The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXVIII.—NUMBER 10. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1897. WHOLE NUMBER 1,414.

KATHARINE TRENT.

IT WAS half-past 5, and almost dark. Most of the seats were occupied, either by the passengers in person or by their representative luggage, and the lamplighter had just completed his tour. Dick had disposed of wraps, cane, umbrella, and the bundlesome fruit of a day's shopping in town; had exerted himself in every possible way to secure the comfort and amusement of his companion, and then, having failed to elicit the slightest response, had gone into permanent retirement behind the evening paper.

But Miss Katharine Trent failed to find anything interesting in the new magazines, and was now leaning disconsolately back in her seat, wrapped in penitent contemplation of the half-inch of Dick's forehead and smoothly parted brown hair visible above the edge of the paper. A box of chocolates and a big bunch of violets in her lap seemed equally unregarded.

"I suppose," she thought, drawing together her pretty brows, "if newspapers were made of glass, I could see Dick's eyes; but it's a good thing they aren't, for I should certainly feel inclined to break that one into a thousand pieces."

The train was going at a fair speed now, and murmurs of contented conversation reached her ear.

"Dick," she said suddenly, sitting bolt upright, "here we are almost to Bushey. Are you really going to go as far as Watford with me?"

"I am afraid I must," and Dick laid down his paper with grave courtesy, and looked for a moment straight into her eyes. "Mother is down there with Bessie, you know, and I telegraphed them to expect me out to dinner. I never like to disappoint Bess."

But Kate had dropped her eyes when Dick looked at her; the smile and the "I'm so glad!" with which she meant to begin her overtures of peace had died on her lips, and she stared with burning cheeks out into the darkness, while Dick, with a hardly repressed sigh, again took refuge in his paper. But he read line after line without catching a word of the sense.

"I suppose I was an ass to think she cared for me," he was thinking. "It's plain enough now that she doesn't and never did;" and Dick spread out his paper and refolded it with a vicious punch.

The truth was that Miss Katharine Trent was a bundle of startling contradictions. That she had a tender heart, or that she was thoughtful and earnest, no one who looked for a moment into her big, serious blue eyes could doubt. Yet often, if not indeed generally, she acted without a moment's reflection. Her little Italian singing master was fond of calling her his "beautiful chord of the ninth," and said that everything depended upon her proper resolution.

It had begun to rain. A few drops zigzagged their downward career across the pane with most fascinating unexpected movements; but Katharine did not even see them. She was thinking desperately of that look in Dick's eyes. Of course he loved her. She knew that. Didn't she love him just as much? But here her conscience awoke with a start, and informed her

KISSED HIM.

that if she did love him she had taken every precaution to conceal the fact from herself, and Dick, and every one else. "And don't you," conscience went on, "don't you treat almost every fellow you know better than you treat Dick? And didn't you this very afternoon refuse even to talk about marrying him?"

The train was flying now, and Katharine found herself listening frantically to the measured double slam of the wheels, that brought nearer every instant the time when Dick would go.

"I know he'll never look at me or speak to me again. I don't blame him. I can't ask him to forgive me, because I should certainly cry, and—O!" Her heart almost choked her with its beating, for the train had begun to slow up, and Dick was putting on his coat. Suddenly a voice pitched in a girlish soprano fell on her ear.

"Good-bye, Will," it said, "and please write to us at once, won't you? You know mamma always worries so about you. Good-bye"—a kiss—"good-bye!" That was all, but it was enough; not a minute for reflection, but Katherine needed none.

Dick was beside her, hat and cane in hand, but Kate was already on her feet.

"I will," she said to herself, with a swift glance around, while the pink in her cheeks changed to red and flamed clear up to her hair; "I will!" The man at the other side of the carriage was looking out of the window. "No one will ever know the difference," she went on, "and I can't bear to have him go."

"I telegraphed your father to meet this train," Dick was saying. "I really must hurry."

