ones, making rulers, inkstands, brackets, and so forth.

Attendance at the classes is voluntary on the part of pupils, so that there are certain conditions which the work must fulfill. It should be useful, and not too fatiguing; the articles made should offer variety, and should not be articles of luxury; they should be accomplished without help, and they should be real work and not play. A necessary feature, too, is that they should demand thoughtfulness and not be purely mechanical work. Many will no doubt here say: "It is nothing more nor less than ordinary capentering."

On consideration, however, it will be found there are several differences. First and foremost comes the difference in the object of sloyd, which is not to turn out young carpenters, but to develop the faculties, and especially to give general dexterity, which will be of value no matter what line of life the pupil may afterwards pursue. Other differences are the character of the objects made, which are usually smaller than those made in the trade; the tools used; the knife, for instance—the most important of all in sloyd—is little used in ordinary carpentery; and lastly, the manner of working is not the same; the division of labor employed in the carpentering trade is not allowed in sloyd, where each article is executed entirely by each pupil.

Truancy has almost been done away with in Swedish schools since the introduction of sloyd. It has been found in all the schools where it has been introduced that greater and more intelligent progress has been made in the ordinary school work. It makes children think for themselves. The system demands individual supervision and instruction, which is an advantage, as the teacher is enabled to gain an insight into the character, and to establish a personal relation between himself and his pupils.

THE EFFECTS MENTALLY.

In regard to the statement that it promotes the physical, mental and moral development, we find that morally it implants respect and love for work in general; it strengthens the bond between home and school; and it fosters a sense of satisfaction in honest work, begun, carried on and completed by fair means. Mentally, sloyd acts in drawing out and exercising energy, perseverance, order, accuracy and the habit of attention; it causes pupils to rely on themselves, to exercise forethought, and to be constantly putting two and two together. Physically, the system brings into action all the muscles, and exercises both sides of the body.

Pupils work with the left hand and arm, as well as with the right, in sawing, planing, etc. Sloyd is particularly useful to the girls of our higher schools, and is more important for them than their sisters of the working classes. The former are sadly in want of some interesting active work to counterbalance the continual sitting and poring over books and exercises. Besides the general development it furnishes, the positive knowledge gained is of the greatest service, and serves to stimulate a growing experience of sympathy with men's work.

The first course for training teachers in England commenced in August, 1888, at the Ladies' college at Sydenham, which has been kindly lent for the purpose. Hitherto, those who would be teachers of sloyd have had to travel to the seminary at Naas, on the beautiful shores of Lake Savelangen; and after going through the course there, have had to face the difficulty of applying the system to English tastes and customs. Now they will not have quite so long a journey to undertake to gain instruction; and the knowledge they do gain will be such as they can impart straight away to pupils. In order to counteract the evil of spurious teachers cropping up, there will be inspectors appointed who will be allowed to visit any places where sloyd is taught at any time, to see that the system is carried out properly and faithfully.—Chambers' Journal.

CLOTH MADE FROM WOOD.

Method of Reducing the Boards to a State of Isolated Fibers.

Mitscherlich has applied the bisulphite process for reducing wood to the production of a fiber from wood which can be spun.

Thin boards or laths free from knots, but of any desired width, are cut into strips in the direction parallel with the grain, and are then boiled in a boiler containing a solution of sulphurous acid or bisulphite. This boiling effects disintegration without requiring that the strips of boards shall be reduced to very small pieces. After boiling the wood, it is dried in the open air or in specially constructed drying rooms. By thus drying the product, the fiber, which is originally very weak and tends to break at the slightest strain, becomes comparatively strong and does not resume its very breakable condition on the addition of water. The operations are carried out as follows:

The damp masses on the frame are transferred to a traveling endless cloth, which leads them to a pair of rollers, which may be plain or provided with corrugations in the direction of their length, the ribs of the one roller being made to gear into the recesses of the other one, whereby they effect a simultaneous strong bending and squeezing of the masses. The cutting of the material in passing through the corrugated rollers is avoided by causing the endless cloth to pass over the lower roller and by placing a canvas covering around the upper roller. The pressed masses fall from these rollers on to a second endless cloth, which conveys them to a second pair of rollers, from which they are conveyed to a third pair, and so on, they being preferably pressed in this way six times. By continued treatment of the wood the fibers become at length so pliable and isolated from each other that they can be employed directly for coarse filaments.

For obtaining a perfect isolation of the fibers, however, without material deterioration, these operations alone are not suitable, and their special purpose is to loosen the fibers in the transverse direction, so that in the following operation a thin, long fiber may be obtained. For this purpose the boiled and pressed masses are completely dried. After drying they are combed in the direction parallel with the fibers by means of devices provided with pins or teeth, in a manner similar to the operations for combing flax, cotton, etc., but with the difference that the pins or teeth of the apparatus must be made very strong. The separation of the extractable matter from the fiber produced by boiling the gums and soluble organic matter can be effected at any time. It is, however, preferably effected after the fiber has been spun into threads, etc.—Scientific American.

