The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXV.--NUMBER 5. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 1,253.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

All forms of gambling is forbidden in Hastings.

Cutworms are doing some damage in the vicinity of Hastings.

Steps are being taked at Kearney for a race meeting this summer.

Ladies of Fremont have inaugurated the custom of horseback riding.

Cuming county will have some new buildings for its fair show this fall.

The central portion of Dodge county experienced a very severe hail storm.

Sheep feeding is to be another big business in Dodge county next winter.

The Dodge county teachers' institute will be held in Fremont June 25 to July 17.

Insurance rates have been raised in Fairbury, whereat there is a loud protest.

An effort is being made to have the gambling houses of South Omaha closed.

Gen. Van Wyck and wife have returned to their country home in Nebraska.

President Cleveland denies that he is going to spend the heated term in Nebraska.

Bert Simpson, a former Omaha newspaper man, suicided in Stockton, California.

James Wales, a laborer, was struck by a train near South Omaha and killed last week.

Thirty-eight members united with First Congregational church in Lincoln last Sunday.

H. E. Greswold, of Dodge county made a shipment of 250 head of cattle for Liverpool.

A hundred citizens of Franklin have banded themselves together to form a republican league.

The republican state central committee is called to meet at the Millard hotel, Omaha, May 23d.

The state pharmacists meet in Hastings June 4 7. It is expected there will be a large attendance.

A district fair association has been organized at Arapahoe for the benefit of Furnas and adjoining counties.

The house of Mrs. Heine of Fremont, during her temporary absence, was entered by burglars and $15 appropriated.

Chancellor Canfield of the State university gave the citizens of Stromsburg an interesting and instructive lecture.

Fruit in the vicinity of Hastings is thought to have been considerably damaged by the changeable weather.

Sneak thieves of Omaha are living high from refrigerators which citizens leave exposed in kitchens and back porches.

At a stable fire, in Omaha, the other night seven animals belonging to the American Biscuit company perished in the flames.

Hon. W. J. Bryan has been invited to deliver an address at the coming Chautauqua in Fremont to the Modern Woodmen of America.

The state board of health has officially declared that a physician who advertises himself is not guilty of "unprofessional conduct."

Mrs. Burrows of Nebraska City, wants a divorce from her husband with whom she has lived for thirty-five years. The charge is drunkenness and desertion.

A farmer at Imperial has kept a double entry account with his flock of hens and finds by the balance sheet that they have returned a net profit of $1 per hen for the year.

There is great complaint at Norfolk again over unjust freight rates, which have caused another wholesaler to leave the city for a field that is not discriminated against by the railroads.

A colored man is working some Nebraska towns for subscriptions to lift a mortgage on a Baptist church in Council Bluffs. He hasn't any credentials and it is possible may be a fraud.

Dr. Solomon and other physicians of South Omaha propose to drive out all midwives who are doing business in the Magic City contrary to law. There are said to be seventy-three women thus engaged.

Commander Church Howe spoke to a large and enthusiastic audience at the opera house in Kearney. He urged all old veterans who had never joined the Grand Army of the Republic to come into the fold.

Charles R. Knapp, who has been running the Hotel Oxnard at Norfolk since last fall, left the other morning on the early Sioux City train, leaving the bulk of his rent bill and numerous other bills with merchants and help unpaid.

The body of Harry Saults, aged 21, was found hanging in the barn of Charles Johnson, a farmer living in the northeast corner of Grant township, Gage county. It was evidently a case of suicide, but no motive is assigned.

The following appointments are announced from Washington: Charles H. Adams of Nebraska, to be register of the land office at Broken Bow, Neb.; Andrew J. Robertson of Nebraska, to be receiver of public moneys at Broken Bow, Neb.

Simon Pearce broke jail again at Fairbury and escaped from the sheriff's care. He was returned to the jail a few days ago, having cut his way out. The other morning the sheriff found the cell and outer doors all locked and his prisoner missing.

The new village board of Ewing organized by electing J. A. Trommershauser chairman, A. A. Ege clerk and E. S. Gilmour treasurer. A remonstrance being presented against the issuance of saloon license the board adjourned to consider the matter.

W. L. Greene, of Kearney, has taken the cue from Coxey and proposes to organize a cavalry campaign this fall in the interests of the populists. He offers his services as commander-in-chief and believes he can get five hundred men throughout the state to follow him.

At Oxford while John Scharbles was driving a lumber wagon the front end gate came out and he was precipitated under the horses, which became frightened and ran, dragging him two blocks. He did not regain consciousness and died in six hours after receiving the injuries.

A box of choice crystals, some of them large and handsome, some in groups, were sent last week from New York city by Mr. Lazard Cahn to the state university museum. This will make a nucleus for the proposed crystalographic collection which will be made within the next twelve or fifteen months for the university.

