

# The Columbus Journal

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## HIS FIRST OFFENSE.

**B**ILLY MEEKINS never drank. He didn't make a principle of it and in all other respects he was like any other male human being, but for some reason or other he simply hadn't learned to drink. His wife,

who was religious, put it on high moral grounds. She said she didn't know what she would do if Will came home drunk—which was true; she didn't, as the following narrative will show.

The first winter they were married company X arranged for a big military ball and invited the governor. As an extra inducement they got an appropriation from some other source and bought a carload of champagne. The evening of the dance the governor was present with his entire suite and they converted one of the ante-rooms into a sort of champagne shower bath. But after the governor, who was a very tall and thin man of good Puritan stock, had led the grand march with the wife of the captain, who was a very short, fat and red-faced woman of middle-age and unmistakable Irish descent, to the admiration of all, and the fat prompter had barked all the skin off the back of his throat and nearly gone into apoplexy and everybody had gone home, it was discovered that the company in its extreme generosity had overestimated the capacity of the invited guests. So, as a last resort and a sort of gentle bid for the golden opinions of the press, the newspaper men were invited in.

And after the first edition had gone down as many men as possible adjourned to the city hall and sat down at a long table in the ante-room, with the governor at the head. Of course, the governor could not under the circumstances refrain from letting his full heart run over in a speech. In it he said he never could adequately express his great appreciation of the honor of sitting at the table with the representatives of that glorious and powerful instrument of civilization—the press. He himself had always had the most profound confidence in newspaper men and he was proud to say they had almost unanimously shown confidence in him. He was also proud to say a great many nice things about the press and its influence on the world. At five minutes after these remarks the governor left for his hotel, having a pressing appointment at 6:30 the next morning and having felt during the evening unmistakable symptoms of the return of the diphtheria or spinal meningitis or something of the sort he had contracted during his arduous labors of the last campaign, so he left the adjutant-general to represent him.

The adjutant-general, who was a fat and red-faced man, having represented the governor at champagne suppers for a great many years, was a very able representative indeed, and when the governor went away he left the ceremony of the occasion with him and it became quite informal, every inducement to informality being offered by the management. Whenever you began to talk to your neighbor your glass was filled up by the colored waiter at your elbow with such naturalness that you were left with the accomplished could get an approximate idea of how much he had drunk until he regained consciousness.

One of the chief diversions of the occasion was arranged to be furnished by Billy Meekins. He had been induced to attend under more or less false promises, and when once in the hall was pleased by special arrangement next to the adjutant-general. The adjutant-general was to do the rest. Billy wasn't inclined to drink at first, till the

adjutant-general soothed him. The great officer was very soothing, he assured him that champagne as a beverage was as harmless as milk—in fact, just what he needed, and that the time of night. Of course, Billy couldn't be rude enough to refuse the courtesies of so great an official.

After that things grew still more informal. The adjutant told a story, and the city editor told a story, and the night editor told a story, and all of which it is not necessary to reproduce here, partly because they weren't really so funny as they were considered at the time. Then the telegraph editor, who didn't have on a dress suit, tore off the tails from the one the city editor wore, and one of the new reporters jumped through the ground-glass door of the ante-room like a hurdle. It cut his face somewhat, but he said a man who had to shave himself didn't mind a little thing like that. He was considered a blood in college, they said, and he took to the discomfited of carrying a living rather hard. Finally they suggested that the adjutant-general, who had made himself so companionable, really ought to be put in the fruit basket and make a speech, for the general reason that he would look so cute there, but as the general weighed 225 pounds and their center of gravity was not very low at the time, this part of the programme was not carried out.

In the meantime the light diversion which Billy Meekins was scheduled to furnish did not materialize, as for some reason or other Billy developed remarkable staying powers. In fact, he and the general were about the only persons left in an apparently normal condition, and to all appearance he was as normal as the general, which is saying a good deal of a beginner, for the general had an interesting reputation for his steady head. His enemies, in fact, said he was a walking jug—a sort of official jug with a slightly inflated palate in the neck,

## LAND OF THE BLACKS.

**NATIVE TRIBES OF AFRICA DYING BY SWORD.**

The Good Christian Nations of Europe Making Quick Work of Extirminating God's Creatures—A Diagram to Century—Congress Hill.

**A**FRICA HAS LONG been picturequely named the "Dark Continent," but it might now be more appropriately called the "Bloody Continent." A few years ago it was dark in the sense that Europeans knew little about it. Since they have shed their light upon its remotest places it has been turned into a land of bloody strife and turmoil from end to end.

A number of bloody outbreaks, of such a character as to interest even Americans unconcerned with European policy, help to call attention at this moment to the perpetual condition of Africa. It is hardly to be doubted that this condition will continue until all the warlike races of Africa are exterminated or reduced to the condition of hopeless subjects.

