Columbus Journal.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name of the writer. We reserve the right to reject any manuscript, and cannot agree to return the same.—We desire a correspondent in every school-district of Platte county, one of good judgment, and reliable in every way.—Write plainly, each item separately. Give us facts.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1893.

DR. GRAVES, the convicted poisoner of Mrs. Josephine Barnaby, committed suicide in his cell at Denver, Saturday.

WHEN an army of Colorado silver miners compete with a legion of Lake Superior iron miners in the grain fields of the Dakotas for a dollar a day, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to foresee the time when the cotton spinners of New Hampshire and the cowboys of Texas will be seeking to underbid the negro cotton picker in the cotton fields of Mississippi.—[N. Y. Press.

IF republican speakers in last year's campaign had warned the people that within six months after the second inauguration of President Cleveland business would be deranged, and a half million laborers would be locked out from the shops, there would have been a chorus of derisive howls from Democratic throats. And yet a much worse condition is the visible result of that political revolution.—[Inter Ocean.

A TELEGRAM from Guthrie, O. T., says: Hundreds of people are arriving every day to await the opening of the Cherokee strip. People arriving now are well fixed financially, but those who have been waiting on the lines since spring are already suffering and will probably starve if they do not secure claims. A large majority of the people arriving are laboring under the belief that they will get the land free and are disappointed when they learn that they must pay from $1.50 to $2.50 an acre for all the land in addition to living upon it for five years before they secure title to a home.

State Politics.

Brother Smails of the Fremont Herald is a democrat of the strictest sect, but he is also a citizen of Fremont, and presumably a sersonal friend of Judge Maxwell. The following paragraph tells the rest of it for itself:

"If Dodge county, after having one supreme judge for a dozen years, can switch off upon another for his successor, when all the other members of the court live within forty miles of us (at Columbus and Seward)——we shall be in mighty good luck. Let us be sure that it isn't simply for the purpose of beating some one else, and not with the expectation of getting anything ourselves. The dog-in-the-manger policy wouldn't permit the cattle to eat hay—and we couldn't if we wanted to. What good would this do the county? We might sometimes renominate where we wouldn't have a ghost of a show of a new nomination. Aren't our republican friends liable to grasp all and lose all?"

THE ALLIANCE COUNTY CONVENTION.

Nomination of a Ticket Deferred to an Adjourned Meeting.

The campaign starts in this fall in old Platte at a great pace, and promises to be an interesting one. The alliance opened the way last Saturday by holding their county convention in Platte Center.

A lively time was predicted, but it went a little beyond anybody's expectations.

The Henry hall was well filled and at 2 o'clock Warwick Saunders called the meeting to order in the absence of the president.

W. J. Irwin was elected temporary chairman and Dr. Smart of Humphrey, secretary.

While the committee on credentials were out speeches were called for from several.

John Walker, sr., of Humphrey was first called on. His talk was to the effect that the party should not separate, but hang together whatever came; that they had as good men as any party could furnish, and by hard work, good results would follow.

D. L. Bruen then covered himself with glory with a few remarks. He thought it policy to put in candidates from the towns, as on account of the conspicuous absence of town men from the tickets heretofore, considerable talk was caused of the farmers wanting everything. He also said the eastern monopolies have been having it their way, but we are coming to the time when the western and southern people will be represented.

C. A. Brindley said every voter knows we need a change in the political government of the county. We should be very cautious whom we nominate, as past elections show. We know we were too independent last time and got left. We must use caution this time.

J. S. Freeman advised them to fight the corporations; don't let them get us into their power. They are the dangerous element of the country.

The committee on resolutions reported the following:

Whereas, We become more and more convinced as time rolls by that the fundamental principles of the people's independent party are the nearest right of any set of principles advocated by any of the great political organizations of the Republic, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we are in favor of pushing the fight for the people, of the people and by the people to a finish.

Resolved, That we favor the nomination of a full and complete county and state ticket, and every effort possible consistent with the prerogatives of good citizenship, to elect the same.

Resolved, That we heartily approve the actions of our representatives in congress.

