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COPPUTE AND METALLIC CASES

"Ar few days arter that, ar hard

"After he left, me an' Kildee kep'

afore many years an' then we'll be so

Bout ar year arter, there come

est here some men what called them-

Ike an' Bill.

Not to the brave upon the battlefield
Alone the palms of victory belong;
Nor only to the great of earth the song
Of praise and passa should the singer yield.
Greater the souls that singlehanded wield
The battle are against the hosts of wrong.
Unknown, unnoted in life's reckless throng
And only in God's day to stand revealed.
How many such in patient, humble guise
Beside us walk their grief appointed way!
Notify enduring, worthiest to shine
As fixed stars in fame's eternal skies.
For these, for this I reverently lay
On their dear dust this little leaf of mine.
—Ina D. Cholbrith in Overland

UNKNOWN HEROES.

A TALE OF VALLE CRUCIS

During the summer of 1888, it was the writer's pleasure to accompany the Democratic gubernatorial candidate of North Carolina on his canvass through the wild, mountainous country in the western portion of that

At night, sitting around a blazing log fire, we were often entertained by tales of mountain life told by the mountaineers in their own inimitable way. The following little history of the life of one of these mountain people, usually so free from anything like romance, told us at the little place called Valle Crucis, in Mitchell county, was especially interesting to

our party. "Jedge," said an old mountaineer. apparently 80 years of age, addressing the gubernatorial candidate, "thar's ar leetle grave up ther mounting side which I'll take yer ter arter risin' time ter-morrer. It hev been ar mighty long time ergo since it war made; but even now when I sets down an' thinks bout ther life of ther one that lies in that lonesome place, wharther wolves howl an' ther wind blows so cold, I can't keep back ther tears; no, Jedge, I can't. An' ther ain't none of this here stuff what yer read bout in books in this what I'll tell yer nuther; ther whole thing is true sho as the Lord made me, ev'ry word, an' ez

nigh ez I can I'll tell it ter you. "When I was ar boy leng, long time ergo, ole Squire Smith he lived at Pig Pen Gap, bout ten miles down ther creek. He had ar leetle gal name Mary. She had them great big black eyes what 'ud shine like ar buck's on ar dark night an' them long curls that 'ud fly in ther win'. She wuzar mighty spry creeter. She could run an' clim' ar tree wus'n ar squirrel with ar dog arter him. An' cause she could do all sich we uns allus called her

worl' 'tis you air always studyin'

turnin' round an' lookin' me spang in the eye, he sed: 'Ike, dad has allus

tole me this yer is a great big worl',

an' he uster, way long time ago, live in one of them big things what yer call cities, whar thar's mo' folks lives

tergether than thar be in the Mitchell

county two times big. An' ther folks what live thar have got larnin'. I ain't got no min' as to what ther thing

be, but dad sez it am mighty good. It's gittin' gumption in yer head. Now I'd

jes' like to go to one of them places and git ar peep—but you is the first creeter I ever tole, an'— 'Say, fellers,

hev found a new cave ter make ar

house in. Come right on! Lookin' up we seed Kildee. When Bill seed her his eye begun to shine (mine too, I speks, jedge, said the old man, laughing). Me an' Bill both liked Kildee

like she were our sister: it were ther only thing me an' him was like in.

Jedge, yer bet we three had ther big-

gest time 'round this yer ole settlement

be ther ole 'oman an' keep house. Me an' Bill did the huntin' and she'd

do the skinnin' an' cookin', 'ceptin' oncet in ar while when we didn't kill

enough to suit her, she'd grab the ole

"Things went on this way for ar

'nough.' That same kin' of somethin'

"One mawnin' fer the first time, we

got ter talkin' about the matter. Bill

wuz allus ready to talk 'bout Kildee,
b) we set an' talked ar long time 'bout
which of us should have Kildee for

