The Columbus Journal.

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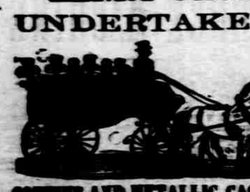

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6-42 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

FIGHTS WITH SHARKS.

HOW THEY WHOOP THINGS UP FOR THE SAILORS.

An Old Maine Coaster Tells the Small Boy a Couple of Yarns—Boss Sharks Seventy Feet in Length—Towing a Boat Several Miles.

"Capt. Sam," said a little boy who was watching a very red faced old fisherman way up the Maine coast, as he baited his trawl hooks, "what is the largest fish you ever saw or heard of?"

"Wal," replied the old fisherman, without looking up, "it stands to reason that I've heard on some bigger ones than I ever clapped my eyes onto. Sailor folks is great on yarning, there ain't any use in denying that. One of 'em starts a yarn, and it keeps a growin' so fast that by the time it gets ashore the man what started it wouldn't know it."

"But there are some true fish stories," persisted the little boy.

"Sartin, sartin," replied Capt. Sam, "and I guess I've seen about as big a fish as the next one. When I was a boy not a mite older nor you my gran'ther was owner and skipper of as fine a sixty ton schooner as cut the water in these parts, and as soon as I got big enough not to fall overboard and to pull on a herrin' or mack'rel line he took me along, and it was on this very cruise that I saw a big fish.

RED HOT COALS ON HIS BACK.

"We were fishin' on what is called the George's bank, away up to the north'ard a spell. The men were out in dories a fishin' an' only me an' gran'ther aboard. I was a foolin' around two lines, when I see somethin' black a lyin' alongside. First I thought it was a shadder of the keel, but it kept a comin' nearer and more distinct, until all at once I see it was a critter. First I thought it a whale, and sings out to my gran'ther that there was a big whale alongside. He came a running out of the cabin and took one look at it and said: 'It's a bone shark, and the biggest one I ever see.'

"As far as we could make out it was sixty feet long—a lyin' perfectly still, its back out of the water so that a man could have walked ten or twenty feet on his back. We had a harpoon, but he didn't dare throw it for fear of losin' it, havin' no boat to follow, so there the big shark stayed until finally the old man tuck a ton of red hot coals from the galley fire and tossed them on his back. Some of them stuck, and it wasn't long before he left.

"When I got grown up," continued Capt. Sam, "I saw another shark almost as big, and helped catch it. I shipped in a sword fisherman as first man. We sailed from Boothbay, but, finding fish scarce, we put down toward Cape Cod, and when we got to the south'ard we found about all we could attend to, and in less time than a week bore away for New Bedford with 'a good Boston load.' We put to sea again on a Friday, a bad day, so sailormen say, but this turned out good luck for us. We were about on what they call The Sisters when the lookout sighted what he thought was a swordfish, and we cleared decks accordin'; but when we got alongside we see it was a big bone shark. The skipper said it ought to pay $100 in ile, so we kept away while the man spliced a bigger line on to the harpoon and then wore around and came up on him again.

"He was a-lyin' right in the slush of the sea. There was a fair so'west wind a-blowin', just enough to make the sea make a clean break over his back that looked like a big log, and I reckon that's what you'd a-taken it for if you'd a-seen it. Howsomever, we came a-bowlin' along in great shape, the skipper puttin' the schooner within ten feet of him, and, as we shot by, me and the second mate let drive our irons into him, and the same minute the men hove over the keg an' line.

"What did he do?" said Capt. Sam, who, in the excitement of the old memory, had dropped his line and was looking the little boy in the face, with a hand on each oil skin knee.

"Why, he whooped things, and accordin' to my mind we got out of the way just in time. You'd a-thought a volcano had bust right thar. Up come a big tail fifteen foot in the air, with water and sprays a-flyin'; then down it went with a noise like the topsail of a fifty gun frigate in stays. There was a long cable or line on the harpoons, but it wasn't two minutes before we saw the kegs go under and up they came a hundred fathoms away, and went along sending the water as high as our topmast.

"It so happened, our luck bein' still on, that the fish bore away on the wind; if it had a' struck to the windward it would have been good-by sure, but on the wind was our best pull, and after a two hour chase we came up with the kegs, havin' kept 'em in sight the hull time from the tops. You see the kegs was painted white, so we could see which way the fish was a-goin'.