A Madman's Ingenuity.

John B. Leoni, a young sculpter, whose parents are supposed to reside in Jersey City, who for some time has been an inmate of an asylum, escaped from his keepers some time ago and wandered to Burlington, N. J., where a lively interest was taken in him. He was found roaming aimlessly around the streets, and, pending the result of inquiries as to his identity, was placed in the city jail.

Shortly after his incarceration Leoni obtained possession of a piece of soap and proceeded to astonish the jailers. With his finger nails he dexterously began carving the soap and gradually it assumed human shape. When through his labor Leoni had produced a model of an Alpine huntsman. The figure, which is now in possession of Mayor Silpath, is about seven inches in height. The right arm is outstretched, the hand encircling the neck of a duck, which is as carefully reproduced as the figure of the hunter. The left hand hangs by the side, holding a shotgun. At the feet of the hunter lies the figure of a retriever, wistfully gazing at the game his master holds aloft.

Leoni is said to have a brother in this city who is an engraver.—New York Press.

Secret Hiding Places.

One of the most interesting features of our country houses is the secret hiding place. This generally has been contrived with much architectural skill, and in days gone by baffled discovery from the most observant and experienced eye. In certain cases it would appear that, for some reason or other, the hiding place has been specially kept a secret among members of the family. Thus, in the north of England, may be mentioned Netherhall, near Maryport, Cumberland, the seat of the old family of Senhouse. In this time honored mansion there is said to be a real secret chamber, its exact position being only known to two persons—the heir-in-law and the family solicitor.

According to the popular tradition the secret of the hidden room has never been revealed to more than two living persons at a time! This mysterious room has no window, and, despite every endeavor to discover it, has, it is said, defied the ingenuity of every visitor staying in the house. With this secret chamber may be compared the one at Glamis, the latter possessing a window, but which has not led to the identification of the mysterious room.—Liverpool Courier.

The Prince of Coolavin.

We are told of McDermot, known as the Prince of Coolavin, who belonged to one of the principal Connaught families, that his income in 1776 barely amounted to £100 a year, yet he never suffered his children to sit down in his presence. Lady Morgan adds that his daughter-in-law alone was permitted to eat at his table; even his wife was not accorded this privilege, as, though well born, she was not of royal blood. When Lord Kingsborough, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. O'Hara, Mr. Sanford, and others, all men of position, came to see him he only took notice of the two last named, whom he thus addressed: "O'Hara, you are welcome! Sanford, I am glad to see your mother's son" (his mother was an O'Brien). "As to the rest of ye, come in as ye can."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Ten Hours of Sleep.

James Payn, the novelist, says that the only salvation of our writers and literary classes in general lies in going to bed early, getting ten hours' sleep and understanding that brain work needs more complete and certain recuperation than ordinary physical labor. The office and necessity of sleep is getting to be better appreciated. Little is heard nowadays about burning midnight oil. Obedience to physiological laws alone will enable a man to escape mental breakdown at an early age. Genius cannot override nature. It is impossible to turn night into day, or to habitually do two days' work in one. Common sense and method are better than brilliance, and judgment is in the end ahead of genius.—New York Star.

Brought Them Out in Sections.

One of our county physicians, who lives at Tecumseh, was called to see a very tall gentleman who lives in the neighborhood of Brantly, and who was sick with the measles. On account of the exceeding height of the man the doctor advised him to paint a ring around his body with iodine and he would proceed to bring the measles out on him one end at a time, as it would be impossible to accomplish the whole job at once. Our informant states that the ring was drawn and the measles brought out in sections.—Punxa Vista (Ga.) Patriot.

THE BOGUS NOBLEMEN.

A SIMPLE METHOD OF UNMASKING THE PRETENDERS.

Counts That Are of No Account—Barons Who Are Barons of All Humbug—Marquises Without a Mark of Distinction. Americans Easily Taken In.

On any fine day you can see a dozen fraudulent noblemen airing themselves on upper Broadway.

A bogus baron, a counterfeit count, a miscalled marquis, should never impose on anybody.

How can they be detected?

Easily enough. Suppose you have a nobleman presented to you; the introducer should be able to vouch for him if the matter of title is a point in question.

But your bogus nobleman nearly always presents himself. Then go to the consulate of his country.

A SURE DETECTOR.

