

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XX.—NO. 17.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 1,005.

COLUMBUS STATE BANK.

COLUMBUS, NEB.

Cash Capital - \$100,000.

DIRECTORS:
LEADER GERRARD, Pres.
GEO. W. HULST, Vice Pres.
JULIUS A. REED.
R. H. HENRY.
J. E. TASKER, Cashier.

Bank of Deposit, Discount and Exchange.

Collections Promptly Made on all Points.

Pay Interest on Time Deposits.

COMMERCIAL BANK

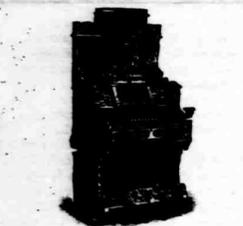
COLUMBUS, NEB.

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

OFFICERS:
C. H. SHELDON, Pres.
H. P. H. OHLBACH, Vice Pres.
C. A. NEWMAN, Cashier.
DANIEL S. HARM, Asst. Cash.

STOCKHOLDERS:
J. P. Becker,
Herman P. H. Oshrich,
J. H. Wainwright,
George W. Talley,
Arnold F. H. Oshrich.

Bank of deposit, interest allowed on time deposits, and buy and sell available securities. We shall be pleased to receive your business. We solicit your patronage.



FOR THE WESTERN COTTAGE ORGAN

CALL ON

A. & M. TURNER

Or C. W. KIRKLE, Travelling Salesman.

These organs are first-class in every particular, and are guaranteed.

SCHAFFROTH & PLATH,

DEALERS IN

CHALLENGE WIND MILLS,

AND PUMPS.

Backeye Mower, combined Self Binder, wire or twine.

Pumps Repaired on short notice.

Our best water pump is Stein's Drug Store, 11th Street, Columbus, Neb.

CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FEEL EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS?

A life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. I have cured many cases of Epilepsy and Falling Sickness. I have cured many cases of Epilepsy and Falling Sickness. I have cured many cases of Epilepsy and Falling Sickness.

HENRY GASS UNDERTAKER!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

COWS AND METALLIC CASES

Repairing of all kinds of Upholstery Goods.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

THE LOVELY VIOLET.

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE FLOWER.

The Poets Know More Than the Scientists of such things—Shakespeare's References to the Violet—The Superstitions of Medieval Times.

According to the scientists, who are a dull sort of folk, however, and who love to hide their ignorance behind long names of learned sound, the violet is a genus of exogenous herbs of the order Violaceae and is a native of the northern temperate zone. But the poets know a great deal more than the scientists, for they were born before them and will survive them, and the poets tell us all about the creation of this fragrant flower.

The Greek name for violet was Ion, and possibly because that suggested Ionia, whence the Athenians were fabled to have sprung, the flower was a great favorite with the Athenians, who adopted it as their badge and loved to weave it into the coronas which they wore as a badge of thinking. Indeed, that it was a guardian against drunkenness.

Alcibiades went to Agathos crowned with ivy and violets. The only lines that have survived from Alcibiades' ode to Sappho begin by addressing her as "violet-crowned girl, sweetly smiling Sappho." The Athenian orator, striving to win the favor and attention of the people, were wont to address them as "Athenians, crowned with violets!"

Among the Romans also the violet was highly esteemed. Ovid, in speaking of the ancient sacrifices, and contrasting their noble simplicity with the garish display of more degenerate times, says that "if there was any one who could add violets to the chaplets wrought from flowers of the meadow he was a rich man." In the same way, the poet laureate of the Roman Empire, Statius, in his Daphnia, speaks of the violet as replaced by the thistle.

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In the east the violet had a great reputation among the poets and philosophers were rather emotional than mystical. The Arabian poets, like their brother bards of other climes, bade the wealthy and haughty learn humility from this lowly violet.

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A GREAT GAME OF CHESS.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO BEAT THE PASHA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The Long Story Begins of the Stranger Reminded the Turk of Another and Different Kind of Contest—There Was but One Man Who Could Play Chess.

