

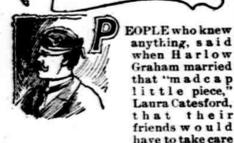
# The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXV.—NUMBER 49.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1895.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,297.

## THEIR PICNIC



PEOPLE who knew anything, said when Harlow Graham married that "m a d c a p l i t t l e p i e c e , a n d t h a t t h e i r f r i e n d s w o u l d h a v e t o t a k e c a r e o f t h e m f o r t h e r e s t o f t h e i r l i v e s . A c c o r d i n g t o p u b l i c o p i n i o n , L a u r a w a s a g r i d d y , i d l e , f u n - l o v i n g c a r , w h o k n e w n o t h i n g o f t a k i n g c a r e o f a h o u s e , o r a h u s b a n d e i t h e r ; a n d H a r l o w - w e l l , h e h a d n ' t w i t h e n o u g h t o e a r n h i s s a l t , m u c h l e s s p o r r i d g e f o r t w o . H e r t r e e h o u s e h e p e r s o n a l l y m a i n t a i n e d . B e s i d e s L a u r a w a s a s p e n d t h r i f t , j u s t a s h e r f a t h e r h a d b e e n b e f o r e . L o o k h o w s h e h a d s q u a n d e r e d t h e l i t t l e h e d l e f t , i n f i n e g o w n s t o g e t m a r r i e d i n , i n s t e a d o f i n v e s t i n g i t i n s o m e t h i n g u s e f u l , o r p u t t i n g i t o u t a t i n t e r e s t . A n d t h e n d e a r p u b l i c w a s h e d t h e i r h a n d s o f t h e y o u n g c o u p l e a l t o g e t h e r , a n d t o o k u p s o m e t h i n g e l s e f o r c h a r i t a b l e c o m m e n t .

Laura and Harlow Graham furnished up a little cottage at their home. Their wedding presents made a very pretty show in the little parlor and the brie-a-brac filled the bay window. It wasn't style, of course, but these were just a pair of young human people who had started out to plan their life and were not bothered about style and conventionalities.

Laura's dear friends were right. She was no housekeeper, and poor Harlow sat down to many an ill-cooked meal, while Laura, with the chemical process by which the raw material was to be converted into delicious and nourishing food. He could not blame her mother, for she had died when Laura was a baby, but he had no inclination to blame anyone. They had agreed to picnic through life, and a picnic it was. Besides, he made errors in the counting-room where he was employed that nearly cost him his situation, and they were both working members of the firm, and he was his one resource.

"But what is there for me to do while you work, Laura?" "Learn to wait, dear, like Milton in his blindness. They also serve who only stand and wait."

"Then she went upstairs and cried herself to sleep." "The next morning she was awakened by a joyous shout."

"It was true. The clock had gone," she said, "and I had written to some man who had been once tried for his life and acquitted it could never be done over again."

"There would be any more of that picnic," said Laura, almost regretfully, "although it had been such an awful strain to live up to for twenty-four hours."

"Not thank heaven," said Harlow, "I won't have to keep house."

"And we won't need the dog," he said, "we haven't got him yet, so he's no great loss."

"Nor the tin cup?" "Yes, you can carry that, and we'll see how soon it will be full."

"That's a picnic," answered Laura, "it shall be our bank."

The struggle with English. A writer in the London Times says: "In Italy no question can arise as to the spelling of a word, and children learn to read and write in a few months, while with us many are often unable to spell after devoting to the subject long years of labor and tears, which might have sufficed for the acquisition of really useful information."

Noting that he was a week later Harlow came in, groping his way. "Laura! My God, I'm blind!" He nearly fell into her extended arms. She led him to a chair, and

Rock Candy is Pure. Rock candy, which is only sugar in large, hard crystals, is now produced wholesale in tin buckets inclosed in wooden bins. Strings are stretched across the buckets and the crystals form. It happens often that the rock candy of today is not the white, semi-transparent product of twenty-five years ago, but a cloudy, reddish-brown crystal, as if made from cheap sugar. It is not easily adulterated, and crystallization is an essentially honest process.

With Three Years Difference. In a Western court a negro was convicted of stealing a mule. Before the sentence was pronounced, the judge gave him an opportunity to speak for himself, and he said: "I wouldn't read de testament whar Jesus tuck a mule." The judge remarked: "Yes, but he didn't ride him to Kingston and try to sell him." And thereupon he gave the negro three years in the penitentiary.—Argonaut.

## THE CUP TO CARRY.

Harlow was positively laughing. "I will carry the tin cup, dear, and fill it, too."

"Beave little girl, I thought my life was ended. Laura, can you bear it?"