The tug of war began in earnest when the election of delegates to the senatorial convention came up. It became "an impossibility" for any to go, and it took a long time to select twelve men who had time to spare. They were J. S. Freeman, Fred. Jewell, W. Saunders, R. E. Wiley, E. J. Couch, D. L. Bruen, M. Stevens, John Walker, sr., C. A. Brindley, J. J. Graves, T. T. Milett and Earnest Gerrard.

Delegates to the senatorial convention were Jacob Lewis, Roy Clark, C. C. Carrig, John Fisher, N. S. Hyatt, E. Anderson, Wm. Newman, W. F. Dodds, Fred. Jewell, Peter Noonan and Gus. Marek.

Then the real work of the convention was at hand. Bruen, Walker, Jewell and a few others bobbed up and down to give the convention the assistance of their valuable opinions, and were called to order by the chair several times, while once in awhile a new face would show up.

Mr. Dodds moved to nominate every other office on the list, and leave the balance to be filled out afterward. This did not suit some of the delegates and it brought Saunders to his feet; he did not believe in a skeleton ticket; he thought the best policy was to postpone the whole nomination now, and select good men for the whole ticket.

Bruen looks to the outside of the tent for approval and says, people will wonder and ask questions if we do not do something.

A. W. Clark then spoke to the effect that the only chance for the election of any of their men was to fuse with the republicans. This caused an eloquent outburst from the democratic side and it got so jangled that only a recess of ten minutes quieted it.

It was after 5 o'clock, time was precious, and when the meeting was again in order it was voted unanimously that a full ticket should be put in nomination.

Bruen nominated C. C. Carrig for clerk. Carrig declined.

Walker nominated Fred. Jewell, and Jewell declined.

It was evident nothing could be done and the session came to a close with a rush, to meet again Oct. 7th.

City Council.

All were present at the regular meeting Friday evening.

A communication from A. Dussell & Son in reference to the transfer of a warrant for $500 due them, to the Commercial bank was placed on file.

M. K. Turner & Co. were authorized to publish the book of ordinances, some fifty copies of about 210 pages for $200.

Bill of M. K. Turner & Co. for city printing from April, $61.95 was approved and warrant ordered.

Bills of Foster & Smith for lumber for $43.95 were approved and warrants ordered.

The report of the finance committee on the treasurer's report for July was adopted and ordered filed.

The treasurer's report for August was referred to committee on finance. It shows general fund overdrawn $1587.86; occupation tax on hand $514.38; waterworks fund overdrawn $1005.94; same (interest on coupon) balance $1318.32; special police fund overdrawn $32.90; special sidewalk on hand $72.03; streets, alleys and highways, on hand $43.32; Platte river bridge bond fund, overdrawn $135.62; Loup river bridge bond fund, on hand $1252.48. Cash on hand belonging to city funds proper $438.21. License fund (for school) balance on hand, $7861.00.

The reports of druggists Heintz, Stillman, Pollock & Co. and Van Schoik were referred to committee on police.

Police judge reported fines for the month to the amount of $50.

The reports of chief of police and street commissioner were referred to the appropriate committees.

Councilman Spoerry was directed to look after "delinquent" sidewalks.

The city treasurer was directed to present a list of those delinquent with their occupation tax to the next meeting.

The mayor signed a contract on the part of the city with John Burrell for the ensuing year, as engineer at the waterworks, at $50 a month.

The old registration boards were reappointed excepting Albert Covert succeeds John Hoffman in the Second ward, and J. C. Swartsley succeeds W. J. Thurston in the Third.

The total amount of bills allowed at the last meeting was $1026.42, which included the expenses of the special election, the police, the sprinkling, street lights, revising of ordinances, etc.

Platte Center Items.

J. M. Beebee of Omaha was in town Friday.

Henry Burke lost a valuable horse by death Thursday.

James Burrows attended the reunion at Grand Island last week.

Wm. T. Rodgers has built a new residence in the west part of town.

John Powers's speech Thursday evening called out about fifty people.

W. E. Kent is out again on our streets after a very severe illness of three weeks.

William Bloedorn and son Charlie have returned from a two weeks' trip to the World's fair.

George Scheidel has built a fine new barn on his residence property in the western part of town.

