Columbus Journal

By COLUMBUS JOURNAL Co.

COLUMBUS, - - - NEBRASKA.

General News

The heaviest snow storm recorded at Montpelier, Vt., in twenty years prevailed last week.

A plan for reorganization of the customs of Morocco will be submitted to the Algerian conference.

Sr. Paul's Methodist church, Ashland avenue and Harrison streets, Chicago, was destroyed by fire.

Miss Katherine Brinkman died at Kansas City, the result of inhaling smoke from a fire in her home.

At Los Angeles, Cal., S. Rosenson, a former resident of Indianapolis, committed suicide by taking carbolic acid.

The seventh annual convention of the Builders' Supply Association at Philadelphia elected Martin Willis, St. Louis, president.

Ten thousand miners of the Buffalo Rochesterand Pittsburg Coal and Iron company in Pennsylvania are still on a strike.

A special from Cleveland, Miss., says the Bolivar County bank failed to open its doors. Assets $130,000; liabilities, $110,000.

The seventh annual convention of the Builders Supply association at Philadelphia, elected Martin Willis of St. Louis, president.

Ralph Cadwallader, a pitcher in last year's Sioux City, Ia., baseball team, signed as pitcher with the Cleveland American league team.

The solution of the Venezuelan difficulty, according to authoritative information at Paris, will go over until the Moroccan conference.

At Hutchison, Kas., the Texas Southern railroad, which is in the hands of a receiver, was sold to eastern capitalists for $1,500,000.

The Illinois supreme court has denied a rehearing in the case of Johann Hoch, sentenced to be hanged in Chicago February 23, for wife murder.

General Linevitch reports the existence of 227 cases of Siberian plague in the Russian army. The total number of sick in the hospital is 744 officers and 14,282 men.

The Stevens block in Worcester, Mass., was damaged to the extent of $30,000 by fire and the losses to occupants of the building bring the total damage up to $60,000.

The internal revenue report for 1905 shows that the business of the Philippine Islands amounted to $195,000,000 in gold. The amount of taxes collected was $4,000,000 in gold.

President Richard Sylvester of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, has announced that the next convention of the association will be held in Hot Springs, Ark., April 9 to 14.

The Longworth bill appropriating $5,000,000 for the purchase of American legations and embassies in foreign capitals was favorably reported to the house committee on foreign affairs by a subcommittee.

The graves of Charles Dickens and Sir Henry Irving in Westminster Abbey were most lavishly decorated with flowers in commemoration of their birthdays, though Irving's anniversary really falls on February 6.

M. Schoracmk, said to be an Australian nobleman, who had amassed a fortune in Western mines, was killed at Steubenville, O., by walking from a fast train on the Wabash railroad bound form St. Louis to Pittsburg.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway company, has decided to name its terminus to be constructed on the Pacific coast, "Prince Rupert," in honor of the explorer. The name was chosen from 12,000 submitted in competition.

John P. Deavereaux of St. Louis, former officer and a nephew of Archbishop Ryan, died in a hospital at Philadelphia after a long illness. He was 33 years old and retired from the army about a year ago because of failing health.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe have written a letter to the Washington Post offering to contribute $1,000 as a nucleus of a fund for the establishment of a chair of dramatic art in the George Washington university, Washington.

Isaac Syfe, the Syrian Rosebud settler who had been charged at Bonesteel with first degree murder in connection with the death of Peter Kayden, the farmer from Hoskins, Neb., who was found dead in a well on the last of December, has been released because of a lack of evidence to convict.

State Senator Reynolds and C. H. Cornell cattlemen of Valentine, Neb., will leave for Washington to present to President Roosevelt a petition from the small cattlemen of Nebraska asking to co-operate with them in their efforts to secure a law for the leasing of government land for grazing purposes.

An official statement tonight denies the truth of disquieting rumors that have been in circulation regarding the health of King Edward.

On the eve of her installation as mother superior of the convent of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Mother Emmerentia died at the convent.