"It will be a perfect picnic," she said, with tears running down her cheeks—but she managed to keep them out of her eyes.

"It was a perfect picnic in more ways than one. It always rains at picnics, and there was a rain of tears for this, but also an intermittent sunshine that soon dried them."

It was decided at the store, when Harlow's blindness was announced, that he was to have a vacation until such time as the firm saw fit to supply his place, and for the present his salary was to be continued.

That is what his misfortune did for a soulless corporation—drew a beautiful charity. Then friends came in to offer assistance, which was not needed. They came tearful and full of conventional sympathy, and went away wondering and rather amused.

"Two children who do not appreciate the gravity of the situation," said one sympathizer, with a sniff.

"Why, she talked about it as if sudden blindness was a real blessing," said another.

But no one saw how exquisitely pathetic the situation really was. The two children, as they called them, clinging together to the wreck of their happiness, both willfully blind together to the awful realities of the situation, but keeping up their courage by a fiction in which they were the principal actors.

They were getting used to the situation in this romantic way, and Laura had her life planned out. She was to be the working member of the firm, and come home at night full of news for him, and they could still take long walks together on Sundays after church, and he was to have a guitar, and learn to play; she had always laughed him out of it, but now it would be his one resource.

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## BIG THINGS IN CALIFORNIA.

Gigantic Fruit, Flowers and Vegetables Grown on the Pacific Coast.

"We have some big things in California," said L. Germain of Los Angeles to the Chicago Times man.

"Of course you have heard of the big grapevine at Santa Barbara, which covers three acres. Then there is the monster rosebush at Santa Rosa. It grew to an enormous height and completely covered the house where it grew. During my lifetime here in California I have handled squash, running all the way from 150 to 300 pounds each. Watermelons I have seen weighing all the way from thirty-five to 100 pounds. Beets are frequently known on this coast weighing all the way from forty to seventy-five pounds. I remember one beet raised at San Rafael which weighed about eighty pounds. Last fall I saw three onions the aggregate weight of which was nearly five pounds. In the Pomona valley I have known of onions weighing from one and three-quarters to two and one-half pounds. Tomatoes frequently grow ten or twelve feet across, and I have often seen radishes that looked like big turnips."

"I have seen specimens of the Humboldt county potato which weighed from two to three pounds. It is not unusual at all to see cabbage weighing from thirty-five to seventy-five pounds. Some years ago a Mr. Fox, who lived down in the Santa Cruz mountains raised a carrot of the white Belgian variety which weighed about twenty-eight pounds. It was the largest carrot on record. The largest pears that come to the San Francisco market are what they call pound pears."

At Kesley's orchard, near Santa Barbara, is a remarkable plum tree, known as the Japan plum, which was planted in 1876. The fruit is heart-shaped and of a rich yellow color. The plums are mostly from eight to ten inches in circumference. In Los Angeles H. H. Baker displays a rosebush which has reached the height of sixteen feet. Grafted upon its branches are twelve varieties of roses. The parent stalk is 12 years of age. The stem is five inches above the ground is five inches in circumference. S. H. Shaw of Ontario recently discovered an apple blossom on one of the trees in his orchard which resembles a large-sized rose, measuring nine and one-half inches in circumference. It is a second-year blossom. An ordinary apple blossom contains five petals, while this one had thirty or forty.

The big grapevine at Montecito, near Santa Barbara, is famous. The vine was planted about forty years ago. The grapes are of the Mission variety. The parent stalk is forty-six inches in circumference one foot from the ground. Where it comes to the branch, three feet from the ground, its circumference is sixty-three inches. The vine yielded four and a half tons of grapes in a single season. The vine covers an area of 10,000 feet.

All the rooms of the state board of trade in San Francisco some remarkable products of California soil are on exhibition. Last year, when the season was well advanced, pumpkins weighing 267 pounds were on exhibition. There were also cabbages weighing ninety-five pounds, onions that tipped the scale at five pounds, and a huge sweet potato, raised near Santa Ana, that weighed twenty-five pounds. Apples weighing twenty or twenty-five pounds are frequently on exhibition, and a five-gallon jar of jam, which she arrives Ninette meets her with a cup of tea and implores her to lie down for a minute, so as to be fresh for the evening, but madame is anxious to be ready for her evening caller, and then the morning letters, which she reads at her reception day after tomorrow, and the head of her favorite charity, who suggests brass bedsteads as a suitable gift for the starving children. The coffeehouse comes and arranges madame's locks in ripples, with a white parting down the center. Then Ninette adjusts the shimmering robe of white satin, and the stars of diamonds are placed on the corsage, the strings of pearls are fastened about her neck, and she is ready to go. The carriage is hired, and the driver, who is a long one for a distinguished guest, and madame yawns behind her fan when that worthy gives his views on America. She arrives late at the opera. Madame listens through one eye, and then she has a parrot, and old men gives her an opportunity to chat during the succeeding acts. After the opera little Rosa Van Hemmen, whom she is to take to the ball under her wing, appears, and there is an immediate scramble for seats. The young men for a place on her dancing card that evening.