"Good-bye, Dick," said Kate, her voice positively ringing with cousinly affection. "I am awfully sorry I can't go with you and see Cousin Bess; and be sure to give my love to Aunt Katie;" and, tiptoeing a little, she pulled his face down to hers and kissed him straight on the mouth.

For a moment the universe seemed to reel about Dick's head. Then he sank into the seat and pulled Kate down beside him.

"You will be carried by—O, Dick!" and Kate was almost sobbing in an agony of blushes.

"I think I'll change my mind, and go on to Pinner!" remarked Dick, cheerfully, taking in at a glance the too-interested observer on the opposite seat. "Your father—er—Uncle John might not meet you, you know; and, besides"—crushing both her hands against him as he bent over her in a blissful moment when their fellow passenger was looking the other way—"besides, you have not told me when you will marry me."—Folks at Home.

CRIME IN LITERATURE.

A Significant Fact That Deserves a Little Consideration.

An article in the Westminster Review deals with "Crime in Current Literature," the anonymous author asserting that "never were there so many pens engaged in dealing with crime and criminals as at the present time; the few, seriously and solemnly; the many, lightly and irreverently, and unwitting of the moral mischief they thereby engender." He refers especially to the fondness for "detective stories," most of which, he finds, are written by individuals who have not and never had the remotest connection with the police." On this head the writer furnishes the following statistics:

The number of newspapers, strictly so-called, published weekly in Great Britain and containing serial stories of one kind or another is nearly 800. Of these 592 are published in England and Wales, 113 in Scotland and 80 in Ireland. Out of this total it has been ascertained that in the year 1893 no fewer than 240 published complete, or portions of, detective stories—stories of all phases and forms of criminality, describing the details thereof with greater or less degrees of minuteness; here making the criminal a sort of Claude Duval, or highway hero worthy of emulation, and there rightly branding him as an iniquitous scoundrel fit only for the clutch of Jack Ketch, but almost invariably depicting the hideousness of crime as it certainly ought not to be depicted. Many such weekly newspapers as are published in populous centers have long ago recognized the importance of this factor in helping to increase their circulation, and they cannot be blamed for it. But it is a somewhat remarkable fact, which the inquiry into this phase of the subject has made evident, that in newspapers of the class indicated which are published in Ireland the general character of the serial stories was, and like enough still is, much above that of the stories published in the same place in English or Scottish newspapers. On an average, there are fewer by far that make the same literary specialty ,in story or "experience" form, of the subject of crime and its detection. In the light of the past, or even of present, events in Ireland this evidence may be taken for what it is worth; but it is none the less a significant fact deserving of a little consideration by those whom it may happen to concern.

AT MONTE CARLO.

Characteristics About Those Who Play at This Famous Resort.

From a letter on the present season at Monte Carlo, the famous resort and gambling place, which is published in a Paris paper, the following extract is not without interest to American readers, says the Baltimore Sun. In the Salon de Jeux each afternoon and evening there is a great crowd just now and considerable sensation is being created by the playing of some of the more determined punters. Most remarked among the boldest is an American artist, a painter, recently decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. He bets large sums without a moment's hesitation, and frequently makes enormous wins. It is all done so rapidly as to astonish lookers-on. The gentleman in question wins or loses with but little show of excitement and is certainly and emphatically what the French style beau joueur. He seldom sits at a table, always plays roulette and walks about from table to table, attracting much attention by his impetuous play. In marked contrast to his style is that of a stout gentleman, who never plays except when seated, and who, having made selection of a number upon the roulette table, remains faithful to it, and, with an air of unending patience, covers it with gold until, having made a large win, he slowly retires, all the while having remained in his seat—impassive—not even the most marvelous good fortune causing his vacant expression to alter in the least. It is curious to note that, while the other player seems to be so popular and generally liked, the stout party, whose good or bad fortune seems to have so little effect upon him, is decidedly unpopular. People appear to dislike seeing him so unaffected by his phenomenal good luck. "C'est pas un homme," exclaimed a vivacious little French lady, after the punter had so phlegmatically put into his pocket the 20,000 francs he had won in a single coup, "c'est une machine." And that those standing around felt as she did was evinced by their approving laughter.

