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## WITH APACHE KID.

ANY brave men have hesitated to meet the Apache Kid on anything approaching equal terms. I knew this thoroughly, and I did not claim to be a man of exalted courage. I was probably excited at the time I sought to capture him, and this may account, in some measure, for a failure that missed turning out a tragedy only by a hair's breadth.

The Blueball gold mine is located to the north of Phoenix some 18 miles. The property is just being developed, and only three miners (myself among the number) were hired to work in the shaft.

On a certain Saturday night Joe and Pete, my two fellow workmen, saddled up their horses and went to town to remain over Sunday.

After they took their departure, that Saturday night, I thrust a fresh tallow "dip" in the empty whiskey bottle that answered for a candlestick, and proceeded to read some papers that had been brought over the day before by some boys at a neighboring mine.

I sat at the table with my back to the door. Time passed rapidly and unheeded, and it must have been close on to midnight when I heard a slight noise and looked up from my reading. The movement brought my eyes on a line with the window, and there, pressed against the glass was the face of an Indian.

My heart gave a wild leap into my throat as I, an instant later, recognized this Indian as none other than the Apache Kid.

For a moment I was actually paralyzed with fear and incapable of action. The vision of the bloody crimes perpetrated by Kid passed in quick and gory succession before my eyes. The redskin was a dead shot with the rifle. I knew he would soon have killed me as he had done so many others.

A rusty old Winchester stood in the corner, but I was not certain whether there was a single cartridge in its magazine. I had a wild thought of blowing out the light and changing the gun. Reason prevailed, however, when I reflected that to recognize Kid, was, figuratively speaking, to drive the last nail in my coffin.

Whenever the Apache Kid saw that he was recognized, he always acted on the principle that dead men tell no tales.

As I heard a hand rasp across the door in locating the latch, I resolved to strain my nerves to the utmost and fall to show my unwelcome visitor that I recognized him. It was a desperate condition—considering that my prospective visitor was an individual with a large reward out for his capture, and who must, of course, believe that every man's hand was against him.

With the noiseless tread of a tiger cat, the Apache Kid passed over the threshold in his moccasined feet. I kept my gaze riveted on the newspaper, but the page swam before my eyes. What would be my visitor's greeting—a knife thrust or a rifle ball? Had I been chained to the floor, with a keg of giant powder slowly igniting by means of a fuse at my back, my nervous tension could not have been greater.

Suddenly I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, and leaped to my feet. "How?" remarked Kid, grimly. "How?" I returned; then added the

query, for the purpose of disarming his suspicion: "Maripoco?"

"Pima?" He nodded. "What do you want?"

In answer to my question, he held out his right hand and I saw an ugly cut across the wrist.

"Heep hurt," he said, gloomily. "Fix it."

Kid's wish was my law, under the circumstances, and I secured a bottle of arnica and some clean linen and dressed his wound.

"Pima hungry," he then suggestively remarked, and I sat out cold beans and bread and watched them disappear between the Indian's massive jaws.

"Heep sleepy," he went on, after the food had vanished, and then coolly plucked up the rusty Winchester in the corner and dropped down on a cot with the rifle beside him.

Here was an instance of the Apache Kid's reckless bravery. Wounded and in the enemy's country, he deliberately laid himself down and slept. As his stentorian breathing became louder and more suggestive of deep slumber, I grew more courageous; in fact, my recklessness, as I now look at it, amounted nothing short of madness.

As I sat there, in the sputtering glow of that tallow dip, the thought of the \$5,000 out for Kid engendered a desire and the desire engendered a determination.

I would capture him, but how? I cast my eyes about the shanty. There were no firearms, no rope where-with to tie a prospective prisoner—in short, nothing at all which I could use in making such a desperate capture. But, stay! On a rough wooden shelf, not a great distance from my hand, were two bottles, one containing chloroform liniment. Happy idea! I would chloroform the Apache Kid!

can only account for what I did by supposing that I was acting blindly and thoughtlessly on the spur of the moment.

Drawing my handkerchief from my pocket, I stepped to the shelf and laid my hands on one of the bottles. But I recalled when I reflected that the odor of the narcotic might affect me while I was administering it to Kid. Seizing a towel, I tied it about my nostrils, fold on fold, so that, in breathing, I might use it as a filter, so to speak, for the air that entered my lungs. A moment later I had saturated the handkerchief, and was slowly approaching the recumbent form of the redskin.

