The Columbus Journal.

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A LUNATIC'S STORY.

"NO ONE BROUGHT into casual contact with Edward Flint would have suspected that he was of unsound mind. None the less he was one of the most dangerous lunatics that I had in the X—— asylum.

"In his saner intervals no man could have desired a pleasanter companion, and it was my constant habit to spend half an hour or so a day in his congenial company. One day, just before his periodical attack, he told me the following story, which is of such a unique character that I give it just as he told it to me. At its conclusion, worked up to a pitch of fury, he made a determined attack upon me, and I nearly paid for my tale with my life, being only rescued with difficulty by the attendants.

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"I was what the world would call a successful man, and on my fortieth birthday I reckoned I was making over £2,000 a year. I had always been a lonely man and had never had the least inclination towards female society, contenting myself with my work and my books. One day, however, I had to wait upon an old gentleman who had recently come to our town for the purpose of drawing up his will. When this was done I was introduced to his daughter, a girl about 26. Ethel Millikin was not what might have been called a beauty; still, I new at once that I had met my fate.

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"It was clearly absurd for me to attempt to win her love in the usual way, the disparity in years was to great, so I determined to win her respect first.

"I took time over it and quietly insinuated myself in her pet projects, subscribed to her sick fund, lent her books, and was of use to her in many ways. Already she regarded me as a very dear friend, and, I have no doubt, would soon have learned to love me.

"One night I was to take her and her sister to the theater and had booked three stalls. At the last minute, however, to my secret joy, her sister had a bad headache and was unable to go. We went as arranged and I decided to put my fortunes to the touch during the performance. On our arrival the theater was crowded and, to my intense annoyance, I found a young client of mine, Sir Edward Berkley, in the next stall to ours. I was obliged to introduce him and had the mortification of seeing that Miss Millikin had made an impression on him. What chance had I against a young, wealthy and handsome man? And with jealous eyes I already saw the Chateau d'Espagne of love, that I had so carefully reared, in ruins.

"On our return from the play Berkley insisted on accompanying us to Mr. Millikin's house and was introduced by me to him.

"The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and friendship into love, which I was powerless to prevent; and one day Berkley burst into my office in a great state of excitement and asked me to congratulate him!

"Me, of all men! How I managed with impotent rage at my heart, to keep a smooth and smiling face on I do not know; but, to add to the bitter irony of the situation, I had to receive instructions to draw up my successful rival's marriage settlements. I could have cheerfully murdered him as he sat in his chair so bright and cheerful, with the happiness of youth glowing in his face. Suddenly his face twitched, and he hastily put his hand to his brow.

"'What is it?' I eagerly asked, hoping he might be going to be ill.

"'Nothing—only neuralgia. I have suffered from it for years and have tried everything, and seen all the doctors; but to no avail. So now I make the best of it.'

"So saying, he got up and took his leave, to go and make love—curse him!—to his fiancee.

"No one knows what days and nights I spent, although I worked until my body was aching; my brain would not let me sleep. I roamed up and down my room, planning impossible methods of revenge, only to see the futility of it all. The times are not suited for melodrama, and I could only watch and watch and—wait.

"One morning I crawled down to the office feeling utterly done up and listlessly examined my correspondence. Among it I noted one from an old friend who was practicing as a physician in Paris. Tossing the rest of the letters to the managing clerk I began to read my friend's long letter. Suddenly a paragraph in it seemed to stand before my eyes as if written in fire. It ran thus:

"'You will, I know, be keenly interested in a marvelous discovery that Dr. Luys of this city has just made. He is our great authority on brain diseases and also dabbles in hypnotism and other kindred subjects.

"'He has established beyond any doubt that it is possible to remove the delusions of an insane person—previously hypnotized—by means of a thin magnetized steel band worn around the patient's forehead for about a week. This is sufficiently marvelous, but is nothing to the fact that if a sane man or woman wears the band previously used by the lunatic the delusions of the latter pass in their entirety to the wearer, who becomes an echo in every action of his predecessor.'

"At last! At last! Crushing the paper in my hand, I reveled in the exquisite revenge the letter revealed to me. My brain, preternaturally excited, in a few moments planned the whole scheme. Violently ringing my bell, I informed the clerk who came hurrying in that I had to go to Paris at once on urgent business. I told him to ask Sir Edward to meet me at the office in four days' time to finish the settlement, and I started at once for London en route for Paris.