"The big fish was about played out; ten miles or more at such a rate had about knocked him, and we rounded to and put out two dories and took the kegs in. 'Stand by!' says the skipper, 'for the minute he feels us a-takin' in slack he's a-goin' to take off agin, and sure enough he did. We got the kegs aboard, and the first pull we made I was nigh jerked overboard; but we hung to him, takin' in a foot when we could and losin' one an' gainin' two durin' which he towed us a matter of three miles or more; then we reckoned he was about through, and we took in pretty fast. We got within 100 feet, when the other dory ahead slipped alongside and gave him the lance the same way they kill whales.

"I have heard of bone sharks seventy foot, but fifty and sixty footers is all I kin speak for sartin about, and I guess that's the biggest fish that swims today."
—Philadelphia Times.

A MYSTERIOUS PLANT.

It Marks the Scene of an Old Tragedy in Western New York.

"For three quarters of a century," says a resident of Livingston county, "three stalks of a plant which has not been found in any other part of the state, and seems to be generally unknown west of Connecticut, have sprung up every season, blossomed and gone to seed, on a spot between Avon Springs and Caledonia, and have never had any increase beyond the original number. This fact, and the sudden and mysterious manner in which the plant appeared at that particular place, where it marks the scene of a bloody tragedy, committed in the pioneer days of western New York, make the spot the object of daily visits, both from those who live in the neighborhood and the summer sojourners at Avon Springs.

"The plant grows near the old state road, on what was formerly a part of the Homer estate. The state road, which was built in 1791, was the thoroughfare by which the first emigrants from the east entered that portion of the Genesee valley. In October, 1814, a body of American troops, on its way from Buffalo to Sackets' harbor over this road, camped for noonday rations near the roadside, not far from the Homer homestead. It was on Sunday, and the previous day had been pay day among the troops. The men had all their pay with them, no opportunity having offered for spending any of it. The troops resumed their march after eating their rations. Soon after they had left the spot two soldiers, who were evidently stragglers, were seen about the deserted camp. Toward the middle of the afternoon the report of a gun was heard at the Homer house, coming from the direction of the camp. No attention was paid to it, but half an hour later some persons who visited the camp, where the fires were still smouldering, discovered the dead body of a soldier lying in the bushes close by. There was a bullet hole in his temple. The body had evidently been dragged to its place of concealment, and it was partly covered with leaves. The news of the finding of the dead soldier was at once forwarded to headquarters. It was found there that Privates John Alexander and Baxter were missing. The body of the dead man was identified as that of Private Alexander. Search was made for Baxter, and he was taken into custody at Buffalo. He had on his person the amount of his own pay and the amount that Alexander had received. All the circumstances so plainly fixed the murder of Alexander upon Baxter that a speedy trial, conviction and execution followed.

"Alexander was buried near the spot where his body was found. The next year a plant never before seen in the region, and of a species that was entirely unknown to any one who lived in the valley, sprang up on the murdered man's grave. This stalk was followed by the appearance of two similar ones. As they grew again the succeeding year in exactly the same spot and nowhere else, and appeared in the same manner with the coming of every spring, blossoming regularly at the time wheat was ready for cutting, they began to attract wide attention. Mr. G. W. Clinton, of Buffalo, finally discovered that the plant was of the species known in Connecticut as false gromwell. It was also learned that Alexander, the murdered soldier, had come from a place in Connecticut where the plant was common. How it came to spring up in that solitary spot, to mark the grave of a native of the soil to which it was itself indigenous, has never been explained, and that its seed has never taken root anywhere else in the vicinity is a mystery.

"There is another vegetable curiosity in the vicinity of Avon Springs which botanists have found nowhere else. It is a remarkable bulbous root which formerly grew on the Genesee flats in abundance. It lies a few inches below the surface and grows horizontally to the length of four or five feet, and frequently attains a diameter of nine inches. It resembles a small log. From it springs a bright green vine, not unlike a strawberry vine, which bears a small purplish blossom. The Indians, relics and reminders of whose occupancy of those rich flats still abound, called this root 'the man of the ground.' They attributed great medicinal virtues to it, but if it has any it is yet to be discovered by the white people. Red Jacket, as the tradition is, annually camped where the present Avon Springs station of the Erie railroad is, for the purpose of collecting this root, as well as to take advantage of the mineral waters, the peculiar and beneficial medicinal properties of which were well known to the Indians long before the Genesee country was known to the whites."—Hamm. Misport (N. Y.) Cor. New York Sun.