Martin Bloedorn and wife were here Friday on their way home to Humphrey from the World's fair.

The public schools opened here Monday, Miss Nellie Lynch, principal, and Miss Katie Carrig, intermediate teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Gellet of Chicago are expected here this week. Mr. G. will go with Mr. Phillips to Oklahoma next week.

Loewer & Nay have taken in a partner, Charles Herguth, who will be a great help to them in their already large trade.

Mrs. John Henrich has rented the J. E. North residence in Columbus and expects to move her honsehold goods in next week.

Mr. Cleckner of Stanton, one of the Department of Nebraska G. A. R. officials, visited T. Coles's family over Sunday, on his way to the re-union.

Earnest Hoare and family were coming to town Friday when a bolt broke in the wagon letting all the occupants down on the ground, but doing no serious damage.

Henry Swartz, who bought the Powell building of George Scheidel recently, is putting in a stock of clothing, and will begin remodeling the building for a first-class store.

VAGRANT JESTS.

Quips: Miss Elderly—What would you do if I should tell you my age?

He—Multiply it by two.

Minneapolis Tribune: Why is summer the pride of the year? Why, because it goeth before a fall.

The time is drawing near
When the ice cream sign will droop,
And the festive youth and oysters
Wi l both be in the soup.

Elmira Gazette: Jagson says there are four singers in every quartet choir who think the other three can't sing a little bit.

Detroit Free Press: Amy (as Mabel's fiance rings the bell)—Mr. Hunter rings as though he knew he were welcome.

Mabel—Yes. He has a regular engagement ring.

Inter Ocean: May—Rob has an awful temper. He's horrid mad at me now.

"What about?"

"Just because I told him about my being engaged to two other men."

De Sobremesa: Visitor—Why do you have that dog sitting on your writing desk?

Clerk—I have mislaid my sponge, so I am getting him to lick my postage stamps for me.

Life: Trials of the American Heiress.—"Then you suspect the count had another reason for breaking his engagement with you?"

"Yes; he recently inherited a fortune from an uncle."

Judge: Family Physician — Well, Tommy, how do you like the new little brother?

Tommy—He doesn't amount to much. I jest offered him a cigarette an' he wasn't gentleman enough to take it.

Harper's Bazar: "Well, Mollie," said her papa, who is a militia colonel, "did you see me marching up Broadway today?" "Yes," said Mollie, "and I was real mad, papa. They might have let you have a drum to play on like those others had."

Detroit Tribune: "Well, Willie, how did you like it?" asked the fond mamma, when her angel child returned from his first day at the public school.

"Bully!" ejaculated the cherub, with a new light in his eyes; "but say, ma, don't call me Willie—my name's Bill."

Truth: "Well, Mose, how are you getting along in the place I got for you?"

"Nicely, kunnel, thankee. I'se de foreman now."

"Foreman?"

"Yassir; no one kin come in till I fust open an' dust things."

White Mountaineer: A judge, in crossing the Irish channel one stormy night, knocked against a well-known witty lawyer who was suffering terribly from seasickness.

"Can I do anything for you?" said the judge.

"Yes," gasped the seasick lawyer, "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion."

Did not Materialize.

ED. JOURNAL:—Thanking you for the courtesies extended in announcing our efforts to get up an Odd Fellows' excursion to the World's fair at reduced rates, we are compelled to inform all those persons who have sent me their names, that the excursion will not be had, the railroad companies refusing to make any other rates than those now agreed upon by the Western Passenger association, which can be obtained by any persons at their respective stations in Nebraska.

H. J. HUDSON,
Member of the General Committee.

—Every day is adding to our list of subscribers, but there is yet plenty of room for more. We give you now, THE JOURNAL and the Lincoln Semi-weekly Journal, both, one year, when paid in advance, for $2.00. Subscription can begin at any time. Now is the time to subscribe. The Lincoln Journal is issued Tuesdays and Fridays, and will give you a mass of news that you cannot hope to equal anywhere for the money. Both for $2.00.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining in the post-office at Columbus, Nebraska, for the week ending Sept. 5, 1893:

Matt Kuchera,	Mr. Wm. Tully,
Mr. J. H. Tharp,	Miss Ella Phelps,
Mr. W. H. Vinton,	George Earl May,
Thomas E. Mitchell,	Mrs. Bernie Slapier,
Mr. W. M. Elliott,	Mrs. Lulu Benson,

Parties calling for the above letters will please say "advertised."

