

# The Columbus Journal

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COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1898.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,454.

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**THE**

**Columbus Journal**

IN PREPARATION TO PUBLISH ANTIQUARIAN REQUIRED OF A

**PRINTING OFFICE,**

**CLUBS**

**BEST PAPERS**

**COUNTRY.**

## CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

### GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Rebellion, a Poem by the Late George Croly of England—Famous Cavalry Corps—Some New Uniforms for the Army—Gen. Lee's Story.

Rebellion.  
I had a vision; evening sat in gold  
Upon the bosom of a boundless plain,  
Cover'd with beauty—garden, field and fold.

Studding the billowy sweep of ripening grain,  
Like islands in the purple summer main.

And temples of pure marble met the sun,  
That tingled their white shafts with a golden stain  
And sounds of rustic joy, and labor done.

Hallow'd the lovely hour, until her pomp was gone.

The plain was hush'd in twilight, as a child  
Slumbers beneath its slow drawn canopy;

But sudden trampings came and voices wove  
And tossings of rude weapons caught the eye;

And on the hills, like meteors in the sky,  
Burst sanguine fires, and ever and anon  
To the clash'd spears the horn gave fierce reply;

And round the beacons trooping thousands shone,  
Then sank, like evil things, and all was dark and lone.

'Twas midnight; there was wrath in that wild heaven:  
Earth was sepulchral dark. At once a roar  
Peal'd round the mountain tops, like ocean driven  
Before the thunders on the eternal shore;

Down rush'd, as if a sudden earthquake tore  
The bowels of the hills—a flood of fire:  
Like lava, mingled spears and torches pour,  
The plain is deluged, higher still and higher.

Swell blood and flame, till all is like one mighty pyre.

'Twas dawn, and still the black and bloody smoke  
Roll'd o'er the champagne like a vault of stone;

But as the sun's slow wheels the barrier broke,  
He lit the image of a fearful one,  
Throned in the central massacre, alone—

An iron diadem upon his brow,  
A naked lance beside him, that yet shone  
Purple and warm with gore, and  
Crouching low  
All men in one huge chain, alike the friend and foe.

The land around him, in that sickly light,  
Show'd like the upturning of a mighty grave;  
Strew'd with crush'd monuments, and remnants white  
Of man; all loneliness, but when some slave  
With faint, fond hand the hurried burial.

Then died. The despot sat upon his throne,  
Scoffing to see the stubborn traitors wave  
At his last breath. The good and brave were gone  
To exile or the tomb. Their country's life was done.

—GEORGE CROLY.

Famous Cavalry Corps.  
In the celebrated corps known as the Guides cavalry esprit de corps is more than a word. It is a living part of the regiment, says the Times of India.

Even the last joined recruit feels no punishment so deeply as the reproach, "You do not credit to the corps," and mature soldiers in very shame voluntarily take their discharge if so addressed by an officer.

Illustrative of the high value placed on personal bravery in the Guides is against a Babu-like knowledge of the drill book, two interesting instances may be mentioned.

There was on the Yusufzai border a noted freelance named Futeh Khan, who had a small following of horsemen as bold and intrepid as himself. Even the gallant and resourceful Sir Henry Lumsden, with his Guides, could not bring this man to book or crush of the tried. At last Lumsden struck a unique solution of the problem by deciding that he would enlist Futeh Khan and the whole of his band! Accordingly a polite letter was written, saying that Lumsden had the greatest respect for the man and his band, that it was a pity that they and the Guides should continue a bootless feud to the profit of neither and that he would make Futeh Khan a resaidar and take over the whole of his band as it stood! Futeh accepted the offer and he and his men served with distinction for many years in the Guides, taking part in the historic march to Delhi and doing yeoman service before its walls.

The other incident occurred when Sir Francis Jenkins was colonel. The Guides, after other troops, having made a turning movement until they were in the Khyber pass in the rear of All Musjid, so as to cut off the enemy's retreat when the frontal attack should be driven home. Among the first batch of the fugitives to come up the pass was a squadron of Afghan cavalry, which, with a rush for it, managed to win some loss, to run the gullet and get through.

