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CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

A New Lincoln Story—The War President went in Person to Bolster Up the Courage of Gen. McClellan—New Badges for Veterans of Mexican War.

All Quiet Along the Potomac.

All quiet along the Potomac, they say, except, now and then, a stray picket is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro.

By riflemen hid in the thickets. 'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then, will not count in the news of the battle.

Not an officer lost—only one of the men. Moving out, all alone, the night-time.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night. Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming.

Their tents, in the rays of the clear sun. Over the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.

A tremendous sigh of the gentle night-wind. Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping.

While stars up above, with their glittering eyes. Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread. As he tramps from the rock to the fountain.

And thinks of the two, in the low trundle-bed. Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim. Grows gentle with memories tender.

As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep. For their mother—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then. That night when the love yet unspoken. Leaned up to his lips, when low, murmured vows.

Were pledged to be ever unbroken; Their hearts his love's rays shining over his eyes.

He dashes off tears that are welling. And gathers his gun closer up to his side. As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree. His footsteps lagging and weary.

Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light. Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Mark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves? Or the faintest of stars?

Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing? It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, goodbye!"

And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing. All quiet along the Potomac to-night—

No sound save the rustle of the firs. While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—

The pocket's out duty for ever!

New Lincoln Story.

Boone county Republicans celebrated Lincoln's birthday with a banquet at Lochinvar hall, says the Indianapolis Journal, and one of the most interesting speeches delivered was that of Gen. Wallace. The address dealt for the most part with personal reminiscences of the great emancipator. In concluding his remarks he said:

"I will tell you at this time of an incident which I have never before mentioned publicly. I do not know that it is proper, but the man whom it is about is gone and I will relate it. I had made an engagement with Lincoln to call at the white house and present two ladies who had written him. The time set for the call was 11 a. m. At the appointed hour I presented myself, in company with the ladies. As I was ushered in I saw at the farther end of the long room the tall form of Lincoln leaning against a window. He waved his hand, indicating that I was to take the ladies to a sofa, and then by another wave of the hand he motioned for me to come to him.

"My heart filled with sympathy for him, for I knew something was wrong. There were deep lines of suffering about the face, the features were drawn and pinched. His hair was thin and uncombed. He was naturally somewhat stoop-shouldered, but seemed to be especially so on this occasion. If I were to live a thousand years I would not forget the face of Lincoln as he stood in that room. There were 5,000 survivors of the Mexican war and about 200 of them are in Kentucky. Few of them are under 70 years of age, while many are over 80. Among the distinguished Kentuckians living who took part in the war may be mentioned General Cassius M. Clay, aged 83; General John S. ('Cerro Gordo') Williams, aged 83; General W. H. Hobson, aged 81; Colonel J. G. Craddock, aged 77; Major Alexander Williamson, aged 77; Dr. Charles E. Mooney, aged 74. Gen. Hobson is now vice-president of the National Mexican Veteran association.

When the vet meets vet. There is generally a jovial time. The termination of the meeting generally depends upon the talking abilities of those engaged. The flow of words is never restricted and there is usually an exchange of stories for some one is sure to have an interesting reminiscence to relate. This is always the case at the annual national encampments, when the old soldiers get together and swap yarns.

An Illinois veteran related a good anecdote of Commodore Foote. This gallant naval officer once attended a church near Vicksburg, during the war, for some reason or other the preacher did not appear. The congregation became impatient and the commodore, thereupon, urged an elder to conduct the services. On his refusal to do so the undaunted commodore went into the pulpit and delivered a short discourse on the text, "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God; he believes also in me." The audience was delighted, and when the old sea lion took his departure he was cheered outside the church by the congregation.

Accidental. At a council of Confederate generals early in the war one remarked that a certain officer was wounded and would not be able to perform a duty that it was proposed to assign him. "Wounded?" said Stonewall Jackson; "if it is really so I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty."

English fishermen off the coast of Iceland will soon find some active Danish competitors. A Danish fishery company, which will operate mostly in Iceland, has been organized with a capital of over 1,000,000 crowns.

THE VANISHED BRIDE-GROOM.