That the law will be allowed to take its course in the case of Allan Alford, the young man who betrayed the confidence of his employers, Kilpatrick Bros. & Collins, of Beatrice, whose name he signed to five of their checks, is now certain. The young man's father refuses to intercede in his behalf, and expresses the wish that he may get as heavy sentence as possible.

A little child of Thomas McDonald of Tilden had a narrow escape from a terrible death the other day. A lamp was overturned in the little one's lap and she was instantly enveloped in flames. Quick action saved her life, but she was frightfully burned and will probably lose the sight of one eye.

Nellie Cavanaugh has sued Cudahy, the South Omaha packer, for $5,000, for the death of Patrick Cavanaugh, her husband, who was killed while working on a building being erected by Cudahy. Mrs. Cavanaugh by this fatality was left with three small children to support.

Old soldiers of Lincoln and adjoining counties rallied at Wallace to receive Commander Church Howe of the G. A. R. The town was decorated with flags and a general good time had. The M. E. church was filled to overflowing to listen to Commander Howe's address, which was well received.

The petition for the removal of Father English from his charge in Hastings was forwarded last week to Archbishop Hennessey at Dubuque. It is said to have contained but twenty-two or twenty-three names. It is very probable that a remonstrance will follow shortly, as the priest's friends do not propose to stand idly by while the opposition is busily engaged in trying to accomplish his removal.

Miss Mary Sima of Fremont, a Bohemian girl 17 years of age, had Henry McMartin, a former brakeman on the Elkhorn road, arrested, charging him with committing an assault upon her in the city park. When arrested McMartin denied knowing anything about the affair, but when Chief of Police Nelson said he would go with him to see the girl he wilted and acknowledged he was the person. He now languishes in the county jail.

May 8th was a gala day at Pine Ridge agency, the event being the marriage of Chief Yellow Bird and Julian Ecoffey, two prominent Sioux Indians. The affair was elaborately celebrated by the Sioux generally. The ceremony was unique, being a blending of the old-time Sioux and civilized customs, making it very romantic and yet impressive. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Snively in the Episcopalian chapel in the presence of a vast throng of Sioux attired in all conceivable manner of dress and composed of all classes in matter of civilization.

The Humane society met in Omaha the other day to take a new start. There were fifteen members present and all were enthusiastic over the revival of the good cause. The executive committee was instructed to confer with the committee from the Woman's Christian association and from the philanthropic branch of the Woman's club for the purpose of drafting a measure which will secure a state law for the prevention of the cruel treatment of children by parents or guardians. This measure will be introduced into the next legislature in the form of a bill.

Dixon, in Dixon county, has one interesting feature which is seldom seen in western communities. G. W. Hayne is a popular blacksmith who has worked at the business successfully for forty years. He is getting old, and not having been blessed with sons, he has trained his two daughters, Miss Florence, aged 19, and Miss Almeda, aged 18, and they are both now very competent assistants. They can polish plows, use the sledges and do most any other work which comes to the shop, and, withal they are handsome, intelligent, refined and cultivated ladies, and can shine in the drawing room with the same grace that they adorn their father's smithy.

A Chaffeil dispatch says: District court has been in session the past week with Hon. S. A. Holcomb on the bench. The ordinary grind was disposed of the first part of the week. The most important case was that of H. K. Jackett against William Helm for shooting off the arm of the former. The case was fought bitterly and resulted in a verdict of not guilty. Mrs. Jackett at once was overcome with hysteria and was carried moaning from the room. At the present time she is in an unconscious condition and her life is in the balance. Helm was tried for another charge of shooting, in which case the state of Nebraska was plaintiff.

Says the Norfolk News: About the middle of last June as G. S. Martin was passing the residence of W. H. Widaman the latter was out among the fruit trees on his property. Mr. Martin stopped for a chat, and in the course of the conversation Widaman remarked that some of his apple trees, planted several years ago, had not borne any fruit. Mr. Martin said he would fix that limb so it would be full of fruit next year. He was told to go ahead. Taking out his knife Mr. Martin proceeded to make a quarter-inch girdle around the limb, cutting away the bark only. This spring the girdled limb is the only one on the tree containing blossoms. Mr. Martin says he has seen this remedy tried many times and always with success. It was a Douglas county farmer who first discovered this remedy. He had tied a calf to an apple tree which had never produced an ounce of fruit. The rope around the tree wore away the bark, and the following year the tree was weighted down with fruit.

Memorial Day in Nebraska.

