

The Columbus Journal

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COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1895.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,336.

MAS UNDERGROUND.

THE most memorable Christmas in my recollection? Yes, sir. Well, there are many memorable occasions in the life of a mountain pioneer, but this one is worth recording.

The old prospector, declining the proffered Havana, proceeded to fill his pipe with considerable deliberation, as if settled down on a huge boulder. The trap, bright air of a beautiful October morning lent additional vigor and energy to every faculty.

I took a survey of the old man before he proceeded with his story. Grizzled hair and beard and a slight stoop of the shoulders bespoke years of toil and expectation—expectation unfulfilled, but ever fresh with each recurring spring.

Little does humanity estimate the value of these hardy pioneers, who have led the way across steep and dangerous trails, delving constantly beneath the soil, to open to the world its treasure-vaults. Onward they go, as civilization follows, to still more unexplored regions, until the very heart of the Sierras is like an open book. And when the last peak is struck, when life's flag has burned itself out, a stone pile perchance marks the last resting-place of a hero, whose kind is now almost extinct.

The old man continued: "You see, just before the Carbonate excitement broke out I was chosen in a supply store at Denver. While wages were tolerably fair, even for the West, it was slow progress toward getting rich—too slow, in fact, when one could hear every day as how the boys were

AN OLD IRISH KING.

Brian Borlomeo, or Boru, was a real personage and perhaps the greatest of the old Irish kings, says the Brooklyn Eagle. He belonged to a celebrated clan known as the Dalcaisians. He had a brother named Malachy and for a time the two worked together to drive out the Danes and extend their own power over other parts of Ireland than that to which their clan belonged. They were very successful. Malachy became king of a section of the country, but was soon after taken captive by some of his rivals and murdered. Then Brian rose in his might. Gathering his clansmen together, he marched with great rapidity from point to point, sought out the men who had slain his brother, defeated them and took possession of their lands and, by means of the deeds he performed with his strong right arm, became king of Munster. Then he marched into Leinster and exacted tribute and homage from the kings there. It was a time when Ireland was divided up into separate kingdoms. But over all was the arduous and chief king, and at the period when Brian Boru began his great work the leading monarch was Malachy, also a great warrior. Brian and Malachy became jealous of each other, and though for a time they agreed to an arrangement whereby Malachy was regarded as sole ruler over the north of Ireland, Brian had the notion that all Ireland should be controlled by one man and that he himself was the man for the work. So he picked a quarrel with Malachy, and marching against the latter he met him at the battle of Clontarf, where Malachy was killed. Brian, however, could not get the help he wanted and he therefore surrendered to Brian, who was so pleased at this act that he bestowed such honors as he could on his captive and gave him his liberty. Brian was now master of Ireland and for many years the country was peaceful and prosperous. Roads were made through the land, bridges were built over the rivers and houses and castles that had suffered during the time of conflict were repaired or rebuilt. Colleges and seats of learning were erected also and crime was scarcely known in the country.

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in the sea. "Harold," she gasped, "I have just been told there is a price on your head."

"No, darling," he whispered, "I have never quoted any prices for a broken set. The head goes with the rest."—Detroit Tribune.

WORTH KNOWING. The London Chronicle says: "Mr. Austin is simply unthinkable as a poet laureate. We can hardly conceive that so great an injury to literature is meditated."

Seven hundred Berlin journalists are to have their pictures printed in a volume which Gustave Dahms has written and which is to give an inside view of modern German journalism.

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When rheumatic people complain of pains and aches then look out for rain and storms.

If cattle leave off feeding and chase each other around the field you may safely expect rain.

When birds of passage arrive early in their southern passage severe winter may be looked for.

If all Saints' Day will bring out the winter, St. Martin's Day will bring out the Indian summer.

If goldenrod blossoms early you will need heavy clothes for bitter cold weather will prevail.

Grass lying in compact bodies in the beams of the setting sun mean that the weather will be fine.

If criers spin the filaments of their webs long the weather will be serene for ten or twelve days.

The whiteness of the breastbone of a goose indicates the amount of snow that will fall during the winter.

A good hydrometer is a piece of hemp. Roll it into a lump, and when it is damp it prognosticates rain.

If birds preen their feathers and wash themselves afterwards flying to their nests, rainy weather is indicated.

Onion skins very thin, mild winter coming in; onion skins thick and tough, coming winter cold and rough.

