

The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXVIII.—NUMBER 22.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1897.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,426.

"SWEAR TO NOTHING."

(From the French.)

"O mother, no; it is useless; let us speak no more about it."

"My mother stretched her plump small hands toward the fire, her fingers lavishly ornamented with rings, as the country of ladies in the 18th."

"James," said she, with her most dignified countenance, "you are as stubborn as your father. He, too, objected to marriage. He belonged to a club—the poor man—to the 'Bachelors' club,' and had seriously sworn to remain faithful to its principles. But you, too, you will come to it."

"But, then, in my father's day, young girls were brought up more simply; they aspired no higher than to play the piano prettily, write correctly, and make a graceful courtesy. Then, on leaving school young girls came into the families with enough instruction to understand the desirability of a romance and follow a conversation, not enough to humiliate their parents and offend their husbands. They were then really 'home angels.'"

"You exhaust my patience and I can't bear such prejudices. 'Home angels,' indeed. As if one must be a fool or a nonentity to be domestic. A bright woman never could be satisfied with the role you assign for her. If you had not wasted your time at the college you would not be so afraid of comparisons."

"You are too severe."

"Do you pretend that Latin and Greek are incompatible with modesty, sweetness and domestic qualities in a woman?"

"I declare it with enthusiasm."

"Very well, then; you will speak no more of marriage. You will accompany me at the Desjardins, for you will meet the twin sisters and you may judge for yourself, since my experience is not worth your own."

"Poor, little mother! I knew she and her old friend, Mme. Desjardins, had together plotted against my bachelorhood and a girl with the degree of a bachelor was enough to frighten me into it more securely than ever. When we arrived at Mme. Desjardins she greeted me as 'little James.' This exclamation rather upset me."

"I expected her to ask me if I had brought my marries along, but instead of that she presented me with her daughters. The twin sisters resembled each other only in their dress. Mme. Martha was a very beautiful brunette—a Greek goddess with pure, straight features. Mlle. Rose was less imposing, a sweet, pretty blonde. I was sure that in spite of her 19 years she still played with dolls. She certainly was not the 'learned young woman' my mother had proposed I should court. It must be the other one. There was dancing, and I offered my arm to Mlle. Rose. After



SPEAK TO ME.

A waltz we chatted. She was witty and a little sharp, this meek looking little blonde. I started a conversation on commonplace subjects and in a short space of time I had judged my companion to be a good, charming little woman, and it was with much reluctance I left her side.

Blue eyes, blue gaze, smiling lips and a cloud of golden hair were all mingled in my sleep that night. Why not the stately, statuesque, dark beauty my mother would so gladly welcome as a daughter?"

In another week I must again accompany my mother to the weekly reception at Mme. Desjardins and then they would come to my mother's Fridays. Thus twice a week.

I saw her and naturally fell in love deeper and deeper. The little, Rose, thought I, true 'home angel.' What a wife she will be to make home bright and happy for some one. A strange fear came over me and I recalled many instances where Rose had appeared anxious to avoid me, perhaps out of consideration for her sister, or perhaps to save me from a great disappointment.

Under the torture of this sudden suspicion I flew to my mother. 'I must make a clean breast of it, mother dear; I love Rose, and you must help me to gain her.'

"Oh, James, is not this somewhat sudden? And those convolutions you have cherished—"

"Nonsense, mother; listen, this is serious. You will admit that so sweet and unassuming a girl is seldom found now. No more words, please, but do like the good mother you are, go and ask Mme. Desjardins for the hand of her daughter."

"My dear child, I will teach you how to be consistent; I can not go back on my word. The words 'I have nothing to do with the arrangements of a marriage for you.'"

She said all this with such an amused smile that I could not think her serious. I determined, however, to put an end to this suspense and soon found an opportunity.

There was a concert and ball at the Desjardins' beautiful country home. When bending over her mother's hand I saw but one thing and heaven entered my soul as I caught the light of her eyes. It seemed but an instant before we were outside, wandering about the grounds. The words were 'I'll try to speak with you some one called to 'Come, La Mariani is go-

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

The Man Who Shot Booth—Boston Corbett Did Not Prove Successful as a Lecturer—First Part of Army Shows Were Two Sizes Too Large.

