

# The Columbus Journal

VOLUME XXVII.—NUMBER 31.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,383.

## DEAR LITTLE AMBER.

At the sound of a football in the corridor he laid down his pen and leaned wearily back in his big arm-chair.

Presently a hand thrust back the curtain from the doorway and his wife entered. She wore a dress that was new in her favorite color—dull yellow. There were diamonds at her throat and in her gold-brown hair. She looked radiant with pleasure.

"Shall I do very well," he said at last. "What is it to-night, Amber?"

"I am going with the Kendalls."

He took up his pen with a slight gesture of impatience that effectually silenced her. Half the joy died out of her face. She stood a moment watching him as he wrote; then she went round and laid her hand timidly on his shoulder.

"John—" wistfully.

"Well?"

She hesitated, hoping he would look up or say something more; but he did not.

"I am going now. Good-by."

"Good-by."

It was the tone, not the words, that brought a sudden dimness into her eyes. She lingered still with her hand on his shoulder. Then she slowly removed it and stole out of the room.

As the curtains parted behind her the pen dropped and John Sarles covered his face with his hands. He heard a carriage stop at the curbing and the front door close with a bang. He heard a man's voice and a man's feet—both in the hallway. Then there was a rumble of wheels and he lifted his head with a jerk. Something like a sob escaped him.

"Lawrence," she had said. It had come to that, then! Lawrence! John Sarles knew him well—knew how his handsome face and winning smile endeared him to the hearts of women—how he was sought after, petted, admired.

Ab, well, it was something, after all, to be born with a handsome face and straight, strong limbs. John Sarles looked bitterly at the curbing leaning against the chair and thought that because of it life had withheld much of its sweetness for him. Wealth and even a powerful intellect which put him in touch with the brightest thinkers of the day failed to make up to him for that.

He had been on the point of sinking into the self-imposed isolation of a proud, morose nature when Amber came—Amber, the little daughter of his only intimate friend, who, dying, had entrusted her to his care.

Soon the music of her laughter had chased away the ghostly echoes from the lonely old house and the light of her happy eyes brightened every room. Her books strewed the tables, her flowers filled the long-unused vases, her gowns made bits of color against the dark walls as she flitted up stairs and down.

Gradually all became changed because of her. New furniture replaced the old, new carpets covered the floors,

the carpeting blossomed with rare plants and a grand piano lit up a dark recess of the library with its polished ivory and rosewood.

By and by the little girl became a maiden to whom every door was open and whose smile was a favor which men considered worth a great price, and all the time that Amber was growing winsome and sweet and graceful John Sarles was growing old and wrinkled and gray. But his heart was young as ever and he loved Amber with all the pent-up force of his nature and he suffered agonies because of that love, feeling that she could never, never be his.

One day a handsome boy of good family came to ask him for Amber's hand. Poor John! He gave his consent and his blessing as well. What else could he do, not knowing but that Amber loved him? And while the boy was pleading his case John sat in his study with as bitter a heartache as ever man had.

Presently the door opened, but he didn't look up. And then came a sweet, sobbing voice and the pressure of two soft arms about his neck from behind.

"Oh, guardy, guardy, are you tired of me that you try to get rid of me so?"

He was suffocating with surprise and joy and terror, but he managed to draw her around where he could see her face, which was rosy with blushes and perspiration, and he kissed her.

"Amber!" he cried. "Tired of you? Want to get rid of you, Amber?"

And then, reassured by his tone, she burst out passionately:

"Yes, you must be, else you'd never have sent him to me, when you know I hate him—hate them all but you!"

He drew her down on his knee at that and held her close in his trembling arms. His face was near hers, but he did not kiss her. He could only look at the sweet, wet eyes, and child-like mouth, the rosy, soft cheek, and gold-brown hair, wondering, doubting, hoping all at once—he could not have told which was the most of the three.

That was two years ago—two blessed years of such happiness that they look to him like a long delightful dream. Amber loved him and Amber was his wife.

