

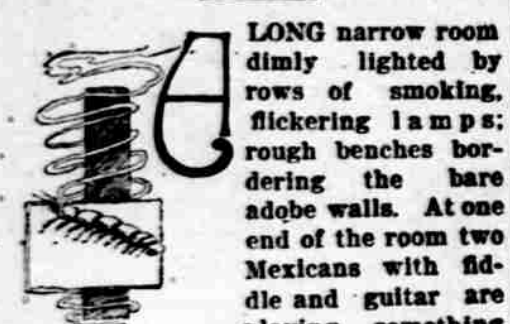
The Columbus Journal

VOLUME XXVI.—NUMBER 32.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1895.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,332.

A GIRL OF MEXICO.



LONG narrow room dimly lighted by flickering lamp; rough benches bordering the bare adobe walls. At one end of the room two Mexicans with fiddle and guitar are playing something which evidently passes for music.

The air is close and foul with the exertions and breath of the motley crowd that fills benches and floor. An this is the "hall room" attached to the Legal Tender saloon at Phoenix, N. M.

In the doorway stands a tall, fair-haired young fellow, well tanned, yet seeming light skinned among the Mexicans and row-punchers by whom he is surrounded. He lounges in the doorway watching the dancers with an expression of amusement and partly of languid interest.

At last a soft little hand within his led him— for it was quite dark— through a passageway into a small room lighted by a single tallow candle.

"Will the señor rest?" and then after a moment's pause, "I will return soon. She was gone before he could prevent it."

Woodhall sat down on the edge of the bed to think, and as he did so he felt the weight of the money belt which he carried about his waist. In a moment all his English caution and mistrust returned.

"It may be all right," he muttered, "but a little search won't hurt anything."

The only possible place of concealment was under the bed. Revolver in hand, he dropped to his knees and groped into the darkness. Nothing. Slowly he raised himself until his eyes were on a level with the counterpane, and as he reached this position he noticed a small lump on the surface. Was he deceived, or did the lump move? More from curiosity than any other motive he raised himself and looked under the bed. There stood the girl, her eyes big with fear and horror, fixed on the deadly spider.

"Is it the Senor Woodhall?"

He turned sharply and faced the questioner. A tall, slim, dark-haired Mexican girl stood before him. Over her shoulders she had thrown a many-colored serape which only half concealed the well-carved and graceful lines of her figure. Her coal-black hair hung in a long plait, and her eyes seemed almost luminous as she stood in the shadow beside him. She was beautiful, there could be no doubt of that, and as Woodhall stood there staring at her a wild, half-formed resolution took possession of him, born of his recent fierce struggle with the last hope.

"Yes, I am Woodhall," he answered her. "What is it?"

"Will the señor come with me a little?"

Without a word Woodhall sprang on his horse. The girl quickly mounted a cow pony tied near by, and together they dashed off into the darkness. Within the "Legal Tender" the dance and game went on. Not a soul had seen their quick disappearance. McQueen hunted about a little, saw that Woodhall's horse was gone, cursed him for an unassailable brute, and started back to the ranch alone.

It was a dark, forbidding-looking abode at which Woodhall and the girl dismounted. As near as he could judge they had ridden two or three miles southeast across the track. The mystery and novelty of the affair struck him as he was tying his horse, yet he was hardly prepared for what followed.

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ACTORS LIKE WASHINGTON.

Are Fond of Spending Salaries in the Capital.

Every actor or actress, lyric or dramatic, will tell you that they love to come to Washington. It is invariably the pilgrimage of pleasure. There are several reasons for this. One reason in chief is because a great deal of the talent that appreciates talent is naturally at the seat of the government, where for years there has been a centripetal movement of bright men and women.

Another reason is that conditions political and otherwise change so often that men and women are not permitted to move in grooves. This brings about a system of society, if it may be so called, which is more free from cliques and cabals than any other city in the United States.

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MONKEYS ON TRIAL.

STARTLING COURT PROCEEDURE AT BENARES, INDIA.

Two Simians Charged with Grand Larceny—The Judge Would Not Issue a Warrant and the Case Went to a Grand Jury.

EVERYBODY has heard of the sacred monkeys of Benares and their queer antics. There are three monkeys in Calcutta, just now enjoying the unique distinction (for monkeys) of being under indictment for larceny.

An English magistrate in India enjoys considerable latitude, but the magistrate was forced to refuse the warrant to arrest monkey. He advised the complainants to destroy the troublesome animals. But this suggestion they could not, by reason of religious scruples, accept.

The English magistrate compromised by suggesting a modified indictment against the monkeys for burglary of the worst type, and the local courts at

STORY OF THE AERONAUT.

It Was About the Disposal of Falling Bodies Without Injuring the Earth.

"Did you see anything in any of the papers about a man falling out of a balloon five or six miles high and never hitting the ground?" inquired an old aeronaut of a Star reporter.

"That's a fool notion, isn't it?" "Um—um," hesitated the aeronaut. "I wouldn't like to say that it was, altogether."

"Why not? Did you ever try it?" "No; but I tried it on a dog once."