A Hillside Graveyard. 'F' sit the little gate aside, I leave behind all human pride, For here the grass is waving wide.

And underneath in quiet life With faces to the silent sky The villagers of times gone by.

With careless eye I read each name That seems to crave a moment's claim From dull oblivion's heavy chain.

Vain hope! They cannot come again; They held no place in field or glen, Nor in the daily talk of men.

Only, perchance, when nights are long, And fires in shepherd's coats are strong, Between the pauses of a song.

A name or two may rise and fall, But half-remembered at the call, A moment's pause, and that is all.

Enough: they lived their little life, Where pleasant ways and speech were free, And yet you ought to have known your mother knew the grinning strife.

A simple faith to soothe and guide Was theirs from youth to manhood's pride, And closed their eyelids when they died.

I pace a little further on, To find a simple stone, Where all the grass is overgrown.

A simple stone, whose records keep The tender names of those that sleep, Unheeding time that still will creep.

With dull, slow footsteps over all They sleep, nor answer any call, Close to the old, gray churchyard wall.

I read each name through misty tears, Their names, and their own faces appear, With all its little hopes and fears.

At length I reach my father's name, An open space beneath the same That waits for mine—that space I claim.—Alexander Anderson ("Surface-man.")

FUN FOR CITY BOYS.

Al, the Good Time This One Had Was Crying "Boo!" Down a Dumb-Water.

One child in an uptown apartment house has found a novel way of amusement, says the Press. Not being allowed to play in the street, since he might be run over; tired of staying in the house, nothing is left to him but to go to the edge, for by sure, the water would fall, and what a calamity that would be!

Like the little boy in our story, the only fun he is permitted is to say "boo." But this led in an uptown apartment house chances to be ingenious. He has hit upon so many novel ways of saying it that he is able to amuse not only himself, but the whole house.

He speaks it down the dumb-waiter, which, being lined with zinc and reaching from cellar to roof, returns the "boo" again and again in varying volumes and keys. "It is like playing with ever so many children," the child tells you gleefully.

The child was strangely considerate, not to say diplomatic, in arranging for his play. One day, by chance, he called down the shaft and it answered. Before he spoke again and gave the tenants a chance to complain to the landlord, he went to every front door in the house and politely asked: "Please, may I speak loud down your water?" All wanted to know what he meant, and were amused, touched and willing when he explained. Touched, because who, before, ever heard of a little boy who had no way of having a good time except to cry "boo!" down a dumb-waiter?

JAPAN PAPERS AND "DEVILS."

The Japanese newspaper, as described in a letter from Tokyo to the New York Evening Post, is a curious product of the borrowed civilization of the mikado's empire.

Practically there is in it no telegraphic news, and the editorial articles are ingenious studies in the art of saying certain things without saying them in a way to warrant the censor's suppression of them; for the minister of state for the interior has power to suspend any paper when, in his opinion, it says anything prejudicial to order, authority or morality.

Not infrequently the censor has occasion to write an order for the suppression of a newspaper, and when he does it he is brief but wonderfully polite.

He puts the honorifics "oo" or "go" before all the nouns and verbs. Prepared to a noun means honorably, and to a verb it means honorably; similarly "oo" means august, augustly. So the order to the editor of the offending newspaper when it arrives will read like this:

"Beign honorably to cease honorably publishing august paper. Honorable editor, honorable publisher, honorable chief printer, deign honorably to enter august jail."

The honorable editor with his honorable co-workers bows low before the messenger and then accompanies him to the prison jail, chatting merrily of the weather, of the flower shows, or of the effect of the floods on the rice crop. Centuries of breeding under Japanese etiquette have made it impossible for any one to show annoyance.

Japanese are famous not only for their skill in making decorative articles, but also for the beauty of the materials used. It is said that the secret of the composition of some of their alloys of brass and copper has only lately been revealed. The finest Japanese brass, called "shakudo," consists of ten parts of copper and five of zinc. Another very beautiful alloy, named "shakoh," to which splendid hues are imparted by treatment with acids, is formed by mixing gold and copper, the proportion of gold varying from one to ten per cent of the entire mass.

