Columbus Journal

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COLUMBUS, - - NEBRASKA.

Wealth-Making Education.

The Central Education Board purposes using a part of the great income assured by John D. Rockefeller's gift of $32,000,000 in agricultural demonstration work in the south. The board will teach better use of the soil of a section which is greatly favored by nature and sadly neglected by man, in many respects and as to extensive regions. The instruction given will be in the form of example rather than precept. There will be enlightenment through the eye. It will take shape in crops which will appeal to the natural desire of southern land-owners and tenant farmers to make as much as possible from their cotton, corn, pastures, fruit and other products.

The opportunity for improvement is immense. The average harvest in the south is a national disgrace, as to many staples of agriculture. The yield ought to be more than doubled, in whole states, on the same acreage. There is defective tillage, lack of fertilizing and careless ignorance of the rotation of crops and the use of the soil. In great part these evils are due to want of knowledge of the soil and of the needs of farms. Gross mistakes are made for lack of information concerning seed and the adaptation of crops to fields. There is urgent need of enlightenment all along these lines. The money spent in teaching practical agriculture in the south will, remarks the Cleveland Leader, be money well invested. It will return many fold to the section most directly interested and to the country as a whole.

Play in Work.

Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, announces that he will discontinue work and engage in play for a time. The statement was made on the day he was 60 years old. This does not mean, says Troy Times, that Mr. Edison intends to lapse into idleness. To a man of his sort mere idleness would no doubt be unendurable. But, having gained a competence as one result of what he calls 45 years of experimenting with electricity, with a view to developing commercial value, he will now pursue the study purely as a scientist. That additional benefits will come from such investigations as he will make is reasonably certain, for Mr. Edison himself has intimated his belief that, great as have been the achievements of electricity, we are still in the infancy of development. Meanwhile everyone will wish for Mr. Edison the utmost pleasure and happiness in the occupation to which he will devote a dignified leisure.

It is not many years since Americans in England were criticized by Englishmen as using bad English. This all seems to be changed, for the other day Sidney Lee, a well-known British author, said in a lecture in London that the Americans use better English than the English themselves, and some of the London newspapers agree with him. One of them, in speaking of Americans, says, "Their best writers succeed in maintaining a purity of style—American law books, for instance, are models in this respect—which need not fear comparison with that of our own, and their best speakers are not only almost pedantically correct in their English, but have a copiousness of vocabulary rarely attained by English orators."

Ice from the Alpine glaciers is being quarried now for distribution in large cities. Glacier ice is perfectly pure and transparent, and has many qualities which are greatly appreciated by consumers. What a fine thing it would be, exclaims the Boston Budget, if we had a glacier or two here in New England!

A young man in a Missouri town encouraged the undertakers some by standing on his head for 20 minutes for a wager. However, it cannot be said that a man who can see no better use of his head than to stand on it is much of a loss to the aggregated brain power of the community.

The Baldwins in Philadelphia have turned out 30,000 locomotives since 1870. Before that, in 37 years, only 2,000 locomotives had been constructed. Somebody, of course, will figure out just how far these 32,000 locomotives would stretch, ranged pilot to tender along a line of track.

A lot of cattle out in the state of Washington have died as a result of eating dynamite carelessly left along the roadside by the government road-makers who worked in the vicinity last fall, and their owners are all ready to explode.

The kaiser is in such good humor now as the result of the elections that the kaiserin may safely give an unlimited order for a new hat, without fear of incurring the imperial displeasure.

"Stick to your telephone" may be feminine for "stick to your gun." Twice, recently, girl operators have kept their places in the face of actual danger, and by their prompt action have avoided panics.

The attack on Raisuli may be more or less hindered by a disinclination on the part of the sultan's soldiers to being held for ransom.

Gen. Kuropatkin's little book will be read with sardonic interest in little old Japan.

THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE CASE OF"

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CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

"Possibly," said I, with no disposition to combat views based on I know not what painful experience. "But I don't care for that sort of liking—from a woman, or from a dog."

"It's the only kind you'll get," retorted he, trying to control his agitation. "I'm an old man. I know human nature—that's why I live alone. You'll take that kind of liking, or do without."

"Then I'll do without," said I.

"Give her an income, and she'll go. I see it all. You've flattered her vanity by showing your love for her—that's the way with women. They go crazy about themselves, and forget all about the man. Give her an income and she'll go."