General order No. 4, from headquarters Department of Nebraska, Grand Army of the republic, reads:

"Pursuant to the establishment of a memorial day by the national encampment to be observed by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, on the 30th day of May, annually, in commemoration of the deeds of our fallen comrades, and as directed in general orders No. 6 from national headquarters, this general order is issued.

"The department commander earnestly desires that every post throughout the department shall join in the services of this sad and sacred day, and that they also comply with the rules and regulations by attending divine services in a body on the Sunday preceding same.

"Then, comrades, in obedience to this order, in the services of this hallowed day, mark the grave of every union soldier, dead, with the flag of the nation. Bear them kind remembrance, and in a true soldierly spirit, strew their silent homes with the choicest flowers of spring, which tell the story of loyalty and love.

"The women's Relief corps, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of Veterans, Ladies of the Grand Army, public schools, business men, traveling men, and all patriotic organizations are earnestly and cordially invited to join in these memorial exercises.

"On this day all living comrades not physically disabled will be expected to take part in the sad duties of the hour.

By command of CHURCH HOWE,
Dep't Commander."

Mrs. Gertrude Horr Connell, of the Woman's Relief corps, has also issued a general order in which she says:

"While we strew flowers upon the graves of our dead heroes let us not forget to speak kindly and lovingly to those whose soldierly bearing reminds us of the days when under southern skies they gave the last proof of fidelity to country and flag.

"It is very desirable and fitting that every corps in this department should hold themselves in readiness to assist the Grand Army of the Republic in the observance of this, our national Memorial day, in such a manner as the comrades may direct.

"Enlist the interest of school children in the noble work, thus making it a day of instruction and patriotism to them."

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

CYRIL KEITH sat alone, late at night in his dreary little room. The wintry wind was sighing mournfully down the chimney, and the storm-fiend was abroad. A lonely room—poorly furnished, and only a ghost of a fire in the rusty grate. He bent over his desk, and the hand—white and frail as a woman's—which held the pen, was traveling rapidly over the white page before him. His face was the face of a picture, a beautiful, sad picture, with its wonderful eyes, blue as violets, fringed with long, golden-brown lashes; a golden mustache shaded the short upper lip; his mouth was like a Cupid's bow. Straight, delicate features; a broad, low brow with a mass of golden-brown hair; a tall, slender figure; and there you have my hero. But words fail to convey an adequate idea of the dreamy beauty of that perfect face; its ivory-like skin and fragile hue. He was delicate as a woman; oversensitive, highly strung, nervous, and, withal, a genius.

The golden head drooped over the manuscript before him, and the white hand raced over the page until leaf after leaf of the work was completed. He was writing a play. He was actor as well as author, and in this play he was to assume the leading role. Into this play he had thrown all the strength of his genius; and his powers of creation, all the beauty and pathos which crowded in upon his brain as the plot unfolded itself. Such beautiful, tender scenes would bring tears to the eyes of a worldling. Such exquisite love passages; such dainty wit, and touches of sarcasm. A grand play—a play which ought to have brought him fame and fortune; but not a play to be appreciated by the multitude. It was beyond the comprehension of the "common herd."

On, on, he worked, occasionally lifting his head to glance at the tiny clock on the mantel. The hours wore on: the fire died out in the grate, but he never knew it; the wind arose, higher, and shrieked and tore about the old tenement-house, but Cyril Keith was deaf to all externals, and knew nothing of the storm. The hours flew by. The clock had not been wound, and at last it stopped, and there was not a sound to break the dead silence, save the scratching of the pen upon the paper, and the moaning of the wind outside.

The writer was growing paler and paler. He was weak for want of food, and the work that he had set himself to do that night was far too much for his feeble strength. But his brain was preternaturally bright and active, and the pen flew on over the paper.

"For genius does what it must,
While talent does what it can."

The pen dropped at last from his nerveless fingers—numb, too, with the cold which had crept in at numerous corners and down the chimney—filling

REELED UNSTEADILY.

the room with a biting, stinging atmosphere. He pushed back his chair and arose to his feet, numbed and aching.

"I declare it is 3 o'clock! Why, the clock has stopped. It must be later. And the fire is out and the room like the North Pole, and I am faint and weary and hungry—but"—the light of genius irradiating the beautiful worn face—"my play is done and well done! Not a line in it that did not come from my heart. Only think"—he went on with his soliloquy after the manner of those who are accustomed to being much alone, "It is all mine, and I am to appear in it. My first appearance upon the boards of a real theater. I have acted in amateur companies time and again, but this means something more. This is professional, and means the opening door to my future fame and fortune—and—and her. Oh! the divine light in the glorious eyes, and the ring of ecstasy in the low, sweet, tender voice."

