The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXV.—NUMBER 4. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 1,252.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

A wheelmen's club has been organized at Schuyler.

Fairfield has laid the foundation for a big flouring mill.

The Sunday law is now being rigidly enforced in Hastings.

Measles and scarlet fever are quite prevalent in Beatrice.

The school grounds at Cozad are to be irrigated by wind power.

A colt born at Fullerton had an extra leg, and its owner killed it.

Evangelist Pearson is stirring up great religious interest at Aurora.

O. D. Jones, a resident of Brock since 1854, is dead at the age of 72 years.

A series of horse races will be held on the Tecumseh fair grounds May 31st.

Rev. Mr. Miller of Chapman has accepted a call to the Baptist church of Ord.

The Union Pacific depot at Shelton is to be enlarged and rearranged on the inside.

Arbor day was celebrated in Schuyler only to the extent of closing the banks.

A Sunday school convention for Cedar county will be held at Hartington May 12 and 13.

The city council of Grand Island has made a reduction in the salary of city officials.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Durand of Verdon last week celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

Frank Hershey has gone to Oregon to purchase 24,000 head of sheep for his ranch near Gibbon.

An effort is being made to secure the independent state convention at Kearney the coming fall.

Harry Nichols, a prominent citizen of Pawnee City, fell from a hay loft and was quite badly injured.

The Madison county teachers' institute will be held at Madison, beginning June 11 and closing June 21.

The Nemaha County Teachers' institute will be held at Auburn June 18 and continue in session two weeks.

Rev. Mr. Guy has resigned the pastorate of the Christian church at Diller and will take a tour around the world.

A fellow representing himself as an advance agent of Barnum & Bailey's show last week done up some of the people of Lincoln.

Arrangements are being made by some of the tree thinkers of Gibbon and vicinity to try to secure a course of lectures by Mr. S. P. Putman.

The sheriff of Dawes county has started a rogues' gallery, and the first faces to adorn it are those of the men who robbed the depot at Crawford.

The cost for conducting the prosecution of the original cases before the criminal court of Lancaster county for the January term amounted to $570.12.

The Howells Journal says less flax will be sown in that vicinity this year than at any time in the last five years, as the crop has not proved a paying one.

Mrs. Ashton of Seward county was last week taken to the insane asylum. She was sun struck last summer while at the World's fair and has never been quite right since.

A. R. Haggerty, an ex-student of the Lincoln Business college, has been held to the district court in the sum of $200 bail for taking mail out of the postoffice on a forged order.

The business men of McCool Junction will be compelled to organize "Lloyds." Rowley's agency of Omaha on April 21 treated McCool Junction and raised the rates 25 to 40 per cent.

A Geneva man tried to have his wife's father put under bonds to keep the peace but the evidence was not strong enough to establish proof that the young man's pelt was in any danger.

Articles of incorporation were last week filed by a number of citizens of Henderson, to be known as the Henderson Separator Creamery company. The amount of capital stock is $4,500.

A Nebraska city dryman, who spends his evenings and earnings down town, was called to account by his faithful wife, who went after him at 10 p. m. and induced him to go home by masking a lantern over his head.

Denial is now given to the truthfulness of the report that Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland will spend a few days at Arbor Lodge, near Nebraska City in June, as the guests of Secretary Morton.

"Reddy" Wilson, who at times has lived in Omaha and done crooked work there, was lynched by a mob at Missouri Valley a few days ago. He had shot and killed the city marshal at that place.

The Norfolk foundry and Manufacturing company is putting in new machinery and otherwise improving its plant. The first boiler made in Norfolk, a fine piece of work, is one of the additions.

Howard Clarke of Papillion, has become such an enthusiastic bicyclist that he is about to make a tour of Europe on his wheel. He starts for England May 2 and will spend the entire summer abroad.

The Stanton canning factory, that has never been used since it was completed last season, will probably be operated this year if the business men of the town will give the enterprise the proper encouragement.

A prisoner in the jail at Osceola dropped the lamp on the floor in the hope of burning his way to liberty. The oil spattered on his clothing and took fire, whereby he came near getting more liberty than he wanted.

The bonds of the school district of Schuyler, amounting to $200,000, were sold last week to N. W. Harris & Co. of Chicago, they paying therefor a premium of $812. The bonds mature in twenty years and draw 7 per cent interest.

