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A SONG OF SATISFACTION.

For 'you the clouds of deepening gray,
I know are struggling shaft and ray
Of sunshine's gold,
That for me tireless warfare keep,
And, peradventure, should I weep,
Just when my eyes were filled with tears
So full I could not see,
Victoriously might clean their spears

Victoriously might glesm their spears,
A victory gained for me—
Who blinded by a childish woe,
The conquest hour might never know.

I will not doubt because my heart Waits love delayed; But hold in check the words that start With promise false to ease the smart,
Their intent to upbraid;
For but to harbor in my mind A faithless thought, a word unkind, A fear—a dread—of impich birth— That time might make me rue,

Would so detract from my poor worth, And brand my heart untrue, That all my life would leavened be By this one hour's inconstancy.

Lo! I'm not false that I should fear My life's reward, Nor doubtful that I crave to peer Beyond the view assigned me here To stray abroad. What care I, who am heir to all,

For whom the lights and shadows fall, For whom the servant seasons turn-For one brief hour's suspen I will not fear, if I must yearn; But smile with joy preper That my small life is of such cost, No heart beat will be vainly lost.

Anna K. Kelledy in Times-De

### HOW I WAS DECEIVED.

Bianche Graham was a beautiful wonan, with languid, dreamy eves, yet she eemed neither indolent nor passionate, and one would say that even in her repose she was keenly alert. Her lips, though thin and drawn tightly over her long but exquisitely white and even teeth, yet had in their arches a slight fullness, which, to the experienced physiognomist, is indicative either of unvielding will or of sensuousness-not sensuality. Her nose was almost Grecian in its strength, contour and rigid nostrils, but there was nothing in her demeanor to indicate either Grecian haut-

eur or Grecian force. She was beautiful; but was she good, true and trusty? That question I asked 90,000 myself over and over again in the soliwitchery of her eyes, the spell of her presence, I was drawn to her by a nameless art. She excited my sympathies by a confidence that, to the honorable mind, is sure to challenge a like return. But, with singular inconsistency. when I reached each interview, I read in that artlessness an artifice too deep for proof, yet apparent to my unlimited vi-

> Over and over again I said, "I will be on my guard, and not be led like a bird to the snare;" and confident of my strength. I sought her alluring presence nightly, not seeing, silly boy that I was, that I was drifting away from the ground of my reason, and floating on a tide of passion that might take me out upon a troublesome sea.

> That Blanche loved me appeared to me certain, judging from her confidence and lemeanor; but that she coveted me I saw ust as clearly.

> Her advances against the citadel my reserve were indeed cautious, but they were just as steady as the pressing of the water against the bank which it is to overflow; and I, seeing this clearly, yet made feeble and less feeble efforts to shake off the influence that held me a prisoner, until one evening found her in my arms-my betrothed! I had vielded-she had won.

When I went home that night I shook as if with an ague. With the excess of my passion and

happiness? Ah, no! With unhappiness. I saw before me shapes of evil which would not away. What a fool I had been! How could face my fate? I could not face it, and

so determined to play the coward's part and run away. Proceeding to my room in the dormitory of the college, I carefully gathered

and packed all my books and superfluous clothes in my large, black leather trunk. which I labeled with a card, "John Campbell-to be called for," and directed to the care of one of the tutors whose friendship I knew I could trust. Then. filling a carpetbag with my linen and necessary articles, I stole away unnoticed, reaching the railway station just as the midnight express train came thundering along. Next morning I stood in the dining

room of my town residence, to the amazement of my father and mother, and the unmistakable delight of Alice Edwards. "What in the world?" cried mother. 'Is it you. John? What has happened?" Father said not a word, but awaited in silence my answer. Alice's eyes beamed gladness. Sh

could receive me without questions. I had thought all this over, and, loving both father and mother, had resolved to make a "clean breast of it" to them. This made the answer easy. But Alice! Did I care to have her know all? Alice. whom I had fondly loved from her first advent, a waif, eight years before. That plain, homely face, not a line of beauty in it, and yet as full of sweetness as a rose, would bear the truth-indeed, would be all the happier for the truth, I thought. I hesitated no longer when

"What is it, dear Johnny?" I kissed her first, then my mother: shook hands with father, and while the coffee cooled in the pot told my story,

"Well, my boy, better this than some-thing worse, but I confess I like not this midnight flight; it savors of cowardice:

t is not the course of honor." "I know it father; still I am so pernaded that this Blanche Graham is all art and hypocrisy that I cannot give her the right to the consideration which an

honorable person would claim." Mother was silent. Alice sighed audialv. Why did they neither approve nor ondemn? A woman's heart is a battery easily charged, yet there are atmospheres to which it is as dead as if the currents of feelings and passion were wanting. But he is a dull student of woman's

nature who does not see in this quiescence the most positive of all conditions.