The greatest supply of coal in the history of Chicago is being gathered in anticipation of the coal miner's strike April 1. Within the next sixty days, if the preparations that have been made are carried out it is estimated that nearly 1,000,000 tons of coal will have been stored away in Chicago.

Walter Camp, Yale's athletic adviser, gave out a statement regarding the recent conference between Yale, Harvard and Princeton on eligibility rules and athletic reforms in which he declares that the reports sent out indicating that Harvard was trying to block reforms was erroneous.

At the annual meeting of the American automobile convention at Chicago these officers were elected: President, John M. Farson, Chicago; first vice president, W. H. Hotchkiss, Buffalo; second vice president, Dr. Milbank Johnson, California; treasurer, G. E. Farrington. New Jersey.

Love, the Keystone.

The child who has learned to love, the man who has learned to love, is nearer the solution of the riddle of the universe than the balance of the chemist, the telescope of the astronomer, or all the sagacious guesses of all the wisest men that ever lived.—Dr. Boyd Carpenter.

The American Art Connoisseur.

An art connoisseur of this country is a man who is rich enough to pay fabulous prices for counterfeit paintings and statuary that are so well executed that genuine critics can hardly distinguish them from the originals.

To Stop a Dog Fight.

I am surprised that so many persons, particularly owners of dogs, should not know that a dog fight, no matter how ferocious the combatants, can be instanty stopped by some one dashing cold water in the faces of the dogs. The effect is instantaneous, and no immediate disposition is shown to renew the combat.—Baltimore Sun.

In Gay Hoboken.

"Life in Hoboken is one continual round of excitement and pleasure," remarked a resident of that ancient city. "Why, yesterday hundreds of our leading people put in half the afternoon watching the hook and ladder company rescue a cat that had climbed to the top of a tree and was afraid to come down."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cheering for University Man.

A newly formed social organization in London, the New Bohemians, announces itself as a society "mainly devoted to the encouragement of intelligent conversation amongst journalists, bookmen, critics, artists and others. University men," the advertisement adds, "are not necessarily disqualified."

Whistler Escaped.

Whistler, the painter, was one day dining in the Cafe Napolitain in Paris when some undesirable acquaintance accosted him. "Well, Mr. Whistler, and how are you getting on?" said he. "I'm not," said Whistler, finishing his absinth and putting on his hat. "I'm geting off."

Japanese Newspaper Men.

The newspaper editor is the best-paid writer in Japan, his salary averaging from 100 to 200 yen per month, and in one case it reached 300 yen. Contributors to newspapers usually receive 1 yen a column, and magazine writers 1 yen a page.

Immortality for Animals.

Prof. George Howison of the department of philosophy of the University of California, has declared his belief in immortality for animals.

A man might just as well carry a pocket full of fishhooks as to try to hug a girl who is all pinned up.

MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Soon he again thrusts half his wiry body out of the window, and can be heard talking to the Jehu, to whom he probably gives orders, for it will hardly do them to stop directly in front of the madhouse, unless some desperate plan has been agreed upon.

"We are there," announces M. Francois.

The vehicle halts, and as the door is opened the three men hasten to find a landing upon the pavement.

"You will remain here—all night if we do not come—pay will be sure." and the secret agent of the prefect shows his silver badge to the astonished Jehu, who bows and declares his willingness to stay until Gabriel blows his trump if necessary, knowing full well that his number is in the possession of the agent, and that his license will be revoked. or even further punishment meted out to him if he dares disobey.

"This way, messieurs," comes the voice of the secret agent ahead, and gladly they follow.

Evidently M. Francois has been arranging his plan of action while en route—at any rate he loses no time in reflection now, but proceeds to business.

"Messieurs, mark that gloomy square building just ahead—it is M. Girard's Retreat for the Demented—a second Bastile in looks. Here, next door, we have the vacant building of which our young friend Jules Favre made mention. We enter, messieurs—we ascend to the roof, from which we can open communications with those we have come to save."