I.

It was the moment of supreme pleasure to Abner. The wedding canopy had been raised, the benediction uttered, the rings placed on the bride's finger, the kiss given to seal the union. She was his own at last; his highest ambition had been gratified. With words of congratulation his friends crowded around him; it was a joyous atmosphere indeed, while his wife gazed at him with the loving light in her eyes.

"Dearest," he exclaimed, suddenly, as he withdrew her for a moment to a corner of the apartment which overlooked the garden with its winding paths, from which strains of music arose, inviting all to the dance; "dearest, I must leave the moment."

"Dear Mr. Lincoln—Applaud this man chaplain in the army. A Lincoln."

"Dear Mr. Lincoln—He is not a preacher. E. M. Stanton."

The following endorsements are dated a few months later, but are just below:

"Dear Stanton—He is now."

"Dear Mr. Lincoln—But there is no vacancy. E. M. Stanton."

"Dear Mr. Stanton—Appoint him chaplain-at-large. A Lincoln."

"Dear Mr. Lincoln—There is no warrant of law for that."

"E. M. Stanton."

"Dear Mr. Stanton—Appoint him anything. A Lincoln."

"Dear Mr. Lincoln—I will not."

"E. M. Stanton."

The appointment was not made, but the papers were filed in the war department, where they remain as evidence of Lincoln's friendship and Stanton's obstinate nerve.

Badge of Mexican Veterans.

The badge which will be adopted by the Kentucky Legislature for the old Mexican veterans has been designed by Tiffany & Co. of New York. It is oblong, an inch wide by an inch and a quarter long. It is surmounted by an eagle three-eighths of an inch high, with wings fully spread. In the center is an emblem of a Mexican soldier, Windford Scott, around which are thirteen stars, representing the original colonies. Immediately above the medallion is the word "Mexican" and below the word "Veteran." The edge of the medal is scalloped opposite each star. On the obverse side will appear the name of the wearer and his regiment, company, commander, etc. The medal will be fastened to a ribbon of silk, with alternate stripes of red, white and blue. This badge will be adopted by the National Mexican Veteran association.



clearer within where spirit responds to spirit and all is at perfect peace. I have solved the mystery. I have seen the light."

The voice ceased for a moment and then it resumed:

"More could I tell thee. But dost thou know the penalty? A thousand years on earth are but as a moment in eternity. Even as the sun communit with me, before my friend's years vanish and life recedes. O, hasten, hasten, ere it be too late. Thy bride awaits thee and wonders why thou art tarrying. Wouldst thou learn the secret of eternal life? Make thy earth a heaven and live well thy mortal years, with the pleasant gleam of the sun and shade, as best preparation for immortality. But hasten, hasten! I dare speak no more, for thine own dear sake."

Again a child's tremulous wail was borne to Abner's ear. There came a flash of lightning and a whirring of wings. Then the shadowy light faded, and he was alone on earth, with a fresh, cheerful air sweeping across the hills.

"Why, I have been sleeping," Abner exclaimed, rising with difficulty from the ground. "How careless on my part! My limbs are as stiff as an old man's, and my shaggy beard has grown over night! A pretty figure to meet my bride," he muttered, as he moved with hesitating steps toward Jerusalem. He gained the old roadway, although his lines had changed. He did not recognize the fields in which he had been plowing, while on every side were scattered debris and heaps of stone.

"Almighty," he exclaimed, as he strained his sight for the accustomed glory of the temple mount. "Where art thou vanished, O Jerusalem? O loved bride, shall I see thee no more! Friends, friends, country—have I lost ye all!"

Abner had dreamed seventy years, and when the dream-cloud had lifted, bride and friends had long since died. The temple had fallen and Jerusalem had become a ruin—the spoil of triumphant Rome.

"It must be so, Caleb, if thou thinkest so," said Abner after a pause.

"Come, Abner," Caleb solemnly exclaimed, "let us swear by the eternal change of stories for some one is sure to have an interesting reminiscence to relate. This is always the case at the annual national encampments, when the old soldiers get together and swap yarns."