There it is easy to satisfy yourself of his identity. Generally speaking, although not always, real noblemen register at the consulate on their arrival in New York, but every consulate, even if the gentleman has not recorded there, is more or less able to give information as to noblemen belonging to their country. Thanks to the English Peerage (Burke's and Debrett's) and the German Gothaische, Grafen and Freiherrn Calendar, as well as to the army lists of both countries, it is pretty easy to get at the facts. And there are so many real noblemen and officers of the German and English armies here in this city that the bogus article could easily be detected by being confronted with the real one.

The impostor is generally good looking and distingue and has a dangerous knowledge of what he is talking about, depending on his good looks and his cheek to carry him through. And our rich girls, blinded by what they believe to be the honor of being courted by a real live lord or count, fall an easy victim to the unscrupulous fortune hunter.

Counterfeit noblemen and real noblemen, who have so far forgotten what is due to their name that they closely resemble the bad article, abound and always will abound in a great cosmopolitan city like New York. As long as the present inordinate love for titles exists in this enlightened republic, people must not be astonished if they are the dupes of such as have a smattering of education and the cheek to call themselves by a high sounding title.

All these counterfeit noblemen have one characteristic—that is, on all possible occasions they will brag of their noble descent and will tell the most wonderful stories of their doings at home and of the doings of their ancestors generations before them.

The latest specimen who has been annoying various families, particularly that of Mr. William Steinway, represented himself as a nephew of the latter, called himself at various times Count Bonin, Count von Arnim, Baron Fedwitz and various other names. What his real intentions were have not been found out as yet. Inspector Byrnes of the metropolitan police has nipped his career in the bud.

SPECIMENS OF THE SPURIOUS.

A peculiar and rather amusing case once came under the notice of the writer, himself for long years an officer in the Prussian service. He used to lunch regularly at a down town restaurant, when one day he was told by the proprietor that he had an ex-officer, who was down on his luck, as waiter.

The said waiter claimed to be a Count X——, and said that he was a first lieutenant in a crack cavalry regiment of the Guards. The writer was rather curious to see the waiter, as he had personally known Count X——. He was rather skeptical as to the waiter's identity, seeing that he told wonderful stories of his prowess during the Franco-German war, the count in reality having entered the army only after the close of the campaign.

At last the waiter made his appearance, and after having been taken to task he acknowledged that he was not the count, but was once the count's servant. The latter fact accounted for his intimate knowledge of the count's family affairs.

Many are the cases where American wives have married bogus noblemen and suffered bitterly for it afterward, simply because they did not take the trouble to make inquiries, but believed everything the smooth tongued rascals said.

The writer was talking on Fifth avenue with a gentleman, when the name of a marquis well known in New York was mentioned. On asking what nationality the marquis was, he received as answer:

"Oh, he is not really a marquis, only we all call him so."

The most dangerous are the Italian, Spanish and French marquises and other noblemen, as titles of nobility exist in those countries to such an extent that they are really difficult to classify.

All this makes it very hard for such noblemen who come here to gain a footing in good society, as people have been so often duped by the spurious article that when an authentic man comes he is apt to be looked on with a dubious eye.

If the consulates here are not able to give information, it is easy enough to write to the American consuls in London, Berlin, or whatever country the claimant of the title comes from, to receive authentic information.

But as long as the inordinate craving of Americans exists for titles, so long will the American store keeper and tailor, as well as the American heiress, fall an easy victim to the foreign adventurer who comes with a big sounding title. The more names and the longer the title the better.—New York Journal.

The Coral Islands.

It has long been the opinion of geologists that the curious atolls of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the circular coral islands, inclosing a shallow basin of the sea, were to be explained as was first suggested by the late Charles Darwin, through the long continued subsidence of the sea floor on which they rested. The idea was that the coral first found foothold around the shores of a volcanic or other mountain peak projecting above the sea. It was further supposed that the subsidence of the ocean floor gradually lowered the original island below the level of the sea, while the coral reef, growing steadfastly upward, remained after the mountain had disappeared to mark its original site.

Alexander Agassiz and John Murray have recently held to the doctrine that the greater part of our atolls at least are not thus formed, and that the central cup of the atoll is not due to the fact that it occupies the position of a subsiding mountain, but that it is brought about by a process of solution by which the coral rocks are dissolved away.

Dr. H. B. Guppy, a competent observer, has, during a recent sojourn on the Keeling atoll in the Indian ocean, been enabled to confirm the opinions of Messrs. Murray and Agassiz. It therefore seems probable that wherever coral reefs attain the surface of the sea the circular basin will naturally be formed, and that if Mr. Darwin's explanation has any truth in it, it is to be accepted only in rare and, as yet, unascertained cases.—Boston Herald.

The Young Folks' Friend.