On a summer afternoon, almost fifty years ago, Sulaiman Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Egyptian artillery, sat at coffee in a cafe on the Nile terrace in Cairo. At tables near him were many soldiers who had helped him fight the armies of Sultan Mahmud not many months before. Several of them had been with him in the battle of Nizh, when he routed the Turkish army under Hafiz Pasha, and Col. von Moltke, then chief of staff of the Egyptian army, was not thinking of the soldiers about him, nor of Hafiz Pasha, nor Col. von Moltke, nor the great battle of Nizh. His whole attention was concentrated on a chessboard before him.

Sulaiman Pasha was a famous chess player. In the first few weeks after his return to Cairo he had beaten dozens of times Ulema Reschid Aga, formerly the champion chess player of northern Egypt. He regarded his reputation as a chess player as something akin to his reputation as a warrior. He considered his chess to be pre-eminently a soldier's game, and never tired of making elaborate comparisons between strategy on the chess board and strategy on the field of battle.

On this particular afternoon, almost fifty years ago, Ulema Reschid Aga was a little late in coming to his Waterloo, and Sulaiman Pasha was having a preliminary skirmish with himself while awaiting his opponent's arrival. His diversion was interrupted by the appearance on the terrace of a long, gaunt, bony young stranger. The stranger strode right up to the pasha's table, and after making a half military salute, said so loudly that every one on the terrace could hear:

"Pasha, I challenge you to a game of chess."
"All the officers on the terrace sat quite still, staring at the thin, pale young man who stood before their great commander. The pasha looked him over curiously:
"I am at your service," was his answer, after a long pause. "How high do you usually play?"

"I play for nothing, sometimes for a great deal. You fix the stakes, pasha."
"Well, a hundred ducats will not be too much."
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RAILROADS IN INDIA.

SIXTEEN THOUSAND MILES OF TRUNK LINES IN HINDOOSTAN.

The First Steps in the World, but Wretched Arrangements in the Passenger Cars—Asks that the Western Idea and Telegraph Be.

India has now sixteen thousand miles of railroad. It is an iron thoroughfare from Bombay to Calcutta to Rangoon, and is in fact from New York to Denver, and several trunk lines run across Hindoostan from one city to the other. There are branches from these which go up the Himalaya mountains almost to the Tibetan, and others which shoot off to the Khyber Pass at the entrance to Afghanistan and not a great distance from the new Russian railway, which has been pushed on past Samarcand. The day will come when we can travel from London to Calcutta by rail, though this presupposes the cutting of a tunnel under the English channel. South India has many long miles of railroad, and the whole of Hindoostan, which is half the size of the United States, has a network of lines.

The construction of these railroads has included engineering works fully as grand as the railroad making of the United States, and the keeping of them in order is more difficult.

WOOD EATING ATTEMPT.
One of the great plagues of Indian railroad makers is the white ant. These insects eat every dead thing in wood form above ground. If a pile of wooden ties is left out over night an attack of ants will have carried it away by morning, and there is no possible storage of wooden ties. Such ties as are in the roads are saved from destruction by the vibration caused by the running trains, which scares the ants away. It is the same with telegraph poles and fences, and the result is that the ties of most of the railroads are made of iron. I have traveled about three thousand miles over all kinds of railroads in India. The telegraph poles of many of the lines are hollow tubes of galvanized iron, about as big around as the average man's calf, so that they fit into one another and form a pole about ten feet high. To these poles the lines are strung, and many of the roads use such poles throughout their entire length.

On other lines the telegraph poles are iron rails, the same as those on which the cars travel. Two of these rails are fastened together by bars about a foot wide and then this iron lattice work is set deep in the ground and the wire strung across it. The poles are made of such iron rails, and through hundreds of miles along one of the railroads in Western India I found fences of barbed wire with sand stone posts. These stones are a foot wide and four inches thick, and are set in the ground about three feet above the ground. The wires run through holes in them and the railroad men tell me that they are much cheaper than wood.

THE MAGNIFICENT DEPOT.
I am surprised at the magnificence of the depot in Bombay. Here at Bombay there is a fine railroad station that any we have in the United States. It cost about \$1,000,000, and architecturally it is the peer of any building at Washington. At Calcutta there are small depots and even at the smallest of the towns you find well built stations, and the buildings are beautiful, in which bloom all kinds of tropical flowers. Nothing about these stations is made of wood. The platforms are of stone filled in with cement, and the cars run into the stations on a plane about two feet below the floor, and so that the floor of the cars is just even with that of the depot. Each station has its first, second and third class waiting room, and everything in India goes by class.