There are three great regions of Africa which are of supreme interest at this moment. They are the Egyptian Soudan, Abyssinia and South Africa. To the first two places belong the distinction that Europeans have suffered there about as much as the natives. A strong Egyptian expedition, under British officers, has started to attempt to reclaim the Soudan from the Mahdi.

While a British expedition is going to the Soudan, a Belgian expedition from the Congo Free State, which has an outlet on the West Coast of Africa, has started for the same region. This expedition has been re-inforced by Houassa, native troops, from the British colony of Sagos, also on the west coast. The Belgians are probably now fighting in the heart of Africa.

The brutalizing occupation of the Europeans in Africa does not tend to make them humane and generous in their treatment of one another. The whole world has lately been reading about one illustration of this fact.

A body of Englishmen, supposed to be the pick of the pioneers of their race in Africa, being chiefly officers and men of the military police of the British South Africa company, has made a murderous raid into the Transvaal, one of the few colonies in Africa that have any claim to respectability. It is said that there are so many of the latter left in the Transvaal after so long a period of colonization is in itself a tribute to their masters.

These Englishmen started out cheerfully with machine guns and other arms to enter the territory of a foreign and friendly state and slaughter the peaceful and unoffending people. Even the severe defeat they received did not make them realize that they had done wrong. Their African experience had destroyed their moral sense.

It must not be supposed that the defeat of Jameson's raiders and their shipment to England has ended the trouble in the more civilized parts of South Africa. There is intense and warlike hostility between the English and the Dutch elements in Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. Cable reports say that both sides are preparing to fight. There is always an abundance of armed men in those places. The reports also say that German officers are helping the Boers and that Germany has promised them material aid in a possible struggle with the British.

Besides this possibility of a general conflagration in South Africa, there is some hard actual fighting there. The Matabele have risen again in the British South Africa Company's territory. They killed seven white men near Bulawayo, and since then a much larger number of the natives have been killed.

The Matabele are a brave, strong and fierce race, allied to the Zulus, before him the sup of gold, silver, crystal or marble, which his master used only on state occasions. Saucers for cups were introduced in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and at first greatly ridiculed, the person who employed them being said not to be able to drink without having two cups.

## IT LOOKS BEHIND.

**A Telescope Which is Said to Denote the Inflexibility of Ordinary Glasses.**

Mankind once had an extra eye in the back of his head. Scientists say that they can still find traces of this eye in a certain irregular formation of the skull at the point where the ancient eye-socket used to be, says the New York World. These irregular places are called rudimentary eyes, but they are not to be found in all people. In fact a man who can boast of a rudimentary eye is quite a superior person. Of course, these rudimentary eyes are of no real use to anybody, not even to the owner of them, but they serve to show us that at a certain stage in our career nature thought it was a wise thing to enable us to keep a watch in the rear. A foreign firm of opticians have very considerably endeavored to supply, as far as may be done by mechanical means, the loss of this rear-view eye. They have constructed a telescope which enables the user to look around a corner. By its means you may see and remain unseen, a circumstance which possesses obvious advantages. They call the invention the stereo-telescope. Stereo comes from a Greek word meaning solid, and in this connection it is used as indicating that the image, as seen through the stereo-telescope seems an exact counterpart of the object and not a mere picture of it. The two tubes that extend horizontally carry an object glass at either end. The eye pieces are placed on an axis at right angles to that of the object or oblong tubes. When the observer looks through the small peep-holes he sees a different field with each eye. The rays of light from the objects that lie in the field of vision are reflected by means of prisms, so that they turn the corner of the right angle. Thus you may leisurely study an ob-

ject while under cover, the head being in such a position as not to admit of its being seen. When the tubes are thus extended, the observer may stand behind a tree or a wall and reconnoiter from his concealed position. There are also open points in favor of the instrument. The field of vision is enormously extended. You may study objects at opposite points of the compass with no more trouble than the winking of your eye. The stereo-telescope may be folded up, in which position, being held with the tubes upward, it enables the observer to look above an object obstructing his view, such as a hedge, wall or crowd of people.

**THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.**

"Papa, if we were living at the center of the earth, wouldn't we be all funny?" "That makes you think so, my son?" "Can this geography say everything there loses its gravity?"

No Harm Intended. Pastor—It would surprise you to know how much counterfeit money we receive in the contribution box in the course of a year. Thoughtless Friend—I suppose so. How do you manage to get rid of it all?

The philosopher says there is nothing sweeter to look upon than a white bride, finds many who will agree with him; but to the man who marries in July, a July bride is a-by no means unpleasant spectacle, which the philosopher will do well to remember.