Over thirty freeholders, the legal number, have petitioned the village board of Nelson to grant a saloon license to Charles H. Ray of Hastings, so that after going dry for many years Nelson seems liable to have a licensed saloon.

Three Benkelman bloods, while out painting the town, took possession of the streets and opened fire on everything in sight. They shot the lights out of the lamp post and did many other acts of vandalism, yet no arrests were made.

C. F. Popper and A. J. Sheridan have filed with the secretary of state articles of incorporation to be known as the Paxton Irrigation company of the county of Keith. The above corporation will commence business with a capital stock of $5,000.

An examination for those wishing to enter Vassar college will be held in Nebraska City under the direction of Superintendent Skinner and Prof. Lord, June 5, 6 and 7. A number of young ladies of the city are preparing to take the examination.

Dr. Devries of the Fremont Herald has been appointed to take charge of the relay race that is to carry government messages from Washington to Denver in August, his department being from Fremont to Schuyler. He advertises for twenty of the fleetest bicyclists of the city to be in readiness.

Deputy United States Marshal Mullen arrested Harry Knight for the robbery of the postoffice at Hubbard on the night of April 25 and took him to Omaha. Knight also robbed a saloon and tapped the depot the same night at the same place. He has confessed.

After being out twenty-six hours the jury in the district court of Antelope county brought in a verdict of acquittal for George W. Thomas. This ends the first of the Rothwell cases. The Rothwell brothers will be tried at the fall term of court.

Anton Jaroski, a Pole, who burglarized Scheidel's hardware store at Platte Center, and who was bound over by County Judge Hensley, guilty of grand larceny, was sentenced by Judge Sullivan to two years in the penitentiary at hard labor.

Mrs. Minnie Thompson, a widow residing near Abbott, sent her hired man to Grand Island with a load of hogs, which he sold and on which he secured $66.75. He paid $25 taxes, $5 for lumber and gave the lady $5, skipping out during the night with the balance.

Thomas A. Crouch, a constable at Grafton was arrested for attempting to kill Mary Crouch. He immediately left the town and a diligent search was made for him at all the towns near and finally he was found at Geneva. Some people think he is a little off in the upper story.

Word was received at Union Pacific headquarters last week to the effect that in the case of the Rock Island against the Union Pacific for rentals alleged to be due the former company, tried in the district court of Cook county, the Rock Island was awarded $56,481, having sued for $150,000.

The Standard Cattle company at Ames, four miles west of Fremont has closed a contract with the Oxnard beet sugar company to plant and cultivate 500 acres of beets this season. The company planted 500 acres last year, and had remarkable success with the crop.

An effort is being made in Lincoln to organize a state league of Young Men's Christian association ball clubs, with Hastings, Grand Island, Fremont, Omaha, Beatrice, Crete and York in the circuit. A committee consisting of John Cochran, A. J. McPherrin and C. Kimmerer is at work on the project.

Charles Fitch, a cattleman from Marysville, Mo., died last week at the Colonade hotel in Omaha from an overdose of morphine. Whether the drug was taken with suicidal intent is not positively known, but circumstances indicate that it was merely his purpose to secure some sleep after a prolonged spree.

An accident happened at Table Rock, in which William J. Brock lost his life. He was at work about the circular saw in Keller's fence factory, and fell on or was caught by the saw and literally sawed to pieces. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of accidental death. He was 45 years old and leaves a wife and two children.

Norman W. Peters has filed his bond of $50,000 with John Peters, C. T. Barns, Loran Clark and M. P. Thompson as sureties, to perform faithfully the duties devolving upon him as deputy auditor of public accounts, insurance department of the state of Nebraska, during his term of office from May 1, 1894, until his successor is appointed.

Hon. E. K. Valentine, says the Fremont Tribune, was seen at the depot this morning on his way home to West Point from the east, where he has been for about three months. He says the people in the west do not know what hard times are and that the armies going to Washington are crazy, for it is all they can do now to take care of their unemployed.

The citizens of University Place, the educational suburb of Lincoln, are anxious to induce the Rock Island railroad to make that place one of the stations on its line. The road runs within a mile of the village, and the citizens believe that a slight deflection from the present route could be made with but little cost and with considerable profit to the company.

Sheriffs Dow of Sioux county and Moses of Hot Springs, S. D., arrested two cattle rustlers twenty miles northwest of Harrison, Neb. They are George Colobard and James Larsam. They are well known in Sioux county and were not suspected of being concerned in cattle stealing, but when found they had two cattle dressed and four more in a pen ready to be killed.

