

# The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXVI.—NUMBER 38.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,338.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE ORIENT.

A Holiday Among the Malays.

My Malay sycame came close up to the veranda and touched his brown forehead with the back of his open hand.

"Tuan" (boss) have got all for harness, two one-half cents; black oil for candle's thousand feet, three cents; oil, one cent one-half for hills; oil, seven cents for certain marriage! Fourteen cents, man!"

I put my hand into the pockets of my white duck jacket and drew out a small sum.

The sycame counted out the desired amount, and handed back what was left through the bamboo blinds or curtains that reduced the blinding glare of the sun to a soft, transmuted gray. I closed my eyes and stretched back in my long chair, wondering truly at the vivacity that called for such an outburst of color when heard once more the quiet, insistent "Tuan!" I opened my eyes.

"Not got red, white, blue ribbon for whip."

"Sulah chukup?" "Stop talking I commanded, angrily. The sycame stood silent, his shoulders and gave a hunch to his cotton sash and gave a hunch to his cotton sash.

"Tuan, to-morrow New Year's day. Team men drags drive to Esplanade. Governor general, all white mens and mens there. Tuan's cousin's certain teabah black carriage not nice! Shall save blue ribbons?"

"Yes," I answered, tossing him the last cent, "and get a new whip for your man!"

I had forgotten for the moment that it was the 31st of December. The sycame touched his hand to his forehead and salamed.

Through the space of the protecting blinds I caught a glimpse of my Mayko, the maid, gazing, smirking at me from her feet, as I lay down upon my bed under his armpits, with a heavy knife at the short grass. The mottled cretons, the yellow alpacas and pink hibiscus bushes, the clump of Eucaulus trees, the great trees of orchids, the great trees among the red flowers, the great, floriferous, flame-blooming, flame-blooming tree by the green hedge, joined to make me forget the inky winter date on the calendar. The time seemed, in my half-dream, July in New York or August in Washington.

"Ah Minga, the 'boy,' in flowing pantaloons, study-slap, vest, and a small ducat beneath our bows. Every time a penny dropped into the water a dozen little bronze forms would flash in the sunlight, and nine times out of ten the coin would be rescued before it reached the bottom. Last of all came the trooping of the English, with their magnificently esplanned, within the shadow of the cathedral; the march past of the sturdy British artillery and engineers, with their native allies, the Sikhs and Sepoys; then the feudal, and New Year's was officially recognized by the guns of the fleet.

The night was spent at Government House, we exiles of the temperate zone keeping up to the last the notion that New Year's day under a tropic sky and within sound of the tiger's wall was really Jan. 1. But

were broken into a mass of powdered pieces.

They commenced the difficult task of forcing the powdered pulp down the little throats. Both hands were called into full play during the operation, one for crowding in, and the other for grinding the residue and keeping the powder from the mouth. Each little competitor would stily rub into the warm earth, or hide away into the folds of his many-colored sarong, as much as possible, or, when a rascal was looking the other way, would snap a good-sized piece across the lawn to a spot where his rival.

The little boyish fellow who won the second piece by finishing his biscuit first put into his mouth a certain quantity of the crushed biscuit, and, with little or no masturbation, pushed the whole mass down his throat by sheer force.

The minute the contest was decided all the participants, and many other boys, rushed to a great tub of masticated sugar, and made for another, their heads would disappear in their way. Smearing everyone they touched, the boys ran on, amidst shrieks of laughter from their victims.

Then came a jinrikisha race, with Chinese coolies pulling Malay passengers and drivers, Letting to the handles of their wagons as they crossed the line, the coolies threw their unfortunate passengers over backward into space.

Tugs of war, wrestling matches and boxing bouts on the turf finished the land sports, and we all adjourned to the yachts to witness those of the sea, now far removed between the ocean shores. Chinese sampans and Malacca canoes with great, dart-like sails, so widely spreading that ropes were attached to the tops of the masts, and a dozen naked natives hung far out over the bows of the slender boats to keep it from drifting. In moving the circle of the harbor they would spring from side to side of the boat, sometimes lost to our view in the spray, often missing their footholds, and dragging through the tepid water at a furious rate.