Now, when one finds a man so engrossed in dreams of fame and future success, it is usually safe to infer that there is a woman in the case. Some fair, sweet face to urge him on, a voice to lure, a white hand to beckon. It was just such a phantasy as this, which made Cyril Keith, the poet and dreamer, suddenly arouse and take his place in the arena. It had made him throw heart, and soul, and life into the one mad race for wealth and a name. Vain pursuit! And when the will-o'-the-wisp is caught, when fame and wealth are won, do they always bring happiness? Like the fly, embalmed in amber—

"Type of the poet, perished in his flame,
Who dies to leave the luster of a name,
And re gazed upon still, in crystallized fame."

But Cyril Keith had no thought for anything but the dainty bit of pink-and-white, the sweet, fair face with its melting dark eyes and wealth of golden hair; the lovely Miss Vavasor, Queen of her select circle, rich, a social success—how dared he aspire to such as she? It was madness, folly, suicide. All the same, it was true, and for her he had toiled—for her, although he knew not that she would smile upon his suit. Maude Vavasor was a soulless Mammon worshiper, as unlike this poet, as dross is unlike gold, yet the glitter is there. She had met him at certain receptions, and had chosen to smile upon him, just to pique "the other one." For there was another suitor, another Richmond in the field, before whose wealth and position Cyril Keith paled into insignificance. Only he did not know of this suitor, and no one had the heart to refer to him in the presence of the young dramatist.

It was cruel and mistaken kindness, for Cyril was a slave to the siren and believed her slightest word. He had determined to write a play and appear in the leading role, and by putting his whole heart and soul, and strength of brain and will, and talent into it, he hoped to touch her, and to win from her ruby lips a hope that in the future she would be his. So he had toiled early and late, and as he wrote, the part he intended playing became so familiar to him that to-night, with the play finally completed, he knew that he was letter-perfect and could go upon the boards to-morrow if need be in his new role.

He stood before the fireless grate, with a hectic flush burning upon his cheeks, and a feverish sparkle in his eyes, and felt neither cold nor hunger. There were flecks of blood upon his lips but he knew it not.

"My darling," he murmured tenderly, "my beautiful darling! Am I worthy of her?"

And Satan laughed as he listened.

The night for which he longed so eagerly, feverishly, came at last. He was to make his first appearance before the public in a "real theater," and he was in a nervous tremor. Miss Vavasor was to appear in a proscenium box with several of her fashionable friends, among them Lord Clarence Montford, the English nobleman, "the other one." He was Miss Vavasor's favored suitor, and to pique him she had been kind to Cyril Keith. He was really a titled nobleman. To win a title, Miss Vavasor would have borne any sorrow, descended to any humility. To that one glittering aim her heart was anchored; to become Lady Montford she would have sold her best friend into bondage. She had lured Cyril Keith on, with the hope of inciting the nobleman to a proposal. She had done her best. Will she succeed?

To-night she was fair as a dream-woman, in her robe of snowy silk trimmed with gold, and a white plush opera-cloak. Her beautiful hair was sparkling with diamonds; she was the loveliest woman in the great theater, which was literally packed until there was not even standing room. The story of the young writer had gotten abroad in some way, and public interest was excited, public curiosity aroused. The play began and progressed. Cyril Keith proved a revelation to even those who knew him best. He was grand. Even the critics, who came to condemn, could not refrain from admiration. The curtain was about to arise upon the last act—the act in which the young poet in the play was to be rewarded by the hand of the woman he loved so madly, and for whose sake he had toiled and striven. Just before the curtain rose, a note was handed to Cyril Keith. He tore it open and read these words:

"Dear Friend Cyril: I know you will be pleased at my good fortune, we have been good friends, have we not? So I make bold to tell you that to-night I have promised to become the wife of Lord Clarence Montford. Only think of it! Lady Montford! I am so elated I must tell some one and so I tell you. Congratulate me. Your friend, MAUDE."

Once, twice, three times the pale lips read it over, the perspiration standing in drops upon his white brow, his hands clinching the brutal letter until he lost all power to feel. The call to the stage sounded in his ears; the audience must not be kept waiting. Some one touched his arm.

"Good heavens! man, you are ill!" a voice said, which sounded far off like distant thunder. But he drew away from his interlocutor and passed out upon the stage.

Slowly and falteringly he went through the part, until he came to where the hero tells the heroine of his mighty love.

"I would have lain my life down for you," so ran the words of the play. Just then his eyes met the flashing, triumphant orbs of Miss Vavasor in the stage-box, and at her side, the portly form of the English nobleman, Lord Clarence Montford.

Slowly the great blue eyes of the actor dilated; he caught his breath with a gasp; reeled unsteadily toward the box where she sat in all her glowing beauty gazing cruelly down upon him, like Mephistopheles gloating over a lost soul. Then, with a faint moan he fell—fell, and the blood streaming over his white lips crimsoned the stage.