Historical Novels No Longer Popular.

Unless an author has a name which will carry anything he chooses to send out it is almost a waste of time nowadays for a rising writer to spend his evenings on a historical novel. By that I mean publishers are afraid to venture upon historical fiction. I saw a practical illustration of this not long ago. A New York author of fair reputation conceived a novel of historical plot and characters. He sent the manuscript from one publishing house to another, until it had run the whole gauntlet in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. In each case it was returned, and every time the reason was given that "historical novels are unpopular with the public." All agreed that the literary merit of the story was unusually good, and deplored the fact that so well written a novel should have been historical in its scenes and personages.

In five of the letters the author was strongly urged to submit "a modern novel, with people and events of today." I could not but wonder at this seeming inconsistency, for take the most popular novel issued for years, "Ben Hur," and the recently successful novel, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," and both are historical. Not only that, but the fiction record for the past ten years will show that of every ten historical novels published nine were successful. On the other hand, take the "modern novel," so called, and but one in about thirty-five, I believe, is the percentage that is successful. I am not pleading for the historical novel, but doesn't it seem strange that publishers will reject a style of fiction which can show more distinct successes than any other of an elevating character? But the advice is good. Don't write a historical novel if you would have easy acceptance of your work.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

The Larder of a "Liner."

We grumble at a hotel or on board ship if our food is not exactly what we desire, but few have any idea of the provision needed on one of the American liners. The passengers on the Royal Mail steamship Umbria, on one of her voyages from New York to Liverpool, consumed the following: 9,500 pounds of beef, 4,000 pounds of mutton, 900 pounds of lamb, 256 pounds of veal, 150 pounds of pork, 140 pounds of pickled legs of pork, 600 pounds of corned tongues, 700 pounds of corned beef, 2,000 pounds of fresh fish, 20 pounds of calves' feet, 18 pounds of calves' heads, 450 fowls, 240 spring chickens, 120 ducks, 50 turkeys, 50 geese, 600 squabs, 300 tins of sardines, 300 plovers, 175 pounds of sausages, 1,200 pounds of ham, 500 pounds of bacon, 10,000 eggs, 2,000 quarts of milk, 700 pounds of butter, 410 pounds of coffee, 87 pounds of tea, 900 pounds of sugar, 100 pounds of rice, 200 pounds of barley, 100 jars of jam and jelly, 50 bottles of pickles, 60 bottles of sauces, 20 barrels of apples, 14 boxes of lemons, 18 boxes of oranges, 6 tons of potatoes, 36 barrels of flour.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

Ocean Parasites.

Everything is said to have its parasite, and the cable at the bottom of the sea is no exception. Cables have been taken up from a depth of a mile and a half with the hemp covering badly eaten away, and at a depth of over half a mile strong currents of the ocean have rasped the armored wires on the rocky bottom. Experience has not yet determined the full lasting qualities of electric cables. Specimens have been taken up which show no signs of deterioration after having been in the water for more than thirty-five years. Water, and especially salt water, seems to be a preserver of insulating compounds.

They Agreed.

"I think," said one Detroiter to another the other day, "that what we need in the center of the river, or somewhere along the river side, is a good sanitorium, such as they have in the Seine in Paris."

"I don't know about that," said the other with some hesitation, "I don't know that there is any public demand for the French thing that you speak about, but I do think that we ought to have along the riv ckle some good swimming baths."—Detroit Free Press.

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal:
"Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone!"

"Now see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
You just come and scratch!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

BROTHER FRANCIS.

No nine man, I suppose, ever carried an epistolary flirtation on to an actual proposal of marriage without seeing the object, or, except what her pen has told him, without knowing something about her.—Sententious Magazine Writer.