Joan Boyd, who was sentenced to thirty-three months in the penitentiary at hard labor for selling liquor to Indians, was granted a full and free pardon by the governor. He was convicted at the March term of court in Sheridan county and was received at the penitentiary April 30, 1893. An Iowa man who does not want his name published made application for his release.

Henry T. Decker, who has been arrested at Fort Collins, Colo., by officer Louis Grebe of Omaha, under a requisition, was taken to Wilbur to answer the charge of having caused the burning of the opera house at Dorchester in August, 1892, with intent to defraud the Home Fire Insurance company for the amount of insurance, and the case stands appealed to the supreme court. The present charge is brought against him by the company.

George P. Nelson, living about eight miles northwest of Cozad, was summoned to his door and attacked by masked men who knocked him down and attempted to murder him. No one was in the house but the hired man, who was up stairs. Hearing the disturbance below he seized a shotgun and started down. One of the intruders shot at him as he was on the stairway. He returned the fire and the ruffians fled. Nelson was seriously injured.

Mrs. Catherine Clifton, probably the oldest person in the state, died the other day at her home in Alexandria. She was born November 9, 1787, in Lincoln county, North Carolina, and was therefore, at the time of her death, aged 106 years, 5 months and 15 days. She lived in her native state until she was 13 years old, and then moved to Tennessee. She afterwards lived in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and came from the last named state to Nebraska.

Allen Alford, a young clerk employed in the office of Kilpatrick Bros. & Collins at Beatrice was found to be a forger to the visible extent of $150. The firms name was forged to the checks, and the victims, so far as known, are Clark Browning for $50, J. F. Steele for $40, J. F. Smith for $35 and J. E. Baldy for $25. The checks were all presented in payment of trivial bills. Alford receiving the balance in good, clean cash. Young Alford has disappeared from town in company with two young companions and a young girl.

R. E. Parney, who lives on his farm four miles west of Kearney, found a peculiar looking substance that had been dug up by prairie dogs. He sent a small piece to Prof. Barber of the State university and that gentleman found it to be ivory. The professor went to investigate the discovery further, and the workmen dug up one piece of the same substance five and a half inches in diameter and another two feet long and five inches in diameter. Prof. Barber is satisfied the ivory is the tusk of some huge mastodon and hopes to find a part if not the entire skeleton of the monster.

WOMAN'S WILES

MISS Wardour will be here today."

My wife glanced up from the letter which she was reading, in her comfortable seat behind the silver coffee-urn, with a look of mild surprise in her blue eyes.

"Miss Wardour! Why, Charlie! I thought that she and—and you—"

"Were once betrothed lovers?"

"Is that it, Daisy? Well, yes: it is true; but Florence—Miss Wardour, I mean—saw fit to break it off. I am sure I am under obligations to her, for, had she not done so, I should never have had you, dear."

Daisy looked uncomfortable.

"But, Charlie, isn't it a little unusual, to say the least, for a lady to visit at a gentleman's house, when she was once his intended wife? And to come without an invitation from me, seems odd at least."

Now I—Charlie Dane—six months a benedict, a popular lawyer, and with a pretty home and lovely wife, knew that Daisy was perfectly correct. But some perverse spirit took possession of me. Surely I was master of my own house. And Miss Wardour's visit was merely a business affair. I was her lawyer, appointed to settle up the estate of her late father, and if I chose to invite my client to make my house her home during her stay in Philadelphia, why should Daisy make "a mountain out of a mole hill," and object?

I proceeded to explain the situation to my wife. Miss Wardour had made her home in the South with her mother's sister. I had met her there, while on a Southern trip, became infatuated with her grace and beauty, proposed, and was accepted. The course of our true love ran very smoothly for a time; then there was the advent of a rich and elderly suitor—Mr. Cheswicke—who began at once to lay siege to the affections of my betrothed wife. To my surprise she did not repulse him and would not permit our engagement to be made public. There was nothing to do but submit.

The result was that one day Florence returned my ring and announced to me that she had changed her mind, and was going to marry Mr. Cheswicke. Of course I released her. That was three years ago, and I had since met my Daisy, and we had been married half a year. Our home was in Philadelphia, and we were living happily, when old Mr. Wardour died at his home in the suburbs, and Florence was summoned to his deathbed. She had no one else in the world; her mother had died when she was a child. I learned that she had not married Mr. Cheswicke and there seemed little probability of it. But she had written and asked me to receive her for a few days. How could I refuse?