"Fatigue was gone. Once more alert and active, I felt as if treading on air. On the journey I rehearsed and rehearsed the scheme I had planned out until I thought it perfect. I at once, on arrival, hastened to my friend's house and pretended that I had not received his letter. After breakfast he took me to Dr. Luys' clinic, and there I saw that the powers he laid claim to were indeed his. Selecting the neediest-looking of his assistants I gently touched him and drew him aside. In my best French I told him that if he came to my hotel that evening with the band just removed from the lunatic who had been relieved before my eyes, I would give him 2,500 francs, or £100. At first he would not listen, but at last he did, and I went back to my hotel, content. That evening I left Paris with my 'revenge' carefully packed in a small box. On arrival at my house I slept for twelve hours, a thing I had not done for weeks, and awoke ready to carry my scheme through.

"The following morning I was closeted with Berkley for some time, poring over deeds of title and old, musty documents. I purposely delayed, in order to fatigue him. Presently I saw the tell-tale contraction of his face, and I knew he was mine. Leaning across the table, I said:

"'I had intended, Sir Edward, half ruining myself in giving you a wedding present; but I have altered my mind—I will cure your neuralgia instead.'

"'What!' said he, eagerly; 'I'd give anything if you could; it's the only cross I have to bear.'

"'Well, I'll cure you on one condition.'

"'Name it—I'll do anything.'

"'That you give me your solemn word of honor not to disclose to anyone the method of cure.'

"'All right; only cure me.'

"'Well, I'll tell you, first, why you have had to promise. You must know that this office—that is, myself—is the repository of half the secrets of the town. This is because everyone thinks I am a model for solid common sense. Now, if you blurted out that I had advised you to use a half-spiritualistic, half-quackish remedy, why, my reputation as an embodiment of practical sense would be gone. I used myself to suffer from headaches, and do now, for that matter, and had tried every remedy that the doctors could suggest. At last I was persuaded to try a spiritualist, to whom I went at night. He gave me a thin band to wear whenever I had a headache, and he said it would relieve it if due to overwork, or cure it if due to neuralgia. It was to be worn for eight days constantly, and, to enable you to do it, I suggest that we both take a week's holiday and go to some small fishing village and try the treatment.'

"I paused and waited with throbbing heart for his answer.

"'How awfully good you are, Flint! I can never repay you for your kindness; I owe you more than I can tell already. Why, you introduced me to the loveliest——'

"'Stay! stay! Don't begin that. I will arrange to start next Monday; will that suit you?'

"So it was agreed, and he left the office in high spirits, while I sat on and thought of Ethel, my wife in the future.

"In the little village of Ancorn I bound the fatal band round his forehead. I could not hypnotize him, but I felt sure that my intense desire for the success of the band would be as good as any other man's hypnotic power. And so it proved, for, on the eighth day, I found Sir Edward Berkley—Ethel's promised husband—in his bedroom, a gibbering lunatic. I at once secured the steel band, which was soon destroyed, and then summoned assistance. With great difficulty we had him removed to an asylum, and I went back to break the news to his financee. I did it, I flatter myself, well, and then left her alone for a month. Then I gradually began once more to frequent the house, until I stood again in my old position. Berkley had been away for five months, and I thought the time had arrived to speak my mind to Ethel. I went one afternoon to see her, and, if possible, to win her. Sitting at her side, I was just going to speak, when I heard a step on the stair and turned round, and to my amazement saw Sir Edward Berkley himself. Then I saw all was over—a blind fury seemed to seize me. In a moment I was on him. 'Ah! I have you now—I have you at last——'"

* * * * *

With a bound Flint was upon me. I fought for my life, but fortunately assistance was at hand, and, fighting, yelling and struggling, the maniac was secured.

WITH A BOUND FLINT WAS UPON ME.

ANATOMICAL DRAWINGS.

A New York Woman Artist Accomplishes Wonders in a New Field.