Elections Abroad.

General elections have taken place in Italy and Austria. In Italy nearly three-fourths of the deputies elected are supporters of the present ministry. In Austria the election was the first under the recent extension of the suffrage. It resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the liberals and social democrats, who together elected less than one-fourth of the Reichsrath. One surprise of the election was the strength of the so-called Christian socialists, who include the anti-Semites, or Jew-haters, and the ultramontanes, or extreme clericals. Parties in Austria are even more split up than in Germany, and more than a dozen different political groups are represented in the new reichsrath.

Pasture-Fed Cows.

Anxious mother (looking for summer board—to farmer)—I suppose, of course, you Pasteurize your milk?

Puzzled Farmer—Oh, yes, marm; leastwise we pasturize one cow.—New York Tribune.

A Young Bigamist.

William Fay, 19 years of age, is in jail in New York on charge of bigamy. He has two wives, one of whom lived with him two years.

DEMOCRAT DISUNION.

ALL THE FACTIONS, HOWEVER BERATING CLEVELAND.

Business Increases—Protection Element in the South Clearly Apparent—Features of the Tariff Bill—The World's Rapidly Increasing Supply of Gold.

(Washington Letter.)

A thousand pounds of dynamite exploded in the midst of a mining camp would not have been more effective in its disintegration than was President Cleveland's speech in the distribution of the remains of the once powerful Democracy. It has torn that ill-fated organization still further asunder. Editor Henry Watterson of the gold Democracy is attacking it savagely. The organs of the silver Democrats and Mr. Bryan himself are hurling rocks at it; Mr. Bailey is attacking it savagely and the Populists are jumping on it with both feet, while the Republican editors of the country are tearing it to tatters.

Signs of Prosperity.

The calamity shriekers who have been insisting that the promised prosperity has not materialized are thrown into confusion by a recent announcement from that reliable business barometer, the Weekly Review of R. G. Dun & Co., which in its last weekly issue says: "Nearly all will be astonished to learn that actual sales in April by leading houses in each line of business in the principal cities east of the Rocky mountains average only about ten per cent less than in April, 1892, the year of largest business hitherto, and were 6.1 per cent more than in the same month last year. Yet this is the summary of 357 reports, each covering actual sales of merchants in one of fourteen cities. They are especially encouraging in view of great fall of prices within the last five years and floods and other retarding influences this year."

Southern Senators Protectionists.

The growth of the protective sentiment in the south, which was clearly shown by the fact that over thirty southern votes were cast for the Dingely bill in the house, will be again emphasized when the votes for the bill in the senate are counted. At least five southern votes will be in favor of the bill in the senate, one of them by a Democrat who announced before his election that he should vote for a protective tariff. When it is considered that every one of these five southern senators who will support the protective tariff bill succeeded men who voted for the free trade law now upon the statute books, the growth of the protective sentiment in that section will be recognized.

A Year's Supply of Free Wool.

The wool growers of this country, while they are delighted with the prospect that they are to get protection, must not expect to feel the effects immediately. Latest investigations as to the supply of wool in stock in this country show that the amount of foreign wools now in the hands of the manufacturers is sufficient for at least seven months' supply and that if the present enormous importations continue, as seem probable, they will probably have a full year's supply on hand when the new law goes into effect. This is a deplorable fact, but it is one of the numerous misfortunes attendant upon the existence of the free trade tariff law now upon the statute books, and until it can be gotten rid of there can be no getting rid of its depressing effect. Eight and nine cents a pound duty on first and second class wools, while it is not as much as the rate named by the Dingley bill when it passed the house, is just 8 and 9 cents more than the rates of the present Wilson law. It is also conceded to be more in proportion to the general value of wools than the rates established by the McKinley law, which was quite satisfactory to the wool growers.

Hides to Be Protected.