"I doubt it," said I. "And you would, if you knew her. But, even so, I shall lose her in any event. For, unless she is made independent, she'll certainly go with the last of the little money she has, the remnant of a small legacy."

The old man argued with me, the more vigorously, I suspect, because he found me resolute. When he could think of no new way of stating his case—his case against Anita—he said: "You are a fool, young man—that's clear. I wonder such a fool was ever able to get together as much property as report credits you with. But—you're the kind of fool I like."

"Then—you'll indulge my folly?" said I, smiling.

He threw up his arms in a gesture of mock despair. "If you will have it so," he replied. "I am curious about this niece of mine. I want to see her. I want to see the woman who can resist you."

"Her mind and her heart are closed against me," said I. "And it is my own fault—I closed them."

"Put her out of your head," he advised. "No woman is worth a serious man's while."

"I have few wants, few purposes," said I. "But those few I pursue to the end. Even though she were not worth while, even though I wholly lost hope, still I'd not give her up. I couldn't—that's my nature. But—she is worth while." And I could see her, slim and graceful, the curves in her face and figure that made my heart leap, the azure sheen upon her petal-like skin, the mystery of the soul luring from her eyes.

After we had arranged the business—or, rather, arranged to have it arranged through our lawyers—he walked down to the pier with me. At the gangway he gave me another searching look from head to foot—but vastly different from the inspection with which our interview had begun. "You are a devilish handsome young fellow," said he. "Your pictures don't do you justice. And I shouldn't have believed any man could overcome in one brief sitting such a prejudice as I had against you. On second thought, I don't care to see her. She must be even below the average."

"Or far above it," I suggested.

"I suppose I'll have to ask her over to visit me," he went on. "A fine hypocrite I'll feel."

"You can make it one of the conditions of your gift that she is not to thank you or speak of it," said I. "I fear your face would betray us, if she ever did."

"An excellent idea!" he exclaimed. Then, as he shook hands with me in farewell: "You will win her yet—if you care to."

As I steamed up the Sound, I was tempted to put in at Dawn Hill's harbor. Through my glass I could see Anita and Alva and several others, men and women, having tea on the lawn under a red and white awning. I could see her dress—a violet suit with a big violet hat to match. I knew that costume. Like everything she wore, it was both beautiful in itself and most becoming to her. I could see her face, could almost make out its expression—did I see, or did I imagine, a cruel contrast to what I always saw when she knew I was looking?

I gazed until the trees hid lawn and gay awning, and that lively company and her. In my bitterness I was full of resentment against her, full of self-pity. I quite forgot, for that moment, her side of the story.

XXVII.