So much for the conclusions of self conceit. Man has done that thing. I know a case in point. Don't I? I think I do, forasmuch as I myself was its dominating idiot. I, age 31; name, Francis Howland; usually known as Brother Francis—not of ecclesiastic brotherhood—Heaven forbid! I got the sobriquet from a trick my sisters—there are eight of them, four older and four younger than I—a trick the girls had of always designating me with that misleading prefix. I was thus known far and wide.

Would be witty people used to send penitents to me to confess, and strangers, on being introduced, took to addressing me as "Your Reverence," and that before I was out of my teens. O, and wasn't it galling? I loved the girls, though, the whole eight, even Martha the oldest, who had married and gone to the next town to live before I entered those teens, and Catherine, whom she had taken off with her—she was next to her in age—then Harriet, the sensible one, who, after our mother's death, had taken her place as head of the house. Eliza, number three, is a frisky maiden, two years older than I. She talks everlastingly, and never says anything worth hearing, only I like the rattle of her tongue. Then the little ones—Florence, Maud, Blanche and Edith. If anything could have reconciled me to my hated prefix it was hearing them use it. How they used to tousle me around, and run races over me, and make the business of existence a perpetual scramble for me. Edith was only five years old when my twenty-first birthday came and I started for the west to seek my fortune.

And now I pass over nine years. It would be idle to tell of the struggles and hardships, the disappointments and successes of those momentous times. Suffice it that, after various ups and downs, I took up government land in Colorado, a corner of which, very soon after, was fixed upon by the ruling magnates for a great railroad center, and—presto! change! I was a rich man. I declare I've been living in an Arabian night ever since.

I wrote directly home, telling of my good fortune, and I built a house and furnished it, and laid out my grounds and stocked them with a magnificence which accorded with my means. But here was my grand stumbling block. I am a quiet, reserved man. Indeed, I never, whatever society I may have been mixed up in, could identify myself with the spirit of my surroundings. I was alone, always alone. I understood Adam's predicament if anybody ever did, but however deep a sleep might fall on me, never the withdrawal of a rib diminished my either side.

Up to the day when I was 30 years old, and rich, my whole time on my hands, I had been too busy to give the matter much thought. But now this skeleton in my closet made up all my domestic society. It wasn't sociable.

Is it any wonder that I, like many another victim of uncongenial fireside companionship, was much from home? Not that I went abroad in search of persons with whom to exchange ideas. I rather think I was a tolerable wet blanket when I dropped in among those inclined to that recreation. One day, sauntering into the railway station, I picked up a scrap of newspaper somebody had tossed by, and in my lazy, aimless superabundance of leisure began to run through it.

Eureka! Here was the message I had waited for! Thereon I read that somebody—oh, the deliciousness of that suggestion!—some man, another as yet full ribbed Adam like myself, no doubt—solicited the correspondence of the woman "whose hand the fates had knotted into his."

Upon that hint I spake, or rather I wrote. I don't think a forcing pump could have got the words off my tongue though the very woman whom of all the world I would have chosen had stood there with her ear open to receive them. But could not I, trusting the "divinity which shapes our ends," so put forth my hand with faith, with that unconquerable force of will which should summon out of the unknown that completion of my being which my soul craved? I went home, dashed my appeal on paper and hurried it off to that beneficent little journal by the earliest mail.

Could I wait for the time when an answer was possible? It was no easy task, but I managed to do it—and what? Had my earnestness multiplied its demands? Had the editor secretly set me off as an inhabitant of Utah—one in excellent standing, too? Fifty-seven letters the postmaster handed out to me in answer to my first call. I carried them home with a quaking heart. Could they all be addressed to me? Yes, every one, and in every one the writer expressed a belief that she had found her other self in me. They were variously written—pshaw! I can't bear to think of them. Before I'd read that installment half through the postoffice clerk came rushing to my door with another.

There had been a second mail. My box was bursting with them. More than a hundred made up this last batch—all to the same tune! Heavens! I lifted up my voice and wept. But the end was not yet. They came pouring in day and night. In less than forty-eight hours I had enough to stuff four mattresses. What could I do other than what I did? I went out and made a bonfire of the whole. I had a glimpse of scores of photographs and various little tokens like painted hearts and different cabalistic signs as they went off in smoke, but the fragrance was hateful to my nostrils. It was plain I was on the wrong track. And still they came.