"Let me tell you about it, and you can answer the question to suit yourself. Twenty years ago I had a reputation in aeronautics as a high flyer, so to speak, and I guess I have been far away from the earth that anybody that is still alive. One day I made an ascension to a distance of over five miles, and the next day I proposed to beat my own record, and I took a scientific chap along as a witness. We also took along a dog weighing about eight or ten pounds. Well, we went up for all there was in it, and I expect you might be in heaven by this time if the professor almost from top to bottom had to turn back to save his life. At the point registered highest by our barometer I let the dog jump out. I spotted the field where he ought to light with my glass, and watched him go down as far as I could see him. A couple of hours later we descended and the balloon grounded within half a mile of where the dog should have lit, the wind having changed and swept us back toward the starting place. We

SAILORS STICK TO CASTOR OIL.

Large Amounts of the Drug Used by Those Who Follow the Sea.

Just below the Produce Exchange in New York is a neat looking drug store which has a peculiar line of trade. The proprietor has been in the business for almost a quarter of a century and if the adventurous youths who hang about the sailor boys only have seen many thousands of gallons of castor oil the druggist has doled out in his time to the ships' captains the said youth would decide to hunt adventures on land.

Nothing, according to the theory of the man making the statement. You see, it was one of those question-asking cranks who wants to know everything. He had said that by calculation he had discovered that if a man fell out of a balloon at that height he would be going so fast by the time he got near the earth he would be vaporized by the heat from the friction.

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A Motorman's Life.

FULL OF HARDSHIPS, EXPOSURE AND CONSTANT DANGER.

The Great Strain of a Man's Nerves Endures in Itself to Wreck Him in a Short Time. The Experience of a Well-Known Motorman.

The life of a motorman is not a bed of roses, especially in the winter when he is exposed to the cold and snow. Even in the summer he must bear the intense heat which beats down upon him. Considerable nerve and self-possession are necessary in a motorman for the lives and limbs of his passengers are at stake. One of the best known electric motormen in this city is William Frazer, who is at present running a car on the Cumminsville electric line. He is not only well known to his fellow employees but to the people who travel on his car. Mr. Frazer is a young man about twenty-six years of age, and takes a crew of four men with him on his runs. He has had several kinds of medicine which were recommended to him, but none of them seemed to give him even temporary benefit. An enthusiastic admirer of that famous remedy known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, he bought a box and tried it. He was almost discouraged, but took the advice. To a reporter for the *Register* he said: "I feel the most confident of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have had much confidence in their efficacy because I had tried every other kind of medicine. I was almost discouraged. Before I had taken one box I was decidedly better. Two boxes cured me entirely. While I have been under the weather for other causes my indigestion has never returned. It is ever so much easier for me to eat now. I have confidence in the efficacy of Pink Pills that I never expect to see any other motorman who shall use some of them. It is a pleasure for me, I assure you, to testify to the efficacy of these Pink Pills. They not only tone the stomach but regulate the bowels and act as a mild cathartic."

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SACRED MONKEYS IN THE TEMPLE AT BENARES.

present have this proceeding under consideration.

The offending Calcutta monkeys must be deported. The offending Calcutta monkeys must be deported. The offending Calcutta monkeys must be deported.

The origin of the polka is not generally known, the inventor of the dance having been a young Bohemian girl named Hanicka Selezka.

Correct Styles in Monogram China. Monogram china is all the vogue these days on the well appointed table.

Twice Celebrate Their Ninth Birthday. In the charming old Cape Cod town of Barnstable reside twin sisters who celebrated their 90th birthday last week.

CURRENT NOTES.

As a rule the woman who tries to be a man simply ceases to be a woman and stops right there.—Detroit Tribune.

In Other Words—"What is your favorite disposition?" "Sir," "Dear pardon! I mean of what sin are you most tolerant in others?"—Ex.

"With all her wealth, Miss Cashroll is a true American at heart." "Yes; she told me a long time since that if she didn't catch a prince she would die single."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Delicate Hint.—"Yesterday I asked a daisy whether you love me, Miss Ella." "She—" "Was the answer favorable?" "He—" "No." "She—" "Well, why don't you ask me?"—Fleegende Blätter.

"Smith—" "I see that Jones was at that dinner the other night. What did he think of the preaches?" "Brown—" "When I saw him he was just going to read the house that he had not been told of the gate. She was so exercised for fear he would fall over it when he came in that she set up for him. He was late, very late, and she was very tired. And yet when he did come and realized how devotedly she had waited up in order to save him a tumble what do you think the heartless man said?" "Why, my dear, said he, "why didn't you just lift the gate up?" "Wasn't that just like a man?"—Washington Post.

NEWSY TRIFLES.

It is costing Spain \$3,000,000 a month to fight Cuba. Last year it cost Great Britain \$2,000,000 to combat the locust plague of Egypt.

In Trigg county, Ky., J. J. Thomas grew an apple that weighed a pound and ten ounces.

Four generations of a family are being taken care of at the poor farm at Bismarck, Mo.

In 1869 there were in London only 600 miles of underground wires, whereas there are now 12,000 miles.

Prepaid gas meters are growing in favor in New York. You drop a quarter in a slot and get 200 feet of gas.

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