Between times, while watching the races, we amused ourselves throwing copper coins into the water, for a small ducat beneath our bows. Every time a penny dropped into the water a dozen little bronze forms would flash in the sunlight, and nine times out of ten the coin would be rescued before it reached the bottom. Last of all came the trooping of the English, with their magnificently esplanned, within the shadow of the cathedral; the march past of the sturdy British artillery and engineers, with their native allies, the Sikhs and Sepoys; then the feudal, and New Year's was officially recognized by the guns of the fleet.

The night was spent at Government House, we exiles of the temperate zone keeping up to the last the notion that New Year's day under a tropic sky and within sound of the tiger's wall was really Jan. 1. But

## A Heavy Plot.



"Ah, a holiday box from home. One of Sister Mary's cakes, a regular sinker, and I know it."



"I'll work it on the professor and get even with him."



"What on earth ails me?"



January 1st.

Her Resolution.



Harry—Rose, have you made any good resolutions for 1896?

"Yes, Rose, indeed, Harry. I've resolved to be lovely to everybody. Of course, I'll still make bills, but when you send about them I will not return a single unkind word."

## THEY TAUGHT THE TEACHER.

Boston Bootblacks' Original Ideas of Bible Stories.

A very devout gentleman of Boston has recently undertaken to teach a Sunday school class of bootblacks and newsboys the beauties of the Gospel, and he has had some very amusing experiences. He relates that recently he undertook to tell a story of Jacob's ladder. After he had graphically pictured the wanderings of the old patriarch, his dream in the Eastern pasture and the ladder on which the angels stood, he paused and descended. "Now, boys, if there is anything in this story that I have not yet explained, you may ask me any question you like and I will answer it."

"Thereupon a little chap cried out: "Say, Mister Minister, did you say dead angels have wings?"

"Well, den, den day had wings, what for did day need ladders?"

The doctor nearly fainted, but recovers, that is a first rate question, and it has a first rate answer. But I am not going to tell you the answer. As one boy has been smart enough to ask the question, I will say, a boy is likely to be smart enough to answer it. Come, now, boys, why did those angels need a ladder when they had wings?" After a moment of solemn silence a little fellow cried out: "Cause dem angels was mitten!"—Boston Home Journal.

## THE SILVER AND GOLD BOUNCE.

At the request of John W. Mackay, during his recent visit to the Comstock, W. H. Lowell, chief clerk of the Consolidated California and Virginia Mining company at Virginia City, compiled a statement of the bullion produced and the dividends paid out of the ground within the company's patented lines. The statement rendered Mr. Mackay was as follows: From the beginning of Oct., 1880, bullion produced, assay value, \$10,867,520.48; silver, \$89,732,815.65; total, \$31,320,013.13. Dividends—California, \$32,000; Consolidated, \$84,920,000; Consolidated California and Virginia, \$3,888,900. Total dividends, \$102,780,913.68.

Next came a jockey race, in which a dozen long-limbed Malays took each a five-year-old child astride, his shod-sandals and raced for seventy-five yards. There were sack-races and greased-pot climbing and egg-race.

Now came a singular contest—an eating-match. Two dozen little Malay, Kling, Chinese and Tamli boys were seated at regular intervals about an open circle by one of the governor's hides. Not one could touch the others "in any way." Each had a hard, dry swallow.

At the firing of a pistol, two dozen pairs of little broken fists went pit-a-pit on the two dozen hard biscuits and in an instant the circular crackers