Kid slept well—at least his loud breathing gave me this assurance—and I kept my eyes on the old Winchester as I slowly advanced and halted beside the cot. I had neither time nor inclination to remark upon Kid's countenance as smoothed into peaceful lines by the all-conquering hand of slumber. I merely applied the saturated cloth to his nostrils and held it there for minutes after minutes, while the perspiration started in beads on my forehead and my rash courage oozed gradually out of my finger tips. At last, sure that the Indian must be under the influence of the drug, I dropped the handkerchief and hurried from the shanty.

My nerves tingled with excitement. Now that I had my man, what should I do with him? Reason suggested that, to make him secure beyond all peradventure, he should be bound, and I went to the stable to secure a rope. As I turned to retrace my steps to the house, the thought came to me with crushing force that Kid had rarely traveled unattended by some brave with a criminal tendency. Might it not be that he had halted at the shanty to wait for some one to join him? What a fool I was. In another instant I had leaped on my horse and was galloping like mad for the Phoenix mine. I would get the entire outfit of the Phoenix and make secure the final capture of my half-taken prisoner.

I have reason to believe that the distance from the Blueball to the Phoenix has never been covered so rapidly before or since as it was by me that night.

When I declared that I had captured Kid, the renegade, the Phoenix boys even jeered at me; but they all turned out, armed themselves, and followed me back to the Blueball.

One of the boys had long since burned out and all was dark in the shanty. I threw a cordon of men about the house, however, and then entered it cautiously, accompanied by three of the best shots from Phoenix.

No sound was to be heard as we stepped into the cabin.

"He's still under the influence of the chloroform," I remarked, as I struck a match and lighted a fresh candle. When I finally turned my attention to the cot I was amazed to find that it was empty.

The Apache Kid had disappeared.

On the table lay a pack of much-thumbed playing cards belonging to Joe. One of them was one of hearts—was turned up, and on it was hastily written the following:

"When you chloroform your next Indian, use something besides benzine. 'P. S. I take your gun, having lost mine.'"

The note was correctly spelled and the orthography was fair; but then Kid had never been covered so rapidly before or since as it was by me that night.

But how was it I had happened to mistake the benzine for the chloroform liniment bottle, and why did not the Kid rise up and annihilate me on the spot?

I have never been able satisfactorily to answer these two questions.

**A Lesson in Patience.**

One of the happiest little boys I ever saw is a cripple, and he will never walk. His lower limbs are paralyzed, and the little fellow is wheeled around in a chair made of tin cans. When I first saw him I thought how awful it must be for a 7-year-old boy not to be able to run and play like other children, and, without thinking, I asked: "Isn't it lovely here? Don't you wish you could run and jump?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, "I might like it, but I'm happy where I am, and perhaps I'd get hurt. Little boys like me get hurt."

Then I felt rebuked, and the little boy, whistling and singing in the chair, playing with whatever is given to him, the minutes of the hours by which the days are told, like sunbeams lighting and gladdening life's pathway, has been a lesson to me ever since I first saw him.

**They Live Long in Philadelphia.**

There died in Philadelphia last week, three persons more than 80 years old, eight men and four women, and of these three were more than 90 years old, one being 98.

**CURRENCY.**

Each British soldier costs his country \$320 every year.

Patents are issued by sixty-four governments in the world.

A dramatic college for ladies is shortly to be started in one of the suburbs of London.

The largest Krupp guns have a range of seventeen miles and fire two shots a minute.

The shipbuilding concern of Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co., limited, of Glasgow, will establish a plant in Japan.

It is intended by German doctors to celebrate on May 14 the one hundredth anniversary of Dr. Jenner's first experiment in vaccination.

The bank statistics of Ireland for 1895 are the most satisfactory ever recorded, and show that Ireland has but to let alone to attain a thoroughly sound economic condition.

## EXTINCT ANIMALS

IF THE MAMMOTHS RETURNED TO EARTH ONCE MORE.

Dinosaurs and Dodos Would Cause Consternation Among Present Day Animals, Human as Well as Brute—A Realistic Picture.

It is a good thing, on the whole, that the extinct animals are extinct, because a dinosaur, a dodo, or a megatherium returning to earth at the present time would create more trouble than he would be worth. Nobody would know what to do with such a monster, and science tells us that he might be dangerous.

Even the pterodactyl, which was in many respects the most delicate of these products of a remote age, would not have made a decent song. The size of these beasts was such that they could afford only a poor kind of sport. They were so big that the worst marksman could not help but hit them, and after they were killed they could not be removed.