One man alone was seen quietly walking his horse in the wake of the fugitives, and defiantly waving his sword in the face of the heavy fire of 800 rifles. How he came not to be hit was a marvel, but Sir Francis immediately ordered the "cease fire" to sound. The colloquy which ensued was delightfully unique. "Who are you?" said the colonel. "I am Sultan Jan Kandiabak and I don't care a box of grapes for you and the whole of your army." "You are a monstrous brave man, any way," said the colonel. "I'll give you a commission in my regiment." "Yes, I

## WILL, said Sultan Jan, "for I have heard of you and the Guides as brave warriors." And enlivened he was on the spot, made a dash for it and then, and afterward served with distinction throughout the campaign. At the end of two years, when the war was over, he went to his colonel and said: "I am a man of war and cannot face all the drill and monotony of an Indian contentment in peace time, with your highness' permission I will now take my discharge." And away he went, a free lance born and as such determined to die.

Not a word.  
Nervous excitement is responsible for much that might pass for cowardice. The author of "A Cuban Expedition" speaks of one dreadful day, when he and his comrades sat in a wet ditch and waited, concealed, while the Spaniards made their last escape seemed almost impossible.

The discomfort of our predicament—up to the middle in mud and water, with the rain pouring down on us—was at the moment unfeeling, in our excitement and eagerness in watching the enemy. Little Joe Storey, who was next to me, was trembling all over. Suddenly he grasped my arm and whispered:

"Oh, what shall I do? I must scream or fire off my rifle! I can't help it!"

I, too, felt that he would do either the one or the other, and I whispered back the first thing that occurred to me:

"Storey," I said, "if you make the least noise I'll stab you to death."

Then I told him to keep his eyes closed, and try to think of something else, until he heard the first shot fired. After that he might shout as loudly as he liked. I put one arm about his neck and drew him close to me. There, trembling, he rested like a quiet child. Presently his excitement wore off, and he became used to the situation; then he was ashamed of his breakdown.

But Storey was no coward. He was a gallant little soul in action, and only his tortured nerves were responsible for this temporary revolt.

—BY GEN. LEE.

General Lee told an amusing story to a reporter at one time when he was about to deliver an address at the Confederate reunion. Some one came to him and asked to speak to him. The general consented, and the old negro, whose name was Sam, and who had fought throughout the war, came and received the proffered hand. General Lee at once began to put questions to the old soldier, who answered with wonderful skill. The general then asked him where he had seen the best time during the war.

"At Chickamauga," at once replied the darky, "because I ran as soon as the firing began."

"But how did you know in which direction to run in such a hot battle?" asked General Lee, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"I went directly to the safest place and the first I could find," answered Sam, coming to his climax.

Again he was asked how he could tell which place was safe.

"I knowed it was safe," answered Sam, "cause I skippe'd for de place whar de girls' was."

New Uniforms for the Army.  
The United States army is to change its style of dress uniform. General Miles and his staff have been considering the matter for some time, and the

suggestions which the General has decided on will in all probability be adopted at the present sitting of Congress.

The cavalry will be put in busser uniforms of black fur busby, tight riding breeches and Hessian boots. They will excel even the smartest of the English, French, German or Austrian cavalry, and will make that branch of the United States army one of the prettiest in the world. The helmet will be entirely discarded.

For the artillery and infantry will be adopted a busby similar to those worn by our cavalry in the Revolution, and by the city troops today. The change in the artillery and infantry uniforms will be slight.

The picture on the left shows how Uncle Sam's cavalry now looks. The one on the right portrays how he will look in his new clothes.

Another Worm.  
An inspector was recently examining a class of girls in natural history, says Scottish Nights.

"Tell me the names of any animals you know," he began; but the faces of the children expressed bewilderment at the request. At length, however, a little girl at the back of the class shot up her hand as though a bright idea had suddenly struck her.

"Ah," said the inspector, "the smallest girl in the class knows. Well, my dear, what is it?"

"A worm," came the triumphant answer.

"Well—yes, a worm is really an animal, but can no one think of any other?"

Again profound silence reigned.

"If I were one of you big girls," the inspector remarked, after a pause, "on seeing the same hand held up, I should be ashamed of myself."

Then turning to the little scholar, as a last resort, he said:

"Well, what is it this time, my girl?"

"Another worm, sir," was the quick response.