"Kildee war bout 18 then, nigh ez I recall, an' a puttier or pearter gal never slapped foot on the ole Blue Ridge. Thar wax ar young buck in ther gang what wore a white shirt an' talked soft an' putty like. From the fust he 'peared ter like Kildee. He'd "Ole Squire Pearson lived up ther branch not so mighty fur. He'd come thar ar good many years afore, but nobody didn't seem to know nothin' much 'bout him. He had ar chap named Bill. Me an' Bill was pardask her ter go long an' help drag his ole chain. Every time I'd go ter see Kildee she'd be gone down ther ravine or somewhar with that thar feller. ners, but, Jedge, we warn't no more like than ar pig an' ar punkin. Bill he war ther best feller you ever seed. He wouldn't hurt nothin'. If we'd One day ez I was goin' home I thought I heard somebody talkin' soft like up among the bushes. I stopped, listened, then went up sof to whar I hearn start out huntin' an' fin' some game, Bill wouldn't want ter shoot it. Au ther noise. Thar set Kildee an' that feller. He hed his arm 'round her an' then he didn't take no intrust in things like me. When we'd go ter get chest-nuts an' sich, he'd forgit all bout what was talkin' mighty intrusted like. An' every now an' then Kildee's eyes would shine an' she'd laugh an' say, 'Yes, yes.' I stood and watched them for ar while but didn't say ar word. I he come arter an' go set down on ar log; he wouldn't say nary a word, but look right at ther ground. Pear'd I went on home as mad ez ar hornet. I would jes' go over the nex' day an' way off. An' ther he'd set till I'd chuck him with ar burr an' say. put some gumption in that gal's head bout that feller; his eyes didn't shine ter suit me. I knowd he was up ter 'Wake up.' I'd allus be askin' him what ailed him, an' he'd say, 'Nothin'.' But I thought, an' I knowed thar was; some devilish trick. an'so one day when we were out fishin' an' Bill was settin' on ther bank, dun forgot 'bout fish an' was lookin' in

"Nex' mawnin' 'bout sun up, while I was feedin' pigs, I seed somebody walkin' mighty brisk like down the road. When he got nigher I seed it wuz ole Squire Smith. He wuz ar ther water. I went an' set down right close ter him an' sez: 'Bill, we uns have been fighten good chums nearly cussin' an' rarin'. I knowd somethin ever since we wuz a whimperin', but yer hain't never tol' me what in ther

wus up. "Waal, Squire, what's ther fun?' I asked. 'bout. Now, come, ole feller, an' tell me what 'tis.' Pullin' hisself tergether, " That derned soft spakin feller has

gone of with Kildee an -"I didn't wait fer another word, but threw down the corn I was feedin', an' sez: 'Come on, Squire, we'll ketch him or die tryin'.'

"Afore we hed gone fer we met ole man Pearson and askt if he hed seen them. He sed they had passed his house the evenin' afore, but he didn't think bout their runnin' away. 'But if they were, 'tain't no use ter try ter ketch them, they have got sech er start an' both of um knows ther

"Jedge, it war like somebody had died round hyar arter that leetle gal hed left. An' sure enough, ole lady Smith did die afore long. She uster set an' cry an' say she'd never see her chile any more. Twan't so many years afore the ole man died too, cause he wus gittin' ole. It got so lonesome I couldn't stan' it no longer, so I took meself down an' tole ole Squire Carter's gal ther way 'twas, an'

you ever hearn of. We'd play like we wuz growed up an' 'ud keep house an' all sich things. Course Kildee 'ud "You see that rise out yander? Well, Jedge, one day I wuz settin' down there; it war where me an' Bill sed good-by. I wus thinkin'-it had been ten long years since we parted, an' how things hed changed round in that time, an' I wus wonderin' where Bill waz now. 'Bout that time flint rifle, go in ther woods, an' when it hanged somethin' allus drapped. Waal, yer bet she could shoot. somethin' slapped me on the back, an' sex: 'Here he is.'

"Laws a-mercy!" I yelled, fallin' off ther stump an' rollin' all over. 'What! you, Bill! Oh, Mr. Bill, I long, long time; playin' like, yer know. But 'twan't so many years afore we begun to think 'bout 'sure reckon I orter my.' " 'No, the same ole Bill.' he sed with ar smile.