I knew that mother saw me as I was; felt it in my soul that she had fathomed s truth, up to that moment unconfessed even to myself, that, despite my flight and repudiation of the betrothal, I yet was in the toils of lover's enthralment; I

was neither free nor safe in myself. A pang as keen as a knife thrust shot through my breast; the love for Blanche was not left behind in that midnight escape from her bodily presence;

benumbed sense, but a vital, overma ing power. I shivered and sickened. And Alice? She sat staring at me with those sweet blue eyes, speaking tender-ness and pity in their mute language, but around the mouth were lines of pain so marked that I started. She arose suddenly, glided to my side, bent over and kissed my forehead and then hurriedly left the room. "What ails Alice, wifey?"

No reply, save a sad smile. "I see nothing for it, John, but for you to go down to Manchester until this affair blows over. You can stay there with my partner, Mr. Custer, I'll write

all the explanation necessary. You may start by the afternoon train." So it was arranged. I saw nothing of Alice all that day; but just before I left the house for the station she came down from her room to say good-by. She evidently had been weeping, and her pale face looked thin and pinched, as if she had suddenly grown to thirty—twice her

"What is it, Alice, darling?" I exlaimed, drawing her to my bosom. "Nothing-nothing, Johnny; only-only I am so sorry for what has happened, and that you are going away. Good-by, Johnny!" and she gave me her

lips to kiss. Before I could recover from surprise at her unwonted forwardness she had gone back to her room again, and I saw

The next day I sat in Mr. Custer's office-a sober, earnest, thoughtful person for one whose years were not yet twenty-one.

How eagerly I plunged into business! Full of vigor and youthful elasticity, l could not well overwork myself, and yet, had I been only half as strong, I must have worked all the same to keep at bay a misery that at times was almost unendurable. The shadow of Blanche Graham never left my side. I grew fairly to loathe it; but it was there all the same; and in my dreams we met again, always as lovers. Do what I could, there was no forgetfulness for me; and, as the months whirled away, I became a mystery even to myself, so changed was I from my old, joyous self. I, too, was grown old suddenly; twice my real years

eemed to weigh me down. Mr. and Mrs. Custer having known nothing of me before my entrance to their family circle, of course, detected no change; but I could see by their attention and kindness towards me that they were anxious in my behalf. Mr. Custer would try to force me away from work: Mrs. Custer would seek to woo me into society, would invite the most charming people to "spend an evening." But I cannot say I enjoyed any diversion; work, action, the assertion of myself alone appeased my tormenting

All this time I wrote freely and condidly to father and mother, as also did Mr. Custer, judging from the tone of letters from home, which warned me against overwork, and finally threatened me with removal "if I would persist in fighting fire with my bare hands," as

father expressed it. But never a line came from Alice. She "sends love," mother almost uniformly added at the end of her long, confiding communications, but that was all, and I grew to believe the little. homely faced creature had really but slight interest in me. At which I sighed -more from mortified pride than from

regret, I fear. Taking the position of traveler, I took the northern route, and extended the trade of the house considerably. I became browned by exposure, grew a full beard and became otherwise so changed that my own parents would hardly have recognized me. All thoughts of returning home were abandoned

I heard nothing of Blanche Grahamknew not if she were living or dead, and her memory, after three years' struggle, became a dead sorrow, but not a forgotten one. Little Alice Edwards I remembered only as a child whom my good mother had rescued from want and brought up as her own-a homely but thoroughly good creature, whom I hoped some day to see married to some equally homely and good man.

One evening I met at dinner a young woman whom the excellent Mrs. Custer introduced as her niece-Miss Elsie Bates. She was a fair, sweet faced girl, with a wealth of hair and a voice of exquisite richness; and her eyes were those of a gazelle in their tenderness and luster. I looked upon her with undisguised

admiration, I suppose, for her face was richly suffused with a flush as I stared and stammered, "How do you do, Bates?" at the same moment familiarly grasping her hand. I could only add, "Excuse me, Miss Bates; I have been so much among tradespeople of late that I have become somewhat rude in my manners." Mr. Custer and his wife laughed heartilv, and Miss Bates, with great good nate, put me at my ease.