The sportsman who shot a dinosaur would have no fine pair of antlers to take home with him for the edification of his friends, while the dodo was an ugly bird without any ornamental feathers that would have looked well in a woman's hat. This monster was an absurd creation, being able neither to fly nor to swim, and was exterminated in the seventeenth century, much to the general relief.

The dodo displayed neither activity nor intelligence, and its name is a synonym for stupidity to the present day.

Captain Van West-Zanen, of Batavia, has left it on record how a dodo captured by some of his men could not be eaten by the whole crew, so great was its size. He also tells how the dodo made such a display of stupidity as to merit the contempt of his men.

A dodo walking along a country road at the present time would scare all the horses and block up the passage.

covered the remains of one herbivorous dinosaur in the Laramie beds of Wyoming. The skeleton was thirty feet in length and stood nearly fifteen feet high.

The brain of this creature was very small in proportion to its skull, but it had enormous eyes, and scientists who have examined the skeleton have concluded that its sense of smell was very keen. The whole backbone was found complete, with the exception of a few vertebrae from the end of the tail. There were about ninety vertebrae in the backbone of this powerful creature.

A remarkable feature of this skeleton of the extinct monster was that it included ossified tendons, by means of which the vertebrae were held together. The hind limbs were enormous and were covered with fairly broad hoofs. The fore limbs were so small that they could be of little or no apparent use in the water or on land, but it is believed they were used to dig nests for the eggs of the monster. One of these great animals could come up to a tree and eat leaves and small limbs thirty feet above the ground. In such work the fore feet would be useful in grasping the limbs.

These animals were practically land whales, but they had the advantage over the whale in being equally at home on land or in water. The enormous tails with which their fossil remains show them to have been provided made them powerful swimmers, and it is believed they could dive and dash through the sea with great rapidity.

Perhaps the most horrible in appearance of all these prehistoric monsters was the ammonite. This creature was a huge reptile, with large scutes like bats on his back, four powerful feet and a short but very strong tail.

The ant-eater of Australia is by some supposed to be a descendant of this ammonite ancestor, but a good, live ammonite could have whipped a dozen ant-eaters of the present day. Naturalists are puzzled as they study the fossil remains of the ammonite that they are at a loss to know definitely whether he was a reptile or a mammal.

As the creatures were known to lay eggs, the former supposition has been most popular. When the remains of these creatures were found in the eighteenth century, they were so large that people could not bring themselves to

believe that they really were bones of a creature that lived on the earth. The skeleton of one of these creatures not long ago unearthed in the Karoo strata of South Africa measured nine feet in length, without the tail. When all the flesh was on, and the creature alive, he must have been nearly twice as big.

The megatherium was, perhaps, the most powerful of all these brutes. His strength was superior to that of any animal now alive today, and his size greater than that of any whale or elephant.

Yet the megatherium, as his fossil remains show, could move about with freedom and ease, and could even rise chase to other animals and fight for his life if attacked. His head was comparatively small, but his bones were stupendous.

This gigantic monster is supposed to have been at home in forests of enormous trees like the huge redwoods of California. But the strongest tree could not be believed to have resisted his ferocious strength when fully exerted. Desiring to break down such a tree for its foliage, this giant would settle himself upon his haunches, and fold his enormous arms about its trunk.

"The massive frame of the megatherium is convulsed with the mighty effort," says a competent paleontologist, describing such a scene, "every vibrating fibre reacting upon its bony attachment with the force of a hundred giants; extraordinary must be the strength and proportion of a tree if, when rocked to and fro, right and left, in such an embrace, it can long withstand the efforts of its assailant."

"It yields the roots to the earth in centered wide upon the surrounding foliage, and the tree comes down with a thundering crash, cracking and snapping the brittle boughs like glass. Then the coveted food is within reach of the megatherium reaps the reward of his more than herculean labors."

Another prehistoric brute was the dinotherium. This creature resembled an elephant except that his tusks, instead of turning upward, bent downward. The purpose of this was to enable him to tear up the ground and fight his enemies by a downward movement of his head.

The macrauchenia roamed the woods of prehistoric days and is now extinct. He resembled a gigantic horse, which inhabited Cuba, and there is reason to believe that a species of tiger was alive that had tusk extending downward from its upper jaw.

The mastodon exceeded any elephant in size. He had four enormous tusks in his head, two in the upper and two in the lower jaw, and he roamed all over the North American continent.