Miss Fannie Elkins, a New York artist, follows a unique line of art which has won her a World's Fair medal and diploma, "awarded for accuracy, detail and beauty." Miss Elkins makes anatomical drawings for physicians and surgeons who require such in delivering lectures or in illustrating medical books. To the outsider the work at once carries grewsome suggestions. Undoubtedly it is an odd occupation for a woman to choose. Miss Elkins, so far as can be discovered, is the only American woman who has succeeded in making a distinct profession of such drawing. Once within her studio the idea of grewsomeness is almost lost. The room is a pleasant square one, with a big window overlooking Fourteenth street and admitting a strong light to the table beneath. There are few of the manifold decorations and hangings which usually appear in studios, but the drawings, framed in oak and gilt upon the wall—part of her World's Fair exhibit—are not at all alarming. Among these the human eye, much magnified, is represented under several aspects, gazing out from circular mats of white board.

Silver Novelties for Men.

Among the many novelties now shown by some of the leading jewelers are tortoise-shell boxes, set with silver, to hold two packs of cards, and flat silver cases for bank notes and gold. It is not necessary, however, to present both to the same person, for if he used the one to any extent he would find the other entirely unnecessary. Some handsome match boxes in silver had tiny watches set in the center. When one thinks of the number of pockets a man boasts, the pride most of them take in their chronometers, this last fancy seems rather superfluous. It might be put to a good use in something besides card cases for the poor feminine gender, who owing to fashion's present follies is unable to sport even one small pocket.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Thoughtful people are the first to have wrinkles.

The female bicyclists in France are far more numerous than the wheelmen.

A big bear, weighing 1,000 pounds, was recently killed near Marietta, Mich.

Railroad trains, propelled by gas, have been running for some time in Dessau, Germany.

Two eggs, joined together by a little hollow neck of shell, were recently laid by a hen at Union Springs, Ala.

A female organ grinder in Chicago has her music box on wheels, and attached to it is a crib in which her baby rests.

One-third of the bicycles made this year are for women's use. Last year only one-tenth of them were used by females.

At a recent fashionable wedding in Chicago, the bride, a widow, was given away at the altar by her son, whose age is ten years.

A big hotel in Prineville, Oregon, is owned by a Chinaman. He rents it to a white man, who entertains only Caucasian guests.

A hen scratched the hand of Dubois Hunt, of Bellvale, Orange county, N. J., and caused blood poisoning, of which the injured man died.

The Esquimaux do not use chairs or stools. The men sit like tailors, with their legs crossed, while the women stretch out their limbs.

It is believed that camels are the only animals that cannot swim. Just after entering deep water, they turn on their backs and are drowned.

At a recent funeral in London, one of the mourners took part in the procession, mounted on his crape-draped wheel, and in full bicycle costume.

JETSAM.

There are two solid silver tea tables at Windsor castle.

Cuba has twelve varieties of mosquitoes and 300 varieties of butterflies.

The French government annually appropriates $25,000,000 for various charities.

There are in Wales about 910,280 Welsh speakers and about 236,000 outside the principality.

It appears that there are only about 100 native born American tars in the United States navy.

Governesses able to cycle will soon be in demand in Paris, such is the rage for cycling among girls.

An antarctic iceberg has been seen that was 20 miles wide, 40 miles in length and 400 feet in height.

A statue in bronze of Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinst, is to be erected by his fellow-countrymen at Minneapolis.

It is stated that, taking the country all over, there are an unusual number of applicants for relief from marital misery.

A railroad trestle 1,600 feet long, with double tracks and a steel drawbridge, has just been completed over Colgate creek, Maryland.

From London to Aberdeen, a distance of 504 miles, is now covered in eleven hours by a train of the London and Northwestern railway.

A decided novelty in Connecticut legislation is the law which went into effect a few days ago making the license of liquor dealers attachable for debt.

One-quarter of the main line of the Trans-Siberian railroad is now completed. The cost has been about $30,000,000—somewhat under the estimate.

The women at York Harbor, Me., have two alternatives, either to wear bloomers or put a stop to sprinkling the streets with salt water, which ruins their dresses.

IT EXCITES INTEREST.

THE SUCCESSFUL TRIP OF THE BICYCLE FLYING MACHINE.

How a New York World Reporter Easily and Safely Guided the Ship—The Sensation of Being High Up in the Air.