A small boy had taken the prize for an exceptional well-drawn map. After the examination the teacher, a little doubtful, asked the lad: "Who helped you with this map, James?" "Nobody, sir." "Come, now, tell the truth. Didn't your brother help you?" "No, sir; he did it all!"

"Tommy, spell Popocapetel," said the teacher. "P-a-p-a," said Tommy, "c-a-t-e-p-e-t-a-l." "You have got it all wrong," cried the teacher impatiently. "Well, I'm sorry," said Tommy. "But I know that p-a-p-a spells papa, and that c-a-t spells cat. I s'pose it's petal that I've slipped up on. I never cared much about flowers any way."

Trilby may be used as a trade mark in England. The court of appeals has said so after the lower court had said so.

Putting a crown on the head, puts nothing kingly in the heart.

## WORSHIPERS OF FIRE.

**SOME FACTS COLLECTED ON A QUEER SUBJECT.**

They Adore the God of Fire—An Episode at the National Museum Who Can Make Fire by Rubbing Sticks Together.

THE National museum has just secured a remarkable collection illustrating the practice of fire worship on this continent. It appears that most of the American aboriginal tribes have had more or less of this sort of religion in the past, and to the present day they have ceremonies associated with the making of new fire at stated intervals. For this purpose they always employ the most primitive method—that is to say, the rubbing of two sticks together. For example, the Zuni use an agave stick with sand to help the friction. The sand is wet, because this renders the fire-making more difficult, and, therefore, more meritorious in the sight of the gods. One of the objects in the collection referred to is a so-called fire pump, utilized by the Ojibwas at the feast of the White Dog, at which a white dog is sacrificed. This tool utilizes the mechanism of the pump drill for making the point of a stick revolve rapidly in another piece of wood, thus finally obtaining ignition. The Hindus, by the way, have a similar sacred fire drill, by means of which they make fire three times each day for nine days at a periodical festival.

The Hupa Indians, of California, are remarkably expert fire makers. With a couple of simple sticks of soft mesquite wood, which they keep very dry, they can produce fire in ten seconds. This method of fire making requires such expert manipulation that few civilized men have ever been able to acquire the art. Mr. Walter Henshaw, one of the ethnologists of the National museum, knows how to do it. The writer has seen him make fire in a couple of minutes by revolving between the palms of his hands a stick, the point of which was inserted in a hole in another piece of wood. Presently smoke would begin to come from the hole, and soon a spark would catch some tinder of which a pinch was supplied for the purpose. For such tinder American savages use some very odd things. The Eskimo of Point Barrow employ for the purpose willow catkins; those of Cumberland gulf use the white fibers of arctic cotton, while in some parts of Alaska shredded cedar bark is made to serve. The aborigines of Ecuador employ for similar the hair from the nests of a certain species of ants, while in Mexico a substitute is found in a kind of fungus which is soaked in sulphur, dried, cut in sheets and sold in small packages. In Japan the flowers of a species of artemisia are dried for tinder.

The most remarkable ceremonial of fire worship that survives in this country is practiced by the Navajos. They believe in purification by fire, and to this end they literally wash themselves in it. The facts they perform with it far exceed the most wonderful acts of fire-eating and fire-handling accomplished by civilized jugglers. In preparation for the festival a gigantic heap of dry wood is gathered from the desert. At the appointed moment the great pile of inflammable brush is lighted and in a few moments the whole of it is one blaze. A storm of sparks fly one hundred feet into the air, and ashes fall about like a light shower of snow. The ceremony always takes place at night and the effect of it is both weird and impressive.

Just when the fire is raging at its hottest a whistle is heard from the other darkness, and a dozen warriors, lithe and lean, dressed in narrow white breech-cloths and moccasins, slip and stand with white earth on their faces and on many living staves, come bounding through the entrance of the corral that encloses the flaming heap. Yelping like wolves they move slowly toward the fire, bearing aloft slender wands tipped with balls of cedar down. Running around the fire, always to the left, they begin thrusting their wands toward the fire, trying to burn off the down from the staff. Owing to the intensity of the heat this is difficult to accomplish. One warrior dashes wildly toward the fire and retreats; another lies as close to the ground as a frightened lizard, endeavoring to wriggle himself up to the fire; others seek to catch on their wands the sparks that fly in the air. At last one by one they all succeed in burning the down balls from the wands.

The test of endurance is very severe, the heat of the fire being so great. Having burned off the balls of down the warriors next set about restoring them again. On the end of each wand, one after another, appears presently a fresh ball of saple down. It is supposed to be the one that was burned, re-created, but in fact it is only a juggling trick. Each man holds in his hand a ring that is covered with down. When the proper time arrives he permits this ring to slide along the wand to its extremity. The performers in this ceremony sometimes wear immense false moccasins and huge spectacles, in imitation of the white man.