BLACKLOCK SEES A LIGHT

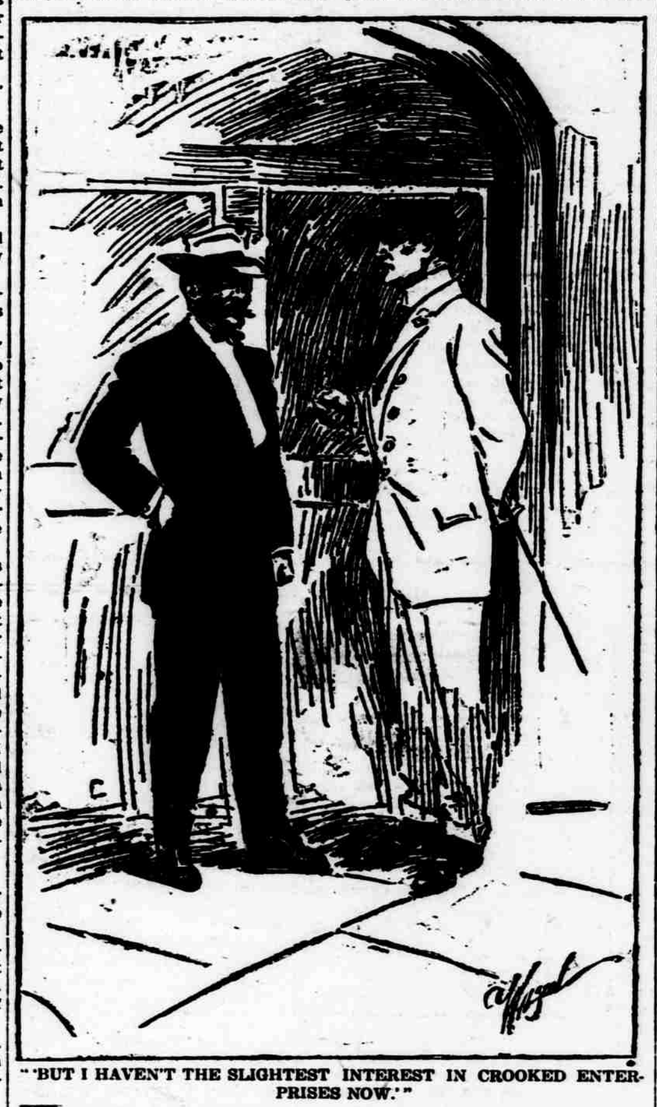
I was next day, I think, that I met Mowbray Langdon and his brother Tom in the entrance of the Textile Building. Mowbray was back only a week from his summer abroad; but Tom I had seen and nodded to every day, often several times in the day, as he went to and fro about his "respectable" dirty work for the Roebuck-Langdon clique. He was one of their most frequently used stool-pigeon directors in banks and insurance companies whose funds they staked in their big gambling operations, they taking almost all the profits and the depositors and policy holders taking almost all the risk. It had never once occurred to me to have any feeling of any kind Tom, or in any way to take him into my calculations as to Anita. He was, to my eyes, too obviously a pale understudy of his powerful and fascinating brother. Whenever I thought of him as the man Anita fancied she loved, I put it aside instantly. "The kind of man a woman rally cares for," I would say to myself, "is the measure of her true self. But not the kind of man she imagines she cares for."

Tom went on; Mowbray stopped. We shook hands, and exchanged commonplaces in the friendliest way—I was harboring no resentment against him, and I wished him to realize that his assault had bothered me no more than the buzzing and battering of a summer fly. "I've been trying to get in to see you," said he. "I wanted to explain about that unfortunate Textile deal."

This, when the assault on me had burst out with fresh energy the day after he landed from Europe! I could scarcely believe that his vanity, his confidence in his own skill at underground work could so delude him. "Don't bother," said I. "All that's ancient history."

But he had thought out some lies he regarded as particularly creditable to his ingenuity; he was not to be deprived of the pleasure of telling them. So I was compelled to listen; and, being in an indulgent mood, I did not spoil his pleasure by letting him see or suspect my unbelief. If he could have looked into my mind, as I stood there in an attitude of patient attention, I think even his self-complacence would have been put out of countenance.

With his first full stop, I said: "I understand perfectly, Langdon. But I haven't the slightest interest in crooked enterprises now. I'm clear out of all you fellows' stocks. I've reinvested my property so that not even a panic would trouble me."



"'BUT I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST IN CROOKED ENTERPRISES NOW.'"

"That's good," he drawled. I saw he did not believe me—which was natural, as he knew nothing of my arrangement with Galloway and assumed I was laboring in heavy weather, with a bad cargo of Coal stocks and contracts. "Come to lunch with me. I've got some interesting things to tell you about my trip."

A few months before, I should have accepted with alacrity. But I had lost interest in him. He had not changed; if anything, he was more dazzling than ever in the ways that had once dazzled me. It was I that had changed—my ideals, my point of view. I had no desire to feed my new-sprung contempt by watching him pump in vain for information to be used in his secret campaign against me. "No, thanks. Another day," I replied, and left him with a curt nod. I noted that he had failed to speak of my marriage, though he had not seen me since. "A sore subject with all the Langdons," thought I. "It must be very sore, indeed, to make a man who is all manners, neglect them."

"I am strong and secure," said I to myself as I strode through the wonderful canyon of Broadway, whose walls are those mighty palaces of finance and commerce from which business men have been ousted by cormorant "captains of industry." I must use my strength. How could I better use it than by fluttering these vultures on their roosts, and perhaps bringing down a bird or two?

I decided, however, that it was better to wait until they had stopped rattling their beaks and claws on my shell in futile attack. "Meanwhile," I reasoned carefully," I can be getting good and ready."

