The Columbus Journal.

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MAN ON THE PILE OF STONES

By Robert Barr.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," said Hamlet to his friend. The statue of my Lord Horatio Nelson stands between heaven and earth, and has stood there for thirty-six years, more or less, unmolested. What Horatio dreamt of in his philosophy as he looked down on all those generations of people on the 'bus tops far below him, will never be known, but doubtless he was somewhat surprised the other day to see Mr. Harrison climb over the brass crown of the tall pile of stones with the end of a wreath of flowers in his hand. We may imagine Nelson in surprise saying:

"Hallo, Harrison! What's up?" and Harrison replying quite trathfully:

"I am, my lord."

Mr. Harrison is a celebrated steeple jack, and I stood watching him the other day work his way up the tall Nelson pillar in Trafalgar square with astonishing expertness and agility of limb, and the way in which he attended to his hazardous business filled me with admiration. I don't know how far below heaven Lord Nelson is, but he is 1.6 feet above the earth, and they gave Mr. Harrison the contract for reaching him, with the proviso that he was to drive no spikes in the monument itself.

The Nelson monument in Trafalgar square is built of solid stone, and is therefore unlike most other shafts of the same size and height. The tall column further down the street which commemorates the London fire, is hollow, and has a stair-case running up the center; so has the Column Vendome in Paris, built as it is of cannon, captured from various nations, and bent into sheets like boiler plates. But the Nelson statue stands on solid stone, with the four huge lions, by Landseer, guarding the pedestal.

"And what was Mr. Harrison doing up beside Lord Nelson?" asks the reader.

Thereby hangs a tale, and also a green wreath weighing nine tons.

Mr. Harrison is usually engaged in the commercial business of putting caps on chimneys and things of that sort. He comes from the smoky town of Sheffield, and from a land studded with tall factory chimneys, which besides furnishing bread and butter for numerous employes, also furnishes bread and butter for Mr. Harrison. How came he, then, to leave his commercial occupation and tackle a memorial that stands for war? I suppose that America had something to do with the elevation of Mr. Harrison of Sheffield, just as it had with the elevation of Mr. Harrison of Indiana, seven or eight years ago. Most countries have had something to do with Mr. Harrison of Sheffield and his giddy climb. England has been getting it in the neck from all over the place for the past year. The Englishman is a slow and stolid person, not given to panics or sudden excitement he is difficult to arouse to anything like enthusiasm, but he is at last gradually waking up.

Within recent years Portugal, France, Spain, Germany, Russia and the United States have all been saying unkind things about him, even the decrepit, sensuous Turk thinks he can take advantage of this unanimity of

MR. HARRISON IS A STEEPLE JACK.

dislike to have his little shy at John Bull, while John is afraid to make a move that might help the Armenians for fear he will set the whole shop ablaze. Public opinion in England has been getting red hot for some time past, but statesmen with responsibility on their shoulders, who know more than the ordinary man in the street of the dangers they have to encounter, have been moving slowly, and with caution; so the Englishman, unable to make his slow-going government move, has betaken himself to the amusement of decorating the monument of the late Mr. Nelson. There is no particular reason why this should be done this particular year more than any other year. It is not the centenary of the event, the period when nations generally have a blow-out over times that are past; it is in fact, if I remember rightly, the ninety-first anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar. Why, then, should this not have been done on the ninetieth, or the eighty-eighth, or the eightieth year, and why should the placid statue of Lord Nelson be surprised this year with the mounting of Mr. Harrison of Sheffield?

England, as a rule, is not given to celebrating victories, unless it is by a quiet dinner with something good to drink on the board; but she seems to have come to the conclusion that it would not be a bad thing his year to remind people in general that this little one-eyed, one-armed man annihilated some years ago the combined fleets of France and Spain, and that he made a big stir in several quarters of the globe before he was himself snuffed out on the deck of the well-named Victory.

It is a gentle intimation, by means of a nine-ton wreath of green stuff, that upon occasion England has been checked once too often, and when that happened somebody invariably got hurt.