When they lifted the golden head life was quite extinct. Cyril Keith had made his first and last appearance in the play which was destined to bring him fame and fortune, now that he no longer needed it, and send his name ringing down the aisles of time in posthumous glory.

So many of us become famous—after we are dead!

When the news was brought to Maude Vavasor—the future Lady Montford—in her lace-draped box—the announcement of the young man's tragic death, her beautiful face paled slightly, she bit her red lips nervously:

"How very sad—and—and shocking!" she exclaimed.

Not Honest.

The old man pondered long and deeply.

"My son," he said, at length, in a deep solemn, hollow voice, "you have always thought yourself the offspring of poor but honest parents.

The youth turned pale.

"Father," he gasped, "can it be that you are rich, after all?"

The patriarch's head sank upon his bosom.

"Boy," he exclaimed, "you have arrived at an age when you should be deceived no longer."

Leading the way to the attic, with trembling, eager hands he removed a few loose boards and showed his child how he made the gas meter lose a couple of hundred feet every month.—Truth.

They Quarreled.

"Dey has done bruk de engagement."

"You doan say so."

"Yassir'deed."

"What for?"

"She done tas'ed a persimmon dat warn' ripe, an' he misconstrued de pucker an' kissed her."

SHAMED BY A PARROT.

Brilliant Idea of a Knight of the Forceps to Increase Business.

At certain dental rooms in Wilkesbarre, Pa., they have a parrot which greatly assists in the work of extracting teeth. The parrot's name is Caesar. He is a fine specimen of his species, his intelligence being something marvellous. Dr. Weller, who has charge of the rooms, says he would not part with the bird for any money. And no wonder, the parrot brings grist to his mill. The bird does its work this way:

A man comes to have his tooth pulled. He gets into the chair and then his courage fails him. He tells the dentist that the pain has gone away and that he will postpone the operation until the next day. In nine cases out of ten the dentist is unable to persuade the patient that it will be to his bodily comfort to have the molar extracted. Then, when the man gets up out of his chair, the parrot, who has been watching him all the time, takes him in charge.

"Oh, coward," yells the parrot, "you haven't the nerve of a chicken."

The man looks around in consternation. The parrot is partly hidden in his big cage behind the screen. The man with the toothache turns around to the knight of the forceps and inquires:

"What remarks were those you just made?"

"I said nothing," replied the dentist; "it was the parrot who was speaking."

The gentleman is then introduced to the parrot. A pleasant conversation ensues:

"Nice morning," says the parrot; "tooth pulled? No! You better; catch cold when you go out; better have it out and be done with it; lots people have teeth pulled this morning."

The man with the toothache is so dumbfounded over the parrot's talk that he hardly knows what way to turn for the time being. Then the parrot urges him on again, saying:

"Go on, it will only take a minute; the doctor is waiting for you."

This is too much for the man. He goes back to the chair and has the tooth removed. Then the parrot jumps all around his cage and says: "Oh, ain't I happy; I feel so happy with my big tooth out."

"That parrot," says the dentist, "can talk anybody into getting a tooth pulled. We had a farmer in the other day. He wanted all his teeth taken out and a new set made. We wanted him to take gas. The old man said:

"'Well, now, by gosh! I don't know about that. I often heard of people blowing out gas and then dying; I don't think I'll risk it.'

"'Good boy,' shouted the parrot, 'sensible man; don't you take gas; just sit down there and pulling your teeth will be just as easy as husking corn.'

"When the farmer looked around and saw the parrot he said:

"'Well, I declare; why, that bird talked like a man. I guess I'll take his advice and let you crack away at my chewers.'

There was no trouble in pulling the old man's first two teeth, but when the third one came he jumped two feet in the chair.

"'That was a nerve clincher,' said the parrot. 'It won't happen again. Just keep nice and quiet now and soon your teeth will be out.'

"This soothing advice had a calming effect on the farmer, and he sank back into the chair perfectly satisfied with what had taken place and what was to come. When the job was through the parrot said:

"'Well done; there isn't one man in a thousand who could go through such an ordeal; you must have a wonderful constitution.'

"The farmer smiled and said he guessed he had."

Turned to Stone.

A remarkable case of petrifaction was discovered when the body of Solomon Krepps was exhumed in Taylor's cemetery, near Brownville, Pa., for removal to another graveyard. The grave was near the fence which separated the cemetery from the national pike, and it is supposed that water percolating through the limestone roadbed had kept the body covered with a calcareous solution. The clothing was found well preserved, although the burial took place eight years ago. The hair and beard were crisp and felt like threads of glass. The body was entirely turned to stone, and so hard that smart blows with a pick made no impression.