IN THE ODD CORNER.

SOME STRANGE, QUEER AND CURIOUS PHASES OF LIFE.

Cautions of Middle-Aged Bicyclists—Old Uses for Perfume—The Wheel in Warfare and the Dog Scout—Mysterious Glass Balls.

The Little Old Clerk. HE little old clerk is thin and gray, and his coat is every snug as every seam belongs to a long-past day.

His hat belongs to a long-past day, and he has patched it with the blacking of "Shabby gentlemen," or, if you will, with the vulgar scum of a shabby head.

That little old clerk, in the narrow aisle, with a slight ripple for a meal between, sits writing on in a humble hive.

With a slight ripple for a meal between, sits writing on in a humble hive. The busiest bee 'mong the drones, it were.

Smart young fellows, in well-made suits, (His fellow-clerks) sneer, with a scornful eye.

At the faded coat and the old patched hat, and ask him if better he cannot buy.

The little old clerk takes his napless hat from off his peg, when his hat is over, brushes it, and then, with patient smile, passes through the crowd.

Twenty long years he has had been in that office, and his hair is gray; Many pluck over his head he has seen—His pluck passed by in his shabby clothes.

The little old clerk, in the evening's gloom, enters the cottage, with anxious eyes; Some simple blossoms brighten the room; A crippled form on the sofa lies.

The one for whom shabby through life he thinks God that he with her love is.

The little old clerk in his faded frock,—Elsie Harrington, in Chambers' Journal.

Cautions of Middle-Aged Bicyclists.

Any form of exercise or sport, says the British Medical Journal, which makes serious demands on the attention, on quickness of eye and hand, and on endurance, ought not to be taken up by people who have reached middle life and are engaged in sedentary occupations.

The wheel in warfare. The French soldier on his bicycle is giving his neighbor across the Rhine no little trouble, and the latter has been driven to find a new method of dealing with these troublesome skirmishers on their steel steeds.

The wheel in warfare. The French soldier on his bicycle is giving his neighbor across the Rhine no little trouble, and the latter has been driven to find a new method of dealing with these troublesome skirmishers on their steel steeds.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

Use of Perfumes. Anything that tends to annoy the all-powful and ubiquitous nose should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus State Bank

(Oldest Bank in the State.)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

AND

Makes Loans on Real Estate.

ISSUES MONEY DRAWS 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. RICHIE.

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. GALE, Vice Pres't.

D. W. GALE, Cashier.

FRANK ROEMER, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

H. P. GALE, W. A. McALLISTER,

J. A. WELLS, S. C. GRAY,

C. H. SHELDON, FRANK ROEMER.

STOCK HOLDERS:

SARAH A. GALE, J. HENRY WELLS,

DANIEL SHERMAN, HENRY LOSTOCK,

A. E. H. HARRINGTON, GEO. S. GALE,

R. H. HENRY, J. F. HARRINGTON,

FRANK ROEMER, H. M. WINTON.

Bank of Deposit: Interest allowed on time deposits; buy and sell exchange on United States and Europe, and buy and sell gold and silver certificates. We shall be pleased to receive your business. We solicit your patronage.

THE

Columbus Journal!

A weekly newspaper devoted to 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.

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

HENRY GASS,

UNDERTAKER!

Collins' and Metallic Cases!

Repairing of all kinds of Upholstered Goods.

117 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

THE

Columbus Journal

IS PREPARED TO FURNISH ARTISTS REQUIRED OF A

PRINTING OFFICE.

CLUBS

— WITH THE —

BEST PAPERS

— OF THE —

COUNTRY.

YOUNG GIRLS' LIBERTY.

Years Are a Woman's Protection, and Youth is a Time of Danger.

The liberty and freedom of action allowed young girls of today is the subject of a forcible editorial by Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "That everything in life is tending to make people freer in thought and action is undoubtedly true, and it is a healthful tendency in the main."