EXTRAORDINARY interest has been aroused by the recent successful trip of the World's airship, "The World," in New York. In the eastern part of Brooklyn, where the ascent was made, little else has been talked about for weeks past. Ordinarily, a person hears a story about an airship or a flying machine with a good deal of scepticism, but when one is confronted with evidence in the shape of the machine in actual operation, it is difficult not to believe. And that is the sort of evidence that was provided for thousands of persons just two weeks ago Saturday, who were so fortunate as to be on the spot when "The World" rose proudly and intelligently into the air, or who chanced to be somewhere in the line of its flight from Brooklyn to New York city, back to Long Island and thence to Yonkers, says the New York World. The entire trip was made pursuant to a set design of the World reporter, who operated the machine. It was no foolhardy venture, and the outcome could hardly have been other than successful, although many who saw the ascent marveled at the aeronaut's daring, and expressed themselves as being satisfied to remain on the earth. The reporter, however, had carefully experimented with the airship before making this ascent in public. He was fully aware, in the first place, that the trip would be just as safe as a ride in a trolley car, and, perhaps, indeed, a good deal safer. And, in the second place, he was perfectly confident that he would be able to guide the machine, though a rather stiff wind was blowing at the time.

No claim is made here that the World's airship is a mechanical bird, or a miraculous invention, which can be made to fly rapidly in the teeth of a fierce gale. Any such claim is absurd on its face. But it is asserted with perfect sincerity that a machine has been devised and constructed which is capable of being guided at the will of the operator, when the weather is anything like favorable. Such a machine is the World's airship. Such a machine was that which has solved the problem of aerial navigation.

The reporter had become familiar with the manipulation of the airship at the "Balloon Farm" of Prof. Carl E. Myers, the inventor, in Herkimer county, N. Y. Experiments have been continued over a considerable period, the idea being to make the ultimate trial at New York city a success, and to eliminate every possible feature that could contribute to a failure. The reporter had little difficulty in getting the knack of the machine, and it was not long before he could handle it as deftly as the professor himself.

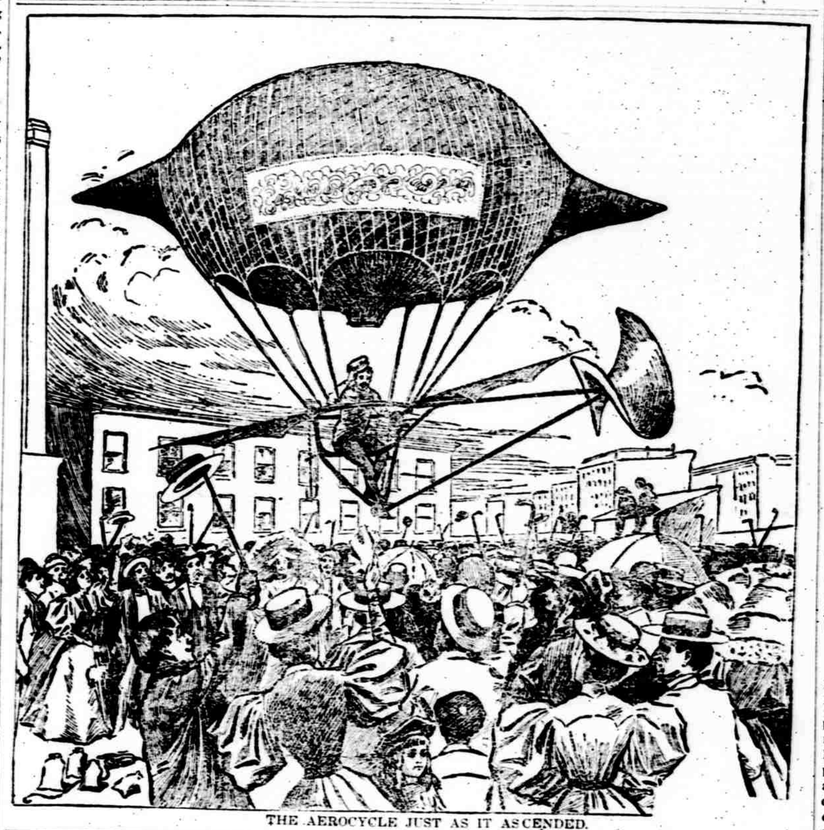
It will be remembered, according to the description and illustration printed in the Sunday World, that the airship is propelled by a huge sail propeller, operated by a pair of pedals, quite similar to those used on a bicycle. The main part of the machine is shaped somewhat like a spindle, being a double-pointed bag of cotton material, which is filled with hydrogen. The propeller is situated in front of the operator, who is seated on a bicycle-seat within a concentric ring of steel. Around this ring are arranged a number of bags of sand which are of convenience in ascending and descending, and within easy reach are the handles to a pair of wings, one extending outward on either side. These wings are the guiding agencies, as there is no rudder. When it is desired to rise, the operator cants himself backward in his seat, thereby throwing the wings at a slight upward inclination. The propeller being in brisk motion, the tendency is to draw the machine forward and to push it upward.