what tells leetle b'ars they ain't cubs no longer begun to tell us, 'yer got ter at first I couldn't believe it war he; it looked so kin' an' good, jes' like it uster, 'ceptin it hed whiskers, I knowd it war Bill. 'Bill; whar in the worl' har you been an' bow is you! Come

his ole 'oman. 'Twouldn't have been | right down an' tell me an' ther ole Bill if he hadn't wanted ter give her oman all 'bout it.' When I sed that to me, cause he were jes that good hearted; but, yer know, Jedge, I couldn't, I wouldn' let him do that. But we couldn't agree on nuthin'; so we said we leave the whole thing ter Kildee fer ter fix, an' we'd do jes' like she sed, didn't make no difference what it were So ner' day when all kildee fer ter fix, an' we'd do jes' like she sed, didn't make no difference what it were. So nex' day when all three of we uns were in Big B'ar cave I ups an' sez:

"'Kildee, me an' Bill air in trouble. An' when we tell yer what 'tis we air afraid you will just holler, an' will make all sorts of fun outen us, but we ain't a-carin'. Its jes this: we uns hev been cubs long enough, an' now it's time we be gittin' growed up. An' we ain't perticuler smart, but we got we ain't perticuler smart, but we got gumption 'nough to know two fellers can't hev the same gal fer his ole 'oman. You hain't never showed no differuns in yer likin' of us, Kildee, but you must fix some kinder way for one of us ter git yer. Now the one what gits left, he'll hev to go over an' work on Squire Carter's gal. Course, Kildee, don't nuther one of us want ter hev ter leave yer (and, Jedge, "I lived on the same old mounting"

"I lived on the same old mounting"

when a sen that my eyes begun to get watery), but it's better for one ter git left than both. Now, whatever you say we'll do without ar word; say yer say, Kildee.

"Everything war so still you could hear a deer tread. We know'd she were ez peart an' bright es ar cricket an' would do right. She stopped, thought ar leetle, then, raisin' her head, with them eyes ar shinin', sed:

"No. fellers, ther ain't nothin bout to frien's, too, when she wuz ar

horses an' everything. She hed plenty of frien's, too, when she wuz ar lady. I wa'nt thar, but I knows that leetle mounting gal was the puttiest "'No, fellers, ther ain't nothin bout that ter laugh over. I hed been think-in' bout that, too. I don't like Bill woman thar when she got on them thar fine clothes, an' them eyes a shinno better than yer, and yer no better than Bill, but it's like yer sez; so I'll an' that hair a-wavin'. An' sometimes she'd git in her fine carriage an' "'Ole Squire Pearson has been talk-in' lots to dad an' mam 'bouf cities 'an larnin'. I dunno no more 'bout ther things than ar squirrel does 'bout pot go ter church. Onct she went ter hear the biggest preacher thar preach.
Thar wuz somethin', she couldn't tell
jes' what, that made her like him so much. An' his face wuz so kin' look-

things than ar squirrel does 'bout pot licker, but they pears mighty nice. Now ther one of yer that'll fin' out 'bout them fust I'll slap this here ole han' right plunk in hisun.'

"Jedge, when she see that, I see ter myself, 'Bill, she's yourn.' Bill he stood still an' was thoughtful like. I knowd he wuz so glad ter git her, but then he wanted me to hev her too. The sweat begun to run down my face, but I didn't say ar word. We'd sed we'd do jes' like she sed. She didn't hev no idea who she was trottin' down ter Squire Carter's, but I knowed.

"Ar few days arter that ar hard "Late one night when Kildee wuz sick in bed, her ole man come in; his over ter whar Kildee was layin' an tole her he had to go off on some business for ar few days. She didn't think nothin' queer of that cause he was used ter doing it. But ther nex' mornin' when she picked up ther newspaper, lo and behold, thar wuz her husband's picture right afore her eyes, an' ar great long piece about him! He wuz ar theif! He had been lookin' mounting chap left hyar with all his belongings swung on his back. He hed begged and begged me ter go too, but I sed no, I'd stay an' take ker robbin' the bank he wuz in for years an' years, an' ther bank folks had jez' found it out! But he had gotten

of ther ole folks, and keep my eye on Kildee fer him. He didn't hev no min' as ter whar he war goin', qut sed he wur goin' 'till he found ar city. When he sed good-by, we couldn't tell why, but ther tears begun ter sprout in our eyes. Bill sed: 'Ike, keep good keer of Kildee till I come she asked, lookin' 'round and findin' herself in a plain, leetle room, with a kin' faced woman watchin' over her. Mother where is Bill and Ike? We'll all go down to the cave, an'-but no, that's not mother. What does it mean? Where is my husband and back. We may be growed up then, but we uns will still be ther same ole child? This is not our house. What does it mean, kind woman? The woman then told her about the bank robup our frolics, but 'twarn't like it uster be. When we'd think 'bout Bill the tears 'ud bergin to come ter Kildee's eyes, but she'd pull up the corner of her apron, wipe them erway an' say: 'Never min', he'll come back bery, and how her husband had gotten away. And about her reading about it in the paper and fainting. And that the house and everything had to be sold, and she and her little boy be brought to the hospital.