Choosing a Nozel. A writer lets out a secret regarding the way in which young women read novels. It was in the tram-car, that place in which the experiences are varied enough to make a man cosmopolitan if he will study them. Two girls are talking of what they read. "Oh, I chose a novel easily enough," one said. "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and sadly drooping over one or two lonely graves, I don't take it, but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know it is all right, and take it, and start to buy sweets to eat while I read it."—London Standard.

Hard to Please. Some people are never satisfied. An umbrella maker in Paris has been interviewed on the subject of a sudden change in the weather. "Well," remarked the interlocutor, "things are looking well for you. I suppose you are selling enormous numbers of umbrellas?" "Very likely," was the trader's surly reply; "but what about my sunshades?"

About Puns. When a pen has been used it appears to be spotted place it over a flame (a gaslight, for instance) for a quarter of a minute, then dip it into water, and it will be again fit for use. A new pen which is found too hard to write with will become softer by being heated.

George Elliot's Memorial. George Elliot's memorial at Nunceaton, her native place, is a steam fire engine named after her. Her admirers, who do not like the association with a fire extinguisher, wish to substitute a free public library in her name.

## EFFICACY OF TWO BIG TOES.

**A Vermont Man Cures by Nails and Animal Fertility.**

The little town of Jacksonville, Vt., is receiving a great deal of attention at present because of the wonderful healing powers which one of its inhabitants is said to possess, but if the testimony of well known and reliable people is worth anything at all, Jacksonville will not be allowed to enjoy this fame and be without a rival, says the Springfield Union. Williamstown has also a man who claims to have been given a gift of healing, but he does not ask any one to take his word for it. He refers to many people, whom he says he has cured, for substantiation of what he claims he can do. He does not pretend to accomplish so many different, wonderful cures as the Jacksonville Newell, but confines his powers to healing sprains in human beings and horses. He does assert, however, that he stands unrivaled in curing these things, and he is backed up by several people whose good testimonials cannot be disregarded.

The name of this man is Alfred Seney, and he resides at Williamstown Station, that part of the village in which the depot of the Fitchburg railroad company is located. He uses no instruments in effecting his cures, gives no medicine and asks no questions, and the cure is accomplished. He does not claim the power of making the blind see, the deaf hear and everybody that is afflicted well but he does make the assertion that he can affect within a day or two a cure upon all sprains, no matter in what part of the body they may be. His two wonderful big toes appear to have strange powers. Should he meet with a railroad accident and lose both of his feet, or even one of them, he would be compelled to withdraw his assertion, for without these big toes he could do nothing.

This power, Mr. Seney says, has been evident for a long time, but he did not put it to use for several years after he became aware that he was endowed with it. He is a Frenchman by birth, having been born in Canada, thirty-five miles east of Montreal, fifty-nine years ago. He lived there until twenty-seven years ago, when he came to North Adams, where he lived nine years. He then came to this town, where he has resided ever since, living at present on Elm street, or in what is better known as "French row." While in North Adams he effected a cure upon a prominent merchant there of the name of Smith, who had sustained a bad sprain by falling, while returning from the store, and he was unable to walk. He was taken to the store, and his customers at the time and the merchant happened to hear of his customers' foot contained, so he sent for him and asked him to manifest what he could do. He then caressed his ankle with his hand, and in a few minutes he was on his feet, and he had no pain, and he had no faith in the cure, he knew it could do no harm to allow the Frenchman to go through with the treatment. Great was his surprise to find a decided relief when the big toe of Seney caressed his ankle. The next day he got on his boots and walked to the store, a distance of a quarter of a mile.

**A PATENT GOAT.**

Does to Secret Societies Who Haven't Found a "Key" to the "Mystery."

A patented "goat" is the latest patented curiosity. The inventors are Edward and Ulysses S. De Motton of Greenville, Ill. The invention will be hailed by all secret society members, who are sometimes at a loss as to how to give the candidate a sufficiently exciting equisitarian experience on the citing "William O." The device is patented under the name of "initiation apparatus for secret societies." In general appearance it is a simple, harmless little carpet covered and fringed platform about three feet square. The possibilities that lurk in that little box are but dimly set forth in the description given by the inventors. The platform is so arranged that when the candidate steps upon it he may be suddenly precipitated to the bottom by the falling away of the flooring. As he will be blindfolded, the effect upon him will be sufficiently terrifying for the purpose. An alarm is set off by the falling of the platform, and this is intended further to add to his general unhappy condition. There are other devices for ringing bells, discharging cartridges, and "tipping" or "precipitating" the candidate.—Ex.

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