Their first new move, after my little talk with Langdon, was intended as a mortal blow to my credit. Melville requested me to withdraw mine and Blacklock and Company's accounts from the National Industrial Bank; and the fact that this huge and powerful institution had thus branded me was slyly given to the financial reporters of the newspapers. Far and wide it was published; and the public was expected to believe that this was one more and drastic measure in the "campaign of the honorable men of finance to clean the Augean Stables of Wall Street." My daily letter to investors next morning led off with this paragraph—the first notice I had taken publicly of their attacks on me:

"In the effort to discredit the only remaining uncontrolled source of financial truth, the big bandits have ordered my accounts out of their chief gambling-house. I have transferred the accounts to the Discount and Deposit National, where Leonidas Thornley stands guard against the new order that seeks to make business a synonym for crime."

Thornley was of the type that was dominant in our commercial life before the "financiers" came—just as song birds were common in our trees until the noisy, brawling, thieving sparrows drove them out. His oldest son was about to marry Joe's daughter—Alva. Many a Sunday I have spent at his place near Morristown—a charming combination of city comfort with farm freedom and fresh air. I remember, one Sunday, saying to him, after he had seen his wife and daughters off to church: "Why haven't you looked out for establishing these boys and girls of yours?"

"I don't want my girls to be sought for money," said he, "I don't want my boys to rely on money. Perhaps I've seen too much of wealth, and have come to have a prejudice against it. Then, too, I've never had the chance to get rich."

I showed that I thought that he was simple jesting.

"I mean it," said he, looking at me with eyes as straight as a well-brought-up girl's. "How could my mind be judicial if I were personally interested in the enterprises people look to me for advice about?"

And not only did he keep himself clear and his mind judicial but also he was, like all really good people, exceedingly slow to believe others guilty of the things he would as soon have thought of doing as he would have thought of slipping into the teller's cage during the lunch hour and pocketing a package of bank-notes. He gave me his motto—a curious one: "Believe in everybody; trust in nobody."

"Only a thief wishes to be trusted," he explained, "and only a fool trusts. I let no one trust me; I trust no one. But I believe evil of no man. Even when he has been convicted, I see the mitigating circumstances."

How Thornley did stand by me! And for no reason except that it was as necessary for him to be fair and just as to breathe. I shall not say he resisted the attempts to compel him to desert me—they simply made no impression on him. I remember when Roebuck himself, a large stockholder in the bank, left cover far enough personally to urge him to throw me over, he replied steadfastly:

"If Mr. Blacklock is guilty of circulating false stories against commercial enterprises, as his enemies allege, the penal code can be used to stop him. But as long as I stay at the head of this bank, no man shall use it for personal vengeance. It is a chartered public institution, and all have equal rights to its facilities. I would lend money to my worst enemy if he came for it with the proper security. I would refuse my best friend, if he could not give security. The funds of a bank are a trust fund, and my duty is to see that they are employed to the best advantage. If you wish other principles to prevail here, you must get another president."

That settled it. No one appreciated more keenly than did Roebuck that character is as indispensable in its place as is craft where the situation demands craft—and is far harder to get.

I shall not relate in detail that campaign against me. It failed not so much because I was strong as because it was weak. Perhaps, if Roebuck and Langdon could have directed it in person, or had had the time to advise with their agents before and after each move, it might have succeeded. They would not have let exaggeration dominate it and venom show upon its surface; they would not have neglected to follow up advantages, would not have persisted in lines of attack that created public sympathy for me. They would not have so crudely exploited my unconventional marriage and my financial relations with old Ellersly. But they dared not go near the battle field; they had to trust to agents whom their orders and suggestions reached by the most roundabout ways; and they were busier with their enterprises that involved immediate and great gain or loss of money.

When Galloway died, they learned that the Coal stocks with which they thought I was loaded down were part of his estate. They satisfied themselves that I was in fact as impregnable as I had warned Langdon. They reversed tactics; Roebuck tried to make it up with me. "If he wants to see me," was my invariable answer to the intimations of his emissaries, "let him come to my office, just as I would go to his, if I wished to see him."

"He is a big man—a dangerous big man," cautioned Joe.

"Big—yes. But strong only against his own kind," replied I. "One mouse can make a whole herd of elephants squeal for mercy."

"It isn't prudent, it isn't prudent," persisted Joe.