Tobacco Consumption.

Nearly 36,000 tons of tobacco are annually consumed in France, according to recent statistics. Of this some 29,000 tons are used for smoking, 1,250 for chewing and the remainder for snuff. This is an increase of 7,000 over the consumption of twenty years ago, but there has been little change in the last ten years, except that the quantity of snuff used is gradually diminishing. Nearly a ninth of the tobacco is consumed in Paris and its suburbs.

A Stamp That's Seldom Seen.

It may not be generally known that Uncle Sam prints one postage stamp that is not for sale, i. e., the second-class matter stamp. This stamp, new or canceled, never passes out of the hands of postoffice officials. Postage on periodicals is prepaid by the pound in cash, and the receiving clerk cancels these special stamps to the value of the postage thus prepaid and forwards the canceled stamps to the department as vouchers.

Not Very Encouraging.

Johnnie Masher—I dreamt last night that I proposed to you.

Esmerelda Longcoffin—There is evidently a bond of sympathy between us. I, too, dreamed last night that you proposed, and that I rejected you and then my big brother kicked you down the front door steps, and the dog bit a chunk out of you.—Texas Siftings.

One Way of Increasing Compensation

Tom, the bookkeeper—Why do you work so hard? The firm doesn't give you any greater pay for it.

George, the clerk—I know that, but when I'm working I forget how small my salary is.—Chicago Record.

A NO-TO-BAC MIRACLE

PHYSICAL PERFECTION PREVENTED BY THE USE OF TOBACCO.

An Old-Timer of Twenty-three Years Tobacco Chewing and Smoking Cured, and Gains Twenty Pounds in Thirty Days.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis., May 7.—Special. The ladies of our beautiful little town are making an interesting and exciting time for tobacco using husbands, since the injurious effects of tobacco and the cure with which it can be cured by a preparation called No-To-Bac have been so plainly demonstrated by the cure of Mr. F. C. Waite. In a written statement he says: "I smoked and chewed tobacco for twenty-three years, and I am sure that my case was one of the worst in this part of the country. Even after I went to bed at night if I woke up I would want to chew or smoke. It was not only killing me, but my wife was also ailing from the injurious effects. Two boxes of No-To-Bac cured me, and I have no more desire for tobacco than I have to jump out of the window. I have gained twenty pounds in thirty days, my wife is well, and we are indeed both happy to say that No-To-Bac is truly 'worth its weight in gold' to us."

The cure and improvement in Mr. Waite's case is looked upon as a miracle—in fact, it is the talk of the town and county, and it is estimated that over a thousand tobacco users will be using No-To-Bac within a few weeks. The peculiarity about No-To-Bac as a patent medicine is that the makers, the Sterling Remedy Company, No. 45 Randolph street, Chicago, absolutely guarantee the use of three boxes to cure, or refund the money, and the cost, $2.50, is so trifling as compared with the expensive and unnecessary use of tobacco that tobacco-using husbands have no good excuse to offer when their wives insist upon their taking No-To-Bac and getting result in the way of pure, sweet breath, wonderful improvement in their mental and physical condition, with a practical revitalization of their nicotized nerves.

Killed by the Electric Light.

An accident of an extraordinary nature occurred at the Halte Theater, Aston, near Birmingham. The stage was lighted by two electric lights, and when the candles were not burning two brass connections, used for the purpose of crossing the current, were hung up over the orchestra. After the performance of the pantomime, Mr. Bruno, the euphonium player, was leaving with the other members of the band, when, presumably out of curiosity, he caught hold of the two brass connections referred to. The man in charge called out to him with the object of warning him of the danger he was incurring. The warning, however, came too late, Mr. Bruno received the full shock of the electric current generated by the powerful battery which supplies the whole of the lamps in the building and grounds. It is said that the candles not being then burning Mr. Bruno was unable to disengage himself, and pulled he wire down. The shock rendered him insensible. Medical men were soon in attendance and restoratives applied, but Mr. Bruno died in forty minutes afterward.—*London Times.*

"ACCEPTED, AND WILL APPEAR."

One evening while reclining
In my easy chair, repining
Over the lack of true religion and the dearth of common sense,
A solemn-visaged lady,
Who was surely on the shady
Side of thirty, entered proudly, and to crush me did commence:

"I sent a poem here, sir,"
Said the lady, growing firmer,
"And the subject which I'd chosen, you remember, sir, was spring.
But although I've scanned your paper,
Sir, by sunlight, gas and taper,
I've discovered of that poem not a solitary thing

She was muscular and wiry,
And her temper, sure, was fiery,
And I knew to pacify her I would have to—fib like fun;
So I told her that her verses,
Which were great, had come to—bless us,
We'd received just sixty-one on "S. ring," of which we'd printed one.