Time Limit of Methodist Pastors. The present five-year time limit of Methodist pastors was a compromise between those who favored the old rule and those who wanted the limit removed altogether. The agitation concerning the limit ceased with this partial victory, the more so because the matter of equal lay representation in the general conference came up to engage attention. That came has not yet been won, but many leading Methodists, both ministers and laymen, are now expressing the opinion that no new expression of the opinion that no new cases, especially where they are so vital to the progress of Methodism as are these, can be successfully agitated at once, and that the time is now ripe to begin again the effort to abolish the pastoral limit entirely. The purpose of those who would abolish the time limit is not to do away with the itinerant system, but to leave bishop and presiding elder the same freedom to say whether the best interests of Christ and Methodism will be served by sending, or not sending, the man back when it is his sixth, tenth, or sixteenth year, that they now have when it is the second, third or fourth year.

Long for Death. Rounder—Why does Old Soak want to die? Rounder—He heard some one refer to heaven as the spirit land—Harlem 14th.

Beloved Caleb, not with fear and trembling, but with glad confidence I

MAN OF THE HOUR.

NEW REAR ADMIRAL OF THE U. S. NAVY.

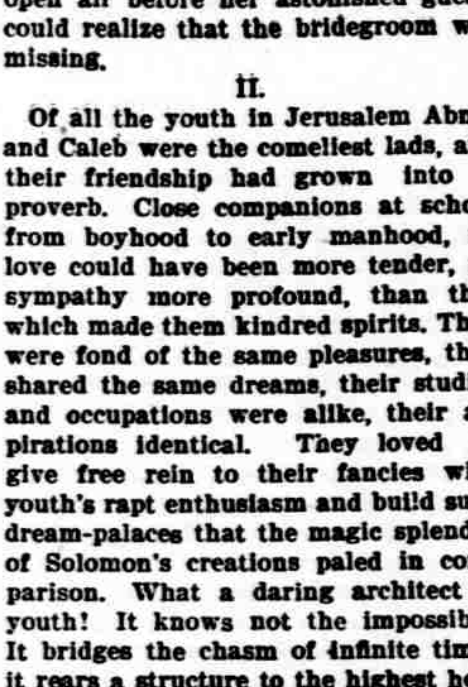
Commodore Frederick V. McNair entered the service in 1833 and was Continued Active Service During the Late Civil War.

Commodore Frederick V. McNair has just succeeded to the command of the North Atlantic Squadron. This position will make him the actual commander of the United States navy, and he will be the chief naval genius which the nation will rely in case of need. Commodore McNair will take the place of Rear Admiral Matthews, who is to go on the retired list. The coming admiral is no tyro in the matter of naval experience. He is no theorist. Rather say he is a theorist and a fighter combined. He entered the naval academy in 1853 and was sent out to China. When the war broke out he was ordered home and served under Farragut. As early as 1861 he was promoted a lieutenant for personal bravery. He ran the gauntlet of Vicksburg and was conspicuous in the assault on Fort Fisher. For four years the young sailor never knew when the next moment was to be his last.

After the war he served in many posts, to which he was assigned by the department, and he proved himself quite as adept in diplomacy as in the rough work of fighting. No man in the navy is more competent to look after the interests of the country than is Rear Admiral McNair.

A CITY IN A VOLCANO.

The Pitcairne and Fossiliferous Island of Saba, in the West Indies. If you will look on the map of the West Indies you will notice between the islands of Santa Cruz and St. Christopher two small islets which, unless your map is an unusually large and complete one, will have no names given, viz. St. Nicholas. These two islands belong to the Dutch, and the most northerly and westerly of them is called Saba. The Dutch are noted for their odd and quaint customs and for their perseverance, Holland being something of the land of pluck. I doubt if anywhere in all their possessions have these curious people shown their queer and eccentric habits to greater advantage than in the little



ANSWER ME.

clearer within where spirit responds to spirit and all is at perfect peace. I have solved the mystery. I have seen the light."

