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THE SOFT BLACK EYES

WHAT a trivial thing will color the whole of a man's life! How small an incident, compared to the large future he has mapped out for himself, may make or mar it! I learned all this, and more, one sunny May day in Mexico, five years ago.

I had been sent to Mexico, as chief of a surveying corps, to establish the boundaries of the Santa Anita grant, which lay along the Rio Clara just outside the city of Chihuahua. It was a responsible position for a young man and I held my head high.

It was the day of La Fiesta de Guadalupe. The saint himself had been dead, but in Mexico that doesn't make any difference; the longer folks are dead there, the more they seem to be thought of, and the bigger a birthday party they have. Almost every other week contains the "feast day" of some dead saint or saintess, and trade and commerce are suspended to do the occasion justice. The natives of Mexico are the most mercenary pious people on earth. Why, I have known them—men in my employ—to be so enthused over the posthumous birthday of some long-dead saint that they would get up in the gray dawn to go about celebrating it. This morning—the morning of Guadalupe's feast day—the whole force of ponies under me had struck. No Chinamen, no flagmen, no axmen, were left me. Only Sims and Bailey, my two American assistants, and a hired hand. When I began abusing them for the customs of Mexico, they said while they did not care even remotely for the saint to whom it was dedicated, still they were glad it was a holiday, and they thought they would go up-stream and fish awhile. They were very different laymen, without any religious feeling.

When I was left alone in camp, I

All this I tried to confide to Lucia. It touched her; it touched her, she said, like stories she had read in the convent.

Her name was in a poem in itself, Lucia Eulalia Garcia y Valdez. And mine? After that poem it seemed common to say that I was plain "Jack Biggs." But she anticipated me; she pointed to one of my business cards that had escaped my vest pocket when I threw it on the sand. "Meester Biggs, que no?" she hissed, and it did not sound at all badly from her lips.

It was pleasant to know that she did not dislike my name; this was one way of saying, as everybody knows, that his owner was not disagreeable to her.

As we walked, we washed; and long before noon the gentleman's shirts were all floating in the breeze from the low chaparral along the river bank.

Lucia Eulalia glanced gratefully and alternately at the snowy linen and at me. My natural thoughtfulness led me to suggest that we might as well do the family washing while we were about it. Her brother, Antonio, the shepherd, whom she had mentioned with sisterly affection—did not his things have need of water? "There's no time like the present," I said. "It might as well be to-morrow and rain for nothing as to have it." Lucia Eulalia looked at the contracting blue of the sky, and laughed at my weather prophecies, but she ran to her adobe dwelling a few rods away and brought from it a bundle of Antonio's "things." They had apparently been washed for me for years. His wardrobe ranged from dingy overalls. As I warmed up to the ambitious task of cleansing them, under Lucia Eulalia's approving smiles, all nature seemed to smile; the sun shone warm and warmer; the river ran blue and blue; the sky was a deeper blue. She had also "allowed" the root of a whole soap-tree to Antonio's garments. She was right in doing this, but, somehow, in my struggle with the sheep-herding stains of six months, I had distributed a good deal of lather over my person. When this unaccounted for lather began to show on me, Lucia Eulalia asked softly if I had tired.

"Oh! no!" I was declaring. "I have no

DELICIOUS REED BIRDS.