"Poor leetle gal, there she lay. No friends now an' no money. But ar thought struck her. She'd that kin lookin' preacher. "An ther preacher come. He did look so lovin' to her. He took her

selves surveyors. They went up ter | Squire Smith's an' asked to put up ar little thin, white han' in his. She begun ter tell him her story. But, Jedge, she didn't finish that story, no, yer bet she didn't! Forgittin' whar he wuz. Bill threw his arms 'round her poor, weak, leetle neck, an' lookin' ner straight in ther eyes, sed:
"Kildee, Kildee, don't you know Bill? Look at me.'

"'Oh, Bill, is it you! No, no, can't look you in the eyes! Had I but been true to you, instead of runnin' away and being miserable all my days, and then this end! But God has forgiven me, won't you, Bill? Show me you will by making me two promises. One is, have me carried back to the Big Bear cave; the other is, that you will take and keep my child; he's named for you, Bill.

"And then, as the sun was going slowly down in the west, an' everyhing was still an' quiet like, she went Home, softly sayin', 'Forgiven, for-given.'"-Alfred H. Marsh in Inde-

Counterfeiting Railroad Tickets.
"Are railroad tickets easily counterfeited?" was asked an old conductor. "Yes; but, strange to say, they are not imitated to any great extent. Some of the tickets sold are worth \$30 and sometimes \$50, and there's no difficulty whatever in printing them. The card-board can be secured of any dealer, and the worst engraver imaginable is able to make a facsimile of our cut. The figures on the margin of the tick et puzzle many persons. They are but indicators for the conductors of corresponding numbers to cancel. Of course the counterfeit will be detected sooner or later in the sorting out department, where each ticket has its number and consequent position in the pack. Should two tickets be num-bered alike they would soon be discovered. One reason why more bogus tickets are not printed is the fact that almost sure discovery would result should any attempt be made to sell them. The counterfeit of a return ticket might be discovered before the holder had time to use the coupon, and in consequence such a person would be surely trapped. The same rule holds good in regard to a long distance ticket. Before the journey's end is reached the fraud might be telegraphed on the line of route and result in the arrest of the would be deadhead."

-New York Star. Sunday School Superintendent— Can any of you tell me why Sunday is

the day of rest?

Little Dick (holding up his hand) I kin. It's 'cause we get up early and hurry through breakfas' so's to dress in time fer Sunday school, so's we won't be late, and then skip inter church 'fore the bell stops ringin' and then go home to dinner and get fixed up for afternoon service, and then get supper an' go to bed so pa and ma can get ready for evening service. That's all we do."—New York

joying a visit with some friends, a correspondent asserts a mouse came from under the sofa where she was sitting and found shelter in her skirt, where he soon made his presence known by becoming too ambitious. Did she acream or faint? No; she did nothing of the kind. Just firmly tightened her hand over a portion of her clothing and quietly left the room. her clothing and quietly left the room. When she removed her hand a dead mouse fell to the ground. -Wellsboro

Bobby Gazzam (to Mr. Sumway, who is spending the evening)—Won't you show me your fiddle, some time,

Sumway—Fiddle, Bobby! I have Bobby Gazzam—Oh, yes you have.
Pop mys you've played second fiddle
ever since you got married.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The man who first made the old fashioned clothes pin, selling now for about twenty cents a bushel, hit the idea so dead right that nothing better has been asked for since. Half a dozen other sorts have been invented, but old "two legs" still hold his own and is ea top.—Detroit Free Press.

NAMES IN A JANKEE TOWN.

county town of Wolcott, which is only six miles long and four wide, there are

mer days one of these serpents was killed every year in haying time. Near this at milking time, while the family was abcent, a red adder crawled and bit a young child that had been left alone. go to any other than the northwest section, for I"—

"Jack Ledge" contains the cave where Indian Jack lived with his squaw for years. He refused to dwell in a house. wine together, after viewing their new found country.