"It is not," replied I. "Thank God, I'm at last in the position I've been toiling to achieve. I don't have to be prudent. I can say and do what I please, without fear of the consequences. I can freely indulge in the luxury of being a man. That's costly, Joe, but it's worth all it could cost."

Joe didn't understand me—he rarely did. "I'm a hen. You're an eagle," said he.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A HOUSEWARMING.

Joe's daughter, staying on and on at Dawn Hill, was chief lieutenant, if not principal, in my conspiracy to drift Anita day by day further and further into the routine of the new life. Yet neither of us had shown by word or look that a thorough understanding existed between us. My part was to be unobstrusive, friendly, neither indifferent nor eager, and I held to it by taking care never to be left alone with Anita; Alva's part was to be herself—simple and natural and sensible, full of life and laughter, mocking at those moods that betray us into the absurdity of taking ourselves too seriously.

I was getting ready a new house in town as a surprise to Anita, and I took Alva into my plot. "I wish Anita's part of the house to be exactly to her liking," said I. "Can't you set her to dreaming aloud what kind of place she would like to live in, what she would like to open her eyes on in the morning, what surroundings she'd like to dress in and read in, and all that?"

Alva had no difficulty in carrying out the suggestions. And by harassing Westlake incessantly, I succeeded in realizing her report of Anita's dream to the exact shade of the draperies and the silk that covered the walls. By pushing the work, I got the house done just as Alva was warning me that she could not remain longer at Dawn Hill, but must go home and get ready for her wedding. When I went down to arrange with her the last details of the surprise, who should meet me at the station but Anita herself? I took one glance at her serious face and, much disquieted, seated myself beside her in the little trap. Instead of following the usual route to the house she turned her horse into the bayshore road.

"Several days ago," she began, as the bend hid the station, "I got a letter from some lawyers, saying that an uncle of mine had given me a large sum of money—a very large sum. I have been inquiring about it, and find it is mine absolutely."

(To be Continued.)

Hardy Carriers in Morocco

Rural Free Delivery Basis of System —Remarkable Postmen.

The rural free delivery system in America is the outgrowth of many years' experience, says the Youth's Companion. It comes as a late result in the process of development. In Morocco, on the other hand, it seems to be the basis of a system yet to be formed; only there is one respect in which the two methods differ; that of the United States is maintained at an expense to the government, but the Moroccan system is a source of revenue, according to the following account given by the author of Moorish Lotus Leaves:

Swinging along at a jogtrot a native courier—a barelegged and bareheaded fellow, with a pair of coarse slippers thrust into the hood of his ragged cloak and a wallet on his back—approached our party, and, halting, leaned upon his long staff, while he informed us that the head of Cid Melood's oppressor adorned a gateway in the principal market of Marakesh.

Mail trains and native post offices being nonexistent, these hardy letter carriers represent the whole postal system of Morocco. Superintended by a government commissioner, a corps of couriers, as trustworthy as they are indefatigable, is to be found in every town.

Ready at an hour's notice to undertake the longest journey, perhaps through disturbed districts, always over miserable roads, generally sleeping in the open air, the courier has been known to do the double trip from Mogador to Marakesh—about 276 miles—within five days and a half, the fee, a small portion of which goes to the government, being just $2. This, it should be borne in mind, is the pay of a special courier. On any additional chance letters he may carry the charge is something under two cents.

THE GHOSTLY BRIDEGROOM

By JAMES ALLEN.

I waited at the station in a fever of impatience. Wantman had not come on the 2:30 train, and the wedding was to be at four o'clock.

"I have been unexpectedly detained," he had telegraphed from Milwaukee at noon. "But life or death, I will be there in time."

If the 3:25 was on time, and he came on that train, we would barely have time to reach the church at the stroke of four. He would be compelled to appear, dusty and travel stained, before his bride and her friends. Perhaps he would come in a special. I could only wait and hope.

"Life or death, I will be there in time," he had said, and Wantman never lied.

I went into the telephone booth and called up the house. "Wantman has been detained, but he says he will be at the church on time. I am waiting for the last train."

"What shall we do?" demanded Helen's father.

"I think you are safe in waiting at the church," I said. "I don't know what else can be done. He said he would be here in time, and unless he sends word to the contrary we must depend upon him. If he is alive he either will be here or send word."

After that I had no further message. I waited, waited, waited.

The train was late, of course. When was it ever on time when you were waiting for it?

