

CAREY AND HORSES.

WHEN one is bitten by a rabid dog one lives out his days and nights with the poison in his blood and awaits the final demonstration in fear and trembling. So it is that when once one has contracted the disease of the brain, he is likely to wake in the morning with a want for more of the music. So Mr. Wiley Carey went to the track and left Cooley to devise other means for bringing about a change in the order of things. Sitting up alone, Cooley picked his greasy old guitar, crooned old Southern songs, and figured for Mr. Wiley.

Actual advice he could not presume to offer, and gentle suggestion was the only method left to him. He took Miss Charley's picture out of the back room and put it on the mantelpiece in the front room, right where one saw it on entering. He talked much, when permitted, about the plantation and the sweet simple things of the same life, urging always what a grand day would come when Mr. Wiley and he walked down the gang-plank once more.

All these falling him he went back to his guitar and his croon songs for consolation. The change was worked by the bookmakers, and it came in the night. It was rather later than usual when Mr. Wiley walked in with the black brow, blacker than Cooley had ever seen it. The moonlight dropped through the wide front window and Carey sat down under the drift of it fell across him.

"Would yuh like tuh go home, Cooley?"

"Yes, suh."

"I think yuh can go soon."

"No, yuh gotta, Mistah Wiley?"

"Then I mus' wait fur yuh."

"Turn out the lights an' go tuh bed. I don' want yuh."

Cooley turned the lights and went into his little alcove, but instead of coming straight out of the window for the half open door at the figure of Mr. Wiley Carey, sitting there in the flood of the moonlight, his elbows on his knees, his head buried in his hands. There was no movement for an hour, and the moonlight had shifted and left him half in shadow, when Carey warily arose, walked over to the table, and picked up a revolver lying there. Then he resumed his seat and began twirling the clicking cylinder. Cooley in the alcove had laid his head across his knees. Carey looked steadily out of the window for a moment, and then stood up, cocking the revolver as he rose. The guitar broke into the silence with a twang, twang, twang, and Cooley's soft voice began to croon:

"Way down upon the Suwannee River."

Carey stood still, put his lips together, then laid the pistol on the table and went slowly into the bedroom.

"Cooley, undress me."—Charles E. Trevelath in New York Journal.

PURCHASED FAME.

Why English Newspapers Always Advertise the Obsolete Society People.

During the recent upheaval in the Pall Mall Gazette office one interesting bit of information that came to the surface was that Mr. Astor's editors and reporters were accustomed when among themselves to refer to a certain department of the paper as "the little-tittle column," says the New York Times. It contains divers short paragraphs in which are recounted the doings, social and other, of notabilities of various grades, including always many titled nonentities and occasionally professional persons like doctors, lawyers and diplomats. Most of the other London journals have similar columns and they are all equally trivial and unwholesome. It now appears that what has always seemed to be merely an amusing illustration of the extent to which the British public carries its interest in the "upper classes" is in reality something quite different.

A Manchester doctor recently got into trouble with his conferees because he advertised himself as a specialist in the treatment of a certain disease with a certain salutarium. One of his friends, noticing that the movements of other medical men, all of whom had been vociferously scrupulous in regard to the ethics of their profession, were constantly recorded by the press, proceeded to the office of the Thunderer itself with a similar item exploiting a journey of his own. There he was informed that announcements of that class were inserted at the rate of a guinea for three lines and 50 shillings per cent for every additional line. Continuing his investigation he learned that the society people, too, bought fame at the same high price and that the so-called "little-tittle" was published not because the British public yearned for it, but because the lesser lights of society and science yearned for notoriety and were willing to pay for it.

Fifty Per Cent Off.

A speculator on the bourse was asked: "You have ceased to do business with—"

"Don't talk to me of that fellow," was the reply. "I never salute him now. He had the audacity to say that I swindled him out of 40,000 francs."

"Oh, dear, no. He said 20,000."

"Ah! that is different," said the boursier, and took off his hat.—Les Débats.

Or Send Them to Blind Asylum.

"I think," said the statesman who didn't have any great hopes, anyway, "that it would be a good plan to make these campaign buttons of mine with eyes to 'em, so that of the demand is smaller than the supply I kin sell 'em."

"Allus beats the othahs,"

"No, suh."

"No, suh."

CREATION'S WONDERS.

Some idea of the vast extent of the surface of the earth may be obtained when it is noted that if a lofty church steeple is ascended and the landscape visible from it looked at 300,000 such landscapes must be viewed in order that the whole earth may be seen.

A white object of any size may be seen in sunlight at a distance of 17,250 times its diameter; that is to say, if it is a white ball a foot in diameter it can be perceived at a distance of 17,250 feet.

J. E. Gore writing on the size of the solar system says that "enormously large as the solar system absolutely is, compared with the size of our own earth, it is, compared with the size of the visible universe, merely as a drop in the ocean."