"Spindle Hill," where basket stuff were cut, ax handles were made and hickory spindles turned out for the spinning wheels of Wolcott. "Clinton Hill," named after its first

wolf holes. The colonists were 100 years exterminating the pests that lived inside, "Tame Buck," a vale haunted by a buck which became so tame that he would come out in sight to eat.

"Woodtick," a settlement so named because in old times, when the woodchoppers laid down their clothing, it was quickly infested with these pests, which had to be cut out of a person's body to be successfully got rid of.

nigh impassable muddy road.
"Cat Swamp," which has contained wild cats from the time of the settle "Hog Field Hill," where hogs used to

be allowed to roam and fatten. "Pudding Street," where, it is said, the villagers, following the example of their magistrate, 'Squire Upson, had boiled Indian pudding every day in the "Plumb Street," which was settled by

more than twenty families of Plumbs. "Cedar Swamp," is lined with cedars and full of trout. "Cuss Gutter Brook" is a stream that

runs through quicksands, where many a horse and cow, it is said, have been "Cream Pot" is the old name for a very fertile farm in the center of the town. It was named in this way: An

old gentleman from New York bought it. One day while in Waterbury an old gentleman joked him about the well known poverty of the soil in Wolcott. "Yes, yes," replied the old man, "most of the land is poor, but I have got into the cream pot." "Tucker's Ring" is where an old In-

dian of the name of Portuco constructed a large ring in which he stalled deer. "Honey Pot," a vale so full of wild flowers that it literally swarms with honey bees in summer. "Carter's Corner," where the Carters

settled and lived for years. One of them carried his tax list to the assessors made out in this way, as may be seen at the office of the town clerk: I have a cow, her tall is lost,

Supposed to have been bitten by the frost; Then add my poll, my tax is given For eighteen hundred twenty-seven. Bottomless Well," a beautiful spring, the depth of which has never been ascer-

"Rose Hill," which in summer is aflame with wild roses. "Briar Hill," where the townspeople go a-berrying. "Clder Hill," so called because it once teemed with apple orchards and applejack was made there. "Walnut Hill," where the choicest of shell barks grow. "Fiddler's Pond" and "Bargytown," named for two wild localities of the town, the application of which no one knows.-Bridge port (Conn.) Cor. New York Sun.

SHE CHANGED HER ADDRESS. And Then Felt Insulted When Asked

We have often thought we should like to 'tend bar in the counting room of a newspaper. A man in this posi-tion gets so much general information. The other day we were hanging around in The Post's counting room trying to make it appear we were the business manager or cashier or some-body worth while, when a very dis-tinguished looking lady entered and said to the engaging young gentleman who politely offered his services: "Will you be kind enough to

change the address on our paper? "Certainly," said the young gentle-man, taking his pen from over his ear and reaching for the address book. "Thank you," she said, and turned

to sweep out. "Excuse me, madam, but you did Roaring Branch has a young lady of not give me the address."

"Didn't I? I thought I did. Are you sure?" "Perhaps I didn't hear it."

"Maybe not, but I am pretty sure I gave it to you." The young man politely waited. "Oh! You want to know where to

send the paper. Yes, yes; I didn't understand you. You see, I am not very familiar with business. My husband almost always attends to such things, but he is hanging the pictures in the new house this afternoon and, as I was coming down to do a little shopping, he asked me to attend to this."

"Yes'm," said the young gentle-man, resuming his waiting attitude.
"It will come to us all right now, will it?" she asked, turning to go. The young gentleman courteously inquired her name. She looked a lit-tle insulted, then a trifle dazed, but presently she smiled and said:
"Oh, you want my name so that
you'll know whom to send it to. Of course, how stupid I am!" and she blushed and seemed confused. "You see, I've become so accustomed to hav-

stayed there, but our-what do you call it?-lease-is that it?" "Yes; our lease expired on the first

house and has more conveniences than the old one, but after all the old place was a good deal like home to us, we had lived there so long. Still, the for everything and of giving everything a name. The list runs like this:

"Red Adder Meadow," where in former days one of these services in former days one of these services and these services and these services and these services and the services are services and the services and the services and the services are services and the services and the services and the services are services and the services and the services are services and the services and the services are services and the services

wouldn't move from the old place to

"And what street is it in?"