It was 3:55 when it came, and Wantman was not on board.

I leaped into the carriage and drove madly to the church, where I knew the bridal party would be waiting. Poor Helen.

I met Beaumont at the door.

"He did not come," I cried.

"O, yes, he came at the stroke of four," said Beaumont. "You have missed him somehow. The ceremony must be over by this time. And say"—he drew me to one side and spoke in whispers—"something awful must have happened to Wantman. He was white as a ghost and he did not speak nor look to right or left. It made me shiver just to see him. Look, there they come now!"

As the bridal party left the church I saw that Wantman indeed was as white as a ghost. His eyes turned toward me for one fleeting moment, but there was no speculation in them. They were like the wide, staring eyes of a man who just has died.

Helen clung to his arm. She seemed terrified, but she was not weeping. As they disappeared in the carriage, by some fiendish mischance or else as the result of some hideous joke, the organ pealed forth a funeral march.

A shudder passed over the throng of guests. I could hear some of the women weeping hysterically.

With a curse that I could not restrain I leaped into a carriage by Beaumont's side and we were driven rapidly to the house. We reached the door ahead of the bride's carriage, and as the door was thrown open the vehicle in which the couple had ridden seemed to be empty.

Wantman was not there.

Helen was huddled on the floor, unconscious, a pitiful thing.

Her father took her in his arms and carried her into the house.

As we gathered at the door, silent, aghast, the driver was swearing that his vehicle had not been stopped, and that the carriage door had not been opened between the church and the house.

What hideous mystery was before us? We were soon to know, for a messenger came with a telegram, and I opened it and read.

"Wantman was killed in a runaway at 12 o'clock as he drove to the station at Milwaukee."

Subsequent investigations proved that the message was correct.

There could be no possible doubt or dispute of the fact. He had been driving madly to the station in a cab—there had been a collision, and the lifeless Wantman had been taken from the wrecked vehicle. His body had been taken in charge by the police, and in the delay that was caused by identification and addresses, word was not sent to us until half past four o'clock.

At the time of the ceremony, when Wantman appeared in the church beside his waiting bride, before scores of people who knew him and wondered at his spectral appearance and inanimate responses—at this time Wantman was lying dead in Milwaukee.

It is unbelievable—I myself cannot believe it.

But these are the facts.

Wantman was killed in Milwaukee at noon.

He was married in Chicago at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Alive or dead, I will be there in time," he had wired me just before he left his hotel for the station.

I have no explanation to offer.

And poor Helen never spoke again. Within a week she was lying beside her husband in the cemetery.

How He Did It.

"The real hero of the fire was little Crimmins. Did you see him run into the blazing house and carry out the stout lady?"

"Yes. I can't imagine how he developed the strength."

"Why, he lived in the suburbs a dozen years or more and worked up his muscle carrying home packages at night."

Even Exchange.

"Beg pardon," sir," said the barber, scrutinizing the proffered tip, "but this dime is mutilated. It is full of hacks."

"So was your razor," chuckled the humorous patron, as he hurried out.—Chicago Daily News.

Machine Does Fireman's Work.

A machine that will hurl coal into the firebox of a locomotive at the rate of 200 shovelfuls a minute, if necessary, will lighten the labor of the firemen on many engines. An order has been placed for 700 of these mechanical stokers at a cost of $350,000.

Burro Drivers Carry Candles.

In Mexico all vehicles, be they handcart, automobile, or anything between, must carry a light at night. This rule or law is rigidly enforced. Even the drivers of the poor little burro or mule carts, on their two wheels, must carry a light.

So, rather than buy lanterns, which cost money, they take a dip candle, and wrapping it in a bit of newspaper to shield it from the wind, carry it in their left hand as they drive along homeward from work after evening has fallen. The effect is striking, as the light, falling strongly on the Indian driver, throws the face of the man into strong relief against the darkness.

Quick Cure Effected.

Saturday afternoon an Atchison young lady complained of sore and tired feet. She was so crippled that her father carried her upstairs. A few hours later she was invited to attend a dancing party that night. She not only went, but danced until three o'clock Sunday morning.—Atchison Globe.

When doctors disagree it is well for the patient to get up and see if anything really ails him.

An opinion carries conviction only when expressed with force.

All thy virtue dictates, dare to do. —Mason.