Money is useful as a servant, but tyrannical as a master.

## BESSIE.

'T's only Bessie Raven, said Mrs. Liddington to her niece, Mrs. Enfield, a blooming matron, who brought her two boys to the country for the summer. "I wouldn't let you and Felix associate with her."

"I don't care," said Mrs. Liddington, "I'll go back and forth perpetually between New York and Southampton."

"I don't think you would care for so permanent a passenger," said Mrs. Enfield, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"But, really? Do you know, Mrs. Enfield, I believe you are engaged already."

"No, no, no," said Mrs. Enfield, "I'm not engaged. Why?"

"Why? You think I have no eyes. You think I haven't perceived that you always wear a black velvet ribbon around your neck—a black velvet ribbon, from which is suspended some trinket of gold, hidden in the lace fringe of your gown. Is it a gauge?"

"Yes," Mrs. Enfield replied, "it is a gauge of true love. If I ever am married—"

"If," almost scornfully ejaculated the lover.

"Well, when I am married," Mrs. Enfield corrected herself, "it will only be to the gentleman who gave me this."

"Then I may consider myself rejected," slowly spoke Felix, with a face of the bitterest chagrin.

"Not quite," said the dark-eyed dame, softly, as she drew the golden tassel from her throat and held it toward him. "Don't you remember who gave me this?"

He uttered an exclamation of recognition.

"It is the golden cross I gave, years ago, to Bessie Raven," cried he.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "and I am Bessie Raven."

"You?"

"Yes. My mother died shortly after you gave me this. My uncle, who had just returned from the West, adopted us all. Two of my sisters are in boarding-school. My brother is being educated in a German university. And I am my uncle's adopted daughter, known only by his name."

"But, Bessie, you said you were the one who gave you that?"

"So I will," confessed Bessie, laughing and blushing, "if he is still infatuated enough to persist in wanting me."

They were married within a month—a regular true-love match—and old Mrs. Liddington finds herself grand-aunt to the young couple.

"And really," says she, complacently, "I don't think Felix could have made a better match!"—New York Daily News.

Count's Passion for Prison Life.  
One of the many methods of achieving fame—or notoriety—that of Count Rocco Dianovitch is surely among the strangest. The count has made the getting into prison the chief business of his life for the forty years of his life. He has lived, for the purpose of gathering information for a book he is anxious to write on the subject. At thirteen he left his home and went into Prussia, where he was arrested for trespassing, and sent to prison for three months, working at chair-making. "From that time to this," he has never been free from the desire. "From thirteen until he was twenty-one he was in and out of more than twenty prisons in Belgium, Prussia, Poland and Russia. His first experience of jail life in England was in Liverpool, which he says was one of the worst he ever was in. Bled with drunken sailors from all over the world. He stayed there six days, when he paid his fine and got out—the first time he failed to serve his sentence. Then he went to Ireland, France, Spain, Italy, Greece and Turkey, then to Egypt, where the jails are the worst in the world except Australia, and to India and Japan, and America, where he has been for more than a year, spending most of his time in jails and penitentiaries. According to his views, the best jails in America are in Denver, and that in St. Louis, where he spent a week, is far the best for the prisoners run the place, and "it was impossible to find any peace or comfort in the place." The count ought to give us "the book of the season."

Courtesy of the Old School.  
From the San Francisco News Letter: "Everybody knows Col. Caldwell. The colonel is a Virginian of the old school. The colonel's play has condensed into one creed, courtesy to women. He never leaves a room with a lady in it without backing through the door. Miss N. who is very practical, remarked the other evening: "Col. Caldwell, have you eyes on the back of your head?" "I would have them," he said, "were you behind me." An acquaintance the other day asked: "Colonel, do you always back away from the ladies?" "I do, sir; but I don't back down from the men, sir." A lady, much given to browning, asked the following question: "Col. Caldwell, is falling in love an evidence of weakness?" "My dear madam," replied the colonel, "in love we desert the calm of logic and surrender ourselves to the rose-tinted delirium of instinct."