But late a shadow had fallen between them—the shadow of Lawrence Kendall. The fear that had numbed John's heart when he saw behind the young man's admiring gaze upon his

## MOST UNCANNY SPOT.

### BLOOD-CURLING FEATURES IN SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS.

Experiences of Night Explorers—Caverns Filled with Ghosts and Devils—Strange March of the Panthers—Wet Sounds and Sights.

How he longed to snatch her in his arms, crumpling the dull yellow silk, if he must, and ruffling the hair, for she used never to complain—and kiss her over and over and tell her how much he loved her, and how sorry he was to hurt her by word or look.

But no—his pride, his indomitable pride, restrained him, and he had let go, and she had been whole evening spoiled because of it.

Ah, just wait till she came in, tired and cold and sleepy! Then he would make it all right. She would forgive him—of course she would, the darling! And they would be happy again as they had not been for weeks, sitting by the fire together, she in the big crimson chair and he on an ottoman at her side, just where he could touch her hand or cheek and kiss her when he chose.

The firelight would dance on her hair and bring out the soft color in her face, and she would laugh and smile in the old joyous way. What a fool he had been—how cowardly and unreasonable, to doubt his innocent darling even for one moment.

It was 2 o'clock and Amber ought to have been home an hour ago. What was it made John start and tremble and pale as he glanced at the clock? Were his fears confirmed? Had his doubts become truths?

Hark! Was not that the sound of a carriage pausing at the curbing? What was this unusual confusion in the hall below?

John Sarles seized his crutch and limped a few paces toward the door, but stopped as it was flung open and the figure of an old serving man appeared on the threshold.

"Master," he began.

John Sarles' lips moved, but no sound passed them.

"Master, I have come with sad news for you. There has been an accident—the horses ran away—and Miss Amber has been hurt."

He caught John as he reeled and fell, and answering the mute, awful appeal of those agonized eyes, he concluded—

"Is hurt seriously, but not fatally. The horse has just brought her home."

Three months afterward, when burst buds and freshly-sprouting grass proclaimed that spring was at hand, Amber was carried into her husband's study and propped up by pillows and cushions on the sofa there. Her face had lost its roundness and its dainty color and the beautiful brown-gold hair which she had inherited from her mother was now a mass of tangled, thinning strands.

There was a great bunch of yellow roses on the table at her side and she touched them lovingly, knowing that John was watching her and that he had placed them there.

Presently he came and sat down on the edge of the sofa—all their differences had long since been made up—and took her hands in his and held them tenderly against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes, though Amber's were clear enough.

"You dear old John," she said, smiling. "I believe you feel worse about it than I do."

He sobbed.

"Well, you needn't, you silly boy. She was silent a moment, and then she said, musingly: "Do you know, I believe I'm had."

"Oh, my darling, to be lame all your life!"

"Yes, for don't you see, we shall sympathize with one another more than we ever have? And, oh, John—"

"I never realized before how patient and dear you were until I was hurt. I think I love you better than ever, if that can be, and I am sure—quite sure, that this has been a blessed lesson for both of us, aren't you?"

And John, in his newer and clearer wisdom, dared not deny it.

## PROPPED UP BY PILLOWS.

McDowell county, West Virginia, has a citizen who has never been known to give for democracy, as he departed from the very few things ever happen that he did not have some part in. Here is the latest story about him:

A group was gathered in a county store discussing politics. George Whalen, the man of wonderful knowledge and achievements, although a staunch democrat, so departed from the declaration of principles that one of the men said: "You don't know a thing about the democratic platform."

"Don't I? Know the democratic platform? Why I built it myself. There wasn't a stick of anything but solid platform and it never settled a hundredth part of an inch. Talk to me about not knowing anything about the platform! If you'll come down to the cave where they held their barbecue I'll show you the platform standing yet."—Washington Star.