Philadelphia is the only city in the world where the reed bird can be found in a state of overrunning obesity, and the only place where it can be cooked to perfection. In New York the French cooks conceal its delicate toothsome-ness in rich dressing. There they know as little about reed birds as they do about terrapin, scrapple and pepperoni. Recently there was given in this city a dinner in which reed birds were served in thirteen different forms. Among the courses were soup made from reed birds, birds stuffed with black-point oysters, reed birds placed inside a hollow potato and roasted, reed birds stuffed with herb filling and baked, reed birds stewed with fresh mushrooms, reed birds split and broiled—an admirable practice, by the way—reed birds saute and a seeming pie from which, when the crust was lifted, two dozen reed birds flew forth and around the room. But, after all, there is only one way to cook and eat the succulent reed—saute! Select birds which have little clumps of yellow fat on both sides of the part last over the fence. Place them in a saucpan—or, better still, a chaffing dish—with plenty of the best butter, salt, black pepper and plentiful sprinkling of paprika—the sweet ungarian pepper which nowadays can be found in any first-class grocery. They must not be split and their heads must not be removed. Cook them for five to six minutes, according to the size of the bird and the heat of the fire, but do not allow the yellow fat to become browned. Nothing could be simpler, and yet, very few cooks can prepare a reed bird without destroying its toothsome-ness. There is an art also in the eating of his daintiness, but it can only be applied to birds of the character and preparation in the manner described above. Writing off the head and sink your teeth into and absorb the brains. Then hold the little darling aloft by the protruding bones of both legs, and slipping him into a watering mouth, crunch your way through his carcass until not a bit of him remains but the leg bones. Then cast your eyes above and say grace. That's eating reed birds, that is.

IS A 500,000,000-AIRE.

EXTRAORDINARY RISE OF BARNEY BARNATO.

All England Buys His Stocks—Once a Street Fakir and Circus Performer, He Has Made Millions in South Africa's Mining Boom.

His name is Barney Barnato—and he is one of the very richest money kings in the world. Barney is the Kaffir bossman king, and his fortune to-day is estimated at \$500,000,000. That's the figure to-day; what it may be next week no one can tell. For Barney is the central figure in the most gigantic and reckless speculation since the famous South Sea bubble.

This speculation has plunged Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans who have a dollar to risk into a feverish and unprecedented craze to buy and sell "Kaffirs." On the London, Paris and German exchanges "Kaffirs"

to conjure by. The Dark Continent was a mystery not unmix'd with romance. Its resources were unlimitable, its possibilities incalculable. New strikes of rich veins were reported. With each strike sprang up a company to work it. Kaffir stocks were in every man's mind. The English newspapers helped on the widespread public interest by publishing long letters and despatches from the scene of activity. Conservative English papers inveighed against it, but the people gave no heed.

Barney Barnato got into the Kaffir swim. He plunged deep. His natural daring and cool effrontery stood him well. He won enormously. Then he branched out independently and drew about him his own following. It was another case of the tucky gambler leading the way for the unlucky. He organized companies to float "Kaffirs." There were Barnato "companies," Barnato "groups," Barnato "shares," but there were never any Barnato losses. He made money even more rapidly than the great bonanza kings of California in the palmiest days of the Argonauts.

Shrewdly he made a conquest of Sir Edgar Vincent. Sir Edgar and Barney became financial bosom friends. Sir Edgar became the plunger position, which he never had in spite of his fortune. Barney had been blackballed at the

quoted at over three times their face value.

The blind faith of the English people in this modern Moses upset all theories of their national conservatism. It is estimated that not less than \$150,000,000 has been subscribed, a large part of it by small investors, in the schemes and enterprises of the plausible Barney.

He was and is to-day the speculative foe of Cecil Rhodes, and resembles the latter in the scope of his enterprises and nerve with which he backs them. Rhodes companies and Barnato companies are rivals for the favor of capital wherever "Kaffirs" are quoted.

AFTER EATING HASKHEESH.

The Peculiar Mental Condition Which Came to One and All.

During quite a good half hour I felt nothing in any way abnormal, but when the meal was drawing to its close a subtle warth, which came, as it were, in gusts to my head and chest, seemed to permeate my body with a singular emotion, says the Cornhill Magazine. Later on the conversation around me reached my understanding, charged with droll significance. The noise of a fork tapped against a glass struck my ears as a most harmonious vibration. The faces of my companions were trans-

THAT ADDRESS ON EGYPT.