For three weeks I stood the target for these missiles. I never answered or really read one. They all went in the Chinese mail to their ancestors, and I was at peace. Then there was a lull. No letters for a week. At the end of that time there came one, a dainty, perfumed, most artistic looking little messenger, which my inner consciousness at once announced as the foot for the glass slipper; the dreamy, mawkish simpleton I was! I swallowed the bait, hook, line, fisherman, all. And forthwith there began a correspondence that might have melted a pathway to the North Pole. I told the lady all about myself, except the matter of my worldly condition. That, I felt, was unworthy the attention of this profoundedly unworldly being.

We exchanged photographs. Did not that face which I used to carry in my vest pocket to draw out and study at every odd minute realize my very ideal of the face I could look upon forever? It was very blonde, very thin, too—remarkably thin lips. The head tipped slightly back. In all these particulars it indicated a character exactly my opposite. I need more self assertion and a sharper tongue. Thus supplemented—"mark (in me) the perfect man." To prove our entire faith in each other, we decided not to see our future spouses until the bridal day, which was to be in about three months after our engagement. She being a resident of Indiana and I of Colorado, we decided upon meeting to consummate our vows in Burlington, Ia.

It was just after this interchange of pledges that I received from home the news of my father's death. Poor, dear girls! My heart was so tender just then it actually seemed to me I must fly back and take the whole six in my arms and shelter and provide for them. I had kept up an irregular correspondence with Harriet—bless her! How could she care for the little ones? We never any of us had been over fond of our father, but his death had taken away the prop of the house. I sent Harriet a thousand dollar draft, requesting her, if she needed more, to draw on me; and, somehow, not in this act perhaps, but in getting so near to the sympathies and affections of old times, I felt ten fold more the man than I had felt before since I became rich. Life itself seemed actually more a reality to me. After this episode it was not so easy to shut myself out from all material surroundings and sit down to the business of dreaming out the paradise into which this woman was to conduct me.

The next letter I had the privilege of pondering began "Dear Frank." To me! If I had acted the donkey in private, no one had ever yet, since I had left home, presumed to address me with that off hand familiarity. Aside from the fact of my landed estates, I had always held my personality in a way to compel respect. Here was one of the inevitable annoyances, however, I must learn to face, and that soon! Matters were hastening to their culmination. She had written to notify me that she would "probably arrive at the station"—the letter specified that in my town; its platform touched one of my park gates—"on the seventeenth."

Whew! What could it mean? We'd agreed on Burlington as our half way station, and the catastrophe was not to come off under three months. "The seventeenth." It was now the tenth. I stood aghast. Struggle to ignore it as I might, a cowardly, ignoble sense of dread at the prospect of meeting, face to face, this pen and ink idol of mine, a dread I had all along been conscious was lying dormant in my soul, pressed itself to the forefront and overshadowed every other sentiment. "Dear Frank." Only one little week.

Oh, for the old honest, heartsome "Brother Francis!"

Hark! was I dreaming? It was singing in my ears. Girls' voices, multitudinous, in familiar welcoming chorus. Was this a mirage? On my lawn? An optical—'Twas they! themselves! The girls!

"Brother Francis! Brother Francis!"

The stone walls of my house took to vocal speech and echoed, tearing the words into six different keys, every one straight off from a real flesh and blood larynx and tongue and pressed on by a great, loving heart that throbbed behind it. It was they!

My very pen loiters for one ecstatic moment to live over again that joyful surprise. The little girls grown into young women. Did ever flutter such bright ribbons, or rustle crisp, fresh summer muslins like to those? Such animated, glad young faces; such skipping feet! Was ever old bachelor embraced and fondled and passed about from hand to hand to be exulted over and admired as I was!

They had simply come home, and, bless the Lord, my heart and my house were roomy enough to hold them all. Not a doubt had ever entered any one of their innocent heads as to my wanting them and needing them. The question was, how ever had I managed to live without them? My John Chinaman got up a dinner such as I never hoped could grace my table before the arrival of its mistress—(oh!) Croquet sets, lawn tennis fixings, side saddles and saddle horses—six—six very beautifully furnished chambers, parlor attractions without stint or count—everything young ladyism could crave was at their disposal before sunset.