CARL KRAMER, P. M.

The Largest Gun in the World

is on exhibition at the Great World's fair. You ought to see it. This is the month of months to visit the fair, pleasant days, cool nights, delightful weather.

Maximum comfort enroute to Chicago on the vestibuled limited trains of the Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern line. See your nearest Union Pacific agent for rates or other information.

6sep-8t

Reward.

The undersigned, officers of the Cemetery Association, will give a reward of $5 for the conviction of any one found destroying flowers, ornaments or improvements or valuables of any kind at the Columbus Cemetery.

J. H. GALLEY, Pres't.
C. A. SPERICK, Sec'y. 23aug-3

After the Fair

is over you can stay at home. Go to Chicago now and see the most complete and magnificent exhibition that has ever been held. The vestibuled limited trains of the Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern line will take you there with the least trouble and changes. 8t

Sheep for Sale.

I have a hundred head of sheep for sale—all ewes, or some weathers, if preferred. Call in person at my farm one-half mile west of Duncan, or address me by letter, at Duncan, Platte Co., Nebr.

JOHN W. WITCHEY.

—When in need of anything in the line of job work—cards, wedding invitations, dance programs, letter heads, envelopes, sale bills, receipts, notes, scale books, bank checks, shipping tags, blanks of any kind,—in short all sorts of printing, give THE JOURNAL a call.

Reward.

I will give $5 reward for the conviction of the person who cut and destroyed the flowers on my son's grave in the Columbus cemetery.

2t J. H. GALLEY.

—I have for sale a full-blooded Durham bull about seven years old—at John Cramer's place on Shell Creek. 2

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry is the only line running solid vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated trains between the Missouri river and Chicago, consisting of new palace sleeping cars, elegant free reclining chair cars, luxurious coaches and the finest dining cars in the world. The berth reading lamp in its palace sleeping cars is patented and cannot be used by any other railway company. It is the great improvement of the age. Try it and be convinced. Close connection in union depot at Omaha with all trains to and from the west. For further particulars apply to your ticket agent, or

F. A. NASH, Gen'l Agt.
W. S. HOWELL,
Traveling Fr't. and Pass. Agt.,
11jantf 1501 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ENGLISH Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by C. B. Stillman, druggist. 26nov1yr

—ST. PATRICK'S PILLS are carefully prepared from the best material and according to the most approved formula, and are the most perfect cathartic and liver pill that can be produced. We sell them. C. E. Pollock & Co. and Dr. Heintz, druggists.

—Bring your orders for job-work to this office. Satisfaction guaranteed, and work promptly done, as agreed upon.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

DISCIPLINE.

My life is full of scented fruits,
My garden blooms with stocks and cloves;
Yet o'er the wall my fancy shoots,
And hankers after harsher loves.

Ah! why— my foolish heart repines—
Was I not housed within a waste!
These velvet flowers and syrup vines
Are sweet, but are not to my taste.

A howling moor, a wattled hut,
A piercing smoke of sodden peat,
The savor of a russet nut,
Would make my weary pulses beat.

O stupid brain that blindly swerves!
O heart that strives not, nor endures!
Since flowers are hardships to your nerves,
Thank heaven a garden-lot is yours!

—Edmund Gosse, in the Athenæum.

SAM'S STRATEGY.

She was very pretty, this bright-eyed New England damsel. Fred Jones had loved her ever since they were children together, and Captain Logan, who had come down to spend a few weeks with his cousins, the Kendricks, had become so fond of those bright blue eyes and golden hair that he prolonged his visit.

"Pon my word, she's a regular beauty," said the captain, staring through the tiny window panes at the retreating figure of Miss Brown.

Fred Jones looked quickly up at him, as if he would have liked to knock him over in the fireplace, but he refrained from any such demonstration.