Remains of some of the largest mastodons have been found in this state. A giant hippo-like animal lived in the ocean period and a great bird of the sea called the *Hyperoraptor regalis* is made known to us by many fossil remains found in cretaceous strata in North America.

A curious thing about all these animals is that in spite of their vast size and great strength they should have become extinct. The smaller and weaker animals survived. Perhaps the giant monsters killed each other off in some great battle of prehistoric times, and this theory has more than once been advanced to account for their disappearance.

**STATUES OF HIMSELF.**

Two Heroic Bronze Castings Made for the Late W. H. English.

The late W. H. English of Indiana, who ran for vice president on the ticket with Gen. Hancock, once remarked in connection with the decline of a Thomas A. Hendricks monument movement, "that if it be true hell is paved with good intentions, there must be monuments to distinguished Americans at every corner of that well-lighted realm," says the New York Journal.

The significance of this remark, which was widely quoted at the time, is now better understood, as it has developed that Mr. English, during his lifetime, ordered cast two large bronze statues of himself, the heroic height of eight feet four inches, at a cost of \$1,300 each, and with a specification permitting him others at the same price.

This was in 1884, when Mr. English still believed that he would some day be president of the United States, and that there would be a demand for his effigy in enduring bronze. It has since his death leaked out that Mr. English cherished a secret ambition to have his statue occupy one of the four great "fame points" set apart for bronzes of illustrious American statesmen around the \$300,000 soldiers and sailors' monument at Indianapolis, which was unveiled in 1893. Mr. English was until eight months before his death a member of the state commission charged with the erection of the monument. Statues of George Rogers Clark, of continental army fame, and Gen. William Henry Harrison,

have been placed in position. The other two are decided upon, and Mr. English is not one of the winners. He has decided, therefore, to put up one of the bronzes on the family burial lot and the other either in front of the English hotel property, in Indianapolis, or in the public square of the town of English, in Crawford county, one of the Ohio river centers of the state.

**He Got an Answer.**

"You think you never spoke of this except to the deceased, do you?" queried the lawyer. "That's what I said," answered the witness. "Now, don't you know, as a matter of fact," pursued the lawyer, rising and pointing his long finger impressively at him, "that the deceased had been dead for ten years when these events took place?"

"You talk to him at all you talked to his bones. Will you please tell me how you would communicate with a skeleton?" "I would wire it, sir," stily rejoined the witness.—Christian Advocate.

**CURIOS FACTS.**

The Esquimaux give the doctor his fee as soon as he comes. If the patient recovers he keeps it; otherwise he returns it to the family.

The Coliseum of Rome was built to accommodate one hundred thousand spectators. It covers five and one-half acres of land, and was 120 feet high.

Florida is noted for its rivers and lakes. The St. John's river is nearly four hundred miles long. The Indian river is a salt wateragoon, 165 miles long and from one to six miles wide, and is famous for its oranges and pineapples.

National flowers have been adopted in various countries as follows: Greece, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, fleur de lis; Germany, corn flower; Ireland, shamrock; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, magnolia; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomgranate; Wales, leek.

It costs more to send a ton of goods from London to the west of Ireland than to Japan. A ton of woolen goods can be forwarded from London to New York for \$4; to Chicago, one thousand miles inland, for \$7, and to Japan for \$10. The same goods sent from Derry to London cost \$14, and from Gweedore, seventy miles inland, \$24.

According to a prominent London physician the dangerous habit of smoking green tea cigarettes is rapidly growing and becoming more in use with the women of England, many of whom it is now claimed smoke their five o'clock tea instead of drinking it. The effect of the abuse of the cigarettes upon their nervous systems is said to be extremely bad.

## A QUEEN'S DONKEY.

VICTORIA OF ENGLAND DRIVES A LOWLY ASS.

It is Slow, but Safe and Sure—The Richest Monarch in the World Forges the Cheapest Draught Animal to All Others.

THE Queen of England is the oldest monarch in Europe. She rules the most powerful empire in the world. She is the richest reigning queen and the only one who drives a donkey, which is the cheapest draught animal, after the goat.

Queen Victoria, in her donkey phaeton, is a sight that tickles the crowned heads of Europe. Victoria, however, lets them laugh, and takes great comfort in her little trap, drawn by the meek and lowly ass.

The point which appeals to the queen is the sober pace and quiet manners of the donkey. Of late years she has grown nervous behind horses, although as a girl she was a fearless horsewoman.