I laughed, and forthwith felt "at home" with Miss Bates. Nor for a moment did I put on my armor of defense against a pretty face, as I had grown to do through my years of unhappiness.

I did not talk business that night.

did not go to my club the next night, but went with Miss Bates to the theatre; and, to make a long story short, I offered the niece of Mrs. Custer my hand and

"Are you wholly heart free, John?" The question stung me, not with the

old sense of a dagger thrust, but rather with that of nettles, for my whole body grew hot.

dear Elsie." "Are you sure?" her lips said. But

her eyes, so loving and glowing, answered her lips. In some surprise I said: "I once loved a woman unworthy of me, and fled from her. I have for three years frught against that first passion, and I can say, in all truth, that I have conque ed it. Were she to appear to-night before me, I could receive her with indifference."

"Blanche Graham was that woman," dded Miss Bates. I sprang to my feet. How did she know? Who had betrayed my secret? use it for food, but "How about Alice Edwards—did you bodies.—Exchange. not love her?" she persisted, with provoking, but happy, inquisitiveness— happy, if her now radiant face told the

"Alice Edwards-darling little Alice? Why I-I really never thought of it! Love her? Yes, I do love her, I believe —the poor, homely, sweet tempered child! She is a child to me—my foster sister, and if mother will give her to us,

Forts and Vessels.

The Explorer Not Expected to Reach London for Two Months-Five Hundred Mo-

when the flag of the "United States of Brazil" was displayed of the expected imperial The admiral sent a request to Brazilian commander to hoist recognized flag of Brazil, or the request, and the British forts and warships remained silent. It is probable that the captain of the Brazilian ship will make such representation of the affair as will call forth an intimation of England's attitude with regard to the new South American government from the foreign office.

Another Letter from Stanley. LONDON, Nov. 26. -Sir William Me Kinnon has received another letter from Henry M. Stanley, written by the explorer from his camp at Kizinga Uzanja on Aug. 17, wherein he said Emin, with Selim Bey, seven officers and sixtyfive people, arrived at Stanley's camp on Feb. 17. Lieut. Stairs camp on Feb. 14. Lacut arrived on Feb. 18 with column. Stanley goes on to say that he explained the object of his visit and offered to wait a reasonable time for Emin. The letter shows that there was much delay on the part of Emin, who appeared to have an obstinate belief in his forces. "On April 5," Stanley con-tinues, "Emin informed me that but few

of his servants would go. Here was a disappointment. Out of 1,000 only a few were willing to accompany me." So on April 10, after gathering all the pasha's people possible, and forcing them o abandon their rebellious conduct, he started. On the 12th he camped at Mazambonia, where Stanley was overcome with an illness which nearly proved

Stanley gives a graphic description of the Semliki country and river, which is a powerful stream from 80 to 100 yards wide. In this region he had a fight with the Warasma tribes, but suffered no fatalities. The march was resumed on May 8, the party skirting the Balogga mountains forty miles from the Victoria Nyanza. Arriving at the south end of counter with King Unjoro, which cleared

probably remain some time at Monk-bassi to give the benefit of his experience to Mr. George McKenzie, who is starting on a survey expedition to the Five Hundred Pilgrims Drowned.

ish\_journal Saadet has received reports that the steamship India, with 500 Mo-hammedan pilgrims on board, has sunk in the Ægan sea. The captain and two passengers alone survive. The Speakership Contest. WASHINGTON, Nov. 25 .- The Post pul

prominent Republican candidates for the peakership of the house. It gives to Mr. Reed 56 votes, to Mr. McKinley 47, Mr. Cannon 34, Mr. Henderson 13, and Mr. Burrows 12. Seventeen votes are recorded as doubtful and likely to be cattered among the various candidates. Many of these scattering votes, it is thought, will go to the man who has the best chance of winning. If this is not clear by the time the caucus assembles they will be cast on the early ballots for those candidates who are lowest in the order of probabilities, which will afford the opportunity of holding a reserve vote for a critical period. In this table Mr. Henderson is credited with 13 votes, though he only claims 14 those of the Iowa delegation. At the however, 13 votes are conceded to him et the outset, so that he perhaps presents the rare spectacle of a candidate underestimating his own strength. Mr. Mc-Kinley's friends believe that all he now needs to win is to hold solidly his present strength, because he is the strongest accord choice both east and west. The Republican membership of the house is 169 and it will require 85 votes to nominate f all are present. The Cost of Sport in Scotland.