But as I have said, my admiration the other day was not for Horatio Nelson, but for the intrepid Mr. Harrison and his nimble assistants. He did the trick with eighteen-foot ladders. He planted a ladder at the base of the monument and tied the top of it with ropes; then another ladder was run up to the top of the first, the lower part of the second ladder being roped to the top rounds of the first, while its top was fastened firmly to the monument; thus Mr. Harrison went up and up in an incredibly short space of time.

It was supposed there would be some difficulty in getting over the coping at the top of the monument, but this presented no difficulty to the active Mr. Harrison who speedily found himself in a position to shake hands with Lord Nelson a hundred and seventy-six feet from the ground.

Trafalgar square, where the monument stands, was laid out somewhat less than sixty-six years ago, and so is a comparatively modern feature of London. Sir Robert Peel called it the finest site in Europe, but in that I think he was wrong. I should give that title to the Place de Concord in Paris, or the top of the hill in Brussels where the huge block of modern public buildings stands in a position where it can be seen from almost any part of the city, standing high above the town, and commanding the wilderness of roofs that clusters at its feet.

England was somewhat slow in recognizing Lord Nelson. He bequeathed to the nation his illegitimate daughter, and the nation paid not the slightest attention to his bequest. It was not till 1840 that this monument was erected at the cost of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Even when the shaft was erected a long time elapsed before Landseer's lions were placed at the foot. The great animal painter took his time over the lions; and in one respect they were similar to the base of the statue of liberty in New York—that is, they became a standard newspaper joke because of the delay in placing them in position. It was not until 1868 that they were set to guard Lord Horatio Nelson, and then the papers unkindly said that they were not like lions at all, and that the old lion at the top of Northumberland house refused to recognize them as being of the same species as himself. It was even said that the lions at the zoo framed a protest to parliament against the lions which Sir Edward Landseer had placed in the most prominent position in London. Succeeding generations, however, have reversed this newspaper verdict, and artists of to-day claim the lions of Landseer are the most noble effigies of that distinguished beast that mankind has yet executed. The tall monument took three years in building, and so far as I know has never been decorated before.

The old ship Victory, on which Nelson died, still lies in Portsmouth harbor, and the other day a wreath was placed on the spot where the admiral expired a few hours after victory was assured. The Victory, on the day the monument was decorated, was also covered with bunting, and lying near was a French yacht which made a sympathetic display of color.

Just as the old battleship and the new yacht lay in peace together, let us hope the recriminations between nations will cease, and that lambs and lions all over this green earth will not disturb our meditations with their heretofore eternal row.

HE RESIGNED.

How the Postmaster at Pony, Montana, Did It.

In the early days of Pony, a mining camp in Montana, the postoffice consisted of an old tea-box, into which all the letters were dumped, the citizens helping themselves, says an exchange. There were only forty citizens in Pony, and, there being no money in the office, it was with considerable difficulty that the storekeeper was persuaded to accept the postmastership.

One day a stranger rode into camp and called on the postmaster.

"Don't you know," he began, sternly, "that it is illegal to allow people to pick out their own letters like that?"

"Waal, stranger," said the postmaster, "I don't know that it is any of your business how this office is run."

"But I am a United States postoffice inspector."

"In this case," said the postmaster, "we will finish up this postoffice right now."

He took the tea-box, placed it in the middle of the road, and, with a good run, kicked it clear across the gulch.

"Now, then," he resumed, "you go right back to Washington and tell the department from me that the accounts are closed and the postmaster at Pony has resigned."

Preserving Wood.

There have been a number of processes patented for preserving wood. One of them, very generally used, consists in immersing the timber in a bath of corrosive sublimate. Another process consists in first filling the pores with a solution of chloride of calcium under pressure, and next forcing in a solution of sulphate of iron, by which an insoluble sulphate of lime is formed in the body of the wood, which is thus rendered nearly as hard as stone. Wood prepared in this way is now very largely used for railroad ties. Another process consists in impregnating the wood with a solution of chloride of zinc. Yet another way is to thoroughly impregnate the timber with oil of tar containing creasote and a crude solution of acetate of iron. The process consists in putting the wood in a cylindrical vessel, connected with a powerful air pump. The air is withdrawn, and the liquid subjected to pressure, so that as much of it as possible is forced into the pores of the wood. The processes above given not only season the timber so that it is not subject to dry rot, but also keep it from being injured by the weather, or being attacked by insects or worms.