The reciprocity feature of the new tariff law is likely to be even more satisfactory than that of the McKinley law. The addition of tea and hides to the dutiable list increases the opportunity for obtaining favorable reciprocity treaties and it is understood that the senate will put into the bill such provisions as to make it practicable to secure very advantageous reciprocal arrangements with many countries, all of which will be especially in the interests of the agriculturists of the country. The duty on raw hides which is proposed by the tariff bill in the senate would probably add about 5 cents to the cost of the foreign hide used in making the leather which goes into a pair of shoes, but as only one-fifth of the hides used in this country are imported, the average increase in the price of shoes would only be one-fifth of that, or one cent per pair. Assuming that the average man buys three pair of shoes in a year, his increased "tax burden" would be three cents a year, while the advantage to the farmers will be millions of dollars.

Why Gold Goes.

With the importations of foreign goods increasing enormously by reason of the prospective repeal of the Wilson law, it is not surprising that the gold exports are increasing. The foreign goods brought into the country must be paid for in gold and if foreign importations increase ten to twenty millions a month, it goes without saying that the gold exportations must increase. The silver advocates are saying that the recent exportations of gold are an evidence that the supply of gold in the world is not sufficient for its requirements. Upon the same principle they might argue that the exportation of wheat and corn indicated that the world does not produce enough of these articles for its requirements. The mere fact that there is a monetary demand for gold in Europe and Japan because countries there desire to increase their stock and because of war possibilities does not argue a general insufficiency of gold in the world. The quantity of gold money in the world in 1873 was $1,209,800,000, while in 1896 it was $3,698,700,000. The supply of gold money in the world is now 50 per cent greater than was the gold and silver combined, in 1873.

Beet Sugar Factories.

Parties who are preparing to establish beet sugar factories will be interested in a recent step taken by the secretary of agriculture in their behalf. Having supplied over twenty thousand farmers of the United States with beet seed for trial crops, Secretary Wilson is now making a practical and intelligent investigation to determine the sections of country where beet sugar manufacture is most likely to be successful, the object being to assist those who desire to invest in beet sugar factories.

G. H. WILLIAMS.

Bryan's Bad Break.

From the Chicago Tribune; The issue of the New York World published on its fourteenth anniversary contains a congratulatory, half fault finding letter from Mr. William J. Bryan to the editor, Mr. Pulitzer. He praises what the world has done for "tariff reform," etc., but, "as it would not be fair to commend the good without condemning the bad," he asserts that "the World's support of the gold standard," which, he says, "is at this time doing more harm than any other one thing, is out of harmony with the newspaper's efforts in other directions."

The New York World criticises its critic quite freely. It tells Mr. Bryan that the country has had several periods of prosperity since the free coinage of silver was suspended in 1873. It challenges as untrue his assertion that "the financiers unmolested have looked after legislation on the money question," and calls his attention to the Bland-Allison law and the Sherman law, which the "financiers" assuredly did not favor.

The New York World simply tries to "smooth down" Mr. Bryan, whom it calls a "versatile and clever politician." It should have called on that individual, whose versatility may be admitted, but whose cleverness is open to grave doubt—for he has been a failure as a politician ever since he entered upon the avocation—to answer a few simple questions. They are questions which have been put to him often, but which he always evades and never answers, though he has made more than 600 speeches within six months and has compiled a big book on the currency question.

These points have been made on him:

1. Silver free coined into 371¼ grains to the dollar will be worth only half as much as the existing gold dollar. Altgeld admits that fact and indorses it. And Bryan does not deny it. He has admitted it by indirection by his refusal to deny the assertion.

2. Bryan demands that the half value free coinage silver dollars be made by law retroactively equal for debt paying purposes to the gold standard dollars, which would be twice as valuable. If this were done by a retroactive free coinage law, then about eight billions of credits, notes and deposits based on the gold standard would shrivel to four billions. The existing credits, deposits, and money on hand would be reduced to half their value. The owners of these deposits and credits would be robbed by Bryan's scheme of half this property.

Bryan has insisted and still insists on this retroactive robbery, and yet never attempts to justify it or show that it was right or honest. Like the members of the Illinois Legislature who voted for the infamous Humphrey bills, he has never assigned an honest motive for his dishonest propositions.