"WHY DID YOU JILT ME?"

At last, Daisy was brought over to my way of thinking, and Miss Wardour was received and made welcome. She was a tall, handsome brunette, as unlike my blue-eyed, sunny-haired Daisy as possible. As my gaze fell upon the graceful figure in deep mourning, I was pleased to discover that my heart did not thrill, and I felt none of the pleasant sensations experienced when one cares for another. Thank heaven, my love was entirely dead, every trace and vestige of it.

My eyes wandered toward Daisy. She was welcoming her self-invited guest with easy grace, and I said to myself, "My darling little wife! I never loved that other woman as I love her!"

"Ah, Charlie!" cried our guest, putting both gloved hands in mine, and letting her glorious dark eyes rest upon my face with a deep intense gaze, "it's quite like old times to see you again! And you have not changed one bit!"

It was, to say the least, in decidedly bad taste—this reference to the dead and gone days; but I merely smiled and uttered some common-place nothing.

Then Miss Wardour proceeded to make herself perfectly at home in our pretty domicile. No more tete-a-tetes for Daisy and me. Wherever we went of course our guest accompanied us, though, on account of her recent bereavement, she was debarred from real society.

The days went by and still she lingered. Her small business affairs were now quite settled, and there was no excuse for her remaining; but she said to me, with a dazzling smile, that she was so in love with our pretty home, she could not tear herself away. What could I do then, but tell her to remain as long as she chose?

Time passed, and Florence and I were constantly thrown together. Daisy pleaded household affairs and absented herself continually. I went on, unconsciously treading in a dangerous path; my feet were upon the edge of a swirling vortex; one swift movement and I would be lost.

It was certainly very pleasant for me to have the beautiful face of our guest opposite me when I sat down to read at night—to read aloud; with Daisy in a corner, quiet and unobtrusive, keeping out of the way, because she was too proud to interfere. And I—blind fool—never dreamed the truth.

One night, Florence sat at the piano, in the moonlight which flooded the room. She had begged that the gas should not be lighted; and there she sat, her white fingers touching the keys, while her sweet, low voice sang, softly, tenderly, meaningly, the words of a sad old song—A Life's Regret:

"Turning the leaves in an idle way
Of a book I was skimming the other day,
I found a line at the end of a song
Which keeps on haunting me all day long;
With its sweet and mournful melody—
'Oh, love, my love, had you loved but me!'
Sadder a burden could never be—
Than 'Love, my love, had you loved but me!'

"Few words and simple, but oh how much
The singer had told in that little touch!
How hard a story of chances lost,
Of bright hopes blighted, and true love crossed,
Is heard in the whispered melody:
'Oh, love, my love, had you loved but me!'
To many a sorrow the key may be—
'Oh, love, my love, had you loved but me?'"

Her eyes met mine with a look in their depths which made my heart leap. It was not love—thank God for that!—but gratified vanity, which more than one man has mistaken for love.

My hand went down upon hers and imprisoned the velvet fingers.

"Florence!" I murmured, "why did you jilt me? Why did you cast me off?"

Her head drooped.

"I will tell you frankly," she said. "I was mercenary, and you were not rich. Mr. Cheswicke was a millionaire—and—and I madly threw aside your love for his gold! Oh, Charlie! Charlie darling, I have regretted it ever since! My heart has wept tears of blood over my mad mistake!"

Now, it happened—or had a kind Providence directed it?—that I had heard a different version of this story that day—had heard it from no less a person than old Mr. Cheswicke himself. She had engaged herself to him, but he distrusted the disinterestedness of her motives, and had come to her one day and told her that his fortune was gone—lost in a mad venture, and he was a poor man. She had promptly released him from the engagement.

So, I knew just what value to set upon the fair lady's "tale of woe."

But some devil prompted me and I stooped and kissed her upon the shining, dark hair, which she wore in a huge knot at the back of her head.

"Poor child!" I said softly.

There was the rustle of skirts, a dash of white drapery, and, with a gasp, I realized that my wife, standing unobserved beside the open window, had overheard and witnessed the scene.

With a muttered imprecation over my own madness I dashed through the open window and followed her.

"Daisy!" I called aloud, "wait, dear! I wish to speak with you!"

But she never stopped, never turned to left nor right, and I followed in mad pursuit. On, on, slight and frail as she was, I overtook her and caught her in my arms.