At the Villa Lierba, near Cannes, in the south of France, the queen indulges her fondness for driving her pet donkey. Away from home she feels that she can drop much of the etiquette and ceremony which hedges her round at Balmoral. Her villa has extensive grounds looking out on the sea, and she can take her regular morning outing in her donkey cart, driving slowly about the garden paths. She does not drive her donkey along the boulevards.

The vehicle which she usually uses on these occasions is a low basket-work phaeton, easy to get in and out of, with a broad, comfortable seat. There is a top which can be raised if the sun is too warm. Usually, however, the top is down, and majesty shades its eyes with a parasol.

A curving dashboard acts as a bulwark against any possible onslaught of the donkey's heels, in case he should so far forget himself. This is a precaution which is advisable with all donkeys, no matter how sweet-tempered. If a donkey gets excited he never can be counted upon, and human foresight cannot guarantee that he will not find cause for excitement in something.

When Queen Victoria goes driving she holds the reins loosely in one hand, but this is a purely perfunctory performance. She does not really drive herself. Driving a donkey is not especially amusing.

A trusty young groom walks by the donkey's head and with a leading rein guides him according to the queen's directions. By the side of the phaeton walk two of Victoria's Highland attendants. Before John Brown's death this was his special duty. They carry shawls, and the queen's bottle of salts, without which she never goes out.

**A LIGHTED GUN.**

Here's a Queer Invention That Will Enable You to Shoot Accurately.

The shades of night are no longer a protection to game from the powers of the sportsman. An English Nimrod has invented a luminous sight for use in a bad light. It is an incandescent lamp, fed from a single storage battery concealed in the gun stock, is mounted within a shield at the muzzle of the gun, and a faint ray of light calculated to indicate the position of its source, is exposed in the direction of the shooter's eye, and this is sufficient to enable him to obtain the required alignment with the back sight and with the target, be it animate or in inanimate. The special application of the sight is for game shooting at night and for naval service, such as, for instance, as the illumination of a machine gun used against torpedo attacks during the night. For the latter purpose it has been adopted in the English navy.

**The Japanese Method.**

It is customary among the most civilized nations, when launching or christening a vessel, to break a bottle of champagne or other wine over her bows. The Japanese, with their usual thrifty notions, do not believe in this unnecessary waste. When they christen a vessel, instead of breaking a bottle, they liberate a number of pigeons. At the christening of the Yashima, the largest and most powerful battleship ever constructed for the Japanese navy, which took place a short time ago at the Etchewick shipyard, on the Tyne, this unusual sight was seen. Madame Kato, the wife of a member of the Japanese embassy, christened the vessel and let loose the pigeons at the same time. It would be interesting to know what the origin, meaning and intention of the custom was.

**Here and There.**

The other day two cross-eyed men were riding down Broad street, when suddenly a collision occurred. Then one of the men angrily said: "Why don't you look where you're going?"

As quick as a flash the other, noticing the former's defect of vision, replied: "Why don't you go where you're looking?"

And the reply being so apt both mounted their wheels and rode off smiling.—Philadelphia Call.

**Woolen Legislation.**

Two farmers of Beech Springs, Va., went to law a week or so since over a calf, valued at \$2, which one accused the other of stealing. The litigation cost the farmers about \$50 each and the case was dismissed. The next day the calf was found dead in a cave on property which did not belong to either of the litigants.—Exchange.

**King of Portugal's Priceless Crown.**

The king of Portugal recently had his crown repaired and the jeweler to whom the commission was given says it is the most valuable crown in the world. It is worth \$5,000,000.

**It is very sudden,** replied Mr. Huggins. "I thoroughly appreciate the honor you confer upon me, but you will give me a week to consider, I suppose?"—Harper's Bazar.

## MESSAGES ON A SUNBEAM.

Sending Sounds Along a Ray of Light—Dr. Bell's Experiment.

When walking through the laboratory of the "Volta bureau" with Dr. A. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, I picked up one of the shelves a piece of plate about half an inch thick and eight inches square, says World's Progress. Out of the center of it extended a speaking tube, which apparently rested against a thin disk of bright metal sunk into the opposite side.

This metal was like a silver mirror and was about as large around as the bottom of a tumbler. I asked Dr. Bell what it was and he told me it was a perfected instrument whose original construction enabled him to project his voice from one point to another through the medium of a sunbeam. It enabled him, in other words, to send sounds along a ray of light without the aid of an electric wire. He took the instrument and put the tube to his mouth, holding it so that it caught the sun and cast a little shadow of light on the opposite wall. Then by breathing slightly he made this shadow increase and diminish and assume various shapes by the action of his breath against the mirror diaphragm.