No one but a millionaire, or at all events a capitalist, will think of hiring a deer forest. And yet there are deer forests with fishing which are not highly rented for men of modest mean; and a quiet mode of life. The lodge proty, the champagne luncheons, the rauget and fashion of the West end transported to Glen Sneeshin-these are what render deer stalking expensive. Still it is computed that each deer that is shot costs i's (like the forest of Mar, Biackmount or Glenstrathfarrar) of immense extent, the first of those named comprising 80,100 acres. They occupy about 2,000,000 acres on the whole.

Estimating their rental at 2s 6d per acre, this alone amounts to £150,000. The cost of living and various other modes of outlay will certainly add £50 .-

forest and a moor separated in Scotland by a few strands of wire), here rents are much easier, yet each brace of grouse shot is supposed to cost the sportsman £1. Moore stand at from 10d to 2s or 2s 6d per acre, with lodges upon them. Taking a case, for instance, where the rental would be 2s per acre, a shooting of 1,000 acres would cost the lessee £100, and the area of heather ought to hold a hundred

brace of grouse, while fifty brace would be left as breeding stock.

# are about 400 distinct estates. In good of grouse will be shot in Scotland, which

gentleman in reduced circumsta quisites I neither know nor care. Generally they are too much worn to be worth a quarter, but sometimes a little mending would make an old pair of shoes very serviceable.-Interview in St. Dakota. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Livy on a Racquet But.

He instantly burried to the racque maker, but in vain. The man could only tell him that he had fallen in with a mass of parchment, and that it had long since been used up in the making of racquet bats. - Chicago Herald.

Young Men in Public Life. inexperienced hands. Burke was 36 when he entered parliament, though he had previously been attache of "Single Speech" Hamilton, secretary of Lord Halifax in Ireland, and afterward pri-

so a crowd of less notable illustrations might be cited. But no average of circumstance; will suffice to establish a rule in the case. It must ever be a matter of perpetual hance and discovery. One man does his best work in a very short time and early in life, when another does not fairly come to it till he is at middle life. and even later. And what a young man a specially good for, and for that reason specially inclined to an, older one would regard as wholly out of the reach of his desires. The fully matured public man is a different being from the beginner. And if he has husbanded his powers he generally possesses as good a stock of the energy of youth as any situation in which is he placed may require. - Poston

I was at one of the fashionable theatres uptown, and there I noticed fashion in the application instead of the abstract. and it really is far nicer to see pretty dresses on moving models, and hats and bonnets over real faces. I saw one superb woman sweep in-that's a good word, "sweep in"-with a dress of silvery satin, cut square in the neck and with a mass of white and pink brocaded silk with gray fur borderings hanging loosely from her shoulders, while her golden hair was surmounted by a white connet with pink and gray tips. No end of diamonds glittered on her arms and in her ears, and I asked who she was and nobody seemed to know, and yet she acted as if the whole place belonged to

big eyes and a sweet young face, and she year ago he suffered a stroke of paralyslayer fifty guineas. There are over a wore a quiet little drabsuit, and I was told sis. The immediate cause of his death that she was Annie Russell, the sweetest little woman in the world. So you see it is the fashion to wear what you please at church, on the street or in the theatre. but don't let what pleases you be out of fashion.—Olive Harper.

> Everything in the country of the River Chai in Central Asia is described by Gabriel Bouvalot as covered with salt. It is seen in the walls of the houses and on earth serve as vats and boilers, and below pounds in a day, and this he salle at the rate of one penny a pound,

### WHAT IS TALKED ABOUT.

LEADING Mormons of Utah have been inspecting the colony of the faithful just over the boundary line with a view to further colonization in Canada. It is to be hoped they are pleased with the out-

THE editor of the Magdeburg Tage Imprisonment for insulting Prince Bis-

Two days' rain in Pennsylvania have swollen many of the streams beyond their banks. The damage to bridges and railways is heavy.

sets of Milwaukee are about to pass into It comes, of course, from the poorer and poorest classes, but I am sometimes sur-

THE large elevator and milling inter

THE speakership fight has settled

THE Virginia planters who have 'worked out" their lands by continuous tobacco crops will find cold comfort in Manitoba, where they have arranged to looking pair of cast-off shoes. He wat colonize for farming purposes. Better an old customer, and had been a prompt locations for agriculture are offered in the western states, with a variety of climates to select from.