## Hygienic Writing Paper.

Among the latest things in stationery is a writing paper which is specially manufactured for the prevention of the spreading by letters of various forms of infectious diseases. Everyone is aware that in receiving letters from disease-stricken places, at home or abroad, they run a certain amount of risk. This stationery is said to be rendered contagion-proof. The paper is so impregnated with antiseptics that all deleterious organisms adhering to it are rendered inert, even though a disease-stricken person write or touch the letter.—Invention.

## To Locate a Fracture.

The customary method of locating a fracture is to immerse the wheel in a tub of water, and wherever the bubbles show there will be found a fracture. On occasions, however, the air pressure is not sufficient to create bubbles. In such cases a soap bubble will form over the fracture, no matter how small it is.

## Cigarette Smoker Turns Green.

A young man living in Broadville, Mich., is turning green from the use of cigarettes. Most cigarette smokers are more or less green when they begin the practice.

## ITALIAN ANTIQUITIES.

### An Underground Trade in Them in Spite of Legal Interdiction.

Some days ago a well-known dealer in antiquities offered for sale to the Louvre museum, in Paris, a splendid collection of ancient vases from Italy or Greek or Italian workmanship, says the London News. The museum was unable to pay the price asked—£20,000—and declined the bargain. The Italian minister of education, having learned of this, has taken proceedings under the Pacca law against Sig. di Prisco, the owner of these antiquities. The latter is a large land owner at Bosco Reale. He secretly made excavations on his estate and found twenty-eight silver vases of remote antiquity. Notwithstanding the Italian law prohibiting owners of antiquities from sending them out of the country without leave, or rather, on account of this, which prevents the work of art from coming into the market, he smuggled his find out of Italy and offered it to a Paris dealer for \$5,000. Continuing meanwhile his search, he found other silver vases, which duly found their way to Paris, and the whole lot was offered to the Louvre. The Italian minister of education throws interesting light on the facilities which unscrupulous officials are supposed to afford illicit exporters of antiquities. He issues a notification that, should any officials be found to have connived at this latest evasion of the Pacca law, they will be criminally prosecuted.

## Buried Thermometers.

Recent observations made by Prof. A. Agassiz in the Calumet and Hecla mine, near Lake Superior, to ascertain the rate at which temperature increases toward the center of the earth give a slower rate of increase than has been found in previous recorded observations. The observations were made at various depths by placing registering thermometers in holes drilled ten

## PRETTY SALVATION ARMY MAIDS.

The over progressive Salvation Army has just added to its equipment what many people consider its most attractive feature. The latest novelty of this up-to-date organization, and the one which is shortly to come to New York is called the "Singing Battalion," and is attached to the Western division, which has its headquarters at Chicago. Its members are all women officers of the army, and have been selected with a special view to their comeliness. As a result the new corps makes a charming appearance, and, as each of these common to their several countries. The result was that this novel band is creating a furor through Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and the other Western states which it has visited. In the coal and iron mining districts which are scattered thickly over these states, a large portion of the workmen are foreigners, and when they discovered that the

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"Let's go shopping to-day, Tess." "I can't, Bess; I've lots of things to buy and I'm going to bed to-morrow." "I'll go then."—New York Sun.

"Is Miss Cahoots in?" inquired the caller. "That depends on you. Are you Mister Jones?" said Bridget. "Yes." "She's gone out."—Harper's Bazar.

Canny—Is Miss Wilbur at home? Nora—No, sorr. Canny—Well, go upstairs and ask her when she will be at home. Nora (going)—Yis, sorr.—Harper's Bazar.

Sunday School Teacher—What is the leading doctrine of Christianity? The Laundryman—Kid throw stone—smashes glass—no can catch—Jorgivum.—Puck.

"Jokey is in hard luck!" "What's the matter?" "He has lost that last year's crop of football jokes which he intended working off on his editor."—Philadelphia North American.

"We girls are going to have a harvest-home festival." "What! to show big pumpkins and things?" "No such nonsense—engagement rings and photographs."—Chicago Record.

"There doesn't seem to be much of a demand for seats to this performance," said the star. "No," said the manager, as he ran over a bundle of dead-head applications: "nothing but requests."—Washington Star.