The ball is a crowded one and madame has to lead the cotillon with a young man who has a national reputation because of a lack of accommodations. As an indication of how the slave trade survives in Africa, it is stated that last summer a caravan of 10,000 camels and 4,000 slaves left Timbuctoo for Morocco.

Seven hundred and thirty students were graduated last year from the university of Michigan, the largest number ever graduated from an American college in a single year.

The Chicago Civic Federation declares that there are 60,000 victims of the opium habit in the United States. The total consumption of opium and morphine consumers keeps alive 100 public smoking places.

Out of twenty-three states in which pig iron was produced in 1893 three, Minnesota, Indiana and North Carolina, were not reported as making any pig iron in 1894. The country as a whole there was a falling off of 47,114 tons.

About 100 years ago the town of Groton, Conn., separated itself from New London and became a town. Now, after almost 200 years of separation, Groton wishes to again be taken back into the fold and become part of New London.

Official investigation by counties shows that the farms of Ohio are worth upwards of \$50,000,000 less than a year ago, and that the net mortgage indebtedness of the owners has increased within a year by the net sum of about \$4,000,000.

A German paper says that one of its contemporaries recently published the following advertisement: "A young lady of enormous wealth is prepared to pay off all the debts of

## A VICTIM OF SOCIETY.

HOW MADAM FASHIONS SPENDS HER LUXURIOUS LIFE.

One Day Out of Many—Rose at Eleven and Went to Bed at Four—Attended Dinner, Opera and Ball and Found Time for Business as Well.

It was 11 o'clock in the morning. The leader of the smart set was curled up under the pink eiderdown. The sunlight shot golden beams through the snowy cobweb lace at the windows, the fire crackled on the hearth, a pair of very smart slippers stood on the white bear skin with their pointed toes elevated on the brass fender rail.

A little girl and crystal clock chimed 11. The door opened and Ninette entered, drew back the curtains and set down a tray on which was a dish of cut oranges, a slim necked pitcher of milk and two French rolls snugly tucked away in a fringed basket.

"Dejeuner est servi," says Ninette, and madame opens her big eyes, little as Ninette helps her put on the little silk sacque and begins her breakfast. While she is engaged in this process her maid brings her the morning notes, square white letters, envelopes with tradesmen's names in the corners. The leader of the smart set puts them wearily aside after a glance. The mail has been brought this time and when the light breakfast is finished madame finds her big bath tub filled with warm water and perfumed with almond meal and orris. The bath room is all in white and palms screen the windows. It is a suitable cover for a nymph.

The massess follows the donning of dressing gown and slipper. She is a little French woman, who retails all the chatter of smart boulevards all over town as she works. She encourages her maid by telling her that by actual measurement her waist is three inches smaller than Mme. Vanderbilt's, and also impart the latest information, that the great beauty, Miss B., is taking massage treatment to remove her double chin, and other interesting tidbits.

It is madame's lazy day when she stays in bed until 11 on other days she is out riding at 9. At 12:30 the maudite arrives, and while she is clipping and polishing madame's pink nails, she arranges madame's wardrobe. This is a businesslike young woman, who sits down at the white desk, draws out the monogrammed paper and opens the letters quickly and quietly. Invitations are answered after the telephone list has been consulted, long cards are written, and the notes to be sent with flowers for debutantes or sick friends are inscribed. Then come the cheque book and the signature of madame, the payroll of the servants, which has to be looked plain to her that they can expend just so much on the summer's outing, and her care is to make the money do its best duty. From July to September she takes her holiday by playing courier to somebody who wishes to take a jaunt through Europe. It is needless to say she is the most delightful traveling companion in the world.

A Defective Guest. "Master," said a bright boy on the street to a passing gentleman, "will you please change half a dollar for me?" "Surely I can't, Johnny," replied the man. "But I haven't that much change about me."

"How did you know that my name was Johnny?" asked the boy, apparently in great surprise. "I guessed," replied the man, with an air which indicated that it was an easy matter for him to guess the name of any person he might chance to meet.

A Distinction. Mr. Skidmore, severely—John, Mr. Jones called me up and thrashed his son shamefully because of a lack of respect. John—No, sir. "Then what did Jones mean by telling me that?" "He just made a mistake. I didn't thrash Jim Jones shamefully. I thrashed him beautifully."—Texas Siftings.