"SHAKES IT VIGOROUSLY"

They grasp the plan of this shrewd friend whom the prefect has sent to their assistance—it is simple enough in its way, and they can hardly make a mistake.

Once they enter the empty house, their leader produces a small lantern, which he lights, and thus all can see to ascend the stairs. In this way the roof is finally gained, a scuttle being the last obstacle that has to be overcome.

There is enough light for them to see the wall of the building rising up beyond, also the window with its wooden bars, at which the street Arab held converse with the prisoners of M. Girard.

Dick is for rushing forward, but the leader detains him.

"Pardon," he whispers, "we must bring up the ladder that leads to the scuttle—something is needed to reach the window—we must tear off the bars and help the ladies down, you remember?"

So the short ladder is drawn up, carefully carried across the intervening roof. and placed where it will pass up beside the barred window. Hardly waiting until M. Francois announces the ladder firm, Dick mounts. His face is now close to the window—all is dark within, and of course he can see nothing.

"Miss Pauline!"

He utters the name in a whisper between the wooden bars, but no reply comes—then he raises his voice a little and repeats it, with no better result than before.

A third time he calls, and again only a mocking echo is hurled back. Then a hideous fear assails him that some evil has befallen those whom he came to save—his hand is on one of the bars—he impetuously exerts the strength of his muscular arm—few things could withstand the mighty power thus brought into play, and the bar comes away in his grasp. He pushes it through into the room, hears it fall to the floor, and then, securing himself afresh, once more clutches a bar—a second tremendous tug follows. that wins the day.

"Bravo!" comes a whisper from below, where the Frenchman watches his every movement.

"Good boy, Dick!" is heard from Bob, perhaps in a voice that is rather incautious.

Dick does not wait for this encouragement—he has made an opening, swings one leg up over the window-sill with the ease of an acrobat, and disappears from the gaze of those who watch below.

When he finds himself in the room, Dick once more calls that name, already so precious to him, but the result is the same—a dead silence is his only answer.

He has matches, and without hesitation takes one out to strike it. No sooner does the flame blaze up than his eyes make a circuit of the small apartment.

What does he see?—a couple of chairs, a small table, a bed—that is all!

Disappointment as keen as a knife grasps his heart. What does this mean. Did the note that the lad brought deceive them? Ah! there is the story of the secret agent—surely there must be truth back of it all.

Then they have changed the room of the two prisoners—that must be it. He lights another match—it is a Heaven-born inspiration, for upon the table he discovers something that escaped his eyes during the first illumination.

It is a piece of paper, held under a specimen of stone, a number of which can be seen upon a little shelf on the wall.

In an instant Dick bends over it—his eyes are glued to the paper that tells the story:

"Kind Friends: We are in trouble—decoyed to this place to see one of the curiosities of all Paris. We have been notified that in half an hour, when the matin bell in the convent hard by rings, we——"

Just then Dick's match burns his fingers, and he drops the remnant. Another is quickly held in his grasp, and its light flares up. He reads on:

"——rings, we will be transferred to another room below—possibly so that we may get the full benefit of the awful sounds that come to us but faintly here. We are brave—we do not fear, but at the same time we pray Heaven to rescue us. The motive I can only guess as yet, but believe it must concern the signing of a paper giving Senor Manuel Lopez full control of the El Dorado Mine, which I will never, never do.

"PAULINE WESTERLY."

Again the match goes out. but Dick does not care now. He knows where the door lies, and is immediately at it, shakes it vigorously as an imprisoned lion might the door of his cage. It is quite useless, for a heavy bar or bolt secures it outside.

He returns to the window; since one plan has failed he will try another. Down the ladder he goes quickly, to meet his comrades at the foot.

"Well?" says the Frenchman.

"What luck, old fellow?" demands Colonel Bob.

"The room is empty and the door barred."

At this the others express their disappointment by a succession of grunts, but the acute Gaul has read more in the voice of the messenger.