But supposing Bryan were to abandon his demand for retroactive free silver legislation and ask for the adoption of the half value silver standard to apply only to future transactions. Then the question for Bryan to answer to the American people is. What will be gained by using two pieces of silver, each worth 50 cents in purchasing power, to do the money work which one piece of gold standard money does now? In what respect are two pieces of silver, each worth half a gold dollar, better than one gold dollar, or other currency maintained at the gold standard of value?

3. Suppose a farmer of Nebraska sells a horse for 100 silver dollars,each worth 50 cents, and then sells it for 50 gold dollars, does he receive more value for the former named animal than for the latter? Bryan seems to argue that two free coined silver dollars, each worth 50 cents, is more money than one gold dollar or one dollar of any gold standard money. Bryan tries to convey the idea that the two half value silver dollars are worth double as much as the whole value gold dollar. His argument seems to be that 371¼ grains of silver under free coinage are of equal value to 23 1-5 grains of gold,but he well knows that 23 1-5 grains of gold will buy 32 times its weight of silver bullion anywhere in the world, instead of 16 to 1. He knows that, and he also knows that under free coinage a silver dollar can only be worth the commercial value of the bullion it contains.

4. With a dollar under the gold standard worth 100 cents, a certain number of exchanges of goods is made in a year. What will be gained by using two silver dollars, each worth 50 cents, to make the same number and amount of property exchanges? Thirty-two times the weight of metal are used, but the results accomplished—that is, the business work done—is the same.

Holland's Young Queen.

On the postage stamps of Holland, Queen Wilhelmina is portrayed as a child of twelve, with flowing hair and a peculiar infantile expression. It is told, as illustrating her little majesty's character, that at a recent meeting of the cabinet council, she interrupted the proceedings by informing the assembled ministers that she was no longer a child, and could not understand their neglect in allowing the stamps to remain unaltered. The Dutch stamps will in consequence be changed as soon as it is possible to do so. Wilhelmina is approaching the age when royalty deems itself old enough to marry, and it is only natural that she should demand official recognition of her nearness to maturity.

The dean of the medical department of the Syracuse University disapproves of alcoholics and is following the lead of the famous Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

How Gen. Lafayette Kissed a Little Girl Who Brought to Him a Bunch of Flowers—Fake Generals and Colonels and Governor's Staffs.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnish'd arms,
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Lafayette Kissed Her.

Mrs. Orson M. Taylor, whose funeral was held this week, was a principal in a pleasant incident that occurred during the last visit of Gen. Lafayette to this country, says the New York Herald. She died at the age of 81 years. Mrs. Taylor, having lived through exciting epochs of the nation's history, possessed a great deal of interesting information about men and affairs during the thirty years ending with the close of the civil war. Her most interesting narrative, however, and the one she took most pleasure in telling, related to the occasion of Gen. Lafayette's visit to the United States in 1824. Mrs. Taylor was Mary Ann White, daughter of Charles Calvert White, a merchant in Georgetown, D. C. She was 8 years old when she was selected to present to Gen. Lafayette a bouquet as a token from the residents of Georgetown. When the barouche in which the marquis rode with his son and President Monroe passed her little Miss White, mounted on a step,handed flowers to the nation's distinguished guest, whereupon Gen. Lafayette, after accepting the bouquet, bent over and kissed the child in acknowledgment of the token. Mrs. Taylor was the mother of James E. Taylor, an artist who made many pictures during the war. Mr. Taylor early in life, visited Georgetown and sketched the surroundings of his mother's home. With these sketches and from descriptions of the visit of Gen. Lafayette given by witnesses he painted the scene in which his mother took a prominent part. The woman had lived in this city since 1866, residing with her son. She had been interested in various charitable and society works. She is survived by two sons and a daughter. The children are Jas. E. Taylor, whose painting "The Battle of Atlanta" and others are well known to soldiers; Richard L. Taylor of Rutherford, N. J., and Miss E. Augusta Taylor.