When honey bees are busy laying in a supply of food you can depend on it that the winter will be a "cooking" cold one.

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Later, when he was about to breathe his last, he asked in a touching manner: "What was the name of his machine?"—Exchange.

Ready for Him. "Our side is going to spring some unlooked-for disclosures on you," said a lawyer to one of the opposing attorneys.

"We've been expecting some unlooked-for disclosures," was the reply, "so you'll not take us unawares."—Oakland Times.

SOME OLD CRUISERS.

GRAVE YARD OF THE CONFEDERATE GUNBOATS. The West Indies Marked with the Heads of English Built Privateers—Some Old Blacked Runners—A Group Picture of the Wrecks.

N wandering about certain of the landlocked bays and harbors of the West Indies, the wonder of the traveler is often excited at the appearance of an occasional stranded hulk, lying with its bows among the mangroves, unclaimed and ownerless.

The fine lines and capacious engine-rooms of these derelicts bespeak a capacity for high speed, and there are sometimes traces of elegant carving and paneling of the cabins aft. These ships, in their deserted and dismantled condition, are instinct with the mystery of a past ocean life; but seldom can information be obtained from the natives along

shadows of a phantom ship rising from the glistening waters of the bay. Beyond the prow one can distinguish the dark-green foliage of the fever-stricken mangrove; the mountain rise in the blue distance, while upon her decks crawl the deadly scorpion and centipede. It is a scene of desertion and death.

Another trace of the blockade is the schooner Ranger, which was captured off the Gulf coast. She was apparently lost in a storm, but ultimately made her way to Jaomel, where she was beached and deserted. This ship is in good condition, except for the loss of her masts and the decay of time. The Ranger was commanded by a Yankee from Maine, who made a large fortune in running the blockade with cotton for English ports. It was found that the man placed on board in charge of the crew when she was taken had been killed in a mutiny, and the crew had thus escaped to Hayti, where all traces of them were lost.

Such, if they were repeated, would be the common history of a large number of the long, low-built hulks which are to be found on the Cuban coast or in Porto Rico, or even scattered among the wreck reefs of the Bahama Banks. The excitement of the night voyage along the rebel coast, when no light was shown, no voice heard aloud; the tremor

ARTISTIC HINTS.

Good Taste Rather than Striking Effects Now in Vogue. The tables loaded with bric-a-brac, which had the effect of making a drawing-room look very much like a china shop, are not to be the rage any more.

There may be bits of bric-a-brac about, but these bits must be of some intrinsic value, and they need not all be grouped together as though offered for sale. The prettily bound books which are now the fashion are allowable evenings in a sitting-room, and books always give a homelike air, even if the leaves are not cut. The silver tables will still reign, but these collections are really interesting in many cases, and the dark plush or velvet on which the ornaments are placed is really a thing of beauty as a general rule. The table in part and parcel of the furnishings of the room, but need no longer be in evidence. It must be placed behind some sofa or lounge and near enough to be brought forward at the proper time. Brocades and tapestry are used for furniture coverings, and there are many new designs. Now that it is no longer a fixed rule that all furniture should match, different materials are combined in that would have been thought a few years ago a most impos-

ible combination. Brocade, plush, tapestry, corduroy even, have all been massed together without looking badly.

WOMEN OF NOTE. Mrs. Mary Jackson, of Louisville, has just completed her 103rd year.

Lady Ann Blunt, a granddaughter of Lord Byron, is deeply imbued with socialistic ideas.

Modjeska says she will never play Shakespearean roles in New York again. New Yorkers, she asserts, prefer Henry Guy Carleton to the immortal William.

Miss Frances E. Willard declares that the one thing she likes in men is that "they stand together," and she adds that the three things she wants to live to see are prohibition, woman suffrage and the bicycle.

Hanicka Selaska, a Bohemian woman, said to be the inventor of the polka, is still alive and vigorous, although 65 years have elapsed since she first gave public exhibition of her dance in a farmhouse at Costelae.

THE CLERGY. Out of 50,000 Sioux Indians over 4,000 are new members of Congregational, Episcopal or Presbyterian churches.

Rev. Henry Scheiber celebrated recently the sixtieth anniversary of his pastorate of Zion German Lutheran church at Baltimore. This record is unparalleled in any church.

The King's Daughters of the Lexington Avenue Baptist church, New York city, have opened an industrial school where girls are taught the elements of sewing. The school is nonsectarian, and well patronized.