"But no advantage without its disadvantage. The freer our lives become along beautiful and safe lines the healthier will our minds become. But before we can safely profit by these advantages we must have lived long enough to know how to use them and to understand what phases of them to disregard. Because women are freer to travel alone than ever before, it does not necessarily follow that it is wise and right that young girls should be permitted to travel alone. Here comes the truth of the proverb that 'what's one man's poison is another's meat.' The time was when a woman could not, with self-respect, go to a place of entertainment unattended. Now she can. But that does not make it right for a girl to do so. The chaperon is none the less indispensable to girls today than she was 20 years ago. She is really more necessary, for, as things become more and more possible for women, they should become more impossible for girls. This may sound hard and severe, but young girls must remember that a woman's years are her protection, whereas a girl's lack of years is her danger. The very aim and purpose of the present tendency for woman's greater freedom will be defeated if we allow it to guide the actions of our girls. The danger is not merely always becomes greater as the danger to maturity grows less. That we should never overlook. It is a blessed change that things are safely possible to women which were absolutely impossible a few years ago. But progress is dangerous as well as healthful. If parents interpret the present changing conditions by allowing greater freedom to their daughters they will make a very sad mistake."

A New Foe to American Trees.

Specimens of a strange caterpillar discovered this spring on pear-trees in Cambridge, Mass., are pronounced by Prof. Samuel Henshaw to be the "gold-tail," or eucroptis chrysothorax, hitherto unknown as an inhabitant of this country, although it is found locally in England, and is "abundant in central and southern Europe." When numerous, these caterpillars are very destructive, feeding on such trees and plants as the apple, pear, plum, Hawthorn, bramble, elm, willow, birch, oak, hazelnut and hornbeam. At present the invaders in Massachusetts are said to be confined to a limited area in Somerville and Cambridge. The first specimens seem to have made their appearance a year ago, and thus far they have confined themselves to pear and apple trees. How they got across the ocean nobody apparently knows. It is suggested that by vigorous measures they may be stamped out.

The Wheel in Warfare.

The French soldier on his bicycle is giving his neighbor across the Rhine no little trouble, and the latter has been driven to find a new method of dealing with these troublesome skirmishers on their steel steeds. The latest idea put into practice is the training of large dogs to drag the riders from their saddles. The English are taught to attack with their soldiers in the garb of the enemy, this being accomplished by dressing a German rider in a French uniform.

A Dog Scout.

The mistake of the dog scout in assailing a friendly uniform results in severe punishment, and the dogs soon learn their lesson.

Antiseptic Surgery.

The medical value of cleanliness has not been fully appreciated until within the past few years. Indeed it is even yet scarcely allowed its full importance as a factor in medical practice.

Self Convicted.

A man came into a room where a gospel service was about to be held. Picking up a Bible, as he opened it, his eyes fell on the words, "I have had no trouble with any of them. Of the 18,000 only one has asked for work, and he seemed glad when he got it."

Man Who Shot Booth.

It will be remembered that Boston Corbett, the man who killed J. Wilkes Booth, lived for many years in Cloud county, Kansas. About ten years ago he was elected doorkeeper of the Kansas house of representatives and while in that position went crazy and was sent to the asylum. Later he was released from custody and went off to Texas, where it is presumed he died.

Justice is the Key Note of the World.

And all else is ever out of tune, it is the idea of God, the ideal of man, the rule of conduct, written in the nature of mankind.—T. Parker.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus State Bank

(Oldest Bank in the State.)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

AND

Makes Loans on Real Estate.

ISSUES MONEY DRAWS 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. RICHIE.

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. GALE, Vice Pres't.

D. W. GALE, Cashier.

FRANK ROEMER, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

H. P. GALE, W. A. McALLISTER,

J. A. WELLS, S. C. GRAY,

C. H. SHELDON, FRANK ROEMER.

STOCK HOLDERS:

SARAH A. GALE, J. HENRY WELLS,

DANIEL SHERMAN, HENRY LOSTOCK,

A. E. H. HARRINGTON, GEO. S. GALE,

R. H. HENRY, J. F. HARRINGTON,

FRANK ROEMER, H. M. WINTON.

Bank of Deposit: Interest allowed on time deposits; buy and sell exchange on United States and Europe, and buy and sell gold and silver certificates. We shall be pleased to receive your business. We solicit your patronage.

THE

Columbus Journal!

A weekly newspaper devoted to 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,