"A beauty," went on the captain, "and it's a thousand pities she should be wasted on any of the country bumpkins who vegetate among these wildernesses. Sam, you young villain, are those boots of mine blacked yet?"

Farmer Kendrick's hired boy, who had just come in to warm his purple hands at the merry red blaze, looked glum.

"No, they ain't," said Sam., crossly.

"Well, what's the reason?"

"'Cause I ain't 'ad time."

"See you find time, then, and that quick, too," said the captain. And Sam glowered after him as he went gaily up the stairs.

"Just wish I had the firin' of him out," said the boy, gloomily. "It's 'Sam. do this,' and 'Sam. do tnat,' and 'Sam., where's the warm water?' and 'Sam., what the deuce do you mean by lettin' my fire go out?' and not a red cent has he guv me yet—no, nor so much as a pleasant word. I wonder if he means to stay here always."

The next night came—a perfect night for sleighing expeditions and rustic love-making, the roads hard and well packed and a glorious moon shining down whitely, as if a rain of silver were deluging the whole world.

"Couldn't be better weather," said the captain. "Sam., where are the sleigh-bells?"

"Dunno," said Sam. "There's them old jinglers in the garret that used to belong to Deacon Joe Kendrick that was in the Revolutionary war, and there's the two cow-bells that Mary Jane might scour up with ashes—"

"Pshaw!" said the Captain. "Do you take me for Rip Van Winkle? There's a pretty little string somewhere, for I saw them when Mrs. Kendrick went out day before yesterday."

"I hain't seen nothin' on 'em," said Sam, stolidly.

"Come, come, Sam, don't make yourself out any stupider than you be by nature," said the farmer, laughing nevertheless, for the captain's airs were fast wearing out his welcome, and he secretly sympathized with the much abused Sam.

"I guess they're out in the barn chamber. You better go with him, captain, if you expect to find 'em—our Sam's dreadful thick-headed when he chooses to be."

"Come along, my fine fellow," said the captain, collaring Sam, and marching him off in the direction of the old red barn. "We don't need any lantern in this moonlight, that is one comfort."

"Where are the stairs?" demanded the captain as they entered the barn.

"Ain't none," said Sam, "it's a ladder."

"Up with you, then," said Logan, but Sam shrunk back.

"I wouldn't, not for $50," said Sam. "Old John Kendrick hanged himself from the middle beam fourteen years ago, and folks say he stands up there with a rope round his neck every moonlight night."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the captain in accents of contempt. "You cowardly lout, stay where you are, then, and I'll go myself."

He sprang lightly up the rounds of the ladder and disappeared through the trap door.

"Where is it?" he called.

"The ghost? Right under the middle beam by the windy was the place where—"

"Blockhead! I mean the string of bells."

"Look for 'em yourself," said Sam, sulkily. "I don't know where they be, and what's more, I don't care."

"I'll settle with you, my fine fellow, when I come down," said the captain, threateningly, as he groped about in the dim light which came through a cobweb-draped window at either end of the barn chamber.

"Don't hurry yourself, cap'n," rejoined Sam, in a jeering tone.

As the captain plunged into a dark corner there was a jingle and the string of bells suspended from a nail, hit him directly on the neck, so like the grasp of death-cold fingers that he could not but start.

"Oh!" said the captain nervously. "Here they are. Catch 'em Sam! Hallo! Where's the trap door?"

And it took the worthy captain fully sixty seconds or more to realize that the trap door was closed and fastened on the lower side. He rushed to the window and threw it up only to see Sam speeding up the hill.

"Hal-lo-o-a!" yelled Capt. Logan.

"Come back, you scoundrel!—you ill-conditioned lout!—you imp of evil!"

Sam turned around and executed that peculiar gyration of the fingers in connection with the nasal organ, which is supposed to express the extremity of scorn.

"You'll find the ladder on the barn floor, cap'n," hooted this young rebel, "an' don't be afraid of the ghost; it's very harmless if you let it alone."

"But, Sam—Sam, come back! I'm to be at Mr. Brown's at 7:30."

"Don't worry!" bawled Sam. "Miss Carrie won't wait long before Mr. Fred'll be on hand."