OHIO MAN'S BIG LUCK.

MARTIN NEILLY FINDS A BOULDER RICH WITH GOLD.

After Prospecting For 50 Years He Accidentally Strikes a Field in Ohio Containing More Than \$1,000,000—Old Miners Excited.

PROSPECTING a miner returning weary and disgusted, from an unsuccessful season's work in a search for gold in a boulder so rich in gold that in an instant he is a millionaire. It reads like a fairy tale, but it happens to be true.

There is satisfactory evidence of the truth of Martin Neilly's wonderful find on Monday, April 27, that Neilly was returning to Rossland, British Columbia, after an unsuccessful trip in the Salmon River district. He had reached the Columbia River at a point six miles north of Trail Landing, B. C., at about noon, and, selecting a site on the bank of the stream at the foot of Lookout Mountain, sat down to eat his dinner. As he munched his humble food he noticed a huge boulder, half buried in the sand in a dry portion of the river bed, not far from where he sat.

When he had finished his meal, he walked over to the boulder, examining it in a casual manner, and then, as his experienced eye detected signs of the precious metal for which he had vainly sought for months, he attacked the great gray mass with his pick, working with feverish energy. He almost swooned when a fragment of the rock came away, showing distinctly the traces of gold and copper.

IS A BIOGRAPHER A DETECTIVE?

No Right to Pry Into the Secrets of His Subject.

If I discovered, per impossible, that Jeanne d'Arc ever did a wrong thing my duty to the stock of human pleasure would outweigh my duty to truth, says Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine. "Never mind the truth," would be my motto; "perhaps there is some mistake somewhere." Or suppose, also per impossible, that one discovered a check forged by Burns. One would destroy it and say nothing about it. A biographer is not a detective—he is not prying at the day of judgment. These ideas will be considered immoral. Many French authors try (quite in vain) to prove that Moliere married the daughter of his mistress. This kind of spirit seems to be not uncommon at present among biographers, a class which Mr. Carlyle thought used to be "neatly-mouthed."

Poor Highland Mary is harried in her modest resting place, "washed by the western wave." One thing we do know very well about her—namely, that Burns wanted nothing to be known. She had lived and he had loved her; there he manifestly desired that information should cease, and Lockhart has actually been blamed for leaving it there. Of all the duties of a biographer one can regard none more stringent than respect for the secrets of his subject. If he can, he should burn and obliterate; if he cannot, he should forget. Yet if a letter of Burns to Highland Mary, clearing up all that he desired to remain concealed (if anything left), could be found, the devotees of Burns (as a rule) would make haste to publish the epistle. Of all cant, "the public has the right to know" is the most odious. The public has no right to know.

The greater the man is, the more he has done for us, the less right we have to pry into his secrets. Byron apparently did not want his famous burlesque memoirs to be secret, and the destruc-

BLOOD OF MILESIIUS.

THE ANCIENT KING OF SPAIN AND THE IRISH.

Nearly Every Gaelic Family of Prominent Rank in the County of Wick Traces Its Lineage Back to the Three Sons of That Monarch—Great and Ancient.

It is since then, and principally for a very large and hilarious annual gathering of the clans at Peaseack, N. J. The author mentions a number of noted Smiths, some of whom spell their name "Smitye." The crest is two hands holding a single torch, and two hands holding a dagger, each with the motto "Sic Itur in Altum." It is only fair to say that this crest was adopted before the days of anarchy, and the motto should not be translated "So she goes up."

Many of the significations of names are peculiar and interesting, as Shine, which means "Sprightly"; Clancy, "Virtue"; Tuomy, "Pierce"; Maloney, "Thoughtful"; Fogarty, "Brave"; Doolan, "Bulky"; Madigan, "A Field Fort"; G'lyra, "The Fat"; Tully, "The Green"; Hartigan, "First Choice"; Truby, "A Thorough"; McKoon, "Philosopher"; Hamlin, "Unskilful"; and Cooney, "Prosperity."

There are many other families whose genealogy is a matter of equal interest, and which trace their descent to the same ancestor. Mr. Rooney, despite the large number given, the author admits that he has probably left out many equally worthy of a piece in Irish genealogy. The examples quoted serve only to show partly the quality of the Irish blood which has become infused into the American nation.

"KING BY TRADE."

Francis of Austria Made a Very Frank Reply.

While in Geneva in 1891 Judge T. J. Mackey of South Carolina was selected by the American colony to deliver a Fourth of July oration at a banquet given in honor of the day, says the Youth's Companion. It was attended by all the foreign consuls and among them was the consul-general of Austria-Hungary, who furnished for Judge Mackey's address the following anecdote and vouched for its authenticity:

A number of Americans residing in Vienna in the year 1810 united to celebrate Washington's birthday and invited the Emperor Francis of Austria to honor the occasion by his presence. That gentle monarch, a true gentleman, although "every inch a king," overlooked the disregard of established forms into which his would-be hosts had been betrayed by their patriotic fervor and made this answer in his own handwriting:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for your hospitable invitation and the gratifying terms in which you have expressed your desire that I should attend a banquet which you propose to give in celebration of the birthday of General Washington's natal day.