A Queer Cucumber.  
Mrs. Rose Marimon found in her garden the middle of last July a cucumber eleven inches long and twelve inches in circumference which she left for seed, but looked in vain for the vegetable to ripen and turn yellow. The first week in September it was discovered to be loose from the vine, and was taken in the house and put away. Today it is as green and firm as it was in July, and there is no indication that it will ever change its state. Mrs. Marimon has been gardening for twenty years and never observed the like of this cucumber before.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Shyring.

## "Don't I am in earnest!" protested Felix.

"So am I!" said the dame with the blue-black eyes.

"I don't love me!" pleaded Felix, answered Mrs. Enfield.

"Then I shall hope," declared Felix. "I'm not a commodity that is free to all!" said the young lady.

"But at the voyage's end Mr. Enfield was deeper in love than ever."

"Look here, Mrs. Enfield," said he; "if you don't say you'll love me, I won't leave the steamer's deck! I'll go back and forth perpetually between New York and Southampton!"

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## A WORD OF ADVICE.

To Those Coming to Alaska as the Klondike Gold Fields.

One thing should be impressed upon every miner, prospector or trader coming to Alaska, to the Klondike, or the Yukon country, and that is the necessity for providing an adequate and proper food supply. Whether procured in the States, in the Dominion, or at the supply stores here or further on, this must be his primary concern. Upon the manner in which the miner has observed or neglected this precaution more than upon any other one thing will his success or failure depend.

These supplies must be healthful and should be concentrated, but the most careful attention in the selection of foods that will keep unaltered indefinitely under all the conditions which they will have to encounter is imperative. For instance, no bread raised with baking powder must be relied upon for the chief part of every meal. Imagine the disappointment of a man with a can of spoiled baking powder. Buy only the very best flour; it is the cheapest in the end. Experience has shown the Royal Baking Powder to be the most reliable and the trading companies now uniformly supply this brand, as others will not keep in this climate. Be sure that the bacon is sweet, sound and thoroughly cured. These are the absolute necessities upon which all must place a chief reliance, and can under no circumstances be neglected. They may, of course, be supplemented by as many comforts or delicacies as the prospector may be able to pack or desire to pay for.—From the Alaska Mining Journal.

A book of receipts for all kinds of cookery, which is specially valuable for use upon the trail or in the camp, and which contains many recipes for delicacies as the prospector may be able to pack or desire to pay for.—From the Alaska Mining Journal.

MINSTRELS' HUMOR.

Witty Answer of an Irishman Who Never Argued with a Lady.

The minstrels of Ireland are not all gone from the highways and byways of Erin, says an exchange. The mournful harp and the breezy banjo and crooning violin, but the songs of Ireland still. Down by the rotten Claddagh wharves of old Galway town I came upon a rapid anecdote, says a well-known traveler, enthralling by its wit and pathos, the "wandering minstrel of Tipperary"—one of the sweetest singers I ever heard and one who would have been great were it not for his love of "the cladder in it," as they aptly term the west of Ireland mountain dew. I had seen Tim many times before in Ireland. Out tramping had brought us into the arms of the minstrel, and responsive and auditor so many times that as he tipped me a comforting wink of recognition I noticed that his violin had been replaced by the temporary, though ample musical makeshift of a banjo wrought from the head of an ancient Irish churn. In the pause following his ballad I felt emboldened to toss him back his wink, with the query: "And, Tim, why didn't you bring the churn with its head?" "Falth yr honor," he replied, in a flash and with a winsome smile, holding the churn-head banjo aloft so all could see, "falth I never argue with a lady—sir, your honor, a bould Irish woman stood at his other end!"

N. W. Ayer & Son.

N. W. Ayer & Son, the successful newspaper and magazine advertising agency of Philadelphia, has issued an announcement stating that Albert G. Bradford and Jarvis A. Wood were admitted to partnership in the firm January 1. The new members are not beginners in the advertising business. They have been connected with N. W. Ayer & Son for years and have worked their way to the top by careful attention to business and painstaking work for the firm and its patrons. In connection with the new partnership announcement, N. W. Ayer & Son review the history of the firm. From an humble beginning in 1858, when the business of the first year amounted to but \$15,000, the concern has jumped slowly but surely until its annual business amounts to over \$1,500,000—a sum that represents a daily payment to newspapers and magazine publishers of \$5,000.—Chicago Times-Herald.

FROM EVERYWHERE.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but the plump girl gets the most tender rides.