For the next six days we held unbroken festival in honor of our reunion. Oh, but there was a lump of lead at my heart. Could I tell them? What would our sensible Harriet say? How Eliza would chatter over the romance of Brother Francis! And the little ones! Had I a right to show myself, I whom they so honored and looked up to, as the ridiculous fossil I was—spooning over a bundle of old letters, the writer of which I had never set eyes on? Would I rejoice to see one of them playing the role she'd played? No; a million times no! Those simple, fresh hearted girls. Only to imagine that it could be in the heart of woman to do it, would have brought the blush to every one of their young faces.

Only one day more. I locked myself in my chamber to re-read my Lizzie's last letter. "Signed," it said, "for the last time, Lizzie Kent." Just now, I own the touch of the thing was repugnant to me. But the event it heralded was too near for me to pause. Why, here was something I had overlooked. After that signature, on the next page, scrawled hastily, it seemed, evidently an after thought, this: "Look for me, dear Frank (I'll stop that nonsense if I live), on the train which reaches there at 4 o'clock p. m. If I am belated, I will telegraph from Kansas City."

No dispatch had come. Of course the trains were on time. Only twenty-four hours. Well, the emergency must be met, and there was no way I could think of but to take Harriet into my confidence. Harriet is not a person given to exclamation points. I hated to lower myself, as I knew I must, in her eyes, by the relation. If it was a fact that the advent of the girls had swept my mind clear of the befogged sentimentalism which had reigned there in my loneliness, it was equally a fact that this sister had not in her the capacity to believe that any man in his senses would be guilty of the follies with which I had been entertaining myself for the last twelve months.

And how good she was! She listened patiently, studying my face, meantime, with something of the look with which a pagan might have gazed down on the remains of his shattered idol. There were sorrow, pity and deep solicitude in it. But she uttered no ungracious comment. Of course she had set me down as insane, but she was mindful of the trite maxim for such cases, "humor the patient."

Entirely ready she was to advise with me on the preparations. One might have supposed, from the way she entered into the business, that this was a matter of every day occurrence with me. She agreed it was not best to mention the purport of the making ready to the little ones or even to Eliza. They might imagine a surprise party was on the docket. One was, for that matter. All took hold.

She and I played the mysterious, and such a jocular, hilarious time as they made of it! I didn't feel especially hilarious. Before 9 o'clock the next morning the house was decorated as for the reception of a princess. Edith said so. I groaned. Eliza planned the reception programme. I think she had a hint from Harriet.

And the hours sped by! Three o'clock! Half past! We issued forth. I, alone in the little basket phaeton, three mounted sisters moving as guards on either side. The railway gate was at the farthest corner of my park, the road to it winding, zigzag, measuring a full half mile. There! the train bell! The cars, instead of moving in, were moving out, and that was a thirty minutes' stopping place.

I glanced at Harriet. I knew it hazily. She had put back the clock. The precious girl! saving for me and them a half hour's respite. But what was that? The gate was opened. I was to pass through, enter the ladies' waiting room, find and snatch my bride (and dear knows how I should pick her out in the crowd, I am short sighted), bear her to my carriage, seat myself beside her, turn back again, pass through that gate—John, with his cue lengthened by a yard of white ribbon, standing with it in his hand ready to close it after me—my escorting cavalcade was to take up again its line of march, the direction being home again.

I said we had reached the gate. John had opened it. I, in pursuance of this portion of my programme, was about urging my horse through when a smart buggy, containing two persons, dashed into the space and stopped. It was Frank Howard, the showiest beau in town, and a lady, a stranger.

"Ah, Mr. Howland! Mr. Howland!" he started off effusively, taking off his hat and bowing low, low enough to do reverence to all my sisters ten times over. "Congratulate me, Mr. Howland!"

His face was shiny enough to light a match by. "Let me introduce you to Mrs. Howard," taking the lady by the hand and doing the bow over again. "My wife, Mr. Howland! My wife, young ladies! Half an hour ago Miss Lizzie Kent. Now! now!"—he swelled up again—"Mrs. Frank Howard!"

"Hurrah!" I fairly shouted.

"God be praised!" I heard ejaculated from the lips of our good Harriet.