"You are not hopeless—you have at least made one discovery," he ejaculates, whereupon Dick only too gladly relates all about the finding of the letter, and what it contains—he has the words very pat, while the missive itself lies in a pocket next his heart, perhaps some day to be framed and hung up in remembrance of what befell them in gay, wicked Paris.

Just as he expects, the prefect's agent is ready to grapple with the new difficulty—he never allows such a thing to daunt him.

"You tried the door?" he asks, suddenly.

"And found it secure—it would take a sledge-hammer to burst it open."

"Which would arouse the whole institution—we must adopt other tactics. Suppose we descend to terra firma, since that breeze is fresh, and a slip on this sloping roof would be apt to be followed by unpleasant consequences," with a shrug of his shoulders, which indicates a good deal more than his words do.

The ladder is once more brought back to its legitimate use, and soon they find themselves again upon the street, close by the entrance of the grim building.

The Frenchman turns to Colonel Bob.

"Pardon; I believe you can act a part."

"Eh?" gasps the astonished sheriff.

"You have the grit, the courage, the tact to play the crazy man."

"Thanks, my noble duke, for your flattery," answers Bob, in freezing contempt.

"Ah! you do not comprehend—you fail to grasp the idea. I mean that you are gifted—you can play a part—you can, I am sure, even deceive the great doctor, M. Girard."

"I begin to see light—speak on." says Bob.

"You remember I told the driver in a joke we were taking you to the Retreat. We will make it a solemn truth—we will gain admittance to this castle under that pretense, and then—I leave the case in your hands, monsieur," with a low bow in the direction of Dick.

"I admire your plan—it is better than battering down the front door—that is, unless Bob objects to acting the part of a man who has lost his senses, and imagines himself a Caesar."

"Not I—you will be proud of me yet," declares the Sheriff of Secora County, inflating his lungs and strutting like a turkey-cock.

"There is only one danger—if Mr. Girard knows the whole story, your appearance will arouse his suspicions immediately, for he will recognize you as friends of his prisoners. We can only try. You shall be M. Astorbilt, the American millionaire, and this your cousin Robert, whose mind we will say—pardon, monsieur, you are not the first—has become unhinged through his passion for M'lle Hortense, the latest star on the theatrical horizon."

A groan from Bob.

"Do with me as you please—I am entirely in the hands of my friends," he says, with a resignation that is beautiful to contemplate.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Cell in the Closed Corridor.

No one hesitates—indeed, the agent of police gives no time for meditation—he means business. No doubt he is armed with some authority, vested in him by the prefect, which gives him the power and the liberty of searching the house of M. Girard. At any rate, he does not appear to have any fear regarding the consequences, and shows about as much animation as the two comrades.

The driver has his orders now, and brings the trio directly in front of the door belonging to M. Girard's residence.

Rap, rap, goes the ponderous knocker, the sound reverberating through the corridors within and arousing some of the inmates, who begin to shout, some of them to swear, because they have been disturbed in their sleep.

A minute elapses, and then a wicket in the door opens, through which protrudes a head—one almost expects to see the cowled head of a monk; but instead, a shock of hair surmounting a red face pushes into view. while the owner, in a thick voice, demands what they will have at such an hour.

(To be continued.

DRESS REFORM IDEAS IN 1832.

Four "Don'ts" Proposed as a Start in the Right Direction.

A coterie of ladies at Amsterdam edit a periodical paper called the "Euphrosyne." It was this paper which first proposed the creation of a national costume for the female lieges of the Dutch sovereign; and its example has been followed by a coterie of gentlemen, who now publish a "journal for the promotion of a national costume, for the gentlemen, and the encouragement of national industry."

If American editors would but engage in this cause with the zeal of the worthy mynheers, we should confidently expect success in this matter of a national costume. Now we can only hope.

However, we will propose a few rules in our department of regulating female costume, as a sample of our taste. These will be prohibitory merely. Every person knows the necessity of eradicating or exposing false notions before enforcing right ideas.