The voice ceased for a moment and then it resumed:

"More could I tell thee. But dost thou know the penalty? A thousand years on earth are but as a moment in eternity. Even as the sun communit with me, before my friend's years vanish and life recedes. O, hasten, hasten, ere it be too late. Thy bride awaits thee and wonders why thou art tarrying. Wouldst thou learn the secret of eternal life? Make thy earth a heaven and live well thy mortal years, with the pleasant gleam of the sun and shade, as best preparation for immortality. But hasten, hasten! I dare speak no more, for thine own dear sake."

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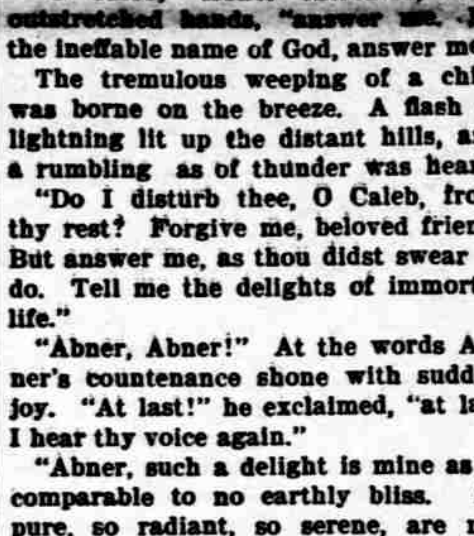
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THE WIFE OF GARCIA.

ONE OF GOTHAM'S MOST POPULAR WOMEN.

Home Life of the Great Cuban Leader's Spouse—All Her Hopes Are Centered in the Success of the New Republic of Cuba.

O woman in the Cuban colony in New York is better known and loved than Mrs. Calisto Garcia, wife of the leader. Tall and of commanding presence, her fine, expressive face shows traces of the severe experience that has fallen to her as the wife of a man who has from his youth been a soldier, a fighter and a leader of men. Like most Cuban women, Mrs. Garcia is eminently domestic, fond of her home and family, and even her keen interest in Cuban affairs has not led her into any active public participation. She lives quietly in a cheerful up-town street, and devotes herself to her children, and waits with the courage of a Spartan for the day when Cuba shall be free and her husband and father restored to his family. But Mrs. Garcia herself knows full well the horrors of war. She was with General Garcia during the ten years' war. She, with some women relatives of the general's family, the children and trusted old servants, attempted the plan of keeping quarters within reaching distance of the general, and yet beyond the reach of the enemy. Their house was burned over their heads all

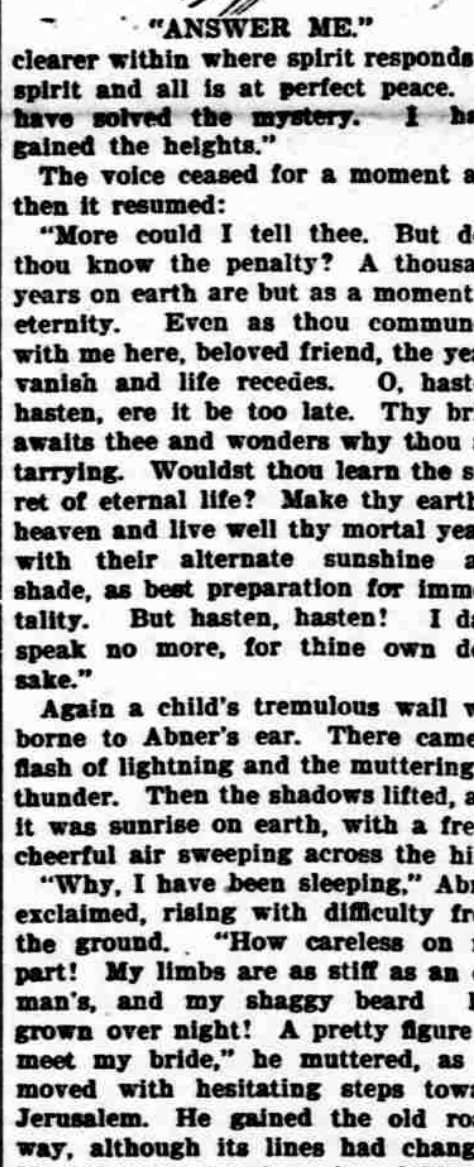


MRS. GEN. GARCIA.