Dr. George William Warren, famous organist and composer, and father of the prominent Warren family of musicians, was honored in New York last week with a memorial service in honor of his twenty-five years' connection with St. Thomas' church.

English clergymen's salaries are not as high as is believed. In Crookford's clerical directory for this year statements of the actual value of 8,636 benefices out of 12,243 in England are given. Of these 628 are worth \$500 a year or less, 2,748 more \$1,000 or less, 4,219 less than \$2,000, 732 less than \$3,000, 173 less than \$4,000, 43 only \$5,000 or less, and 23 more than \$5,000, six being above \$7,500, and but one of these above \$10,000.

TROLLEY CARS AND PILLS.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J. Mrs. Anna Williams, 217 1/2 First Street, Newark, N. J., is a decidedly pretty brunette, twenty-six years old, tall, and a floor of her residence she connects a well-ordered candy store. When our reporter visited her store, she was engaged in a question told him a very interesting story.

"Until about two months ago," she began, "I enjoyed the very best of health. Suddenly, and without any apparent cause, I began to suffer from intense pains in my back, and my limbs very frequently. Almost distracted with this seemingly never-ending pain, I tried cure after cure, prescription after prescription and almost a gallon of medicine of all kinds. Nothing did me any good. In fact I became worse. The pain in my back became more and more distressing each day. Business and home life had to be attended to, and so I was obliged, suffering as I was, to keep more or less on my feet and customers. I was forced to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Each time I went out I trembled with pain. I came near the car tracks, for my rain at times was so severe that I was obliged to stand perfectly still as matter was. On one occasion I was seized with this way of thinking. I was crossing the tracks on Market Street and there I stood perfectly rigid, unable to move hand or foot while the cars were passing. I was so terrified that I was stopped before it struck me, but the dread of it all lasted as long as my mind was in that condition. I was crossing the tracks, whether I would not drop to the ground in my agony and be crushed to death. My anxiety to get well grew, and I had about given up in despair when I saw in the Evening News one day, an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Here was something I hadn't tried before and I lost no time in getting to the nearest drug store. There I paid fifty cents for a box of these truly wonderful health-restoring pills. Before I had finished taking half of the pills I began to feel better. My pains in my hips gradually disappeared and for the first time in many days, I felt as if there was some hope. I continued to take the pills and the more I took the better I felt. I finished one box, got another, and continued to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have gained thirty pounds and now when I cross the car tracks I do not care if there are a dozen vehicles passing me. I am a new woman. I am happy and contented. I am talking about it. I speak from experience."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. In women they build up the system, and give new life to the blood. They are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Miss Mitchell once told a questioning woman that she always wore divided skirts, although at the time of this conversation the bifurcated garment was scarcely known outside the world of the stage. Miss Mitchell said that almost all actresses wore this petticoat because they found that it gave most freedom of gait and grace to their movements. She also said that she always had her skirts trimmed with lace and embroidery, put on wrong side out, and that this was another notion prevalent in "the profession." "Because, you see," she explained, "in getting in or out of a carriage or a street car it is the underside of the edging that shows, and only that."

WONDERFUL WHEAT YIELDS. The yield of wheat and other grains in Manitoba and the other western Canadian provinces this year has been phenomenal. Thirty-five millions of bushels of wheat, six millions of bushels of barley, besides large quantities of flax, rye, peas, etc., have been produced in Manitoba by only 25,000 farmers, some of whom settled on the prairies a few years ago with very little capital, and other almost totally inexperienced in and unaccustomed to farm work. This enormous yield seems almost incredible, but when one reads of a farmer near Emerson, Minn., who has raised his crop for \$7,000 and having 4,000 bushels still on hand, it is easy to believe, and that another farmer, Mr. Pruyn, near Emerson, Manitoba, had 21,000 bushels, and many of his neighbors harvested 10,000 bushels and upwards. A Portage Plains farmer averaged 53 1/3 bushels on a 40-acre field, and near Nepawa nine acres yielded 600 bushels—an average of 66 2/3 bushels per acre. Another field of 16 acres on the same farm yielded 800 bushels, while the entire crop of 195 acres turned out 49,000 bushels. A Carman settler was rewarded with 36,865 bushels of wheat on an average of 162 bushels to the acre. In oats, one farmer raised 75 bushels to the acre by measurement, but by weight there were 106 bushels, the grain weighing 48 lbs to the bushel. Of course every farmer has not these phenomenal crops, but there are countless instances where the wheat yield was 20, 25, 40 and more bushels to the acre. Roots and vegetables are raised in certain places in their prolific yield. Stock is also largely raised, there being extensive ranches in Manitoba and the west country to the west of it. The yield of milk has also been aggregated 45,000 head, sheep having also raised in large numbers. Dairying is being rapidly developed, and the scientific management of creameries has brought this new country prominently before the markets of the world on account of the excellence of its butter and cheese. The wheat raising in Manitoba's distinctive feature, and has been particularly adapted for the production of No. 1 hard, unsurpassed by any other grade, and it is safe to say that there is not a better wheat in the continent where the yield has been so uniformly large and the grade so high as in Manitoba.