"But you must excuse me from uniting with you to honor the memory of your illustrious countryman, since I could not do so with sincerity, for Washington adorned a crown and did not mean to bring royalty into contempt than all men who have ever lived, and I am a king by trade."

An English Ship at the Dutch.

The Deers are no doubt puffed up with their constant good luck when resisting British attacks, but they are well aware that they have nothing to gain by war and that their position just as it is is one of the most fortunate in history. At least, we can recall no other republic in which every man was for his wants well off, in which all taxes were paid by direct impositions and foreign toll and in which the whole community, without ever submitting to a conscription or entering a barracks, had acquired a high military reputation. We cannot believe that these advantages will be willingly thrown away and do not see wherein, if it were maintained for the next ten years, Great Britain will suffer except from a few taunts, and what do taunts matter to a people with our history?

If it amuses Dirck Cloete to consider John Bull cowardly or soft, let him consider it; he will reconsider that opinion before the end arrives. England is not in a hurry if the capitalists are. She survived Napoleon and she will survive Krieger, not to mention the very memory that there ever was a Dutchman between the Zambesi and the Cape. What proportion of all those who can read now know that New York was once a possession and a settlement of the Dutch?—The Spectator.

Theatrical Item.

St. Jackson and wife, a couple of Oklahoma dorkies, attended a spectacular performance at the Dallas opera house, and saw one of the performers disappear mysteriously through the trap door.

"Huh," said St. J., "we had better git out o' heah! Set dat man go down inter his cyclone cellar!"

GEMS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The estimated number of Christians in the world is over 405,000,000; of Buddhists, 429,000,000; of the followers of Brahma, 189,000,000; of Mohanah, 159,000,000; of Jews, 8,000,000; of Chinese, 461,000,000; of pagans, 50,000,000; and of the 1,109 other minor creeds, 123,000,000.

The largest producing farm in the world lies in the southwest corner of Louisiana, owned by an English syndicate. It runs one hundred miles north and south. The immense tract is divided into convenient pastures, with the fencing done every six miles, the total length was 600 feet; breadth, 115 feet; total weight when launched, 12,000 tons. Her first trip of any consequence was made to New York in 1859-60.

The largest ship ever built, the Great Eastern, recently broken to pieces and sold to junk dealers, was designed and constructed by Scott Russell, at Max-well, on the Thames. Work on the giant vessel was commenced in March, 1854. She was successfully launched January 12, 1858. The launching alone occupied the time from November 2, 1857, until the date above given. Her total length was 690 feet; breadth, 115 feet; total weight when launched, 12,000 tons. Her first trip of any consequence was made to New York in 1859-60.

During the ten months ended April, 1896, exports of American furniture amounted in value to \$2,638,143.

A TRIP TO GERVER.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Experience of a Red Willow County School Teacher—One of the Veterans Who "Marched With Sherman to the Sea" Tells How He Was Escorted.

From the Courier, Indianola, Neb.

A few days ago a request came from parties interested that a representative of the Courier visit the home of J. B. Pickering, in Gerver precinct, and investigate the case of his daughter, Miss Laura V. Pickering, a well-known school teacher of Indianola, Neb. Accordingly the editor himself determined to investigate, and securing a team took a drive into Gerver precinct. We arrived at the home of Mr. Pickering about 6 o'clock, and when we introduced ourselves and made known our business we received a cordial welcome.

After dinner we informed Miss Pickering that we came all the way from Indianola to find out how she happened to need Pink Pills for Pale People, etc., etc. She suggested that she certainly had no use for them now, or her appearance was deceptive, as she looked the picture of health. She laughed, and said that she was feeling quite well at present, and that we should have been there at dinner time in order to have made a note of her appetite.

"From childhood," said Miss Pickering, "I had been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and could get no relief that would effect a permanent cure. Two years ago while visiting in Johnson county I was taken with a severe attack of this disease, and a neighbor lady who had been cured from paralysis by the use of Pink Pills persuaded me much against my will, to give them a trial. I had never taken any patent medicine, and was opposed to anything of the kind. However, I consented and commenced improving at once. After that time I have never been troubled with rheumatism since. When I arrived home I persuaded father to buy the Pink Pills for his trouble." "Yes," said Mr. Pickering, "she had such faith in the pills that she bought them for her mother. You see my trouble is chronic. I was in the army about three years. Marched with Sherman to the sea, and was in many a hard-fought battle. I have suffered with a distress in the stomach ever since that time, and am getting no relief on that account. I laughed at Laura for thinking Pink Pills would help me, but to please her I gave them a trial, and they helped me wonderfully. I think if I had taken them in the first place I could have saved myself a great deal of trouble. I did so and have not since. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me, and I do not take a substitute another time. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only medicine that I have ever had in the house. We are not the only people in this neighborhood who have taken them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore exhausted nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medical Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

LITTLE BITS OF INTEREST.