The captain danced up and down on the floor in an ecstasy of rage as Sam disappeared over the crest of the hill. He knew very well if he possessed the lungs of Boreas he could make no one hear.

He sat shivering down on the hay, starting nervously at the sound of horses' feet below, and thinking how disagreeably a bar of moonlight which streamed down from a crack in the roof, resembled a tall, white figure standing under the center beam. He could almost fancy the rope round its neck. Pshaw! And the captain jumped up again, with starting dew on his temples, even in the freezing atmosphere of the barn chamber.

"What is to be done?" he asked himself. And echo, if echo had had any common sense, would have answered: "Just nothing at all!"

Sam. had outwitted him. And pretty Carrie and Fred Jones, with his red cutter and great chestnut-colored horse! The captain was wild at the thought, surely he was vanquished.

"I won't wait another minute for him," said Carrie Brown, coloring up, with the tears in her blue eyes. "Go on, girls, I shall spend the evening at home."

"There's plenty of room for you in our sleigh, Carrie," coaxed her brother. "Bessie Andrews will be glad to have you along."

"No, she wont either," pouted Carrie. "As if I would spoil all her fun! No; if I can't have an escort of my own I'll stay at home and mend stockings; and I never, never will speak to Capt. Logan again."

Charlie Brown was on the point of arguing the matter with his sister, when the door opened and in walked Fred. Jones.

"Not gone yet, Carrie? Where is the captain?"

"I don't know," said Carrie, tartly, "and I don't care. Am I Capt. Logan's keeper?"

"Will you go with me?"

"Yes, I will," said Carrie, her eyes lighting and shy smiles dimpling her face.

"Of course," said Fred., "I can't expect to make myself as agreeable as the city captain, but—"

"The captain, the captain!" cried Carrie, a little irritably. "I'm sick of the sound of his name. I never want to see him again. What a nice new cutter this is, and how easy the wolf robes are!"

"Carrie," whispered Fred., as he touched up the horses and felt her nestling close to him, "is it for always?"

"Yes, always," she answered.

* * * * * * *

"Jerusalem!" said Farmer Kendrick. It was past 10 o'clock at night, and the old gentleman had come out as usual before retiring to rest, to see that the dumb members of his family were all safe and comfortable. "I do believe that's old John Kendrick's ghost come to life again, poundin' like all possessed on the barn chamber floor!"

"It's me-e! It's me-e!" bawled the captain. "Unfasten the trap door and let me out!"

Slowly the farmer lifted the ladder to its place. With rheumatic awkwardness he climbed the creaking rounds and undid the hook from its hasp.

"How in all creation came you here?" he demanded. "Why, I thought you was out a-sleigh ridin' with the gals."

"It was all the doing of that villain, Sam!" gasped the infuriated captain, his teeth chattering with mingled rage and cold. "I won't stand this sort of thing. I'll leave the place to-morrow."

"As you please," said the farmer, to whom the prospect of losing his guest was not unpleasant. "I'm dreadful sorry this should have happened, though, and I'll talk seriously to Sam."

"So will I," gnashed the captain. "I'll break every bone in his body."

But Sam had taken particular care to go over to his grandmother's, six miles across the snowy fields, to spend the night, and the only person the captain saw was old Mrs. Kendrick sitting by the kitchen fire.

"You've lost your chance, captain," said she, good humoredly. "Dorcas Smith has just gone by on her way home from the sleighing party and she says Fred Jones brought Carrie Brown in his new cutter, and they're engaged."

The captain left next day, and Mrs. Fred Jones has never seen him since. And when the affair came off Sam got a piece of wedding cake big enough to give him the dyspepsia for a week. —Boston News.

Endowment Order That Won't Last.

Mrs. Hicks—Do you and your husband belong to one of the mutual societies?

Mrs. Dix—No; what gave you that idea?

Mrs. Hicks—Husband said he thought you were charter members of a mutual admiration society.—New York Herald.

A Queer View of It.

"He is a very sick man."

"Yes, but the fact that he hangs on so long is favorable to his recovery."

"I think the contrary. He grows weaker every day, and the longer he lives the greater chance there is of his dying."—New York Press.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

ATTACKED BY LEECHES.