And, I added, we've decided
That they'd better be divided
Among the years that follow—one to each succeeding spring.
So, your work, I'm pleased to mention,
Will receive our best attention
In the year of nineteen-forty, when the birds begin to sing.

Skill in Education.

It looks as if the time had come for us to thoroughly overhaul our notions of education, and devote ourselves to the training of skillful workmen as well as astute doctors and lawyers and ministers and politicians. The benefactor of the future is not so much the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before as he who can make one blade of grass as good as two put together. If we keep on developing our material resources, there will come a time when their production will be unprofitable, and our only salvation will be to increase them a thousand-fold in value by the application of skill. A bale of cotton is a big, bulky affair; but worked up into little spools of thread it is increased in value a thousand-fold. France might have exported by the ship-load thousands of tons of clay and silex, and not have received back as much as she gets from one delicate little Sevres vase. America has already proved by her manufactures that the products of skill far outweigh in value the products of mere force; and, moreover, that her skill, when thoroughly trained, is to be matched against the world. When Russia wants a telescope that shall excell in power any yet made, she passes the fine work of Munich and the shops of Fraunhofer to come to Cambridge, where Alvan Clark's skillful hands will turn out lenses that beat the world.—*Springfield Republican.*

A CURE FOR SCARLET FEVER.—The following recipe from the *Country Gentleman* shows the efficacy of the sulphur cure: The foreign journals quite generally notice the successful treatment of scarlet fever by Dr. H. Pigeon, by the use of sulphur. It appears that all the cases in which he employed this remedy were well marked, and the epidermis on the arms in each case came away like the skin of a snake. The patient was thoroughly anointed twice daily with sulphur ointment, and five or ten grains of sulphur given in a little jam three times a day. Sufficient sulphur was burned twice daily on coals on a shovel to fill the room with the fumes, and, of course, was thoroughly inhaled by the patient. Dr. Pigeon asserts that, under his mode of treatment, each case improved immediately, and none were over eight days in making a complete recovery.

GOT DAMAGES FROM THE EARL.

An English Serving Maid Who Refused to Carry Coal for Clancarty.

At the Brompton county court, the other day, Captain Head claimed £15 from the earl of Clancarty for breach of agreement in the hiring of a furnished house, 40 Lowndes square, says the Westminister Gazette. The defendant signed an agreement to take the house in question from September 23 last to November 18 at the rent of £100 16s. This document contained a clause to the effect that his lordship should retain on the premises the landlord's housemaid, named White, the former paying her three shillings per week for washing and beer and half her wages, £22 per annum, besides providing her with board. Shortly after his lordship and his servants took up their abode at 40 Lowndes square, the earl of Clancarty sent the butler to the housemaid with an order to make a fire in Lady Clancarty's room. White replied that it was not her place to carry coal while an able-bodied footman was in the house. Eventually, however, she did light the fire, but expressed her opinion that it was not her duty to carry coal. His lordship, on being informed of this, wrote her a note reproving her for what he termed "impertinence" and telling her to pack up and leave the house. Later on Lord Clancarty offered her a month's wages in lieu of notice, but the plaintiff declined to accept it or to leave the house. She stated that she was turned out at 9:30 p. m. by the aid of a policeman. One of the neighbors sheltered her until the morning, when she took train to her parents' home in Taunton. Defendant, who was stated to be unable at present to leave his residence at Ballinasloe, Ireland, was represented by counsel, who stated the defense to be that the girl on refusing to carry coal behaved impertinently, and defendant was legally within his right in discharging her. His honor said that clearly Lord Clancarty had no authority to dismiss this servant. He (the learned judge) did not think that in a nobleman's family a housemaid should be asked to carry coal, and he was of opinion that the girl had treated his lordship with the greatest respect possible. He found for the plaintiff for £13, but disallowed £2 railway fare and express to Taunton. Judgment was entered accordingly, with costs.

Chinese Peer.

When, on the death of a Chinese peer, an imperial decree has been obtained nominating his successor, it does not follow that that successor can at once assume the title and draw his pay. On the contrary, he is required first of all to go into mourning for his father, grandfather or uncle, as the case may be. If he is a Manchu he can get this over in a hundred days—for the Manchus were a practical folk, and, though they yielded something to Chinese prejudices, would not yield too much—but if he is a Chinaman he must mourn for twenty-seven months. This was the cause why the late Marquis Tseng did not, though his father died in 1872, take up the title until September, 1891, when he was again called into a second twenty-seven months' mourning for his mother. His mourning over, the new peer should go to court and be presented to the emperor. There are, apparently, no succession fees, though the officials of the board concerned—the home office and the horse guards of China—contrive to exact fees on the first issue of a patent. These patents should be made of the best white silk, and on them should be printed a copy of the decree granting the title.