The device is so simple that one would scarcely expect it to work, yet by this means the reporter has ascended often to heights of 1,000 to 2,000 feet. The operation is reversed when the aeronaut wishes to descend. In turning around, either one or the other of the side wings is turned so as to offer its surface to the wind. The other side, meeting no resistance, swings around immediately. The operator may thus point the machine in any direction he pleases. When the wind is blowing very strong it is best to point the forward end directly to windward, as, owing to its peculiar shape, the balloon part of the structure offers very little resistance in this position. The air strikes the point first, and then seems to loose its force in passing around the convex surface. It is thought by some scientific men that an object may be even moved forward towards the wind under these conditions, it being argued that the wind passes around the sides of the structure and closes in behind, giving the whole machine a forward tendency. The ball nozzle has been explained on this principle.

During the sixteen or eighteen trips made by the reporter in practice another method of guiding or of assisting in guiding the airship was discovered. This is to incline the body in whatever direction it is desired to go. In order to turn to the right or left, it is simply necessary to lean in the direction desired.

In fact, the whole process is so simple and the sensation of being so high in perfect safety and with the power to control one's movements is so agreeable, that once you have made a trip you will be a confirmed sky bicyclist. When moving about the upper atmosphere at pleasure the air navigator feels a sort of pity for those who are so unfortunate as to be forced to remain on the earth. They are subject to all terrestial conditions—to earthquakes, lightning and tempest and due process of the law. The World airship navigator, on the other hand, may escape all these inconvenient things. He can approach the earth near enough to carry on a conversation in a moderate tone; and then, with a simple movement of the body, a slight change in the inclination of its axis, he soars upward above your head until his flight is stopped only by the absence of sufficient air to breathe, or by fatigue of the leg muscles.

In its present condition the airship is operated entirely by leg power, which, of course, is more or less unsatisfactory. In a quiet atmosphere, when there is no or very little wind blowing, one can get along very well by simply pushing the pedals. When a violent gale is blowing, however, it would be desirable to have some more vigorous motive power. If some such power were provided the machine might easily make its way into the eye of the hurricane.



THE AEROCYCLE JUST AS IT ASCENDED.

Plants Boarded for 50 Cents a Month.

Boarding houses for plants are a novel institution, designed for the housing of plants for families who close up their city houses for several months during the summer. Every woman who loves flowers is at her wits' end to devise a means of having her plants cared for while she is away. In the case of a large and valuable collection this becomes a serious matter. Often in the spring and summer anyone passing a florist's may see in his window a strip of painted glass or some other sign, bearing the words: "Boarding House for Plants, 50 Cents Apiece." A few of the establishments offer accommodations for 25 cents. This price covers a month's board and lodging for a single potted plant.

Baby Bliss' Pacing Mate.

Omaha's smallest cycling expert is a child 4 years old. She rides a 16-inch wheel. She takes long rides in the country with her mother almost every day, and can do a 10-mile turn without the least evidence of fatigue. She has made several exhibition rides at fairs, the last at Ottumwa, Iowa, where she rode with Baby Bliss, the 487-pound rider of Chicago.

Nearly Killed by a Rooster.

A 10-year-old Waterbury, Conn., girl named Teems met with a peculiar accident, in which she nearly lost her life. She began teasing a rooster, which turned and attacked her in the face, severing the temporal artery. The child was bleeding to death when the physician arrived and stopped the flow.

THE LIONS ROARED.

They Recognized Their Old Friend and Were Overjoyed.