## THE LAST CHORES OF THE OLD YEAR.



Time called them friends. They did the little things about the farm. He smiled upon her, guided her steps, told her many things from the winnowed wisdom of age. She led him, and sang him philosophy from the boundless wisdom of youth. In spring they found the first violets, down at the edge of the wood, where the rail fence stretched its zigzag shelter. In summer they laughed with the billowy laugh of the wheat, or listened to the rustling gossip of the tasseled corn. The birds knew them, and they knew the birds. There was the jay—soilful, the sparrow, the doves that rolled in a cloud across the stubblefield. They listened to the creaking of the horses of the man that passed, and the pigeons that found a hollow in the loft of their home and taught them to fly. His father, the old man, had called him gold, and he had learned to value which had escaped from the earth. In winter they scattered grains of wheat at the barn door, and watched the happy fowls devoured it. They listened to the noises in the mighty barn, heard eggs, and fed the birds fragrant whiffs of clover from the mow. They sat the evening through beside the roaring fire, and each built better worlds than his. He had forgotten life's follies and its pains; she could just remember heaven's happiness. They went to sleep peacefully; but when she saw the dawn his eyes were gazing on a glory he had never told her. The barn was so still that day and the fowls would not come out to be fed. Sparrows had driven the martins from their box; the wind blew sharp and cold to-day. Why, she said, they had been together forever, and she could not adjust herself to this lonely life. She was very fond of him, but had no one to comfort him now. She sat in his long, white beard; but the forehand touched the cheek of death, and her tears were checked in startled eyes, for he did not welcome her. It was at the parting of the year. She faced the eastern future and did not know what it would hold. He waited there at the edge of the pine till some chill wind from the west should bring them friendse.

## THE NEW YEAR.

A Flower unknown; a Book unread; A Tree with fruit unharvested; A Path mired; a House with rooms unoccupied; a Kitchen with no perfume; A Landscape whose wide border lies In silent shade where silent skies; A wondrous Fountain yet unsounded; Aacket with its gift unopened; This is the year that for you waits Beyond To-morrow's mystic gates.

Horatio Nelson Power.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

By Lulu M. Counselman.

The flickering light of the fire kissed lovingly the pale, young face and lingered upon her silken gown as if loth to leave fair a companion. The low couch upon which Ethel Clayton reclined and the frail figure it held denoted the invalid, as did the tender looks of her father, who now and then glanced up from his book anxiously.

In health his only child had been dear to him, but now she was far nearer and dearest to his heart. He had once entertained the wish that she might make a grand match, for she was a sweet and comely beauty, but it was long ago, and aside and he never approached the subject of marriage since the dreadful New Year's eve two years ago.

Thoughts of the past chased each other through the young girl's mind, and the look of expectation on her face showed she was watching and waiting for the arrival of this New Year's eve.

"The snowflakes fell faintly, and the bells had begun to peal the old year out and the new year in; still the girl dreamed on.

"You are better, my child," said her father, as he bent down and kissed her forehead.

"Yes, don't you know why? He is coming, John is coming soon, and I am awaiting the days until New Year's eve."

"Ethel, men are very changeable beings; do not hope too much. John Westbrook sent back my letters unopened. He may not come, so do not hope too much."

"Hope?" she cried. "Do not hope! Father, I have lived on nothing else for these two years. It has been my guiding star, my thread of life; I have not been for hope; I will come to you, I know, and the father could say nothing more but wait."

It was again New Year's eve. The snow outside fell softly and the bells began to peal the old year out and the new one in. A faint flush had come to the girl's face, and the light flitted from her eyes. She wore the same silken dress he had loved well, and her father waited and watched with her. Suddenly to step were heard above the door. The door was opened and John Westbrook stood before father and child. He was thin and gaunt, and his hair was grey, but he was a good man and he had a kind heart.

"Take my ease, for instance. I've got a room on the sky floor of the Misery flats, out in Harlem. They charge \$15 per week, and I get a cup of coffee thrown in every morning. At noon I go to lunch with a friend, and for dinner I climb the stairs to my room."

"Do you find that satisfying?" he asked.

"Very. You see, there are five landlords with a flat on either side. At the first I had a rich creamy fog of soup served hot and well, and it was slightly scalded. The second course of the meal was made quite solid again and its original taste completely restored. This would have been quite impossible before the electric welding process was perfected."

"The lawyer listened to me carefully, and when I had finished he jumped up, slapped me on the back, and took my hand, and said I had a perfect case. There was not the slightest doubt as to my recovering damages in full. I told him I would think the matter over before taking any action."