"Now tell me, my wife, what were you going to do?" I whispered.

She struggled to get free.

"I am going away," she cried, indignantly. "You love that bad woman, Charlie! I will go and leave you to your own devices."

"You will do nothing of the sort," I returned, firmly. "Come back to the house with me, my darling. We will cast out the evil spirit, and henceforth only love and peace shall reign within our home."

With Daisy on my arm, I re-entered the house, and there I told Miss Wardour in a few well-chosen words, that I had fathomed her scheme to bring discord and ruin into a happy home.

She listened in sullen silence; then she arose and coldly withdrew.

The next morning she entered my waiting carriage and was driven to the nearest station. She has gone to Canada to live, and nobody here misses her. But, remembering her subtle fascination—the fascination of the serpent, I feel very grateful that old Mr. Cheswicke had appeared in time to keep me from falling into her wicked net. For even the strongest man is not always proof against a wicked woman's wiles.

Japan's Cruel Divorce Law.

Hanniker Heaton has been gathering some very interesting marriage statistics concerning the customs in vogue in different countries, from which one reads with amusement, and perhaps a certain degree of amazement, that throughout Japan a man may get a divorce if his wife talks too much. Ordinary people may suppose that this harsh law will have the effect of curbing loquacity, but it has not. Japanese ladies are the most talkative of their sex, and divorces are common among them. In Thibet a woman is entitled to three husbands. In Melbourne a man may secure a divorce if his wife gets drunk three times, or if she habitually neglects her household duties.—N. Y. Sun.

Well Built Tenements.

Model tenement houses have paid well in London. Sir Sidney Waterlow made the first experiment of the kind in 1863 when he built at his own expense four blocks in Work street, Finsbury. The buildings accommodated eight families, or 400 persons, and such was their success that in three years, in conjunction with several friends, he started the Improved Industrial Dwellings company, of which he is chairman. That company has spent over £1,000,000 in the erection of dwellings on forty-five estates in London. The dividend paid is five per cent, and the average rent of each room is fifty cents.

The Shopper's Weakness.

Lady Shopper—What? You ask $6 a yard for this cloth? Why, I can get it at Dreighgoods' for $2.

Clerk—Yes madame. But we're offering this at our bargain counter.

Lady Shopper, taking out her purse—Oho! Let me have ten yards please.

Nothing to Fear.

Bad Boy—Come out and play. Good Boy—I can't. Mamma went down town and said I mustn't go out until she got back. Bad Boy—You needn't bother about her. She'll get run over by a trolley car before she gets back. Everybody does.—Good News.

A cotton vest made from a piece of cloth woven 114 years ago is owned by John B. Perry of Dawson, Ga. The cotton was woven by Mr. Perry's great-grandmother.

ELECTRICITY MADE BY WIND

At Slight Expense It Is Possible to Fit Your House with Incandescents.

New York Press: Mr. J. A. Corcoran of Jersey City has just completed a novel experiment in the application of a windmill to an electric lighting plant. The plant, though an experimental one, is now in operation without as yet a single mishap, and the storage cells furnish current for twenty-four incandescent lamps in Mr. Corcoran's residence. Everything points to the complete success of the scheme. The mill has a diameter of eighteen feet, and at a speed of twenty miles an hour is capable of delivering three-horse-power. The dynamo driven by belt from the main gear charges a set of storage batteries. It is so designed that throughout the wide variations of speed of the windmill it maintains the potential constant. Mr. Corcoran says that the application of a windmill to run the dynamos of an electric lighting plant will place electricity in the homes of thousands, who can thus secure their motive power from nature.

A windmill is not a very costly structure, and any one who owns a bit of open land about his residence can erect one and fit up his simple electrical apparatus inside of it. The thousands of windmills one sees in traveling over the country, if Mr. Corcoran's scheme proves a permanent success, may be utilized for lighting the residences of the owners and those of their neighbors, as well as drawing water for stock. One windmill will light half a dozen residences at the same time.

The machine in Mr. Corcoran's windmill occupies a floor space of only thirty inches square and fifteen inches high. The dynamo has a maximum current capacity of thirty-five amperes at thirty-five volts and is put into action when the speed is 600 revolutions per minute, that is, when an eight-mile breeze is blowing.