"That shows you," said he, "how the action of the diaphragm is carried along the ray. Now, if you will put a little bottle with some salt in it where that shadow is on the wall and speak into the tube you will find that the sound will travel along the ray of light, and by having a receiver connected with the bottle one would be able to hear what you were saying.

We have spoken by this means to and from points 200 yards apart, and there seems to be no reason to doubt that speech may be sent along a beam of light for great distances. In our experiment in this first used salinum, a very rare substance and very sensitive to light. We have found, however, that we can produce very good results with common salt, and the discovery may yet be made which will make such an invention commercially practicable."

**"BLEAK HOUSE" LOCALITIES.**

Tom-Al-Along's Has Disappeared—Mr. Tullington's Chambers.

Mr. Charles Dickens the younger, in his introduction to "Bleak House," identifies some of the localities mentioned in the story, says the Westminster Gazette. Tom-Al-Along's court, as appeared, but the present Foot's court, Currier street, was Mr. Stangely's coach court, Chesham-in church, leading from the east side of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, to Chancery lane, is the court in which Mr. Krook came to such a bad end; and Russell court, between Catherine court and Drury lane, is the thoroughfare whence "a reeking little tunnel of a court" gave access to the iron gate of the "rammed-in church, pestiferous and obscene," the "bestly scrap of ground" in which the remains of Capt. Hawdon received Christian burial.

Russell court has been cleaned up of late and the horrible little churchyard has been converted into an asphalted playground for the children of the neighborhood, but the arched way and tunnel and the steps, Mr. Dickens says, are still there. Mr. Tullington's chambers were not far distant from No. 68 Lincoln's Inn fields, where Mr. Foster lived; and Mr. Dickens always thought that, although the surroundings of the two houses are altogether different and although there was not the faintest likeness between their occupants, Chesney Wold was much more than an accidental resemblance to Rockingham castle in Northamptonshire, the residence of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson, to whom "David Copperfield" was dedicated.

**A Partnership Accident.**

Here is a true story of coincidence which, in view of the state of the streets lately, may be regarded as interesting rather than remarkable.

Mr. W., of one of our suburbs who, with his partner, Mr. S., had intended to take a business trip to New York one Monday morning recently, was unable, on account of a slight accident the Sunday before, to keep his engagement. A telegram was therefore sent to Mr. S.:

"Slipped on ice; strained back. Meet you in New York Wednesday. W."

What was the amazement of Mr. W. to receive, while his messenger was on the way to the office, a dispatch from his partner, as follows:

"Lame back; slipped on ice. Meet you in New York Wednesday. S."

—Boston Transcript.

**Cost Oil Pay.**

The financial forecast of New York says that the "Standard Oil company will distribute profits \$15,000,000 in the amounting total of \$25,000,000. This is a significant sum to be made in profit by a single corporation, especially as the stock is owned by only a few men—only four we believe. This corporation started into business a little more than twenty years ago with \$1,000,000 capital, and now distributes \$25,000,000 as the profits of one year. Can you imagine profits be made without putting a burdensome tax on the people?"

**After the Squirrel.**

An anti-squak convention is to be held in Spokane, Wash., May 15, which will be attended by delegates from all county boards in eastern Washington. The purpose of the convention is to make united and determined efforts to exterminate the grain squirrels, which annually destroy grain and other crops in that region to the value of several hundred thousand dollars.

**Potatoes for Entomors.**

White or Irish potatoes are now extensively used in the manufacture of buttons, says a London exchange. By means of certain acids potatoes can be hardened to almost the resistance of stone.

**THE COUNTRY.**

It may cost something to properly save a boy from becoming a criminal, but it will cost the state and city much more if they permit him to become a habitual law breaker.—Rev. R. A. White.

## THE OLD RELIABLE

Columbus - State - Bank

(Opposite Bank in the Plaza)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

Makes Loans on Real Estate

ISSUES SIGHT DRAFTS ON

Chicago, New York and all Foreign Countries.

SELLS: STRAMSHIP: STOCKS.

BUYS GOOD NOTES

And Edges its Customers when they need Eds.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

LEANDER HERRICK, Pres't,  
B. H. GERRY, Vice Pres't,  
M. BRUGGER, Cashier.