The headlights from the locomotives on the Maine railroad attract the deer from the forests, and numbers of the animals are being killed by the engines.

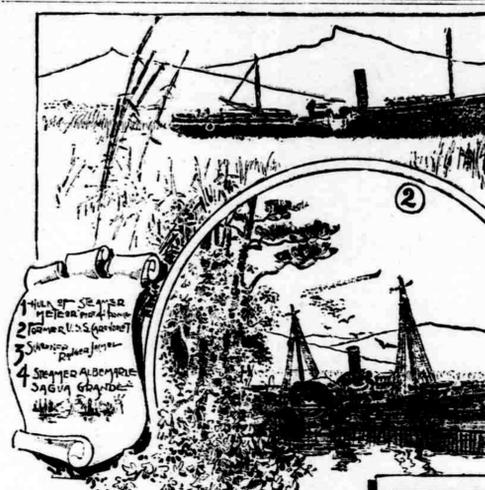
Difficulties of Authorship. Struggling author—"Eldora, can't you keep that bay out about two minutes. My yells are enough to drive one wild."

Wife—"No, I can't. I've got to finish the dishes and knead the bread and mend Tommy's clothes."

Struggling author—"Well, anyhow, you could make Johnny and his six stop their racket and close the windows so there wouldn't be so many smells coming in from the neighbors, and lock the doors so those heartless bill collectors can't get in to annoy me. I'm writing an article on 'How to be Happy, Though Poor.'"—New York Weekly.

Two Prayer Stories. The late Dean Stanley used to relate that a gentleman once called to tell him that he had been into the abbey and had knelt down to pray, when the verger had come up to him and told him he must not kneel there. On asking why not the verger had said: "Why, sir, if I was once to allow it, we should have them praying all over the place." This recalls the gentleman visiting a church and asking the sexton whether people ever used to pray for private prayer, to which he replied, "I ketch'd two of 'em at it once."—Argonaut.

The skeleton of one of an average whale weighs about twenty-five tons.



THE GRAVE YARD OF THE CONFEDERATE GUNBOATS.

of discovery and the anxiety of the long chase and the escape, the vibrations of the engines as every pound of steam was utilized to quicken precious speed—these remain only in the memories of the surviving few who participated in them. Then, too, came the despair, when, cooped up within a narrow bay of some palm-clad island, the anxious fugitives awaited the departure of the distant steamer, whose presence outside that three-mile limit meant inevitable capture. But the steamer waited until it was useless to hope, and now the day's wreckage is the only witness of the long-forgotten tragedy of flight.

One other reminder of war times is lying in the Gulf of Gonaves, off Port au Prince, in the shape of the old United States war vessel Carondelet. This vessel, whose record during the naval movements of 1864 made her justly famous, was sold to the Haytian Government during the Presidency of Salmone. She was never utilized as a warship by the Black Republic, and now lies stranded in sight of the city.

The Complaint of a Mean Man. To the largest number of stories of the "mean man" which are frequently related, one should be added of a certain Frenchman, famous for his habit of fumbling at everything and on every occasion. He was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism and was carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him in spite of his fault-finding disposition.

"Yes, the doctor told me that humanity was bad for me and there that woman sits and cries, just to make it moist in the room."—Pearson's Weekly.

Forest Fires in Washington State. Forest fires have broken out again in the mountains of Washington, where the fire season should have added to a certain Frenchman, famous for his habit of fumbling at everything and on every occasion. He was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism and was carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him in spite of his fault-finding disposition.

One day a friend of this invalid came in and asked how he was getting on. "Badly, badly," he exclaimed, "and it's all my wife's fault."

"It is possible!" asked the friend, in surprise.