My whole being echoed the thanksgiving. It seems she had been holding the manacles ready for me or both of us. It was a paper Howard had thrown away that I picked up. He had then got through the mountainous experience that marked my initiatory work. My Lizzie had been corresponding with him for three weeks, and she took me up and kept me along, because, you know, if anything should happen to despoil her of the first, it would be well to have a second in the house to fill the gap. That "Dear Frank" letter was intended for him. In the hurry of getting it off she mixed up our names. Harriet found that out somehow.

I'm a free man and there aren't in all the forty-two states six prettier, nicer girls than are my sisters, and there isn't a prouder, happier old bachelor than is their brother Francis.—A. T. Perry in Home Journal.

Crisp Clippings from Good Books.

It's easier to talk than to work.
There are good hearts in prison.
Young people should be ingenuous.
A good rider must study his animal.
It would be so beautiful to be needed.
Be intelligent, but on no account original.
It is a crime for a human soul to sell itself.
Happily great hate is even rarer than great love.
Don't run about appealing to people's better natures.
The great world people have little time for sentimental friendship.
How society takes a thing is more important than the thing itself.
A fool could make a wise man uneasy, if he looked at him long enough.
It's as difficult to realize another man's passion as his rheumatism.
One may be as harmless as an old mule, but one does not like it thrown in one's face.
Everybody must care for his neighbor's opinion, whether he care for his neighbor or not.
Lovers may not amount to much, but they are more interesting than most things women talk about.
Society does not like a young person to act like an old maid, or a blue stocking, or be instructive or superior.—Blanche Willis Howard in The Open Door.

The Ocean's Encroachments.

New Jersey property owners are considerably alarmed by the encroachments of the Atlantic ocean upon valuable seaside land. It is a well known fact that the New Jersey coast is gradually sinking, but the sea itself is also destructive. "That the heavy northeasterly storms of each passing winter," says The Philadelphia Inquirer, "are destroying the beaches along the whole coast line from Sandy Hook to Cape May is exemplified by what has been seen by the naked eye during the last fifty years. In 1846, when Cape May was prominently known as a watering place, the beach extended 300 feet further into the ocean than it does today."

MAKING COD LIVER OIL.

METHOD OF EXTRACTING THE USEFUL ARTICLE DESCRIBED.

Production at a Maine Factory—Oils from Norway and Newfoundland Rank on the Best—The Fumes Arising from the Vats Sometimes Cure Consumption.

American cod liver oil is made here. The livers of the cod, haddock, pollock, hake and cusk are used in the manufacture. Only about one-third of the American output of this oil is procured from cod livers.

From September until March the livers are fat and in the best condition. A bucketful of livers will then yield about six quarts of oil. Only four quarts of this, however, can be made suitable for medicinal purposes; the remaining two quarts is of an inferior quality and is used by curriers.

From March to June the livers are thin and inferior and will yield only one-half as much oil. Cod liver oil for medicinal purposes must be made from livers of fish that have not been dead over forty-eight hours. Fishing vessels on their long trips to the banks save the fish livers in hogsheads and sell them to the oil manufacturers for thirty cents per bucketful. From these livers an inferior quality of oil is made, that is used by tanners.

STEAMING THE LIVERS.

Up to about fifteen years ago the most primitive means were used for obtaining oil from livers. The results were very unsatisfactory, and the best portion of the livers was wasted. The old method was to expose the livers to the action of the sun until the oil was dried out. Only a small percentage of oil was thus secured, and the residue was thrown away as useless. Now every portion of the liver is used. The method is to put the livers into a large tin lined vat having a coil of perforated steam pipes in the bottom. A pressure of thirty pounds of steam is put on the boiler, and the steam escaping through the perforations in the pipes saturates the livers with hot steam and thus tries out the oil. In half an hour after steam is turned on all the oil that can be procured by trying out will have risen to the surface. The livers, now termed "blubber," will have sunk to the bottom of the vat. The oil is bailed off and put into barrels to cool and settle, after which it is refined by being allowed to freeze till it is of the consistency of thick mush, when it is put into drilling bags and the pure oil pressed out in a heavy iron press.