The pawnbroker who takes the most interest in his business has the least principle.

Of sight is never out of mind with true lovers, who turn the gas very low.

London has 600,000 houses. Paris has 90,000 houses. New York has 115,000 houses.

A wife never hates to ask her husband for money any worse than she hates to have her.

The bells in the choir often brings more young men to church than the bell in the steeple.

Life seems but a dreary expanse to the man who has to wear his dad's made-over trousers.

Marriage sometimes uncovers the truthfulness of the proverb, "Troubles never come single."

That man doesn't live who has not at one time thought he had all the elements of greatness in him.

## ABOUT CHILBLAINS.

THE MOST BOTHERSOME AILMENT OF MANKIND.

Generally English Operations with the Cooling of Cold Weather—How to Treat—An English Innovation—Some Cases Extremely Painful.

A chilblain is a painful swelling and redness of the skin, usually of the feet, but sometimes of the hands, ears, or other parts, occurring in cold and damp weather. One who has ever suffered from chilblains, however, needs no definition of the malady, for his memory will never leave him. The trouble usually begins with the first appearance of frost, and persists obstinately until the return of mild weather. One who has once suffered may usually count upon a fresh infliction of such recurring nature. After he has been accustomed to waiting for some time with cold or wet feet, a redness of the skin appears as the feet get wet again, and this redness is accompanied by an intolerable mixture of itching and burning. This state of things persists with varying intensity, but is always worse when the feet are warmed, and so causes special annoyance at night, when the sufferer begins to get warm in bed. The itching is such an unbearable symptom that in England, the native home of the chilblain, extraordinary remedies are resorted to for its relief, some old-fashioned people going so far as to whip the afflicted part with sprigs of holly until blood is drawn, in order to relieve the congestion. People with a rheumatic tendency seem to suffer most from chilblains, and it is not uncommonly times that unexpected relief of the local trouble is obtained by anti-rheumatic remedies. A person subject to chilblains should carefully avoid shoes which are too short or too tight. He should wear soft woolen stockings and well fitting, thick soled shoes. Some can wear overboots or "Arctics," but most sufferers find that rubber shoes or boots increase their distress. On returning from exposure to cold or wet, the shoes and stockings should be changed, the feet bathed in cool water, and "patented" feet with a soft towel. Warming cold feet over a register, in front of the fire, or after the manner of farmers, in the oven, is the worst possible practice, and will almost surely cause chilblains in those who have never had them. When the pain and itching become unbearable, a measure of relief may be gained by putting the feet into a basin of very hot or very cold water for a moment, and then anointing them with a salve containing borax. Sometimes slight continuous pressure, such as is made by painting the chilblains with collodion, is beneficial. Some cases are benefited by painting with tincture of iodine, but this remedy is uncertain, and may even aggravate the distress.

SIXTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS is the record price paid for a cablegram, that price having been paid for a message sent by Henker Heaton to Australia, in behalf of the British parliament.

To Washington and Baltimore via the Monon Route.

There is not a pleasanter or more picturesque route from Washington to Baltimore than the Monon, via Cincinnati and the R. O. S. W. and O. & N. Y. R. R. The route is comfortable and convenient, consisting of through palace sleeping cars and coaches, and the time en route is only 2:45 a. m., but the sleeper is ready for occupancy at any time after 9:30 p. m. This route crosses the garden of southern Ohio, and passes through the historic section of West Virginia in the evening, arriving at the national capital at 6:45 and Baltimore at 8:15 a. m. The train is the oftener repeated, the more enjoyed.

FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent.

A cupful is all the cup will hold without running over—full to the brim. A scant cupful is with a fourth of an inch of the top.

SALZEN'S GRASSES AND CLOVERS. Are warranted. They produce! We are the largest growers in America. Lowest prices. Seed Potatoes only \$1.50 per barrel. Big Farm seed catalogues (worth \$1.00 to get a start) sent by the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse Wis., upon receipt of 10c and this notice. w.c.

JUST A PLAIN WOMAN AT THAT.

Yet Miss Anne Cunningham saved that Mount Vernon to the Nation.

The story of how Mount Vernon was saved to the Nation by a woman was entertainingly told to the Boston Daughters of the American Revolution by Miss Alice Longfellow recently.