Prof. Flinders Petrie's paper before the British association on the effects of modern civilization is one of the most remarkable contributions of our day to the literature of education. According to him, "every civilization is a growing product of a very complex set of conditions," and "to attempt to alter such a system apart from its conditions is impossible. No change is legitimate or beneficial to the real character of a people except what flows from conviction and the natural growth of the mind." To force upon other races a civilization "developed in a cold country, amid one of the hardest, least sympathetic, and most self-denying and calculating peoples of all the world, is death; we make a deadhouse and call it civilization. Scarcely a single race can bear the contact and the burden. And then we talk, complacently about the mysterious decay of savages before white men." Of the modern Egyptian under the influence of Anglo-Saxon civilization he says: "The Europeanized Egyptian is in most cases the mere blotting paper of civilization. . . . You manufacture idiots. Some of the peasantry are taught to read and write, and the result is that their fathers before them are not to that they become an Egyptian who has had reading and writing thrust upon him is, in every case that I have met with, half-witted, silly, or incapable of taking care of himself. . . . With the Copt this is quite different; his fathers have been scribes for thousands of years. . . . Observation of these people leads to the view that the average man cannot receive much more knowledge than his immediate ancestors. . . . Our bigoted belief in reading and writing is not in the least justified when we look at the well being of the community. . . . Above all, we ought to impress on every boy that this civilization in which he grows is only one of innumerable experiments in life that have been tried; that it is by no means the only successful one, or, perhaps, not the most successful, that there has been, that there are many other solutions of the problems of community and culture which are as good as our own, and that no one solution will fit a different race, climate, or set of conditions. . . . The books required for such reading should cover the life of Greece, Rome, Babylonia, Egypt and Mexico in ancient times; and China, India, Persia, Russia, Spain and one or two low civilizations, such as the Andamans and the Zulus, in modern times. Neither histories nor travels are wanted for this purpose, but a selection of the literature which shall most illustrate the social life and frame of the community, with full explanations and illustrations. . . . Where no literature is available a vivid study of the nature of the practical working of their civilization should take its place."

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BEST PAPERS

—OF THE—

COUNTRY.



AS WE TALKED WE WASHED.

spent a short time on my field-notes, when it came over me that I was wasting the day. Just outside the chaparral the river was laughing and murmuring in the open. It seemed to ask me to walk beside it. The adobe huts along its bank were tenantless; their inmates had gone to the feast.

But, strange sight, that at the end of the river where the waters were the merriest, was a solitary worker, and whatever it was she was doing, she was doing it with a vim. A dark-eyed, dark-haired, dark-skinned daughter of Spain she seemed to be, and she was working—and working hard—on a "feast day." A fit of curiosity seized me to know what she was doing, and why she was doing it. I approached her with the question on my lips; at what did she work, and for what? "I am washing the clothes that lay around her on the sand. For the owner of it, a gentleman who was staying at the United States hotel, wanted it by noon, and to-morrow would not do (she said this plaintively). If it were not done by the noon, she finished most meticulously, she would get no dinner, and that she needed in the superlative degree. Mexico! Ah, the most potent thing in Mexico to saints' days is money!"

As her red lips told me this, her great black eyes wandered from the soiled clothes at her feet to the spires of the cathedral in the distance and the waving foliage of the plaza where the feasting and merry making were going on. There was a look of sadness and longing in them as she gazed. Being a tender-hearted man, I asked her if there was aught I could do for her. "In a wonderful mixture of Anglo-Spanish, which I invented while in Mexico, and which no one could ever master but myself, I assured her I was at her service if she so desired, and asked how I could assist her."

The black eyes flashed gratitude ere the scarlet mouth smiled, in silvery sweet tones: "Would I sit on a rock beside her and rub the shirts of the gentleman on a large rock with a very small rock?"

"Yes," she said, "I have adobe, also

WON HIS CASE.

A Philadelphia Lawyer's Idea of Thirt

Over Philadelphia's law courts a young law student who fell in love with a girl was not to be admitted to practice, says the New York Journal. The girl's father also belonged to the profession and was reckoned pretty smart, as Philadelphia lawyers go. The old fellow gave a partial consent to the young man's pleadings, but concluded he would try the student and see if he was worthy to be his son-in-law. So he said: "The case of Blank against Blank has been on the calendar several years. It has been tried, appealed, decision reversed, tried again and comes up again for argument at the next general term. I am counsel for the plaintiff. I have had the case four years but now I turn it over to you. Here are the papers; see what you can do."