A great thing that deterred experiments with windmills was the wind itself, but it is believed that success can be had with the average rate of 7½ miles per hour that can be depended on throughout the United States. While the maximum and the minimum rate, of course, vary during different seasons at the sea-coast and in different localities, the average rate of 7½ miles can be obtained at almost any point in the country. Near the sea-coast and in elevated localities the average rate is much higher, and it is in such situations that the first attempts will be made throughout the country to apply the plan of generating electricity with the aid of wind. So it will be readily seen that the utilization of the waste forces of nature is steadily pushing itself to the front. Engineers now study applications which were hardly considered proper for a sane man to consider a dozen years ago.

Impoliteness is derived from two sources—indifference to the divine and contempt for the human.

There is scarcely any popular tenet more erroneous than that which holds that when time is slow life is dull.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness.

One reason why there is not more good being done is because so many people want to wait until to-morrow to begin.

To be zealous of good works doesn't mean to sit around and whittle while your wife is hard at work trying to make a living.

As freely as the firmament embraces the world, or the sun pours forth impartially his beams, so mercy must encircle both friend and foe.

PROGRESS OF INVENTION.

Street cars were first used in this country in 1830 and in England ten years later.

Artificial wood for furniture, roofs, insulators, etc., is now made by burning magnesite together with wood shavings, sawdust, cotton, hair or wool.

A German officer has invented a motor in which a fine stream of coal dust is utilized to drive a piston by explosion in the same manner as the gas in the gas engine.

A useful hand lamp is simply a vial filled with heated olive oil into which a small piece of phosphorus has been dropped. The light will shine whenever the bottle is uncorked, admitting the air.

The new magazine rifle which the French army is experimenting with can be fired 100 times without being taken from the shoulder and the cartridges weigh only half as much as ordinary ammunition.

In the British navy is the most singular ship in the world, the Polyphemus. It is simply a long steel tube, buried deeply in the water, the deck rising only four feet above the water's level. It carries no masts or sails, and is used as a ram or torpedo boat.

At a recent meeting of the Japan society in London the chairman made a practical suggestion. He said that the sound produced by bamboo pipes was very soft and mellow; that it was largely used by the Japanese in the manufacture of musical instruments, and it seemed possible that organ-builders might derive advantage from the use of this reed for organ pipes.

An Egg Bath.

A Paris plumber was repairing the tiles of a house, when, his foot having slipped, he fell off the roof into the street below. Just then a market gardener's cart happened to pass by the house, laden with baskets full of eggs, and osier-cages containing live poultry, and the man, falling into the midst of this load, crushed two cages, killed about a dozen fowls, and finally was ingulfed in an enormous basket of eggs. When withdrawn from his liquid tomb the plumber looked like an omelette, but, excepting a few slight bruises, he was safe and sound.

"Hello, Banks. Been losing at the races again, haven't you? Just your blamed luck." "Not much; away ahead this time." "I thought so. Can you lend me a five?"

Aspiring Poet—I'll set the whole world ablaze yet. His Wife—I do hope you will, dear. Would you mind making a fire in the kitchen stove—just as a matter of practice, you know.

Mr. Isaacs—I sells you dot coat at a great sacrifice. Customer—But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a living? Mr. Isaacs—Mein frient, I makes a schmall profit on the paper and string.

TALKING WITH LONDON.

VOICES MAY SOON BE HEARD ACROSS THE OCEAN.

A Bimetallic Wire Which Will Accomplish Wonders—The New System Requires no Patented Attachments to Work It—Cheap and Simple.

It begins to look as if we would be able pretty soon to "ring up" Europe over the 'phone, says the New York World. The question of ocean telephony is being earnestly studied and for a month past experiments tending toward that end have been carried on. The results that have been obtained are the talk of the scientific world.

Keen attention to the subject has been caused by the invention of a new electric wire, and according to some eminent authorities, it may revolutionize the present system of long-distance talking.

The problem of how to bring both sides of the ocean within speaking distance of each other has been rendered difficult because of the breaking up of the sound waves, the leaking of the insulation and several other technical obstacles of a like nature. But it looks at present as if all these might be overcome, for the new wire carries sound perfectly and does not need any insulation at all.

Strange as it may seem, however, this very wire was known eleven years ago, and has actually been in use for that time, though its owners did not know it and remained ignorant of its great possibilities.

It is composed of a steel wire coated over with copper, and simple as the combination is, it apparently solves the problem of long distance communication. Another point in its favor is that it may be used with any style of transmitter, so that there will be no interference of valuable patents to increase the cost. Also, as communication can be made by it at the rate of 150 words per minute, the advantage over the present cable methods, which will only allow twenty, is apparent.