> GUINNESS' Sons, the wealthy English brewers, have set a ide the sum of £200, 000 for the purpose of erecting dwellings for the poor of London and £50,000 to be used for a similar purpose at Dublin.

GILBERT A. PIERCE has been unan nously selected by the Republican caucus as one of the senators from North

zation of the Clan-na-Gael will be the outcome of convention of the anti-triangle element of the order at Philade phin. THOMAS S. DAVIS, 26 years old, has brought suit against the Georgia Pacific

forced from the left to the right side of his body. MAJ. BURKE is now charged with \$900,

000 of Loisiana bonds.

ENGLISH capitalists are taking options on the cheese factories in New York. with the aim of establishing a cheese

THE Ottawa parliament will be asked to enact laws against polygamy, covering the offenses committed by the Mormor in the Northwest territory.

THE St. Louis, Des Moines and Northern road, running from Des Moines to Boone, was sold under foreclosure and M. K. TURNER & CO. bought by Gen. Dodge for \$475,000. The road will be transferred to the Des Moines and Northern Railway company, and will eventually be extended to the Minnesota line

THE Brazil republic has met the approbation of all the provinces, representatives of which have confirmed the action of the provisi nal government. Dr Valente, the Brazilian minister at Wash ington, says the change is permanent.

THE lower house of the Montana legis lature organized in two branches.

THE Chippewa Indians have agreed t the commissioners' terms for the surren der of their land. The 3,000,000 acres affected includes some of the most valuable pine timber and agricultural land in northern Minnesota. The proceeds which will accrue to the Indiansare variously estimated at from \$25,000,000 to

offered a purse of \$10,000 for a finish fight between Sullivan and Jackson. It is expected that the size of the stake will overcome the race prejudice of the Bosion pugilist and make the match. CHAMBERS, who shot and kill d Attor iev Bowman of St. Louis when the lat-

THE Sonta Cruz Athletic club has

ter attempted foreclosure proceedings, was arraigned for murder and pleaded not guilty. ISAAC H. VINCENT, ex-state treasure of Alabama, who is now serving a fifteen year sentence for the embezzlement o

\$223,000 of the state's money, propose to ask the legislature to submit the question of granting him a pardon to the people, at the next election, and let them vote on it. THE death of George H. Peudleton of

Ohio is announced from Brussels, Belgium. He was a member of the house of representatives from 1854 to 1865, and a candidate for the vice presidency on the ticket with McClellan in 1864. He was elected to the United States senate in 1878. In 1885 Mr. Pendleton was ap-Beside her nestled a little body with pointed minister to Germany. About a

> THE Methodist church will expend for missionary purposes in the coming year \$1.026,309.

THE deadlock in North Dakota was broken by the election of L. R. Casey to the United States senate.

WILLIAMSON, BLAIR & Co. of Missouri offer \$750,000 a year for the grazing privileges in the Cherokee Outlet. The present rental, pain by the Cherokee Strip Live Stock association, is \$200,000

Brown-Sequard's Elizie

Uncle Eph - Say, Mister, does yer vant to buy dis yere yearlin' mule for Mister (looking at animal's mouth)-Yearling mule! Why, this mule is 21 rears of age, if he's a day, Uncle Eph-Dat an jes' where yo' am mistaken, Mister. I mits he used to be

him, he am a yearlin'.- Epoch.

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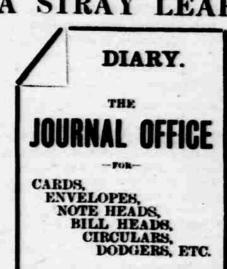
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COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1889.

Before I had finished, Miss Bates arose, and stood at my side—not in anger, but in confidence and trust. Placing her hand upon my sho she said, "Alice has grown to be a wo man, John-a not unbeautiful person, I am told. And your mother's letter Mrs. Custer, received today, informs her

that the entire family—your father, mother and Alice—will be here in a few days. Now, John, while the not doubt your love for me, I cannot accept your hand until you have seen Alice, and she consents that you may take me for your wife. Nav, do not try to change this purpose," she added, seeing my disquiet. "I love you too well to have you make a further error in your own love life. Therefore good night, and sweet dreams to you!" And she was gone.