Remarkable Plague That Visited a San Francisco Tenement.

People in the Western addition have slept soundly for years in ignorance of the fact that at any moment a plague worse than the locusts of Egypt might come crawling into open windows and under loosely hung doors—a plague of fierce, blood-hungry leeches, says the San Francisco Examiner.

There is an extensive leech farm at 1125 Bush street, where 10,000 of the repulsive monsters are confined awaiting purchasers. The farm is one of two in the United States, the other being in New York, and there at times 50,000 leeches squirm ceaselessly about, over and through swamp muck, constantly searching for some hapless animal that chance may have mired down to furnish a feast for the insatiate annelidal.

The leeches at the San Francisco farm broke away the other night and overspread the neighboring tenement in a very short time. Hundreds of them crawled up the walls and tried every window and crevice, seeking an entrance because of some instinctive knowledge that in the house they could find succulent pasturage upon the forms of sleepers who rested without knowledge of the threatening danger.

But a minority found their way into the sleeping rooms—not more than a thousand—but even that number of snaky, greenish-black, creepy worms sufficed to terrify the occupants almost into fits when they felt the eager suction of the leeches and awoke to find themselves festooned with the ugly products of the swampy ooze of Bordeaux.

The first to awaken was a young lady, and she was not long in announcing her distress and arousing her fellow occupants of the house, only to find that each of them had for room companions from a score to hundreds of the leeches.

Brooms were savagely plied in every corner and under every piece of furniture. Bedclothing was shaken and closely examined. Leech bites were dressed with soothing applications, and after several hours of activity the household again settled down to rest.

Next morning an examination of the premises and those adjoining was made, and when the leech farm was discovered the secret was out as well as the leeches.

The worms were brought from France, where, about Bordeaux, there are wide areas o' black, light ooze, in which leeches of the fiercest sort multiply unstinted. The ooze fairly heaves with their writhings at the season of the year when they are most active, and it is then that one of the cruelest sights possible may be seen.

Old horses, worn out in faithful service, are driven into the marshes, and are soon covered with the hungry leeches, which fasten to lips, eyelids, nose or any other tender part, and hang on until glutted with the life-blood of their victim, or until the wretched horse weakens under the drain and falls to suffocate in the slime of the leech morass.

When leeches are desired to send to New York or San Francisco men are hired whose poverty compels them to accept any chance. The men walk bare-legged into the borders of the leech swamps and are immediately covered by the repulsive crawlers, but before they can pierce more than the skin of the men with their sharp semi-lunar teeth they are swept off into pouches, from which they are counted out into beds of wet moss and boxes of their native ooze, embedded in which they are safely transported any distance.

The large leeches, such as those of Japan, which reach two feet in length, are not in common use, nor are certain poisonous sorts, such as the small black leeches of Australia. The thick, fat, fierce worms of Hungary, Sicily and France are preferred by practitioners who use leeches and it is from those countries that the rest of the world is supplied. The San Francisco leech farm is formed by placing quantities of the ooze of the Bordeaux swamps, especially imported for the purpose, in large boxes with tight covers. The leeches bore about through the muck until wanted for sale, when they are counted out, washed and disposed of, ready to bite any living thing and hang on until they are swollen to eight or ten times their ordinary size. Then they drop off and lie dormant until assimilation shall have been finished and hunger again arouses them.

SENSE OF TOUCH.

The Most Complex and Least Understood of the Senses.

Of all the senses we possess, the sense of touch is at once the most complex and the least understood. Blindness and deafness are too common, and we can all more or less appreciate the nature and extent of these dire afflictions. But who ever thinks how he would be affected by being deprived of the capacity to feel, inability to distinguish by touch between smoothness and roughness, heat and cold, or by an impaired power to receive the various sensations of pain and pleasure which reach us through the surface of the body? How is it that the same finger which tells us that a substance is hard or soft tells us also that it is hot or cold, smooth or rough, long or short, even though we do not behold it with our eyes? asks the St. Louis Republic. Have we, as some physiologists aver, a sixth sense, that of temperature? If not, how comes it that a single touch of the finger conveys to the brain, in the same instant, three or four distinct impressions, for the substance in question may be wet or dry as well as hot or cold, hard or soft, rough or smooth? But the physiologists cannot tell us the "why" of these things; they only know that the sensations so conveyed are separable, and that the routes they travel before they reach the brain are not the same. Observations on this important subject, besides being highly interesting, both psychologically and physiologically, would be, it seems to me, of considerable practical importance in their relation to the training of blind persons.

