

Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXVII.—NUMBER 12.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,364.

LOVE NEVER DIES.

(By Mrs. Jella Fairfax.)

WHEN Gregstone left Elmville, every body was sorry that he had left. In spite of the fact that most of the people had blamed her virtuously all during the recent divorce trial between her and her husband.

Every man and woman in the pretty little town had been an actual or self-appointed witness against the cast-off wife, but now that the newly-released husband had shaken the dust of his feet from his back and had set his face toward the vague place known as "the west," Elmville began to notice how lonely poor Mrs. Gregstone really looked. Some of the less forgiving persisted in laying all the persecutions upon her, but she looked at them in a different manner to the lead of conscious guilt, which the court and Mr. Gregstone's witnesses had fastened forever upon her shoulders. But once in a while there was found a wife or a widow who shook her head doubtfully when she heard the name of the departed man.

As for Mrs. Gregstone herself, she lived on in the little white house, which she had bought before her marriage, when she had come from the east to teach in the Elmville school. Her mother had been with her then, but the next year after the daughter's marriage to Mr. Gregstone the sweet-faced little mother fell softly asleep and now that Mr. Gregstone had gone his widow crept oftener than ever to the old grave on the hillside, where she lifted her eyes and looked straight up into the beloved face of the man who had voluntarily put her away and taken another in her place.

The deep lines about her mouth, the hopeless, haunted look in her eyes, the odor of her hair, the same sweet smell in the moonlight, struck her heart with an icy terror. And yet—yet, if she—the other one—had been the cause of this—

"Ellen," he repeated, gently. "I am coming," was all she said, as she rose from her knees and started toward him. Then just as he touched her outstretched hands she withdrew herself and looked her poor, cold fingers behind as she cried:

"Why did you come here? It is not for me that I am going to see you. I know it, and I did not mean to let it slip away from me. But when I found myself on the old street again I could not keep from one glimpse of the dear little house. I meant to pass on the other side, but the odor of the same sweet smell, which you used to love—draw me across for one stolen, closer view, and I did not expect to see you. When I did, I lost all courage, and here I am."

Still she stood, slender and pale, with her hair falling about her quivering lips. But she could not answer him, although he saw all her soul lying open and yearning in his sweet, sad eyes.

"Ellen," he asked at last, "you know and I know that others would condemn me for ever, but other need not know. I am going to see you. Will you kiss me just once again, for the last time and forever?"

Her heart stopped, then with a sudden start that sent the blood into her cold, white cheeks, she sprang toward him, his arms about her neck, his fingers in her hair, his lips on her forehead. Then he bent toward her and kissed her, once, twice, thrice, till she finally moaned out:

"Don't I beg of you, don't! Help me to be brave. I have no right to you for you are—hers."

THE FATAL STAR.

A Fourth of July Story.

IT is Fourth of July in San Francisco. The clear blue sky, like a mammoth bowl of one great turquoise and turned over by Min Tokko, who amongst other things throws a rope into the air where it is caught by some unseen power, sends a kitten up its length until it vanishes from sight, sends a monkey to find it, follows himself and draws the rope up after him, and ten minutes after is heard calling from the inside of a great box to be let out, and there he is, indeed, curled up like a great serpent, on the top of the box. As it touches the man's breast life departs from him. Mark me well, the other things that come down the every direction, as drops of dew, the star is fatal.

"I understand," replies Min Tokko. "Hasten with your work, Lin Ham."

A little later the older Chinese puts in the hands of the younger man a paper box covered with shining roses, but he does not open it. He looks at it with a certain reverence, and then he looks at the man who has just brought it. "Min Tokko, the great performer, you have bought me a pretty kite, which brings down from heaven the birds of the air, and the flowers of the ground. For all I know, you may catch the stars down its cord also. It is well made. If any accident happens, that is the fault of others, not mine. I am not responsible."