1. No lady shall wear more than seven distinct colors in her dress at the same time—that being enough to form a rainbow.

2. No lady shall wear colored or clouded stockings with a white dress.

3. No married lady shall appear in a pink bonnet. (We should like to extend this prohibition to all ladies over 14.)

4. No lady, who hopes to be married, shall wear the hem of her gown above her ankles.—Ladies' Magazine, 1832.

New Kind of Pin Money.

The woman confided to her companion and to the elderly clerk that the piece of jewelry she was buying was to be paid for out of the gold pieces her husband had received for attending directors' meetings and which he had turned over to her. The clerk remarked that he had a number of women customers who made purchases at this time of the year in the same way.

"One lady who has been a customer of ours for years," he went on, "always spends this director's money in one way. Year after year she comes in about this time and buys a piece of table silver. Then she has it marked 'Director Silver.' I presume she means to have it kept in her family as a reminder of what an important figure in the commercial world her husband was in his day.—New York Press.

Expressing His Feelings.

Hewitt—I see that there is crape on Gruet's door.

Jewett—It must be that his mother-in-law is out of danger.

An Opinion.

"Starr's manager has promised to give a presentation of that comedy of mine," said De Riter, "but I don't know when it's to come off."

"Probably the night after it's put on," suggested the cruel critic.

Evil Day Was Near.

Estelle—Clarence, just think of it! Five weeks from to-day, and we will be married.

Clarence—Well, let's be happy, while we may.—Stray Stories.

A Heroine.

Tess—I think I'm entitled to a Carnegie medal. I saved a life the other evening.

Jess—The idea! Whose?

Tess—Jack Hansom's. He said he couldn't live without me.

Sure Thing.

"Bragg tells me he got mixed up in a scrap yesterday."

"Did he get the best of it?"

"Of course; otherwise he wouldn't have said anything about it."

Ultra-Fashionable.

Rural aunt—Gracious, why don't someone tell that pretty girl over there that her hair is mussed up and needs combing?

City niece—Sh, aunty, that is the fashionable "automobile tousle."

The Price of Peace.

"Yes, I quarreled with my wife about nothing."

"Why didn't you make up?"

"I'm going to. All I'm worried about now is the indemnity."

PASSED LONG NIGHT

TEDIOUS TWELVE HOURS IN A MONTANA BLIZZARD.

Passenger and Driver, "Holed Up," Kept Moving Through What Seemed Century of Darkness—Temperature Fifteen Below Zero.

Ike Boyer of Helena left yesterday morning for Madison county points, and while waiting in Butte the night before told some interesting tales of his experience while making the territory in southern Montana which is not yet covered by the railroad.

"The time of my life," he said, "was experienced between Bannack and Argenta. I was making the trip by stage and my driver was one of the old-time stage drivers of the overland road. The only name I ever knew for his was 'Shorty,' and he was one of the best that ever pulled the ribbons over a team of horses in Montana.

"Shortly after we left Argenta it began snowing, but we paid little attention to the storm, being wrapped up comfortably. When we 'topped' the hill and started across the foothills to connect with the old Bannack road we ran into the teeth of the blizzard. The thermometer began dropping rapidly and almost before we knew it we found ourselves chilling fast. To add to our trouble the air became so filled with snow that we could not see the length of our sled ahead of us. The storm came so fast and fierce that the horses refused to face it, and before we realized it we were off the road and the horses were helplessly floundering through the snow, which seemed almost bottomless. By this time darkness had come and we were off the trail.

"To make the matter worse the horses in floundering broke the tongue from the sled and we were holed up for good. Then we saw that we were in for it for the night and prepared to make the best of a bad bargain. There was a little straw in the bottom of the sled and we tied the horses up so that they could eat this. The driver and myself walked back and forth, about a rod apart, all night long and in this manner managed to keep warm. We drank up all the samples I had with me, smoked several boxes of sample cigars, and it seemed as if the night would never come to an end.