COLUMBUS MARKETS.

☞ Our quotations of the markets are obtained Tuesday afternoon, and are correct and reliable at the time.

GRAIN, ETC.	
Wheat	42
Wheat, new	35@40
Shelled Corn	22
Ear Corn	22
Oats	18
Mixed oats	17
Rye	32
Flour	$1 90@2 10
PRODUCE.	
Butter	11@15
Eggs	10
Potatoes	1 00@1 10
LIVE STOCK.	
Fat hogs	$4 25@4 75
Fat cows	$1 25@1 50
Fat sheep	$3 25@4 00
Fat steers	$3 50@4 00
Feeders	$2 50

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

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The public demand through service when traveling. It is old fashioned to "Change Cars." On the through solid vestibuled trains of the Chicago, Union Pacific & North Western Line from or to Chicago, Omaha and intermediate points there is no change. This is the finest and fastest service between the points named.

The World's Fair Buildings.

The horticultural building—height of dome 132 feet. Cost of building $300,000. The Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line offers rates as cheap as the cheapest and unexcelled accommodations to Chicago. No change of cars enroute. See J. R. Meagher, agent U. P. system at Columbus for detailed information.

—**Rheumatism Cured in a Day.** "Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by A. Heintz, druggist, Columbus, Neb. 14-y

Business Notices.

Advertisements under this head five cents a line each insertion.

WM. SCHULTZ makes boots and shoes in the best styles, and uses only the very best stock that can be procured in the market. 52-tf

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of Platte County, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Augusta Schroeder, deceased.

This cause came on for hearing upon the petition of William Patschke, guardian of Minnie Schroeder, John Schroeder and Edward Roenig, minor children of Augusta Schroeder, deceased, praying for license to sell the following described real estate to-wit: The Northeast quarter of Section Twelve, in Township Nineteen North, of Range Two West of the Sixth Principal Meridian in Platte county, Nebraska, for maintenance and the benefit of said wards, and it appearing to the court that it is necessary and would be beneficial to said wards to sell said real estate.

It is therefore ordered by the court that all persons interested in said estate appear before said district court at the court house in Columbus, Platte county, Nebraska, on the 24 day of October, 1893, at 1 o'clock p. m., to show cause why a license should not be granted to said guardian to sell said real estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be served upon the next of kin of the wards and upon all parties interested in said estate by publication of the same in THE COLUMBUS JOURNAL, published in Columbus, Platte county, Nebraska, for at least three successive weeks prior to said hearing.

Dated August 21, 1893.

J. J. SULLIVAN, Judge.

I hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the order to show cause as appears of record in this office.

August 21, 1893.

G. B. SPEICE, CLERK.
By J. S. WELLS, Deputy.
30aug-4t

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT

Of the condition of the

Columbus Real Estate Improvement Company,

Of Columbus, Nebraska, on August 15, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Real Estate and Improvements thereon	$44651 56
Cash in Commercial Bank	204 49
	$44856 05

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$29200 00
Bills payable	12500 00
Profit and loss	3156 05
	$44856 05

I, Dan Schram, secretary of the above named Real Estate Improvement Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

DAN SCHRAM.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 15th day of August, 1893.

[SEAL.] W. A. MCALLISTER, Notary Public, In and for Platte County, Nebr.
aug16-4t

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Also Tobacco, Morphine and other Narcotic Habits.

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COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.
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THREE ACRES of first-class land, just outside the city limits of Columbus on the east, together with

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Or JOHN TANNAHILL, Genoa, Nebr. 28jun3m

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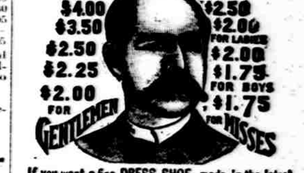

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