The young man took the papers and went to work with a vim born of love—for if he won the case should he not also win a bride? At last life seemed to him worth the living. He studied the case thoroughly. He consulted the authorities and was loaded and primed for a brilliant argument when the other convened. He made his plea and won the case without any trouble.

With a heart overflowing with joy he returned to his prospective father-in-law and, slapping down the papers, he exclaimed:

RAM'S HORNS.

Faultless people have few friends. The bearer of good news always has a sweet voice.

One of the best helps toward heaven is a good mother.

Let flowers bloom all the year round. Wherever God's will is law, nothing but purity can exist.

Many a supposed giant has turned lead, but God never has.

Everything good lost in this world will be found in heaven.

Let flowers bloom all the year round. Christ teaches, he is no longer our Lord.

Do right yourself, and you will help some other man to behave himself.

The poorest people in the world are those who try to keep all they get.

The devil fears no man's profession when it is higher than his practice.

Make home like heaven, and you will make the children want to go there.

Every trial God permits us to have, is to teach us something new about Christ.

The man whose heart is set on perishable, loses all when—*ay* perishable.

As soon as we begin to have peace with God, we begin to have war with the world.

Prove that there is no devil, and every man in the world will be your friend.

As long as love has a drop of blood left, it has something it is willing to give up.

The better a man is pleased with himself, the better the devil is pleased with him.

The devil will get a hard blow in the face, on the day women is given the ballot.

If some people would think twice before they speak, they would keep still most of the time.

There would be more revivals, if more of the preaching were done to the sinners in the church.—*Ram's Horn.*



BARNEY BARNATO.

is the name of a confusing multiplicity of South African mining stocks, the lively ups and downs of which have for the past few months been making and unmaking fortunes. This wild and insane craze has led to the upping of financial values in all American stocks, and has caused Wall street to hold its breath, as it were, pending the anticipated bursting of the Kaffir boom.

Barney Barnato, the man who has really launched this unprecedented speculation, has himself made millions out of it, and when the crash comes, if it comes it must, it is believed that he will still be an enormously rich man. Most of his fortune is said to be on paper, but he holds the upper hand in all the "big deals" and he is not the sort of man who has let the "dear public" in on the ground floor without making them pay him a profit.

Of his origin as little is known as of the astonishing rise of the boom he has created. It is believed that he was a London street Arab. He is still young—not yet forty—slightly over 5 feet in height, fat, squat and short-legged. His appearance is altogether ugly. All sorts of vague stories are told of his career. He is said to have been a barber, a second-hand clothing dealer, a haggard, a broker's clerk, a messenger, a street fakir, a tumbler, circus performer, contortionist and prestidigitator. He has dealt in South African diamonds, and about their spuriousness many stories are told of his enemies who knew him in the mines. He left there when he was about eighteen years old.

Three years ago, penniless and unknown, he appeared in London. Not long after there sprang up among speculators and investors great interest in South African mining stocks. Companies were formed to develop these mines, and European capitalists, big and little, were invited to take stock. It was easy to find money backings for these enterprises. Africa was a name

London clubs. The rich turf set cut him, in spite of his heavy support of races and his fine string of horses. Sir Edgar made sure first of all that Barney and his South African enterprises were "safe." He went out to South Africa with Barney as Barney's guest, and was accompanied by his wife, the beautiful Lady Helen Duncombe, sister of the Duchess of Leinster. What Sir Edgar saw in Africa convinced him. He took up Barney, gave him financial and social prestige, got in London, but in Paris, and by clever maneuvering secured for him the ear of the great Parisian financiers and booted him forward in Parisian society. Sir Edgar now shares with him the title of "King of the Kaffirs."

Barnato's latest coup was the creation of the "Barnato Bank, Mining and Estate Corporation, Limited." It needed no prospectus; the mob were only too eager to tumble over each other getting "on the inside." By the mere stroke of a pen Barnato created an enormous capital out of nothing.