"I believe you are all responsible, Lin Ham," replies Min Tokko. "He throws about him a cloak that covers his theatrical costume, and carries the box downstairs, where a carriage containing the paraphernalia used in his exhibition awaits him, and is driven to Mr. Blasfield's residence. There they celebrate not only the glorious Fourth but a wedding."

Early in the evening the rich man's daughter, Rosabel Blasfield, had been married to Mr. Arthur Ware, the son of another California magnate. There has been the usual reception, the usual display of gorgeous presents, a fine band has been playing, professional dancers have done their part, now they are ready for Min Tokko and his performance.

The whole lawn is flooded with electric light, and in mighty tents, all decorated with roses, they are setting forth a feast. The bride and bridegroom sit upon a sort of throne that seems to be made of gold and silver, and the bride is surrounded by a crowd of admirers. The bride and bridegroom are surrounded by a crowd of admirers. The bride and bridegroom are surrounded by a crowd of admirers.

"You are mad!" says Lin Ham. "No," says the acrobat. "She could be won. She can be still, if I can kill this man."

"Do you mean her father?" cries Lin Ham. "No. To-night they celebrate her marriage," says the acrobat. "To-morrow the bridegroom will take her away. To-morrow I must kill him. She will be a widow for awhile afterward, my friend."

"It is the dream of a madman," says Lin Ham. "Does it matter to you?" asks the acrobat. "I know that it was you who made the top the rich tea merchant gave to his wife when he found she was false to him. The little bird that perched on her wrist and sang and bit her fingers like a real bird, and of the bird she died. I know it was you."



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A FRONTIER MYSTERY.

The Good-Looking Woman That "Kansas Jack" Found.

One afternoon the train brought into Ellsworth a queer passenger, says the Detroit Free Press. It wasn't so queer that she was a woman, but that she was all alone and evidently a perfect lady. There was never a more lawless young city. Human life was the cheapest thing in it. The Terror was taken a wrong return. Along a street not over half a mile long you might count from four to ten dead men of a morning. The wounded were not counted—the dead counted only by the hard-up tenderfoes who dug their shabby graves at \$4 each. The little woman looked at the scene with a steady eye. She couldn't have come intending to take up her residence in a shanty or dugout. Some of those who looked into the barn-like waiting room of the depot and saw her sitting there said that she had got confused in traveling and had taken a wrong train. She wouldn't inquire and it was half an hour before any one addressed her. Then the ticket agent inquired if she expected any one to meet her.

"No, I'm not expecting any one," she replied. "I shall probably go east on the next train. Do you know where here who call 'Kansas Jack'?"

"Yes, he's the boss of the town just now. He killed a man a few hours ago. Kansas Jack is what we call a holy terror out this way."

"He has killed several men?" she asked. "A full dozen, I guess."

"I will do you no wrong. Where do you think I could find him?"

"Why, ma'am, I'll send for him to come down here. Sure it's Kansas Jack you want to see?"

"Yes, I will be very much obliged to you."

The agent sent a boy out to hunt up the Terror and bring him to the depot. The little woman stood at a window fronting the street and saw the man as he came swaggering along. Not a hundred feet from the depot he pulled his gun to fire on a man standing in a saloon door, but the threatened man dodged so quickly. The Terror kicked open the door with an oath and glared around in search of the woman. She left her place at the window, walked straight up to him, and looking him full in the face, she put a pistol in his hand and bawled it down the full backward at full length and never uttered a groan nor moved a limb. The woman waited a moment, pistol held ready for another shot, and when she saw that he was dead she went away and sat down. They dragged Jack's body outside and buried it in a saloon. Forty minutes after the shooting the east-bound train came along and she got aboard, and that was the last seen of her. The woman's head-board placed at the Terror's grave bore this inscription, rudely carved by her hand:

HERE LIES KANSAS JACK, 34 years old. He was shot plumb-center by a cursed good-looking woman. GONE TO HEAVEN!

THE OLD REGIMEN.

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