The oil that is pressed through the drilling is considered refined, and after being put up in new barrels of forty-five gallons each is sold to the wholesale druggists for about thirty-six cents per gallon. From these it passes to the retail druggists, who sell it for $4 or $5 per gallon. Running the oil through charcoal and sand has been tried as a refining process, but it was found to be vastly inferior to the freezing and pressing process. Refined cod liver oil, when subjected to the same temperature at which the crude oil was frozen, will change its color and assume a milky appearance. The refining process leaves in the bags a substance resembling lard in color and consistency. It is stearine, or "tanner's grease," and is used as a dressing for morocco.

The blubber left in the bottom of the vat after the trying out is allowed to work and ferment for forty-eight hours, and is then pressed. After the pressure has continued for fourteen hours all the oil is secured that remains in the blubber. It is inferior oil, of which there are six grades; it is worth about twenty-five cents per gallon, and is used by curriers in dressing, tanning and coloring leather. There is left in the bags a substance of the color and consistency of dry mud called "scrap," which is sold to farmers as a fertilizer at $9 per ton.

STRUCK THE RIGHT SPOT.

The best quality of cod liver oil comes from Norway. It is much clearer and whiter than the American oil. It is put up in tin casks holding thirty gallons each, inclosed in wooden barrels. The claim is made that no livers except those of the codfish are used in its manufacture, but American manufacturers strongly suspect that it owes its remarkable clearness to its having been mixed with seal oil. Twenty dollars per gallon is considered a low price for this oil, and it sometimes goes as high as $28. America is the largest buyer of Norwegian oil.

Newfoundland cod liver oil ranks next to the Norwegian oil. It is made entirely of the livers of young cod caught off the Labrador coast. Portland has a cod liver oil factory that produces 500 barrels a year—300 barrels of refined oil for medicinal purposes and 200 barrels of "currier's oil."

Cod liver oil has long been recognized as a valuable remedial agent, but it is not generally known that sometimes when the oil fails to effect a cure the steam arising from the trying out vat will succeed.

A consumptive here, in almost the last stages of the disease, happening to pass through a cod liver oil factory, stopped, inhaled large draughts of the usually offensive vapors as though they were the sweets of a flower garden, remarking: "There is something here that seems to strike the right spot," and, although a wealthy man, obtained permission to work in the factory. At the end of a month he had gained thirty pounds, had greatly improved in appearance and feeling, his appetite had returned, his cough was gone, and finally he completely recovered. Singers also sometimes resort to cod liver oil factories to inhale the fumes arising from the vats. They assert that their voices are thereby strengthened and cleared.—Portland (Me.) Letter.

A Famous Buccaneer.

One of the earliest of the famous buccaneers was Capt. Cromwell, who had been a common sailor in New England. In 1646 he was in command of three fast sailing brigantines, filled with armed men, and was driven into the harbor of New Plymouth by a storm. Cromwell and his men soon afterwards came to Boston, and while in this city presented Governor Winthrop with an elegant sedan chair, captured in one of his prizes.
—Boston Budget.

The art of etching was introduced about the middle of the Fifteenth century by Thomas Finiguerra, a Florentine. Its value met with prompt recognition in France, Italy and Germany, but it was reserved for later times to carry it to a state of perfection.

1889.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

First National Bank

COLUMBUS,

In the State of Nebraska, at the close of business, July 12th, 1889.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 168,542 32
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	3,102 32
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	15,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages	6,300 27
Due from approved reserve agents	15,976 22
Due from State Banks and Bankers	4,401 33
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	11,422 20
Current expenses and taxes paid	92 29
Premiums paid	1,500 00
Checks and other cash items	92 37
Bills of other Banks	720 00
Nickels and cents	69 96
Specie	6,272 75
Legal tender notes	4,515 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	675 00
Total	$ 238,320 44

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 60,000 00
Surplus fund	20,000 00
Undivided profits	5,398 42
National Bank notes outstanding	15,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	135,922 02
Demand certificates of deposit	22,000 00
Notes and bills re-discounted	10,000 00
Total	$ 238,320 44

DIRECTORS.

A. ANDERSON, Pres't.
J. H. GALLEY, Vice Pres't.
O. T. HOEN, Cashier.
G. ANDERSON, P. ANDERSON,
JACOB GREISEN, HENRY HAGATZ,
JOHN J. SULLIVAN.

Apr25-'89

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Office over Columbus State Bank, Columbus, Nebraska. 29

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office over First National Bank, Columbus, Nebraska. 39-tf

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1*jan89

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