Early in 1883 the Postal telegraph company, in extending its lines to the West, employed a wire consisting of a steel core upon which a thick layer of copper was deposited. This conductor had a tensile strength greatly exceeding that of any similar line theretofore employed, and, in addition, had a much greater conductivity. The results obtained with this wire were telegraphically so good that they at once suggested the possibility of employing the line for the telephonic transmission as well.

The voice could be easily heard between New York and Chicago, and between New York and Cleveland the ordinary Bell magneto-receiver used as a transmitter was sufficient to carry on a conversation. But these good results were attributed to the large amount of copper in the wire, and it was not thought that the steel had anything to do with the increased transmitting property of the wire.

Among those who witnessed the experiments on the wire stretched from New York to Chicago was William H. Eckert, general manager of the Metropolitan telephone company, and a brother of General Eckert, president of the Western Union telegraph company. Mr. Eckert attributed the great success of the wire to its being composed of both steel and copper, but his theory was laughed at and the affair was dropped. During the last month he made a series of experiments with a similarly constructed wire, and the wonderful success obtained is what is now the talk of the scientific, and especially of the electrical world.

The experiments were carried on near Plainfield, N. J. A fine wire composed of steel and copper was laid without any insulation on it for a mile and a half through the water, mud and slush of a country road. When that length had been stretched out a common, ordinary telephone receiver was placed at each end of the line and whispers were distinctly heard by the men at the other end.

A heavy truck loaded with stone ran across the wire, but it was merely pushed deeper into the mud, and the talking still went on.

A remarkable fact about this line is that only one wire is used. The earth takes the place of the other wire. The fact that part of the line ran through a brook seemed to make no difference in its workings; hence the inference of its working across the ocean.

Mr. Eckert, who helped to carry on the experiment, says regarding it: "From its performance I have no doubt that it would work perfectly well across the ocean. Of course that is a point to be arrived at, but the little experiments that have been tried ought to demonstrate its practical utility.

"I was present when the experiments were made between New York and Chicago. The distance is, I believe, but 1,050 miles, and the line worked perfectly. Had it been stretched to San Francisco it would have done just as well. In fact, strange as it may seem, distance seems to increase rather than retard its working. The distance between New York and San Francisco and New York and the nearest point on the other side are about the same; therefore, the scheme is feasible.

On the long premises is said to be a long court room where persons inimical to the society are tried and condemned in their absence. Officers are selected to discover the so-called culprit and deal with him as directed by the court. These officers are called salaried soldiers, and have been found armed with a coat of mail and a belt of weapons concealed beneath their blouses. The chief of police has in his possession a photograph of a document bearing the seal of the Chee Kung Tong at Victoria, B. C., purporting to be the commission of one of these salaried soldiers. It was found on the person of one of these thugs when arrested.

The paper promised that if, in the discharge of his duty, he should happen to be slain, $500 would be paid to his family; if wounded he was to receive free medical attendance and $10 a month; if maimed and incapacitated for further service, he was to receive $250 and a free passage home. He was directed to wound and kill persons when so ordered by the Tong, and if for so doing he was sent to the state prison, $100 was promised his family until his sentence had expired.

NEARLY TEN MILLION MEN.

The Army From Which Uncle Sam May Draw Should Occasion Require.

An army of 9,000,000 men! How Napoleon's legions dwindle beside this, and the hosts which Grant, Sherman and Sheridan led shrink to pigmies, says the Boston Journal. This enormous figure represents all the able-bodied men in the United States available for military service. But of course no such swarm of fighters could ever be mobilized in this or any other country. It would overtax even American energy and resources to clothe and feed and arm and maintain them in idleness. The figures have no practical military value, but as a suggestion of the mighty military potentialities of the young republic they are not without their interest to the world. But when we come to enumerate the men actually under arms in the United States as trained and disciplined soldiers we realize our present military significance. Besides the little regular army of 25,000 men there is a more or less thoroughly organized and equipped force of 112,190 men in the national guard and militia. That is, only about one man in 100 of those of our citizens able to bear arms regularly engaged in mastering the rudiments of the soldier's profession. New York, as might be expected, has the largest military organization — 737 officers and 12,072 men. Pennsylvania has 8,614 officers and men; Ohio, 6,125. Then comes Massachusetts, well up in the list, with 5,666. Fiery South Carolina, with 5,440 officers and men, has an armed force out of all proportion to its wealth and population. The New England states, outside Massachusetts, have respectable little armies, ranging from Vermont's 784 to Connecticut's 2,761. The Southern states have large militia organizations as a whole; the Western states very small ones. But the national guard is steadily growing everywhere in numbers as in efficiency. It is fulfilling in a satisfactory way its purpose of perpetuating a knowledge of military art, and it would be found to be a respectable nucleus for a host of volunteers to rally on in an emergency.