Mrs. Custer came in at the moment "Who is Miss Bates, Mrs. Custer?" emanded, somewhat peremptorily. "Well, sir, she is Miss Bates, I sup-pose. She is, too, I may say, a friend of

your mother's and of Alice Edwards. She is a very dear girl, and if you can win her for a wife, Mr. Campbell, you will indeed be a happy man." And the lady drew herself up somewhat proudly, as if to resent anything might say to the contrary.

ressive rejoinder, but it was all I gave as I turned about sharply, bolted from the room, and soon was in bed, still wondering, "Who is Miss Bates?" I returned late the following evening, having seen nothing of Miss Bates in the morning before leaving.

"Humph!" That was not a very ex-

I was, in fact, in a temper; I didn't care to see her-at least I said so to myself. The first person I confronted in the hall as I entered, ere I had doffed my hat, was my mother-my own dear mother. "My boy, is it you?" she sobbed, look-

ing wistfully into my face. "Oh, how

changed, yet my own boy!"

"Your boy, mother, just as ever." Then father came forward, and happy vas the greeting. With one upon each arm I entered the parlor, my eyes wandering searchingly round "Where is she Alice?"

The library door opened, and there stood-Miss Bates! Johnny, dear, forgive me!" she crie as she flew to my arms. "I am Alice ould say, as I strained her to my heart.

"There, boy, you've got the right girl

this time!" exclaimed father, slapping

"Alice, darling, come!" cried mother.

me on the back. "No running away now, sir, d'ye hear?" "Dear, dear Johnny!" my beloved whispered, her lips on my own. "Dinner," called out Mr. Custer: and drawing mother away - the happiest mother in all that city-father led the

What a sight! Had the elves been at work to transform the house into a lower of roses? I had read of the 'aroma of dreams," as a poetic fancy; here was its reality. The room was festooned with flowers he table was loaded with them, and be-

ween two plates lay two magnificent

way to the dining room.

amellias, tied by a white and blue ribbon. At these plates were we-Alice and I—seated. The old folks confessed to having natched the conspiracy to pass Alice of as Miss Bates, seeing that she was so changed in form and feature as to be inrecognizable by their son, whose intense work life they so earnestly desired to break up. And the result, I was caught. Alice did feel a trifle guilty at that "angling for a husband," as Mr. Custer called it, but she was so supreme-

y happy that she forgot to sigh over her hare in the little game. Alice became my wife that autumn when our dear old home in the suburbs of the metropolis witnessed a burst and blaze of nuptial glory that was a nine days' wonder. I traced out, as far as possible, my old college chums, and inrited them to the wedding. To my astonishment-not my dismay

there came my class fellow, Charley Pelton, and on his arm a very beautiful woman, his wife, in whom I recognized Blanche Graham. She had captured a brave, good soul, but ere the evening had passed I knew that in that soul rankled a wound too deep for healing. He turned from his wife with loathing. as I saw with eyes that were not to be deceived. Did he know what had been my rela

It only needed that ordeal to prove

ion to Blanche? Probably not.

now dead she was to me, and thus to onsummate a happiness which few men are permitted to enjoy.-Philadelphia

Count Anthoskoff's curious discovery of the snow flower is likely to interest floriculturists for some time to come, as, from the accounts given of it, it appears to be not only a remarkable but a singuarly beautiful plant. It was discovered on the perpetually frozen ground of Siperia, but Count Anthoskoff has succeeded in raising plants from seed placed in a pot of snow at St. Petersburg. The bloom lasts only for a single day, and comes once in two years. A French contemporary thus describes it: The caves are three in number, and each about three inches in diameter. They are developed only on that side of the stem toward the north, and each seems covered with microscopic crystals of

as the leaves, and about half an inch in width. - London Globe. The History of Butter. Butter, which is almost indispensable nowadays, was almost unknown to the ancients. Herodotus is the earliest weiter to mention it. The Spartans used butter, but as an ointment, and Plutarch tells how the wife of Deiotorous once received a visit from a Spartan lady whose presence was intolerable because she was neared with butter. The Greeks learned of butter from the Scythians and the Germans showed the Romans how it was made. The Romans, however, did not use it for food, but for anointing their

Lucy (sobbing)—Papa, it's too dr-dread-ful. Jack has failed and of course you wo-wont let me marry him. Pater (reassuringly)-Nonsense, child He pays just fifty cents on the dollar.
Saves the other fifty cents. Next time
he'll pay only twenty-five cents and save
seventy-five. Take him and be happy!—
Pitteburg Bulletin.