"I told him I was satisfied through the main office on my case, and the other lawyers were returned unopposed. The second office was partitioned off into two separate offices. When my name came to the door of the private office was left open, as there was no one but the other lawyer in the outer room."

"The lawyer listened to me carefully, and when I had finished he jumped up, slapped me on the back, and took my hand, and said I had a perfect case. There was not the slightest doubt as to my recovering damages in full. I told him I would think the matter over before taking any action."

"I told him I was satisfied through the main office on my case, and the other lawyers were returned unopposed. The second office was partitioned off into two separate offices. When my name came to the door of the private office was left open, as there was no one but the other lawyer in the outer room."

"The lawyer listened to me carefully, and when I had finished he jumped up, slapped me on the back, and took my hand, and said I had a perfect case. There was not the slightest doubt as to my recovering damages in full. I told him I would think the matter over before taking any action."

"I told him I was satisfied through the main office on my case, and the other lawyers were returned unopposed. The second office was partitioned off into two separate offices. When my name came to the door of the private office was left open, as there was no one but the other lawyer in the outer room."

"The lawyer listened to me carefully, and when I had finished he jumped up, slapped me on the back, and took my hand, and said I had a perfect case. There was not the slightest doubt as to my recovering damages in full. I told him I would think the matter over before taking any action."

"I told him I was satisfied through the main office on my case, and the other lawyers were returned unopposed. The second office was partitioned off into two separate offices. When my name came to the door of the private office was left open, as there was no one but the other lawyer in the outer room."

"The lawyer listened to me carefully, and when I had finished he jumped up, slapped me on the back, and took my hand, and said I had a perfect case. There was not the slightest doubt as to my recovering damages in full. I told him I would think the matter over before taking any action."

"I told him I was satisfied through the main office on my case, and the other lawyers were returned unopposed. The second office was partitioned off into two separate offices. When my name came to the door of the private office was left open, as there was no one but the other lawyer in the outer room."

"The lawyer listened to me carefully, and when I had finished he jumped up, slapped me on the back, and took my hand, and said I had a perfect case. There was not the slightest doubt as to my recovering damages in full. I told him I would think the matter over before taking any action."

"I told him I was satisfied through the main office on my case, and the other lawyers were returned unopposed. The second office was partitioned off into two separate offices. When my name came to the door of the private office was left open, as there was no one but the other lawyer in the outer room."

"The lawyer listened to me carefully, and when I had finished he jumped up, slapped me on the back, and took my hand, and said I had a perfect case. There was not the slightest doubt as to my recovering damages in full. I told him I would think the matter over before taking any action."

"I told him I was satisfied through the main office on my case, and the other lawyers were returned unopposed. The second office was partitioned off into two separate offices. When my name came to the door of the private office was left open, as there was no one but the other lawyer in the outer room."

"The lawyer listened to me carefully, and when I had finished he jumped up, slapped me on the back, and took my hand, and said I had a perfect case. There was not the slightest doubt as to my recovering damages in full. I told him I would think the matter over before taking any action."

"I told him I was satisfied through the main office on my case, and the other lawyers were returned unopposed. The second office was partitioned off into two separate offices. When my name came to the door of the private office was left open, as there was no one but the other lawyer in the outer room."

"The lawyer listened to me carefully, and when I had finished he jumped up, slapped me on the back, and took my hand, and said I had a perfect case. There was not the slightest doubt as to my recovering damages in full. I told him I would think the matter over before taking any action."

"I told him I was satisfied through the main office on my case, and the other lawyers were returned unopposed. The second office was partitioned off into two separate offices. When my name came to the door of the private office was left open, as there was no one but the other lawyer in the outer room."

"The lawyer listened to me carefully, and when I had finished he jumped up, slapped me on the back, and took my hand, and said I had a perfect case. There was not the slightest doubt as to my recovering damages in full. I told him I would think the matter over before taking any action."

"I told him I was satisfied through the main office on my case, and the other lawyers were returned unopposed. The second office was partitioned off into two separate offices. When my name came to the door of the private office was left open, as there was no one but the other lawyer in the outer room."

"The lawyer listened to me carefully, and when I had finished he jumped up