Fake "Generals" and "Colonels."

As the various governors rode by on horseback in the Grant memorial day parade, each in plain dress, but attended by a brilliant military staff, the question was natural, What is the use of all that? Why should the executive of the states of the union be organized on the basis of sonorous titles and gay uniforms? The national executive is simplicity itself in its democratic unpretentiousness. The executives of the great American municipalities present themselves before the public with the dignity of quiet reticence. Our state governors alone in American public life swing out with a parade of unrealities. If the governor of a state were first of all a military officer, if the states were primarily armed camps instead of citizens in business, then the military staff would have reasonableness. As it is, this prancing and be-titled staff is both irrational and absurd. The efficiency of these assistants of the governor would be as great without uniforms and unmeaning titles. The dignity of the state executive needs no bracing of a foolish imitation of a foreign court to make it respected by the people. The creation of fake "generals" and "colonels" by a governor's pen, hundreds of them a year, is rightly exasperating to the honored men to whom those titles belong by service and devotion. That bronzed and keen soldier of Japan, Prince Yamagata, when he visited us a year ago, found these imitation colonels and generals, who welcomed him for the state in their brave uniforms, very amusing. They had never smelled powder; most of them had not even served as militiamen. What is the use of them? They are anachronisms. Glitter does not harm, but such unreality as the "military staff" is out of place in this day.—The Illustrated American.

Saved by a Statue.

Houdon, the most distinguished sculptor of France in the eighteenth century, who executed the statue of Washington which now stands in the state house at Richmond, Virginia, was thrown into prison during the French revolution. He was saved from the guillotine by the tact of Barras, a member of the directory. The incident is told in the Gentlewoman: Madame Houdon, in despair, went to Barras, and with streaming eyes implored his assistance. Barras shook his head; he feared he could do nothing. Houdon was a man of genius and therefore as David, a rival artist, was one of the condemning judges, he feared there was little chance for his salvation. Madame Houdon refused to accept this opinion as final, and used all the arts of which an astute French lady is capable. Barras at last asked her if her husband had any statue for sale at this time in his studio. Madame replied that the only finished statue at present in his atelier was a figure of St. Scholastice, holding a scroll of manuscript in her hand. On hearing this, the wily Barras rang the bell and said to his answering secretary, "Monsieur Houdon has just completed a splendid statue of 'Philosophy Meditating on the Revolution.' Haste and purchase this sublime work of art, and have it placed in the Assembly." Barras' orders were carried out, with the result that not only was the sculptor's life spared, but he received more commissions for statues than he was able to execute. On such small issues did the lives of men hang in those tremendous times.

Our Businesslike Militia.

One of the reflections awakened by the Grant day mobilization was on the businesslike character of the militia. The people saw with their own eyes that the day of the "picnic-soldier" was past. Odd and fantastic uniforms were present to some extent and gave piquancy to the scene. But the fuss and feathers were not anywhere near so prominent a feature as they would have been a dozen years ago. The nerveless militia of 1877, who surrendered to rioters, have no place in that body to-day. A new spirit has taken possession of the whole branch. The great armories and their opportunities for fine drill, the adoption of plainer uniforms, the yearly encampments, the serious study of the requirements of real service have all combined to develop in the militiamen an ambition to rival the regular in usefulness. There is no reason why he should not. It was reassuring to compare the appearance and the marching skill of these citizen troops with that of the professionals. If they seemed somewhat more self-conscious, their alignment was in nowise inferior; in many cases it was indeed superior to that of the regulars. They were clearly a body of men who had taken up arms in the serious spirit in which nowadays all Americans take up the various branches of skilled athletics, not for a little fun but for the attainment of a perfection of skill.—The Illustrated American.

A Trumpeter's Courage.