Considerable excitement was caused in the big zoo at Glen Island by an incident which demonstrated the memory and sagacity of a huge African lion, and a lioness. The beasts had been yawning before several thousand people, when something suddenly attracted their attention. They bounded against the bars of the cage as if in a vain attempt to gain their freedom, and at the same time let out a series of roars that could be heard half a mile away. The tigers in the adjoining cages became interested and added their roars and growls. In an instant every animal in the big zoo, and there are over 1,000 of them, had joined in the frightful chorus. The shrill bark of the hyenas and wolves was heard above the rest, and added actual terror to the scene. Finally the huge elephant Siam caught the fever and, holding his trunk high in the air, gave a roar that was plainly heard at the other side of the sound. The fawns and deer and the little baby zebu dashed into the sheds, trembling with fright, while the monkeys groveled with terror at the bottom of their cages. Walter Bannister, the keeper, and half a dozen assistants were at once on the scene to make an investigation. It puzzled them. There was no apparent cause for the excitement, yet the big lions continued their roars and bounded about the cage. "Turn the hose on him; he's got mad," suggested one of the spectators, who said he knew all about lions, as he had read a book on animals in his boyhood. Things were becoming furious, when an elderly man forced his way through the crowd. "This is all my fault, sir," he said to Mr. Bannister. "My name is Tom Leroy, and I've handled lions all my life." As he spoke he stepped over the railing. Mr. Bannister at once recognized the name and made way for him. The man went close to the cage and thrust his two arms between the bars. The lions for a moment seemed frantic, then quieted down and began to lick the man's hand as the crowd fell back, expecting each instant to see the man injured. He explained to Mr. Bannister afterward that he had trained the lions to do many tricks years ago, and had traveled with them for many seasons. He had not seen them for some years, yet they recognized him the moment he came within sight of the cage, and made an uproar that was quieted as soon as he caressed them. The beasts had passed through several dealers' hands before coming to Glen Island, and it was not known that they were trick lions until Mr. Leroy informed Mr. Starin's representative.—New York Tribune.

WORTH KNOWING.

Boston has a stay-at-home club, whose members pledge themselves to remain in the city all summer.

There are only 187 full-rigged ships now flying the American flag, and of these 146 were built in Maine.

Owing to the suspension of work in the bituminous mines of Indiana a great demand for block coal is reported.

Ishpeming strikers have received 500 pounds of smoking tobacco from a Milwaukee dealer as a donation.

Lugen Lee, a colored saloon-keeper at Kokomo Junction, Ind., has been fined under the Nicholson law for so arranging his blinds that a full view of the interior could not be had.

A medical authority on the virtues of various kinds of food declares that the herring gives the muscles elasticity, the body strength and the brain vigor, and is not flesh-forming.

A San Francisco stage carpenter, Paul Breienstein by name, has invented a boat, the only motive power of which is the waves. The higher the waves the greater the speed of the craft is said to be.

Within a few weeks Charles Sarber and wife of Washington township, Fayette county, Ind., will celebrate their seventieth wedding day anniversary. Mr. Sarber is 90 years old and his wife is two years his senior.

C. E. Everett and H. C. Hanna of Fort Wayne have contracted for the equipment necessary to build an electric line to Lake Everett, ten miles distant from Fort Wayne. It is the ultimate purpose to extend the line to Columbia City.

THE REWARD OF HONESTY.

It Is Not Always So Free and Generous as to Be Very Encouraging.

"The case presented in last night's paper of a reward of $10 being paid for the return of $50 reminds me of a similar anecdote—only different," said the ancient New England member of the club to a Utica reporter. "It happened in Providence (R. I.) forty years ago, when the city contained but one millionaire, who was an old Scotchman named Alexander Duncan. One day Mr. Duncan, in leaving his office, dropped a large roll of bank notes in the street. They escaped his eye, but not that of the small boy, who is around everywhere, and who pounced upon the bills immediately. The roll contained $500. When Mr. Duncan received it he eagerly counted the money and, finding it correct, he turned to the boy and said: 'I thank ye, my little man.' Then, noticing the look of dismay in the poor lad's countenance, he felt in his trousers pocket and fished out a coin, which he handed to the finder of his wealth. And the coin represented—what do you think?"

"Five dollars?"

"A dollar?"

"A half dollar?"

"A quarter of a dollar?"

"Just half of that. It was an old Spanish coin that we used to call a ninepence in New England and that you would call a shilling in New York. In other words, it was twelve and a half cents which Alexander Duncan, the millionaire of Providence, paid to the honest boy who found and returned to him $500."

A POET'S LICENSE.

Squeezed the Hand of an Empress in the Fervor of Recitation.