The watermelon grows wild all over Africa. It was cultivated in Egypt B. C. 2500.

Two volcanoes in Iceland are advertised for sale in a Copenhagen paper. The price asked is about \$500.

An examination of the eyes of white and colored children in the Washington schools shows that the latter are much less liable to shortsightedness and astigmatism.

Maxim has discovered that the heat developed by the combustion of smokeless powder is such as to cause carbonization of the gun steel, converting it into soft iron.

Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng to Egypt every winter there would be no living in the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in most incredible numbers.

The longest Egyptian railroad now extends to Gilghet, 225 miles from Cairo. It is soon to be extended to the first cataract, 710 miles from the coast. This means, of course, an ultimate railroad connection with the British possessions in South Africa.

A new paving material has been invented made partly of cork. Various ingredients, of which cork forms a considerable part, are pressed into blocks, and the result is a substance which, while cheap to produce, is durable, silent, non-absorbent and affords a good foothold for horses.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The wedding presents and trousseau of Princess Henriette of Belgium, which were recently sent to the villa of her husband, the Duc de Vendome, near Neully, filled 170 boxes and weighed eleven tons.

Mrs. Cleveland has been putting on flesh rapidly in the past few years, and is now said to weigh nearly 150 pounds. As she neither skates nor plays golf nor tennis, and the president objects to her bicycling for married women, she has a new pastime as hard as she can get from 10 to 12 every morning.

Though the Baroness Hirsch is nominally the universal legate under her late husband's will, Harold Frederic declares that the bulk of Baron Hirsch's fortune, after certain philanthropic bequests are paid, will go to Lucienne, natural daughter of the baron's second son and a French governess. Gov. and Mrs. William M. Kinley, Jr., celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of their wedding on the 25th of last January. Mrs. Kinley has been something of an invalid ever since the death of her father, which occurred just before her second daughter was born. Both her children died when very young.

Cora Belle Fellows, whose marriage to Chaska, a Sioux, created a sensation some years ago, has been deserted and left in destitution by her Indian husband. She came of an excellent Washington family, but fell in love with Chaska while teaching school on the reservation near Pierre, S. D., and married him in spite of the opposition of her family.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus - State - Bank

(Bank to the Bank)

Pay Interest on Time Deposits

Makes Loans on Real Estate

MEMBER BRIGHT BRANCH OF

Omaha, Chicago, New York and all Foreign Countries.

AGENTS: STEAMSHIP: TICKETS.

BUYS GOOD NOTES

And Edges on Customers when they need help

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't.

DANIEL SCHRYER, Cashier.

B. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't.

M. BRUGGER, Cashier.

JOHN STAUFFER, Wm. DUCKER.

COMMERCIAL BANK

COLUMBUS, NEB.,

Authorized Capital of - \$500,000

Paid in Capital, - 90,000

OFFICERS.

G. H. SHELDON, Pres't.

H. F. OELHREICH, Vice Pres.

DANIEL SCHRYER, Cashier.

FRANK KOEHL, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

H. P. OELHREICH, H. W. McALLISTER, G. W. WELCH, W. A. McALLISTER, G. H. KRENS, S. G. GRAY, FRANK KOEHL.

STOCKHOLDERS.

GERRARD LOCKER, HENRY WIDEMAN, CLARK GRAY, HENRY LOSBER, DANIEL SCHRYER, G. W. WELCH, A. F. H. VEEHMAN, F. E. BECKER, ESTATE, REBECCA BUCKER, H. M. WINSLOW.

Special: buy and sell exchange on United States and Europe, and buy and sell available securities. We shall be pleased to receive your business. We solicit your patronage.

THE COLUMBUS JOURNAL

A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of the community.

COLUMBUS JOURNAL

THE COUNTY OF PLATTE,

The State of Nebraska

THE UNITED STATES

AND THE REST OF MANKIND

The unit of measure with us is

\$1.50 A YEAR,

IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

But our limit of usefulness is not prescribed by dollars and cents. Sample copies sent free to any address.

HENRY GASS,

UNDERTAKER!

Coffins and Metallic Cases!

Repairing of all kinds of Upholstered Goods.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

THE COLUMBUS JOURNAL

PREPARED TO FURNISH PRINTING REQUIRED OF A

PRINTING OFFICE.

CLUBS

BEST PAPERS

COUNTRY.