# Fails of Recognition by British

FURTHER NEWS PROM STANLEY

LONDON, Nov. 26.—The flag of themew Brazilian republic was hoisted for the first time in English waters with a result that must have been discouraging to the over-zealous officer who made haste to display his colors in advance of formal recognition of the government whose emblem was thus flaunted. The occasion of the display was the arrival at Plymouth of the Brazilian warship, to receive which the usual preparations were made by the British war vessels and forts, and the customary signal to salute was awaited from the flagship of Admiral Sir William Montague Dowell, least not to run up any other. The Bra-zilian captain declined to comply with

the route to the Semliki river. Stanley is not likely to return to L n-don before the end of January. He will

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 26, - The Turk

ishes a table giving the strength of five

shaped, its petals are of the same length

000 to these figures. Ample is the harvest of gold which the Pactolus of deer stalking rolls through some of the most barren districts of the Highlands.
Turning, however, by an easy transition to a grouse moor (we have seen a

There are not less than 2,400 shootings in Scotland (in addition to the deer forests) which hold grouse as well as other

represent the same number of pounds in rent. Traveling and living must, of course, be included in the costliness of

Taking on an average ten sportsun annually as visiting each of these forests and moors, 25,000 persons, besides ladies, children and servants, have to be trans ported to and fro, and if £20 each be allowed for this purpose, the modest sum of £300,000 must be added to the amount of rental. In this way it is patent at a glance what an estimable value sport is to the economical condition of Scotland.

—London Sporting News.

There is quite a demand for old shoes. prised at the respectable appearance of ayndicate. applicants for cast-off shoes. Recently but whose clothes were so neat that one had to look twice to see that they were threadbare and much mended, came in the store and asked to see me privately. He then adopted a confidential tone, told me how much cash he had, and asked me if I couldn't oblige him with a decent payer, so for once I let a feeling of charity overcome strict business principles, and made him a present of a new pair. I never sell old shoes, and very few first class dealers do so. When a customer wears his new purchase and leaves his old shoes behind I give the latter to the colored man who cleans out the store, and what he does with his per-

In an interesting article on the romanc of literary discovery a writer in an English periodical names a number of notable book recoveries in ancient times. Among these is Homer's "Odyssey," 300 lines of which were found grasped in the hands of a mummy at Monfalont; one of Cicero's found amid a heap of refuse near Milan by a bishop of Lodi early in the Fifteenth century, and the well known instance of the recovery of the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a tailor who was cutting it up for patterns. An equally singular recovery was that of a small portion of what was supposed to be one of the lost books of Livy. The tutor of a French nobleman in the Fifteenth century was playing tennis, when he chanced to notice that his racquet bat was made of parchment covered with writing. As he was a good scholar he succeeded in deciphering it, and found that it was a piece of historical Latin prose, in very much the style of Livy.

It is no easy matter, if, indeed, it is possible, to fix the time at which it is proper for a man to enter upon public life, supposing that he can enter upon it at all. The question is quite prominent just now. Pitt was a very young man -but a little past 20-when he took the reins of the British government into his

vate secretary of Lord Rockingham while the latter's one year ministry lasted. And

A Country of Salt.

the banks of the rivers, and the water one drinks is very salt. Traveling saltpeter makers go in summer from place to place wherever they can find material to work upon. Their mode of operation is a rough-and-ready one. Holes in the these are placed ovens. Abundance of brushwood supplies material for the fires. The workers collect from the surface of the earth heaps of compost of salt and animal manure. This is soaked for twenty-four hours in water, then filtered, and then boiled for twenty-four hours, cleansed and placed in the sun, so that the water may evaporate. An or-dinary workman can make about fifty

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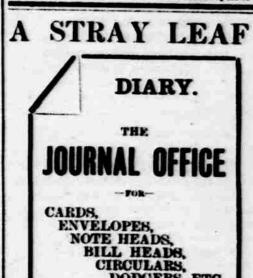
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