The cars are first, second, third and fourth class, and they are all on the English plan. They are about two-thirds the length of our cars and a trifle wider. They are not so heavy as the American passenger coach and they look more like a long box than anything else. Each of these cars is divided into compartments. In the first and second class there are only two compartments in these cars, and the chief difference in these two classes is in the number allowed in the compartments. In the first class the first room about 10 feet long by 5 feet, with a roof 7 feet high, in the center of which there is a glass globe for a light, you may have some idea of the Indian first class car. You must, however, put two long, leather covered, cushioned seats about each side of this room, and at the ends of these have doors with glass windows in them, opening inward. Over the cushioned backs of the benches there are windows which let up and down like those of the American street car, and which are of the same size. The car has none of the finish of the American Pullman, and though you are expected to sleep within it, there are no signs of bedding or curtains. At the back of it there is a lavatory, without towels, soap or lenses, and there is barely room enough for you to turn around in it when you are washing. The second class cars are much the same, and there may be one second class car and one first in the same coach.—Frank G. Carpenter.

IN DIGITAL RUSSIA.
Here testimony to prove the charges laid against the Czar's Land.
Everything has stood still under the present czar, the lethargy and corruption of the officials, the ignorance of the masses, the indifference of all private liberty, continue as under Peter the Great. Men are sent off by hundreds to Siberia, while it is never known by whom they were denounced, or what are the crimes imputed to them. The petty interferences in common life are almost incredible; no man can even alter the front of his house in St. Petersburg without special permission from the czar. Foreign newspapers are received with great suspicion, and printing ink over any passage objected to by the censorship, which is stricter than ever, when dissolved as "moving freely," the dangerous word was scratched out—the "revolution" of a wheel were considered as suggesting wrong ideas.

The theory of personal government is carried out to its utmost extent; each minister is supposed to communicate directly with the czar, and to take orders from him alone, so that there can be no concert between them, and nothing like what we call a cabinet. In practice, however, this cannot possibly be carried out, and the majority of the officials of the enormous empire must necessarily

Since my reference the other day to the experience of the physician here in Boston who was called upon to attend a sick monkey in the Italian quarter in the North End, I have continued an association of the facts of a new book, which illustrates a similar pathetic impression which the sufferings of a sensitive monkey made on a great Russian novelist. In the "Impressions of Russia," by Edmund Spenser, there is a chapter on the sufferings of a sensitive monkey riding all the way on a solitary journey by rail from Hamburg to London holding the paw of a timid monkey who was terrified by the fearful motion and roar of the train. With a poor, comical devotion than in any book of devotion. There was certainly a noble spirit of sympathy in this act of Turgenev, and it helps to account for the hold he has on the human heart that his own should have troubled so tenderly for the poor little monkey.—Boston Post.

Chief Clerk Webster, a man of great zeal and usefulness in his work, writes that school girls and boys have a better chance in these examinations than men and women of more mature years. That the competitors are not school children is shown by the average age of candidates, which is about 30 years. It is noteworthy, however, that the average age of those who fail is always greater than that of those who succeed. Of common school graduates 86 out of 100 fail, as against only 17 of 100 of high school graduates. Among college graduates who claim academic or collegiate education the percentage of failures is nearly 30, and the business college graduates do but 2 or 3 per cent. better.

Not many of the problems are difficult. A majority are in simple addition, multiplication and subtraction. Few fail on these, but may do so on such questions as—
"Express in figures the following numbers: One hundred and nineteen billion, one hundred and twenty-one million, eleven thousand and forty-one one hundred and twenty-two." Few fail on these.—Express in figures the following numbers: 6,844,671,421.02.—Washington Letter.

Labour Saving Dynamite.
They have a new way of planting out orange trees down near San Diego. They use a small hole and drop in a dynamite charge, the explosion of which makes the hole big enough for a tree, and leaves the soil for several feet under the tree to take root easier.—San Bernardino Times-Index.

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REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

COLUMBUS, NEB.

In the State of Nebraska, at the close of last month, July 31, 1889.

Assets and Liabilities: \$1,000,000
Capital stock paid in: \$100,000
Surplus: \$900,000
Total: \$1,000,000

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