The Three Rs.

The famous toast to "the three R's"—"reading," "riting" and "rithmetic"—is usually accredited to Sir William Curtis, lord mayor of London, in the year 1795, and for many years one of the wardens of the tower. He proposed it at a dinner given by the London board of education in the days when Dr. Bell and "Quaker" Lancaster were pleading for increased educational advantages for the poor. It was received with great applause and drank amid much merriment. But though recognized at the time as a jest, it was afterwards taken up in earnest by Sir William's detractors, who have handed his name down to posterity as a blundering ignoramus. A late writer in one of the leading English weeklies says that an aged ex-member of the board of education, now deceased, assured him that Sir William Curtis, although a man of limited education, was very shrewd, and that it was the height of presumption to suppose that he used his immortal alliteration otherwise than as a jest.

Hush Money.

"I expect these rich men are very often blackmailed?"

"Indeed they are. Why, it was only a year ago that George Gould was obliged to pay hush money."

"You don't say so. I'm surprised that it is not in the papers. So he had to pay hush money. How much was he bled?"

"He only had to shell out twenty-five cents. It was for a bottle of paregoric, or soothing syrup for the baby. It squalls so that it scares the cats off the roof."—Texas Siftings.

Curious Land in the Adirondacks.

Much of the land classed as "meadow" in the Adirondack region is a curious swampy soil, covered with vegetation that rises so as to hide the underlying cold, dark water. One may walk for miles upon such a meadow, the feet sinking into it as into a water-soaked sponge, and deer frequently feed upon the grasses of the meadows and seemingly enjoy in midsummer the perpetual cool foot-bath of their pasture.

His Last Resort.

"How did Brown come to be a literary critic?"

"Failed in the grocery business."

BRILLIANTS.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

The pure refreshments of life are the moral and intellectual.

You will soon become poor in earnest if you try to keep all you get.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

Keep in a good humor with the future—it never did you any harm.

A man's opinions are usually of much more value than his arguments.

Benevolence without love has no more heart in it than an auction block.

A lie has a dagger in its hand, no matter how well meaning it may look.

Don't fool with sin. Whoever plays with knives will sooner or later get cut.

As much hate can sometimes be put into a word as can be fired out of a musket.

If no drunkard can go to heaven, what is to become of the drunkard maker?

Some men are bound in the devil's ropes because they didn't try to break his threads.

Walk bodily and wisely in the light thou hast; there is a hand above will help thee on.

If the old world likes you right well, it is a sure sign that you are like the world.

The repentance practiced before a sin is committed is the kind that needeth not to be repented on.

Excess of grief for the dead is madness; for it is an injury to the living, and the dead knows it not.

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Columbus - State - Bank!

(Oldest Bank in the State.)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits AND Makes Loans on Real Estate.

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SELLS : STEAMSHIP : TICKETS.

BUYS GOOD NOTES

And Helps its Customers when they Need Help.

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CLARK GRAY, GEO. W. GALLEY,
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Bank of deposit; interest allowed on time deposits; buy and sell exchange on United States and Europe, and buy and sell available securities. We shall be pleased to receive your business. We solicit your patronage.

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JACOB GREISEN, HENRY RAGATZ,
JAMES G. REEDER.

Statement of the Condition at the Close of Business July 12, 1893.

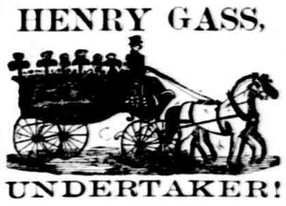
RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 241,467 57
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures	16,784 90
U. S. Bonds	15,250 00
Due from other banks	$37,576 11
Cash on Hand	21,867 56 59,743 69
Total	$333,196 36

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$ 90,000 00
Surplus Fund	20,000 00
Undivided profits	4,576 69
Circulation	11,500 00
Deposits	225,119 67
Total	$333,196 36

HENRY GASS,



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Repairing of all kinds of Upholstery Goods.

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