She looked as if she were not quite sure this was not impertinence, but the young gentleman's polite manner re-assured her and she told him the num-

a very inquisitive person—her counte-nance showed that much—but she ansettler, is the highest land in that part of Connecticut.

"Chestnut Hill," a ridge running north and south, and smothered in old chestnut trees.

"Bald Hill," on the summit of which the soil is so poor that there is no vegeta-

The empress of Austria is the best royal housekeeper in Europe. She is as thoroughly acquainted with the details of the imperial Austrian kitchen as her husband is with the details of the imperial Austrian government. She superintends the household af-fairs of the big palace at the Austrian capital with the greatest care. She rereports from cooks, butlers, keepers of the plate and keepers of the linen. Cooking devices which have become inconvenient or antiquated are abolished only at her command. New methods

frying and carrying and cutting occupy a small regiment of servants.

Twenty-five male cooks, in white clothes, dress, spit, season and stuff the meats. As many female cooks prepare the vegetables, the puddings and the salads. A dozen or more boys hurry the birds, fish and joints from the kitchen to the carving room, where long lines of carvers slice and summosed to be the handiwork of the

The high walls are covered with pans, kettles, griddles and covers, which shine as only German hands and German muscles can make them shine.

ATTURNETS-AT-LAW, seal was the graven coat of arms of Great Britain and the monogram of the king.

At his demise it passed into the pos-

For days before the great court festivals the whole Austrian court cooking master" down to the youngest scullion, work like mad.
The chefs hold repeated consultations in their council chamber, often debating hour after hour with all the earnestness of a parliament or congress concerning the best methods of pre-paring fowls, sauces, cakes and soups. The menu, as selected by the chefs, is submitted to the master of the provision department, so that he may immediately order from the city whatever the cellars of the castle lack.

The Austrian court dinners are famous on the continent. The delicacies which result from the protracted meetings in the council chamber of the chefs are often so fine that favored guests not infrequently observe the old German fashion of taking a choice bit home to their friends in the name of the empress and with her best wishes. All that remains of a court feast or dinner is sent to the Viennese hospitals. On the days just after the banquet the empress is very busy looking over the reports and inventories of the frau head keeper of the napkins, and the fraulein headthese communications with conscientious care, and orders with strict attention to minute details the replace-ment of all that has been lost, broken or defaced. - New York Sun.

AN INDIAN GHOST STORY.

a Prison Warder. Saheb Den Dhobey was a prison official of proved courage and magnifi-cent physique, who was brought from Jessore to Alipore to take the place of head warder. It was his duty to visit the patrols between the surrounding

The Shere a walls every night between the hours of 13 and 2. On one occasion, after he had been only a few days in the jail, he set out on his rounds as usual, but some time after 2 a. m. it was found that he had not returned. Time wore on, and at last mere wondering why he was so late gave way to amxiety, and a search party was organized. They carried torches, and at last came upon the insensible form of Saheb Den Dhobey. He was lying prostrate on the ground close to the hospital gate, which is situated about 150 yards distant from the gallows. The unfortshe had been only a few days in the suppose? Mr. Slin

hands and knees, and he first thought that it was a prisoner trying to escape. Not very much alarmed, for he had confidence in his great physical provess, he tried to grasp his assailant by putting one arm behind his back; but he could feel nothing, yet the blows continued to rain down upon him, and he felt himself pressed down to the earth by a great weight. At last a voice addressed him: "You dare come here, do you, to defile by your presence the territories of Govind Brahmin?" And with that the man felt himself bodily lifted up, and then dashed face forward on the ground. He remembered no more till he awoke to consciousness in the guard room.

to consciousness in the guard room.

When he had finished this strange story, the aged head warder, who was about to retire, came up and put the question: "What is this that is being said about Govind Brahmin?" This led to explanations, and the old warder told how a noted budmash of warder told how a noted budmash of that name, who had committed several cold blooded murders, and had been hanged in Alipore jail six-and-twenty years before. "But," pointed out one of the auditors, "Saheb Den Dhobey was attacked a good distance from the gallows. We found him close to the hospital gate." "Ah!" replied the old man impressively, "the scaffold in those days stood on the very spot where you found the prosvery spot where you found the pros-trate body of Saheb Den Dhobey."