SUGGESTIVE FIGURES. Chicago university has 167 instructors. The Y. M. C. A. has 467,515 members. Jerusalem has 125 places where liquor is sold, the license fees going to Constantinople.

The United States fish hatchery in Green Lake station, Ellsworth, Me., is valued at \$2,500,000. According to the Boston Journal, 3,000 children of Boston are denied school attendance because of a lack of accommodations.

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## IT'S LUCKY FRIDAY.

THE DAY'S LONG RECORD OF GOOD FORTUNE.

To Begin With, Columbus Started for America on Friday and All Sorts of Favorable Events are Connected With the Sixth Day of the Week.

He was an Englishman, as history informs us, who, being innocently inclined and an enemy of superstition, failed both his fortune and his life, and lost both, in an experiment to prove fallacious the moss-grown superstition concerning Friday. It is related of this Englishman that he laid the keel of his vessel on a Friday, launched her on a Friday, christened her "Friday," took for her a skipper named Friday, set sail in her upon a Friday and never was heard of after that.

And yet, in spite of superstition, Friday is not an unlucky day. In fact, it can be proved by the most important happenings in the history of this and other countries that Friday is the most fortunate day in the week. For thirteen years I have been collating such important events as have happened upon Fridays. Thirteen years ago I put in print a short list, but it is now complete. I venture to say that stronger proof cannot be submitted, writes Marvin R. Clark in the Philadelphia Times, and ask you to look up the really said madame, if compelled to return to the reservation without having seen and spoken to the man whose fame was as wide as the world.

"All right," said Twain, "I'm 'em in at six and I'll make it short." "About that hour the humorist sat on his porch and saw to his astonishment an immense cavalcade of mounted warriors coming down the street. In the place of a half dozen chiefs expected, there were not less than fifty exhibition of their horsemanship. They turned in upon the lawn and broke down the shrubbery and wore off the grass and devastated the whole place. The spokesman of the party was a mighty hunter and had been previously distinguished for the awful slaughter of wild beasts, so he laid himself out for a game of brag. The interpreter was in the deal and, instead of repeating what the chief really said, made a speech of his own, speaking of Twain's literary achievements.

"For heaven's sake, choke him off," said Twain once or twice. The interpreter turned to the chief and said the white hunter wanted to know the humorist's name. Every time the humorist cried for quarter the chief was told to give another hunting story. Finally, the Indian vocabulary becoming exhausted, the chief quit, whereupon Twain made a speech of his own, speaking of Twain's literary achievements.

"White hunter heap big liar." "We don't want any poetry," said the editor haughtily. "I know it," replied the pretty girl just as haughtily. "This isn't poetry. It's some doggerel my 8-year-old brother composed. After reading what you publish I shouldn't have thought of offering you poetry."

And the editor really felt relieved when she made her exit and slammed the door.

Garretons. "Midge is pretty much of a talker is he not?" "He is, but I can't say just how much. I have always had to leave before he got through."—Cincinnati Tribune.

NEWSPAPER TRUTHS. A Kentucky poultry raiser crosses his chickens with a shad and now each chicken lays 1,000,000 eggs per diem.

An Ohio apiary proprietor has crossed his bees with lightning bugs so that the bees can now see to work all night.

A New York state sporting dog came to a dead point on a stranger a few days ago and on inquiring the stranger's name the dog's owner was told it was Partridge.

An Illinois neighbor has grafted a lot of rabbit skin on his chicken so that they can better stand the weather. As they walk around in the snow they all now look like a Voodoo professor.

The proprietor of a certain Ohio kennel taught one of his most promising pups to sit on his chest and then because one day he was mean enough to tell the wife of the proprietor that he saw him buy a new dress pattern for the hired girl.

GATHERED REMNANTS. Amos Markham of Memphis, Tenn., has moved fifty times since he was married in 1850. He is the father of twelve children, each born in a different state.

Frank Fairman of Philadelphia, is making a protracted call on his sweetheart. He has been at her home for a long time and is likely to remain longer. He called to inquire after the girl's health. She had snailpox, and the officers quarantined him there.

Although the syllable "miss" of Mississippi and Missouri does not occur in the name of any other large river, it does occur in the name of some what unexpected place, in the name Mississippi, a stream of Franklin county, Vt., flowing into Lake Champlain.

George Henry Rattabury of Detroit believes that he has a unique relic of one of the ancestors of George Washington in a parchment deed written in Norman French, dated June 9, 1590, signed by Richard Washington and sealed by him with the Washington seal.

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