G. W. Smalley, in "Studies of Men," relates the following incident: "Tennyson was one of the party invited some years since by Sir Donald Currie on a yachting trip, the yacht provided being an ocean steamer of the South Africa line, known as the Pembroke Castle. Mr. Gladstone was another guest, I think—certainly he was on one of the two or three trips then taken. There was on board a young English girl, since married and dead, whose beauty and intelligence and charm were all remarkable. Tennyson attached himself to this brilliant and sympathetic creature. He was often asked to read, and it became his habit to read holding her hand, which, in the fervor of recitation, he often pressed. The ship put in at Copenhagen, and the Princess of Wales and the Empress of Russia, then on a visit to her old home, came on board. There was luncheon, and after luncheon Tennyson was asked to read; and did, sitting between the Empress on one side and the English girl on the other. When it was over and they had gone up on deck, he asked the girl whether she thought the Empress liked it. 'Well,' answered she, 'her Majesty must have thought it a little unusual.' 'What do you mean?' 'I mean that I don't think the Empress is in the habit of having her hand squeezed in public even by poets.' It seemed proper to Tennyson to offer to the Empress his most humble apologies for his mistake. The Empress laughed, and told him she had enjoyed the reading extremely."

All Are Sons of Adam.

It looks as though five races of mankind were represented by five of the police detectives who were assigned to a police job one day last week, and whose names were O'Donoghue, Petrosini, Krauch, Cohen and Butler. Most people, in looking at these names, will be apt to make a guess as to which branch of the human family the bearer of each of them belongs. His guess may be right, or it may be wrong in every instance. The first named of these detectives may not be of the Celtic race, or the second of the Italic, or the third of the Teutonic, or the fourth of the Hebrew, or the fifth of some race different from the other four of them. It would not be safe for any one to make a bet upon the racial affiliation of each or all of the five men named, unless the bettor had previously ascertained the facts. In New York, you cannot always tell by a man's name what race he sprang from. It were possible that a man bearing any one of the five names here given might be a Pottawattomie Indian, or a Turk, or a Mexican, or a Portuguese, or a Greek. There may be "magic in a name," as a poet, who died long ago, once suggested.

You Don't Have to Believe This.

Le Chesseur Illustre, a French paper, publishes the following story, received from a correspondent in the far east: There are found in Tongking the most curious of the batrachians, the giant bullfrog, as big as two fists. They are used to drive away mosquitos by a very original stratagem. Three or four of the frogs are taken and placed in the corner of a table, a lighted cigarette being put in their mouth. After the first or second puff from the cigarette they remain motionless and continue smoking until the entire cigarette is consumed, puffing and belching all the while like a freight locomotive; the thick clouds of smoke will drive away the insect pests like magic.

Has Gray Whiskers and a Terrier.

A bicycle seems to call out a man's latent peculiarities with unfailing certainty, and there are always interesting examples of such development to be seen among the riders in the park or on the roads. A gray whiskered man rides on the boulevard almost every day with a small Skye terrier in a wire basket fastened to the front of the bicycle just below the handle-bars. He has been riding this way for several months, and is never seen without the dog. The animal's expression is a curious combination of terror and ennui, and there is an alertness in his look which might be understood to indicate that he would jump out at the first opportunity. Other similar riders are to be seen on the road every day, but unfortunately all of them are not so harmless.—New York Sun.

Maudie's Busy Week.

Following is a society item from Cedar Point, Kan.: "Maud Hastings was pretty busy while here last week. She broke John Sayre's colt to ride, raked alfalfa, pitched wheat and killed a snake. Come again, Maudie."

God is motherhood multiplied by infinity.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Columbus - State - Bank!

(Oldest Bank in the State)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

AND

Makes Loans on Real Estate.

BUYS SHORT DRAFTS ON

Omaha, Chicago, New York and all Foreign Countries.

SELLS : STEAMSHIP : TICKETS.

BUY GOOD NOTES

And Helps its Customers when they Need Help.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't.

B. H. HENRY, Vice Prest.

M. BRUGGER, Cashier.

JOHN STAUFFER. WM. BUCHER.

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.

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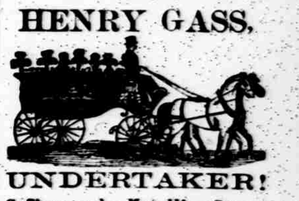

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