The nominal capital of this bank was £2,500,000. The shares were £1 each, and on the morning of the issue there were 1,500 brokers, with orders to buy hundreds and in some cases thousands, of shares at the market. The shares opened from 12½ to 14½ premium, and the capital of the bank is now valued at nearly £3,000,000. At the last statement, when there was talk about difficulty in carrying over stocks, Barnato announced that he would lend £10,000,000 on the stocks of companies in which he was interested.

The trading in these shares developed one of the most startling scenes ever witnessed in the London market. For a time there was an almost indescribable frenzy, and the shares were bid up to more than four times their face value. They subsided later, but the confidence of the public is well attested by the fact that they are still

formed. The portentious animal type, which, according to Lavater, is the basis of every human countenance, appeared to me strikingly clear. My right hand neighbor became an eagle, he on my left grew into an owl, with full projecting eyes; immediately in front of me the man was a lion, while the doctor himself was metamorphosed into a fox. But the most extraordinary circumstance was that I read, or seemed to read, their thoughts and penetrate the depth of their intelligence as easily as one decipher a page printed in large type. Like an experienced phrenologist I could indicate accurately the nature of their sentiments; in this analysis I discovered affinities and contrasts which would have escaped one in a normal state. Objects around me seemed little by little to clothe themselves in fantastic garb, the arabesques on the walls revealed themselves to me in rich rhymes of attractive poetry, sometimes melancholy but more generally rising to an exaggerated lyricism or to transcendent buffoonery. The porcelain vases, the bottles, the glasses sparkling on the table—all took the most ludicrous forms. At the same time I felt creeping all around the region of my heart a tickling pressure, to squeeze out, as it were, with gentle force, a laugh which burst forth with noisy violence. My neighbors, too, seemed subjected to an identical influence, for I saw their faces unfold like ponies—victims of boisterous hilarity, holding their sides and rolling about from right to left, their countenances swollen like Titans. My voice seemed to have gained considerable strength, for when I spoke it was as if it were discharged from a cannon, and long after I had uttered a sentence I heard in my brain the reverberation, as it were, of distant thunder.

Wagge—Is it possible? No wonder he died!—Tid-Bits.

PEN POINTS.

All good men don't make good husbands.

What we know about yesterday doesn't seem to help us much with to-morrow.

The world contains many "tired women" who wouldn't rest if they had the opportunity.

A woman won't lie for her own sake nearly so easily as she will for the sake of somebody else.

Most sentiment is liable to mildew if not carefully looked after.

Cupid shoots his arrow through a pocketbook when he doesn't take aim.

A woman can't be any more constant than a man, but she can keep it up much longer.

Cupid is represented as a child, because an adult Cupid would be chased out of the country for reckless shooting.

HUMOROUS.

Conductor—Did I get your fare? Passenger—I guess so; I didn't see you ring it up for the company.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

"Help! Help!" cried the man who was being robbed. "Call yourself," said the highwayman. "I don't need any assistance."—*Town Topics.*

Johnny—Papa, what does it mean when they say a man is his own worst enemy? Papa—It generally means that he drinks like a fish.—*Puck.*

"He didn't have the sand to propose, did he, Bossin?" "Yes; but she rejected him. She said that while he had the sand to propose he didn't have the rocks to marry."—*Harpers Magazine.*

Lawyer—Have you formed any opinion on this case? Jurymen—No, sir. "Do you think after the evidence on both sides is all in you would be able to form an opinion?" "No, sir." "You'll do."—*New York Weekly.*

A month after the elopement, she—I got a letter from papa to-day saying that he had made his will. He—Do we come in anywhere? She—Not directly; but he has left all his money to an asylum for idiots.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Ada—How can you be so insouciant? You said you were sorry you were out when he called. Ida—No; I said I was sorry he called when I was out. Ada—Well! Ida—He is likely to call some time when I am in.—*New York Herald.*

"Do you think it hurts the poor creature to be put in the stew?" asked the kind-hearted girl. "It seems cruel." "Yes," replied her escort; "it does seem cruel. There's nothing more terrible, you know, than solitary confinement."—*Washington Star.*