The latter listened with blanched

the couch on which he lay. "My hour has come," he said. "It must have been the spirit of Govind Brahmin that attacked and beat me. My heart is broke. It is certain I must die."

And die he did in two days' time.— Times of India.

about the turtles on the coast in the neighborhood of Jaffna, in the north of the island, which are said to be in-numerable. They are of three species, called sea, milk and pariah turtles re-spectively. The ordinary or sea tur-tle is generally large in size and is met of preparing or serving food are adopted only at her suggestion. Changes in the personnel of the establishment are made for the most part only in obedience to her orders. Cononly in obedience to her orders. Consequently a person can eat, drink, sleep and be served better in her house than in any other in Europe.

The kitchen in which the food for the bluest blood of Austria is cooked is a house record with all the appropriate turtles. They use the shells of the large cover to Fauble large cover to F a huge room with all the arrangements at each end for preparing fish, fowl and beast for the table. Fifty chickens can be cooked at once on one of the big whirling spits. Against the ordinary turtle is always procurable, and is a favorite article of food with the people. The milk turtle is small in size, and is to be found only we are also prepared to do all kinds of brick.

side walls from floor to ceiling stand in wells and banks. It is not an article scores and scores of chating dishes. In these dishes, all of which are self The parial turtle has a high back and warming, the meats are carried to the carving room, whence they are returned to the kitchen ready to be served. The boiling and baking and food, but is highly valued by native

where long lines of carvers slice and joint everything laid before them.

The kitchen utensils fill a big room

The kitchen utensils fill a big room opening into the kitchen. This room and much of his leisure was devoted is the ideal of German housewives. to this congenial occupation. On the

There are soup tureens in which a big boy might be drowned, kettles in which twins could play house, and pans that could hold half a dozen circumstances that he was forced to Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware! Hanses or Gretchens. In short, about every culinary utensil on the walls is of the heroic size, suggestive rather of traveler, Tavernier, who shortly afterthe Missouri barbecue than of the feasts of crowned heads and diplomats at one of the first of courts.

Taveler, Taveller, who allow that far orifeasts of crowned heads and diplomats ent. He exhibited the jewel at the Persian court and the shah offered him a fabulous price for the unique festivals the whole Austrian court gem, which was preserved with ex-kitchen staff, from the "head court treme care in the treasure vault of the

> Singular, isn't it, how often it happent that after a society woman has played herself out in society, and her name has been tossed and bandied about from club to street corner, she goes upon the stage "to elevate it." Poor old stage; it has a grievous load of reformers and "elevators" to carry. It could get along very well with its old family, if it didn't have to exhaust itself trying to look after people who announce their mission and intention to "elevate it." What the "elevator" always needs, in order to make it of any practical account in its mission, is a down trip every other time. And the "elevator" will find it much easier elevating if it goes up empty and comes down loaded.—Burdette in Brookl; n Eag's.

keeper of the tablecloths, and the head guardian of the imperial china, and a dozen other like functionaries with jointed titles. She reviews all "I don't remember having seen you here before," said she. "How long have you been in the asylum?"

"Oh, I only came down yesterday. said the gentleman, "as one of the legislative committee." "Of course," said the lady, "how stupid I am! However, I knew that you were either an inmate or a mem-ber of the legislature the moment I looked at you. But how was I to know? It is difficult to tell which."—

Mr. Smallpay—Spent Sunday at the seashore did you? Pleasant time, I

cured at bottom figures is breaking up.
Thanks, Doc. You are only fifty years
late with your news.—Detroit Free Press.

nate man was carried to the official's quarters, and there, after a time, by the application of water and other restoratives, he was brought around. The following was the tale he told:

He had been going his rounds and had stooped down to adjust one of his shoes, when he felt some one spring upon him from behind and commence belaboring him between his shoulders. The concussion forced him on to his hands and knees, and he first thought that it was a prisoner trying to excape.

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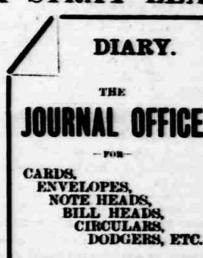
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