most a score of times. Time after time they had to flee at a moment's notice. Sometimes they were hungry, sometimes they went without food for days at a time, save a few mouthfuls, feeding the children on such delicacies as roots to keep them from starving. A price was set on the general's head, and Spanish spies tracked him when he went to visit his wife. A reward was offered for Mrs. Garcia owing to the assistance she and her family were giving to the cause. While matters stood thus a son was born to Mrs. Garcia, and when the infant was three days old they were surprised at night by the Spanish and fled for their lives. Handcuffed thus capture was inevitable. They were taken to Havana and were prisoners of war for months. Finally they were released and sailed for Spain.

RAINBOWS SEEN AT NIGHT.

Rainbows called "lunars" are seen at night. They are produced in precisely the same way as solar rainbows, but as the light of the moon is much fainter than that of the sun, the bow is not nearly so brilliant, and so may frequently escape notice. It often appears merely as a whitish or yellowish arch. It is also of rarer occurrence than the solar bow, for it is only when the moon is nearly full that she gives light enough to produce the phenomenon. Sometimes circles of faintly-colored light are formed round the moon on nights when the sky is thinly veiled with haze. These halos, as they are called, are liable to be mistaken by unpracticed observers for a lunar rainbow. The distinction is clear. The halo encircles the moon, and therefore appears on the same side of the sky, whereas the rainbow of necessity presents itself on the side of the sky which is opposite to the moon. The observer stands with his face to the moon whilst looking at a halo, but must have his



REAR ADMIRAL MCNAIR.

out-of-the-way island of Saba. The island is small, its greatest diameter not over two and a half miles, and it is nothing more than an isolated mountain top rising out of the sea. The sides are very steep and high, rising in places for a sheer 2,000 feet. There is no harbor, no beach, no safe anchorage and no large trees on the island. Although Saba has a population of over 2,500, yet you might sail all around it without seeing any signs of houses or settlements, if you wished to land or "go aboard," as the Sabans say, you would have to do so on a rough rock on the southern side of the island, and here you would find a steep, winding flight of stone steps leading up the rocky mountain side. Following these steps, which number 800 and are called "the ladder," you at last reach the top of the mountain, and, looking inland, see small, grassy plain, covered with neat white, red-roofed houses, the whole surrounded on every side by towering peaks and precipices covered with beautiful tree ferns, bamboos and wild plants. This little town, the only one on the island, is known as the Bottom, a curious name, surely, but it is well named, nevertheless, for the plain on which it is built is nothing more than the bottom of the crater of an extinct volcano. Descending the slope into this queerest of queer towns, you find the streets simply narrow paths, walled with stone, higher in places than your head, while every inch of earth is cultivated with true Dutch thrift and industry. Here and there small patches of sugar cane, yams and arrowroot are side by side with beans, corn and potatoes, with palm and banana trees rising over all. The population consists of whites and negroes in nearly equal numbers, while the blue-eyed and low-headed children play with black-skinned and curly haired pickaninnies, but all are Dutch in speech, manners and looks. The houses, shops, gardens—everything is Dutch.

HON. THOMAS B. TURLEY.

Hon. Thomas B. Turley, the new senator from Tennessee, was born in Memphis, in April, 1845, where he received his early education. On the breaking out of the civil war, he served as a private in the Confederate army. Af-

ter the close of the war he studied law at the University of Virginia, from which he was graduated in 1867, and immediately thereafter began the practice of his profession in his native city. Senator Turley had held no public office whatever until his election to the United States senate, to succeed the late Senator Isham G. Harris.

SENATOR TURLEY.

No Theaters. City Child—Do country towns where you close have theaters? Actress—No. Country towns never have theaters. They have only opera houses, academies of music and temples of Thespis—New York Weekly.

AN EASY METHOD.

Bilson—That new cook of yours is a very handsome woman, isn't she? Jilson—You bet she is. Why, all she has to do is to smile at the potatoes and they are mashed.

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