"Occasionally I would get uncommonly tired and sleepy and would attempt to doze off, but 'Shorty' would stand for nothing of the sort. He would rouse me by drastic means, if necessary, and make me continue my walk to and fro opposite him. Finally, after the lapse of at least a century, the night came to an end and daylight began showing around the gulch. With the approach of day the storm went down and the air cleared. 'Shorty' immediately began rustling and before long found a pole that could be used as a sled tongue, and we toggled up matters and continued our trip to Bannack. We arrived there in time for a late breakfast and were not surprised to learn that the thermometer had registered 15 below throughout the night."—Anaconda Standard.

Logical Juryman.

For nearly six hours had the court been convulsed with the evidence given him in a sensational action for breach of promise. The many ridiculous love letters had been read, commented upon, and heartily laughed at; counsel had spoken, the judge had summed up, and the jury had retired to consider their verdict.

"Well, gentlemen," said the foreman, "how much shall we give this young man?"

"Look here," said one of the jurymen, "if I understand aright, the plaintiff doesn't want damages for blighted affections, or anything of that sort, but only wants to get back what he's spent on presents, holiday trips, etc."

"That is so," agreed the foreman.

"Well, then, I vote we don't give him a penny," said the other, hastily "If all the fun he had with that girl didn't cover the amount he expended it must have been his own fault. Gentlemen, I courted that girl once myself."

Verdict for the defendant.—Baltimore American.

Roman Relics Found in England.

In the course of the operations for restoring the foundations to the cathedral at Winchester, England, the excavators discovered some interesting relics of the Roman occupation. Thirteen vases and lamps were unearthed. One piece was an excellent specimen of pottery, intact and in perfect preservation. The lamps are of the type known as "the lamp of learning" and resemble in shape a gravy boat with a spout at one end, from which the wick protrudes, and a handle at the other. The vessels are made of iron and though discolored with age are unbroken and in an excellent state of preservation.

Curious Method of Fishing.

Very curious is the method of fishing followed by the Chinese in the Straits of Malacca. The fisherman lets down from the side of the boat a screen of white canvas stretched on wood. The shoal of fish mistake this for some floating obstruction and try to leap over it, with the result that the fish jump into the boat and are thus captured. This method is employed by Malays in their waters.

Influence of Honest Toil.

The Indian Witness uses Booker T. Washington's autobiography. "Up From Slavery," as the text and illustration of a sermon to native Christians on the power of character and the influence of honest toil in creating it. "India may learn from the American Negro," it says.

British-Franco Entente.

There are already an entente cordiale and an entente municipale between France and England, and now there is to be an entente musicale. In other words, British instrumentalists and chorus singers are to give concerts in Paris.

Relics of Siege of Limerick.

St. Patrick's cathedral in Dublin preserves a cannon ball as a cherished relic. It is believed to be the identical ball that killed, at the siege of Limerick, the famous Loft Loftus, whose tomb the cathedral also shelters. Close to the canon-ball are a pair of his rusty spurs.

A Custom in Toulose.

Toulouse has preserved a quaint custom. It has its corps of "serenos" (as they are called in Spain) able-bodied persons who are ready to accompany the tardy reveler to his own door.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Compulsory Church Services.

To such an extent does religion prevail at Gonoatoa, in the South Seas, that every man, woman and child on that island who does not go to church at least three times a week is liable to be arrested and fined, the fine going to the king.

Cat's Long Journey Home.

A cat belonging to the Duchess of Beaufort, being taken to a country seat other than the one where it had been born, turned back "home" after two unhappy days, covering the 200 intervening miles in safety.

Important Animals.

A little boy startled his mother the other night by ending his prayer as follows: "God bless papa and mamma, also the animals. They are more important than us, 'cause their skins are worth $2 apiece."

German Canaries the Best.

The canaries of Germany excel all other canaries as singers. One has been recorded to continue a single trill for one and one-quarter minutes, with twenty changes of note in it.

For Those Who Complain.

An engagement with a menagerie may confidently be recommended to those who complain of the unexciting monotony of twentieth century life.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Far Eastern Islands.

Between Madagascar and the coast of India there are about sixteen thousand islands, only six hundred of which are capable of supporting population.