"Dearest!" He stopped reading his paper long enough to ask what his best little wife might want. "When they mark the dollars down to 55 cents, will it be every day or only on Fridays?"—Indianapolis Journal.

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## SCRAPPS.

The moment a lie is born, it begins to run.

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the power of freezing water.

The gold fields in Paulding county, Georgia, are being developed, and have proved quite productive.

Burnham, the scout who shot the chief instigator of the Matabele war, is home in Pasadena, Cal.

According to the statistics of the Department of Agriculture, wheat land in Kansas rents at \$2.10 per acre.

A report has been circulated in London that as soon as Dr. Jameson is liberated he will marry a beautiful peeress.

Gadzooks—Did the play go last night? Zounds—Well, hardly; but you ought to have seen the audience.—New York Tribune.

## Peach Marmalade.

Delicious peach marmalade may be made from very ripe, soft peaches, cut carefully, but not peeled; cut in halves, remove the stones; allow half a pound of sugar to every pound of peaches. Put the peaches in a preserve kettle, add water to cover, and bring slowly to a boil; stir and mash the peaches; add the sugar with a little salt and stir until thick and smooth, being careful not to scorch; put away in glass jars. Apple and pear marmalade may be made in the same way.

## Clearness of Lake Superior.

"I have read the wonderful clearness of the waters of Lake Superior," said E. F. Lane, of Hannibal, Mo., "but I never realized it until I saw it about three weeks ago. I was at Marquette and took a sail on the lake, going about forty miles. As we neared the shore, the bottom of the lake was so attractive with its white sand that I felt like wading in to shore. The water appeared to be about two feet deep. I took off my stockings, rolled my trousers up to my knees, and slid into the water. In a moment I was completely submerged, and it was so unexpected that I did not close my mouth, and swallowed enough of the liquid to render me powerless to swim. I was unconscious when they pulled me into the boat, and when they revived me and told me the water was eight feet deep, I stepped off, I realized the despatchiveness of a lake with a white sand bottom."—Washington Star.

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## The Arabs harbor a superstition that the stork is a bird of good omen.

When one of them builds its nest on a house-top, the occupants of the house believe that their happiness is insured for a year.

## ACCOMMODATING.

### B Landlord in Kansas Who Took the Medal for Being Obliging.

"I stopped at a very small town in Kansas a few weeks ago," said L. M. Martines at the Raleigh. "I had been in the town once before, and knew where the hotel was. It was late at night when I got off the train and went to the hotel. After repeatedly knocking and shaking the door the landlord let me in. The next morning breakfast was not ready when I got up, but the landlord was in good humor about it, saying: 'Everybody is sick about the house. You are the only guest, so I didn't get breakfast ready.' He went I found that my customer was out of town, so had nothing to do but to stay around the hotel all day. The landlord got dinner and supper for me and I asked, 'Who is sick?' 'My wife, two children, the cook, the waiter and the porter.' 'I should think you would get some one else.' 'Can't. They won't come.' 'Why?' 'They are all afraid of the smallpox. I'm the only one who hasn't got it, and I feel the symptoms. I'll be in bed to-morrow, but I think the porter will be well enough to run the hotel by that time. He is sitting up to-day.' 'I paid my bill very suddenly, and put myself under medical treatment when I reached the next town.'—San Francisco Chronicle.

## New Style of Canvasers.

The up-to-date canvasser now travels in a bunch. Under the direction of managers, and chaperones, companies of lady agents will soon be touring the country, judging from the advent of such an organization here. They hold rehearsals, just like their theatrical sisters, and each girl is thoroughly coached as to what to say and how to say it. Early in the morning they receive their assignments and scatter over the city or town, watched by spies, who report to the manager any breach of contract on the part of the canvasser. The rules are of the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise sort, the hotel bills and traveling expenses are paid by the manager, and the entire outfit is in the hands of the chaperone. Derived from discipline, drill and organization. The female book agent need be lonely and helpless any longer unless she proposes to flock by herself.—New York Letter.