Too Cool to Be Honest.

Victor Schoelcher, the eminent writer, politician, and republican philanthropist who died lately in France, after an honorable life of nearly ninety years, had a quick eye for dishonesty of character. As a deputy, he voted to permit the return of Louis Napoleon to France, believing that the time had come for universal forgiveness. Louis Napoleon read a speech thanking the deputies, and full of apparently frank protestations of fidelity to the republic. Schoelcher shook his head when he heard this speech. "I watched him through my glass," he said, "and his paper never trembled in his hand. He is too cool to be an honest man. We shall have occasion to regret his coming into the country." This estimate proved quite true, for in a few years Louis Napoleon had, by a most remarkable series of falsehoods and betrayals, overthrown the republic and possessed himself of despotic power.—Argonaut.

An Immense Deer.

The remains of an immense deer were discovered recently near Punta Rassa, Fla., in a swamp known as Monroe's cypress swamp. It is said to resemble the well-known prehistoric Irish elk, and is the only specimen of that kind ever found in this country. The antlers, which are in a perfect state of preservation, measure eight feet and eleven inches from tip to tip.

The Perverse Parent.

"How did you get along when you told your father of our engagement?" asked the timid young man.

"Oh, dear!" she answered, "it was dreadful. I'm so ashamed of papa."

"Was he untavorable?"

"That is no name for it. When I talked to him about our living on love in a cottage on seven dollars a week I couldn't make him listen to reason at all."

Petroleum as a Fuel on Engines.

The Buenos Ayres Great Southern railway has made some successful trials of petroleum as a fuel for its locomotives. The intention is to substitute petroleum for coal on this line in order to avoid the danger of setting fire to the pampas by sparks.

Her Only Consolation.

Friend of the Family—Aren't you afraid to let your husband take the trip into the mountains at this season of the year?

Mrs. Billus—It drives me nearly frantic to think of it! But his life is well insured.—Boston Gifts.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Columbus - State - Bank!

(Oldest Bank in the State.)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

AND

Makes Loans on Real Estate.

ISSUES SIGHT DRAFTS ON

Omaha, Chicago, New York and all Foreign Countries.

SELLS : STEAMSHIP : TICKETS.

BUYS GOOD NOTES

And Helps its Customers when they Need Help

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't.
H. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't.
JOHN STAUFFER, Cashier.
M. BRUGGER, G. W. HULST.

COMMERCIAL BANK

OF

COLUMBUS, NEB.,

HAS AN

Authorized Capital of - $500,000
Paid in Capital, - 90,000

OFFICERS.

C. H. SHELDON, Pres't.
H. P. H. OEHLRICH, Vice Pres.
CLARK GRAY, Cashier.
DANIEL SCHRAM, Ass't Cash

DIRECTORS.

H. M. WINSLOW, H. P. H. OEHLRICH,
C. H. SHELDON, W. A. MCALLISTER,
JONAS WELCH, CARL RIENKE.

STOCKHOLDERS.

S. C. GRAY, J. HENRY WERDEMAN,
GERHARD LOSEKE, HENRY LOSEKE,
CLARK GRAY, GEO. W. GALLEY,
DANIEL SCHRAM, A. F. H. OEHLRICH,
FRANK RORER, J. P. BECKER ESTATE,
REBECCA BECKER.

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.

THE

First National Bank

COLUMBUS, NEB.

OFFICERS.

A. ANDERSON, President. J. H. GALLEY, Vice Pres't.
O. T. ROEN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

G. ANDERSON, P. ANDERSON,
JACOB GREISEN, HENRY RAGATZ,
JAMES G. REEDER.

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

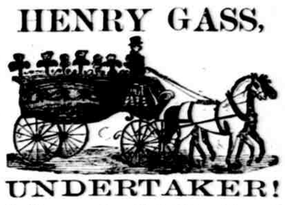
RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 241,467 57
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures	16,781 93
U. S. Bonds	15,200 00
Due from other banks ... $37,856 33	
Cash on hand ... 21,867 56	59,743 89
Total	$333,196 36

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$ 60,000 00
Surplus Fund	20,000 00
Undivided profits	4,576 00
Circulation	13,500 00
Deposits	235,119 37
Total	$333,196 36

HENRY GASS,



UNDERTAKER!

Coffins : and : Metallic : Cases!

Repairing of all kinds of Upholstery Goods.

1-tf COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA

THE

Columbus Journal

IS PREPARED TO FURNISH ANYTHING REQUIRED OF A

PRINTING OFFICE.

CLUBS

WITH THE

BEST PAPERS

OF THE

COUNTRY.