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A Bear Farm Experiment. Frank Schwatz was engaged in bear farming near Superior, Wis. Some of the live stock got loose the other night and ate Frank up. At last accounts the neighbors had assembled and were setting the estate with their rifles.

A small boy gives his views on a very pertinent subject in these graphic words: "Some boys is honest than others, and there's no way to tell them apart except you pretend to forget your knife, and watch 'em jump for it. The one that jumps last is the honestest one."—London Household Words.



THEN, ENSUED A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

making rich strikes and selling out their claims at a big figure.

"That young fellow," he had taken a stroll up town. About mid-o'clock he came rushing in with a copy of the local paper in his hand. His face was flushed and his manner excited.

"That settles it, Bill, I'm off for the new district. Just read here what strikes have been made out there the past week. Better pack your traps and come along."

"Well, I read the news, and the fever struck me, too. The rush was fairly on, and in two days' time we had fifty out, and were among a large cavalcade that was striking out for the new Carbonate camp." (The old man referred to Leadville.) "We reached the camp, staked out a claim and set to work with a will. We struck a fairly good lead and decided to follow it up."

There are many pleasant features to a prospector's life, and there are also the shady sides. We lived in a tent on our claim, cooked our own meals and washed our own clothes. The camp life was about as work with a will, as it has been my fortune to see before or since. All the elements of a frontier mining-camp were thoroughly represented.

We did not frequent the place much, but put in our spare time in building a board-and-log shanty, preparing for the coming winter. Jim worked away with a vengeance. He seemed to be almost in a state of fever. Our prospect was getting better as time advanced and we became reasonably sure of some returns, sooner or later. Winter set in early in the mountains and as the days grew shorter, our hours of labor were cut down.

"It was just a few days before Christmas. An unusually heavy snow had fallen, and it was bitter cold. So we decided to let the mine take care of itself that day and remain near the warm fire."

"I had long wanted to know something about my companion. But it was ever the rule among us Western men not to ask questions, but wait for exchanges of confidence, which invariably came in good time. I broke the silence by telling Jim the story of my haphazard life."

"He finally gave me a few items from his own, and I learned that the chief object of his stay in the West was to acquire a fortune, if possible, in order to marry a young lady in the East. The financial point of view was a little above his station. Unfortunately for him and his friends, I failed to

learn his name and the place he called home.

"The day before Christmas the weather broke (moderated) and we went to the mine to put in a good day's work. We had now quite a shaft down, with a cross-cut about twenty feet long, which we had lately started for exploring purposes. We worked in the latter that day, and soon encountered a formation different from anything we had so far discovered. The earth was now soft, and great caution had to be exercised in working, to avoid a cave-in, which would have meant death to both of us.

"As if the same thought had moved us both, we took out of our pockets the extra candles we had brought along, and started to examine the material in which we were working.

"To be sure, we were not mistaken. We had opened an immense pocket of silver-gold carbonates. The end of our tribulations was at hand, and visions of comfort and wealth floated before our eyes.

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ARTISTIC HINTS.

Good Taste Rather than Striking Effects Now in Vogue. The tables loaded with bric-a-brac, which had the effect of making a drawing-room look very much like a china shop, are not to be the rage any more.

There may be bits of bric-a-brac about, but these bits must be of some intrinsic value, and they need not all be grouped together as though offered for sale. The prettily bound books which are now the fashion are allowable evenings in a sitting-room, and books always give a homelike air, even if the leaves are not cut. The silver tables will still reign, but these collections are really interesting in many cases, and the dark plush or velvet on which the ornaments are placed is really a thing of beauty as a general rule. The table in part and parcel of the furnishings of the room, but need no longer be in evidence. It must be placed behind some sofa or lounge and near enough to be brought forward at the proper time. Brocades and tapestry are used for furniture coverings, and there are many new designs. Now that it is no longer a fixed rule that all furniture should match, different materials are combined in that would have been thought a few years ago a most impos-

ible combination. Brocade, plush, tapestry, corduroy even, have all been massed together without looking badly.

WOMEN OF NOTE. Mrs. Mary Jackson, of Louisville, has just completed her 103rd year.

Lady Ann Blunt, a granddaughter of Lord Byron, is deeply imbued with socialistic ideas.

Modjeska says she will never play Shakespearean roles in New York again. New Yorkers, she asserts, prefer Henry Guy Carleton to the immortal William.

Miss Frances E. Willard declares that the one thing she likes in men is that "they stand together," and she