## IN IT FOR HIM.

Young Lawyer—Why do you take that case when the majority of it is in Old Lawyer—Nothing in it? Blind paid me a big retainer, and I'm charging him \$50 a day during the trial.—Detroit Free Press.

## STOCKHOLDERS.

GEORGE LOEGER, J. HENRY WOODMAN, CLARE GRAY, HENRY LOCKER, DANIEL SCHUB, GINA W. GALLEY, A. F. H. OBERLICH, J. P. BICKER ESTATE, BESSIE BECKER, W. W. WINDLOW.

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447 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

In making a salad of fish, if you add a little cucumber pickle, chopped very fine, to the dish before the dressing is poured over, you will greatly improve it.

In all lives there is a crisis in the formation of character. It comes from many causes, and it comes from the surface are apparently trivial, but the result is the same—a sudden revelation to ourselves of our secret purposes, and a recognition of our perhaps long shadowed but now masterful convictions.

Anything with a meringue over it should be put in a cool oven and allowed to brown slowly if you wish to have it light. A strong heat toughens meringues.

If a bunch of grape leaves are put in the brine in which cucumbers are to be soaked for pickling, it will help keep the cucumbers sound and firm, and of a good color.

In blanching but meats, pour over them boiling water and let it stand a few moments. Throw over them cold water and rub them between the fingers, and the skins will readily come off.

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BE PREPARED TO FURNISH ANYTHING REQUIRED BY A PRINTING OFFICE.

## CLUBS.

## BEST PAPERS.

## COUNTRY.

## A REMARKABLE CASE.

### ILL SINCE GIRLHOOD, NOW A PICTURE OF HEALTH.

From the Star, Valparaiso, Ind.

The attention of the Star having been called to several cases of radical cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, it was determined to investigate some of the more notable of these cases, and to give a more comprehensive and exact information on the subject and benefiting others who were suffering. Prominent among those who had experienced benefits from the use of this remedy was mentioned Mrs. Mary Noren, wife of John Noren, a prosperous farmer, living northeast of Valparaiso, Ind., and to her a reporter was accordingly dispatched.

Mrs. Noren was found busily engaged in household duties, but she found time to detail her experience, and was willing and even anxious that the benefits she had felt should be told for the benefit of those who had suffered as she did.

"I had been in three different hospitals, a complication of complaints," said Mrs. Noren, "never so much as to be confined in bed, but I suffered intense misery. My children were sick with my stomach. I felt a constant gnawing pain that was at times almost distracting, and which had been diagnosed by different physicians as dyspepsia and indigestion. I was unable to eat, and I had pains in the back, sometimes so great as to make me unable to work, and my appetite was more or less impaired. I suffered greatly from constipation, from which I never could find permanent relief. Then these symptoms were aggravated by rheumatism between the shoulder blades, which were most excruciating in damp or cold weather. After my marriage about five years ago, and when the various troubles were so much increased, and I was frequently so sick that I could not do my household work. I tried different physicians and tried various remedies, but all in vain, until one day I saw in a paper an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My husband got three boxes from Mr. C. D. Buchanan, the druggist, and I began to use them. From the first I began to feel relief, and before the three boxes were gone I was nearly well. The constipation was cured, my appetite was more natural, and my flesh increased, until I am in the condition you see me now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in an extract from the berries of the Canada may apple, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post free on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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"Let's go shopping to-day, Tess." "I can't, Bess; I've lots of things to buy and I'm going to bed to-morrow." "I'll go then."—New York Sun.

"Is Miss Cahoots in?" inquired the caller. "That depends on you. Are you Mister Jones?" said Bridget. "Yes." "She's gone out."—Harper's Bazar.

Canny—Is Miss Wilbur at home? Nora—No, sorr. Canny—Well, go upstairs and ask her when she will be at home. Nora (going)—Yis, sorr.—Harper's Bazar.

Sunday School Teacher—What is the leading doctrine of Christianity? The Laundryman—Kid throw stone—smashes glass—no can catch—Jorgivum.—Puck.