During a French campaign in Africa many brave deeds were done, but none braver, perhaps, than Trumpeter Escoffier's rescue of his captain. The Arabs were pressing the cavalry of Captain De Cott, and everything was in confusion, when De Cott's horse was killed under him and the capture of the officer and the whole company seemed inevitable. At that moment the trumpeter of the company leaped from his horse and gave it to De Cott, saying: "Take him. Your life is necessary; mine is useless. You can rally the men. It does not matter about my neck!" De Cott mounted the horse, rallied the company and continued the fight. Trumpeter Escoffier was taken prisoner, but the Arabs, who adore courage, had witnessed the scene, and appreciating the nobility of the man, treated him with generosity. His trumpet was a source of great entertainment to his captors, who used often to make him give the signals of the various military movements. One day Escoffier gave the whole repertorie with great gusto, finishing up with an extended flourish.

"What was that?" asked the Arab chief.

"Ah!" said Escoffier, "you will hear that soon, I hope. That is the signal for a charge."

Oddest of Marriages.

William Buchles, of Eldred, Pa., has scored the shortest of courting records. At Machias, N.Y., recently, Mr. Buchles was married to Miss Hattie Clough. It was a case of marriage at sight and came about in a very unusual manner, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Miss Clough was a friendless young woman, whose circumstances compelled her to become a charge upon the poor district in which she lived. She was taken to the county almshouse, at Machias, where her thrifty ways and excellent knowledge of the culinary art gave her a prominent place in the almshouse family. One day William Buchles called at the almshouse, stating that he would like to obtain, if possible, a housekeeper from among the women inmates. He looked over a group of women, and his fancy settled on Miss Clough. Mr. Buchles surprised the young woman by asking her to marry him. She consented, however, and in the parlor of the institution, a half hour later, the pair were married by Rev. F. P. Simmons, and at once left for home. It is reported that the remarkable success of Mr. Buchles in securing a wife at the Machias almshouse has given that institution a wonderful boom in the matrimonial line. The other day two other men called there and inquired as to their chances of getting good wives.

A very little while and all will be o'er with thee here. Man is to-day, and to-morrow he is seen no more.—Thomas a Kempis.

TIN PAILS HIS HOBBY.

An Old Man in Brooklyn Bought One Every Day.

The old man who lived in two bare rooms in the rear tenement of 264 Pacific street, Brooklyn, was considered a mystery to the neighbors and a source of much innocent amusement to the small boys of the block, says the New York World. He was a quiet, inoffensive old fellow, a bit queer in some of his actions, but he minded his own business, was never cross to the children, and Mrs. Reagan, who lived on the ground floor, had a warm spot in her heart for him. She was about the only one in the neighborhood who knew his name—John V. Gilchrist—and his age—84 years this coming spring. Mrs. Reagan cooked the old man's meals and looked after him as much as he would permit in his hermit like existence. Every day the old man went around the corner to Schnorr's grocery store to buy a few things to eat and a quart of milk, his favorite beverage. It was concerning the milk that his peculiarities were most pronounced. He would never carry it home save in a new tin pail. Every day before purchasing milk he bought a shining new tin pail. When it was empty he laid it aside, never to be used again.

"I guess my time is nearly up," said the old man to Schnorr on Friday afternoon, as he was having a new pail filled with milk. The groceryman said he did not think so.

"Oh, yes it is," continued Gilchrist, "and I am ready to go any time."

Before daylight yesterday morning Mrs. Reagan heard him groaning, and going upstairs she found him apparently near death. She summoned a doctor, but the old man soon passed away, from no particular disease, but because he had lived his allotted time.

When daylight came and the policemen went to take charge of the case they found the worn out old body lying on a mattress on the floor. There was no furniture, save a bureau and two battered barrels.

But piled head high and occupying half the large room were the tin pails that had been used only once to carry home the day's supply of milk. There were nearly 300 of them neatly piled up, and the boys of the neighborhood had carried away hundreds more that the old man had thrown out of the window.

Late in the day an undertaker from New Jersey appeared and took away the body. Over in South Orange the dead man had two wealthy sisters, so the neighbors had heard, who had made him an allowance of $10 a week, and on this he had lived happily among his tin pails until death carried him out of the two bare rooms in the secluded rear tenement and left the pails behind.