A pleasant faced old gentleman, who looks as if he had forgotten as much as some people know about editing newspapers, comes over from the peaceful shades of Newark now and then to mingle in the busy metropolitan whirl of which he was once an important figure. He is Noah Brooks, long time an editor of the Tribune, a conspicuous journalist in San Francisco during vigilante times and one of the most popular writers for children who wield quills today. Mr. Brooks is a tall, well built man; his white hair has thinned out on top, his eyes keep their light, and his short, white side whiskers and mustache give him a venerable appearance. He is well over sixty and carries his age "like a major." As editor of The Newark Advertiser Mr. Brooks continues the active intellectual work which has characterized his life. He has given that journal—one of the oldest in the country, by the way—a standing it was unlikely to get otherwise. Besides, in St. Nicholas and such periodicals, where one looks for the lighter touch and the finer fancies, his name is always welcome, not only to the editors, but to hundreds of the little ones who have learned to look forward with eagerness to his stories for children.—New York World.

Water Tight Match Box Wanted.

Bishop, who made a thousand mile voyage in a paper canoe, says that R. B. Forbes, of Boston, once gave him a water tight pocket match box, that he lost it, and was never able to find another. Thousands of hunters, canoeists, and others have hunted and longed for a match box that would be water tight—one that would preserve its contents dry even though the owner was compelled to take a swim with the box in the pocket of his pants, and the pants on the swimmer. An upset in the wilderness or on the coast, away from dwellings, often destroys every match a man has with him, and places him in a position of great danger.

Though match boxes are made in innumerable styles, we have never been able to find one which was suitable for carrying matches in the pocket and would at the same time protect them from water. There are some difficulties in the way of inventing such an article, because when carried in the pocket the air within the box is rarefied by the heat of the body. When the box is plunged into cold water a partial vacuum is formed, and this aids in forcing water through the joints.—Scientific American.

Napoleon.

The duke said: "After the retreat of Bonaparte from Leipsic, he never, in fact, had any hope of getting over his bad fortune. Mole, then minister of war, told me that shortly after Napoleon's return at that time to Paris he was playing at billiards with him when he became thoughtful and, laying down his cue, began talking to him of the impossibility of ever reviving the spirit of the nation sufficiently to expel the northern powers. Had these reverses, he said, occurred in the first days of the republic, there would have been a freshness of spirit that might have saved the game, but that spirit was how worn out and never could again be expected to revive. Yet, with this depressing conviction upon his mind, he went through his wonderful campaign of Champagne with an activity perhaps unparalleled in his former wars." The duke's invariable comment on Napoleon was: "He was not a gentleman."—Personal Recollections of Lady de Ros in Murray's Magazine.

Two Smart Maine Women.

Two spinster sisters up in Maine who run a sixty-five acre farm, are credited with being the smartest women in the state. One of them chops every winter the year's supply of fire wood, going into the woods early in the season and remaining until the work is completed. She works in the hayfield in summer and digs from seventy to one hundred bushels of potatoes yearly and puts them in the cellar. The other sister is the carpenter of the family and has added all manner of improvements to the farm.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Grapes at 66 Per Pound.

The steward of Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht Alva entered a large fruit and confectionery store on Baltimore street just before the yacht sailed and purchased nearly $75 worth of confectionery and fruits. Before leaving he asked for some hothouse grapes, and was told by the proprietor that the price would be $6 per pound. The steward gave an order for ten pounds and asked that they be sent to Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht. The storekeeper declined to fill the order, because he did not know of Mr. Vanderbilt.—Philadelphia Times.

Missionary Work.

The societies of Christian Endeavor in St. Louis have organized a "hotel committee," whose duty it is to see that every arrival at the hotels after noon on each Saturday is furnished with a cordial invitation to attend divine service at one or another church, a full list of the churches accompanying the invitation.—St. Louis Republic.

A Gallant Seaman.

At a seaport in the south of France, an old salt had his leg crushed during the launch of a man-of-war. He had to undergo amputation, and bore it all without speaking a word and smoking his pipe the while. The surgeon was about to leave when the sailor, making an effort to rise, called him back and said:

"Beg pardon, major, for not showing you out, but you see it's your fault."—L'Autorite.

"People think that I actually wear Mrs. Siddons' shoes," said Mrs. Ellen Terry, "but of course I don't. I cherish them much too dearly for that, and only to think they were on the dear, dead lady's feet. A present from one actress to another. Here are the shoes, which are made of silver satin, bound and trimmed with red silk, adorned with gilt spangles and gold embroidery."

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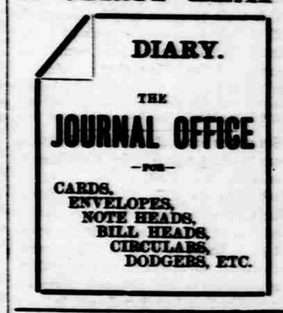

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