"Jokey is in hard luck!" "What's the matter?" "He has lost that last year's crop of football jokes which he intended working off on his editor."—Philadelphia North American.

"We girls are going to have a harvest-home festival." "What! to show big pumpkins and things?" "No such nonsense—engagement rings and photographs."—Chicago Record.

"There doesn't seem to be much of a demand for seats to this performance," said the star. "No," said the manager, as he ran over a bundle of dead-head applications: "nothing but requests."—Washington Star.

"Dearest!" He stopped reading his paper long enough to ask what his best little wife might want. "When they mark the dollars down to 55 cents, will it be every day or only on Fridays?"—Indianapolis Journal.

## SCRAPPS.

The moment a lie is born, it begins to run.

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the power of freezing water.

The gold fields in Paulding county, Georgia, are being developed, and have proved quite productive.

Burnham, the scout who shot the chief instigator of the Matabele war, is home in Pasadena, Cal.

According to the statistics of the Department of Agriculture, wheat land in Kansas rents at \$2.10 per acre.

A report has been circulated in London that as soon as Dr. Jameson is liberated he will marry a beautiful peeress.

Gadzooks—Did the play go last night? Zounds—Well, hardly; but you ought to have seen the audience.—New York Tribune.

## Peach Marmalade.

Delicious peach marmalade may be made from very ripe, soft peaches, cut carefully, but not peeled; cut in halves, remove the stones; allow half a pound of sugar to every pound of peaches. Put the peaches in a preserve kettle, add water to cover, and bring slowly to a boil; stir and mash the peaches; add the sugar with a little salt and stir until thick and smooth, being careful not to scorch; put away in glass jars. Apple and pear marmalade may be made in the same way.

## Clearness of Lake Superior.

"I have read the wonderful clearness of the waters of Lake Superior," said E. F. Lane, of Hannibal, Mo., "but I never realized it until I saw it about three weeks ago. I was at Marquette and took a sail on the lake, going about forty miles. As we neared the shore, the bottom of the lake was so attractive with its white sand that I felt like wading in to shore. The water appeared to be about two feet deep. I took off my stockings, rolled my trousers up to my knees, and slid into the water. In a moment I was completely submerged, and it was so unexpected that I did not close my mouth, and swallowed enough of the liquid to render me powerless to swim. I was unconscious when they pulled me into the boat, and when they revived me and told me the water was eight feet deep, I stepped off, I realized the despatchiveness of a lake with a white sand bottom."—Washington Star.

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## The Arabs harbor a superstition that the stork is a bird of good omen.

When one of them builds its nest on a house-top, the occupants of the house believe that their happiness is insured for a year.

## ACCOMMODATING.

### B Landlord in Kansas Who Took the Medal for Being Obliging.

"I stopped at a very small town in Kansas a few weeks ago," said L. M. Martines at the Raleigh. "I had been in the town once before, and knew where the hotel was. It was late at night when I got off the train and went to the hotel. After repeatedly knocking and shaking the door the landlord let me in. The next morning breakfast was not ready when I got up, but the landlord was in good humor about it, saying: 'Everybody is sick about the house. You are the only guest, so I didn't get breakfast ready.' He went I found that my customer was out of town, so had nothing to do but to stay around the hotel all day. The landlord got dinner and supper for me and I asked, 'Who is sick?' 'My wife, two children, the cook, the waiter and the porter.' 'I should think you would get some one else.' 'Can't. They won't come.' 'Why?' 'They are all afraid of the smallpox. I'm the only one who hasn't got it, and I feel the symptoms. I'll be in bed to-morrow, but I think the porter will be well enough to run the hotel by that time. He is sitting up to-day.' 'I paid my bill very suddenly, and put myself under medical treatment when I reached the next town.'—San Francisco Chronicle.

## New Style of Canvasers.

The up-to-date canvasser now travels in a bunch. Under the direction of managers, and chaperones, companies of lady agents will soon be touring the country, judging from the advent