Improvement in India.

The latest reports from the Bombay presidency show a very considerable reduction in the mortality from the plague, and indicate that the worst is over. As regards the famine, also, the prospect has been brightened by rains. It will be several months, however, before the effect of these rains is felt in the crops, and meanwhile it is estimated that two million dollars will be needed to keep the people from starving. At last accounts about three million people were employed on the relief works. Charity is active in this country as well as elsewhere, and Congress has appropriated money to furnish a vessel to carry American gifts of food to India.

PITHY POINTS.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment; if they censure them, your own.

Good books, like good friends, are few and chosen; the more select the more enjoyable.

He is rich who saves a penny a year; and he is poor who runs behind a penny in a year.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

Pride is like ambergris; a little whiff of it and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose it is a stink and strikes you down.

Rossini's advice to his pupil, Brignoli, was "Never to force the voice beyond the limits of a sweet and musical tone," and to remember that "screaming was not singing."

It is not the placidity of stupid ease that we should covet, but the repose that is requisite for the renewal of exhausted strength, the serenity that succeeds the storm and the salubrity that repays its ravages.

Act toward others as you would they should act toward yourself. It is the same in life as in the midst of the waves; for every navigator there is the same sea, the same tempest, the same dangers to beware of. As long as you are born on a tranquil surface help those who have suffered shipwreck. Who can say that you will not be overtaken by a storm? You are not yet in port; the same conduct that you have shown to the unfortunate will be shown to you by your fellow voyagers. —The Daughters.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

Better freedom in bonds than bonds in freedom.

They who wait to do great things never do anything.

A crust with an appetite, is better than a feast without.

Pretend to know, and you will become an empty shell.

The wasted mental forces would do all the work of the world.

One truth in the life is better than a hundred in the memory.

In war at this day men think more of the chances of victory than the justice of the cause.—Ram's Horn.

In Oregon there are 25,000 acres of prune orchards.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus State Bank

(Oldest Bank in the State.)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

AND

Makes Loans on Real Estate.

ISSUES SIGHT DRAFTS ON

Omaha, Chicago, New York and all Foreign Countries.

SELLS STEAMSHIP TICKETS.

BUYS GOOD NOTES

And helps its customers when they need help

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't.

R. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't.

M. BRUGGER, Cashier.

JOHN STAUFFER, WM. BUCHER.

COMMERCIAL BANK

OF

COLUMBUS, NEB.,

HAS AN

Authorized Capital of - $500,000
Paid in Capital, - - 90,000

OFFICERS:

C. H. SHELDON, Pres't.
H. P. H. OEHLRICH, Vice Pres.
DANIEL SCHRAM, Cashier.
FRANK ROHRER, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

C. H. SHELDON, H. P. H. OEHLRICH,
JONAS WELCH, W. A. MCALLISTER,
CARL RIENKE, S. C. GRAY,
FRANK ROHRER.

STOCKHOLDERS:

SARELDA ELLIS, J. HENRY WURDEMAN,
CLARK GRAY, HENRY LOCKE,
DANIEL SCHRAM, GEO. W. GALLEY,
A. F. H. OEHLRICH, J. P. BECKER ESTATE,
REBECCA BECKER, H. M. WINSLOW.

Bank of Deposit; interest allowed on time deposits; 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 the best interests of

COLUMBUS

THE COUNTY OF PLATTE,

The State of Nebraska

THE UNITED STATES

AND THE REST OF MANKIND

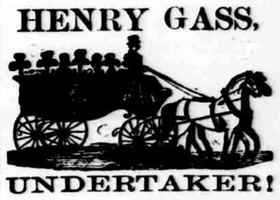
The unit of measure with us is

$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 Upholstery Goods.

1-tf COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

THE

Columbus Journal

IS PREPARED TO FURNISH ANYTHING REQUIRED OF A

PRINTING OFFICE.

CLUBS

—WITH THE—

BEST PAPERS

—OF THE—

COUNTRY.