A Larger Army Called For.

In his annual report to the secretary of war, General Miles, commanding the army, renewed the recommendation for an increase of the enlisted force. He would have the enlisted strength based on the population, at the rate of one soldier for every 2,000 of the people as a minimum, and one to every 1,000 of the people as a maximum. This would give us a force ranging from 35,000 to 70,000 enlisted men, at the discretion of the president. The army has remained stationary at 25,000 for many years, although our population has increased rapidly. The new coast defences which congress has authorized, require more men to garrison the forts and man the guns than can be furnished under the present laws.

Pathetic Scenes in the Leper Colony on Molokia Island.

The Rev. Dr. Philip Anderson, who has returned to his home in Pomona Valley, in southern California, after an absence of two years among the islands in the southern Pacific archipelago, last summer preached to probably the most remarkable congregation in the world. The doctor is the missionary of the Pacific Ocean Evangelical Mission union, and his duties caused him to spend much time in the Hawaiian Islands. He preached in Honolulu for several weeks, and there attracted the attention of President Dole, of the Hawaiian republic.

The doctor desired to visit Molokai, the famous island to which lepers are exiled by the national board of health of the Hawaiian republic. No one except the officers of the national board is permitted to land at Molokai, and even the officers are guided by strict regulations as to where they go and what they do in the leper colony. President Dole gave permission to Rev. Dr. Anderson to go to Molokai for one, but he was constantly to be accompanied by a physician in the service of the national board of health.

A Tragedy of Love and Self Sacrifice.

A pathetic love tragedy is being played in the leper colony of Molokai. A beautiful native girl fell in love and married the man of her choice. Soon he developed symptoms of leprosy. They were slight, and might have been concealed, but were not. The young husband was banished from Honolulu to Molokai. His beautiful girl bride followed. She preferred the place with its hideous menace, to Honolulu without her husband. Now she attends divine worship in the leper colony, and is a pathetic figure among the condemned, into whose limping ranks the dread disease will soon push her, for none that live at Molokai ever escape.

It is, in fact, an unwritten law of the Samoans that a bride shall share the fate of the husband if he contracts leprosy—that she shall go with him to the leper colony and there, without hope, await the approach of this horrible, lingering death. The young bride, with the pathos of despair on her countenance, looking sadly but resignedly upon the miserable men and women about her, was noticed by the Rev. Dr. Anderson standing at the edge of the strange congregation to which he preached.

"The island of Molokai," said Rev. Dr. Anderson, in relating his experiences there to a Sunday World correspondent, "is about ten miles long and four wide. Its name means land of precipices. There is but one landing place on the island, and that near the colony, so even if it were possible to cross the towering cliffs and fearful gulches and canyons, no one could get away from Molokai.

An Awful Picture.

"The territory occupied by the lepers contains about 18,000 acres. It lies in a little valley, well watered and protected by mountains from the winds of the great ocean. Oranges, lemons and bananas grow wild. The chief product is rice. The lepers are cared for at the expense of Hawaii. There are now nearly 600 lepers in the colony. A few of them have been there for twenty-five years, but most of them have been transported to Molokai in the last ten years. The lepers know there is absolutely no hope for them to leave the leper colony and that the joys of home are forever denied them.

"The very air in the colony seems heavy with leprosy, for there is a peculiar sweetish odor wherever one goes among the homes in Molokai. As I went past the hospital, the odor of the seventy or eighty lepers who lay on cots in the dooryard, or who sat idly about the broad porch, was distressing. I met the Rev. Father Drake, who voluntarily went to Molokai from Syracuse, N. Y., to take the place of Father Damien, who, himself a vigorous young man, went to live in Molokai to work among the lepers until death released him from the inevitable years of pain and disease.

"Father Drake told me that he had suffered the first stages of leprosy, although he had avoided the disease a year or two by extreme care in his mode of living and association with the lepers. He said that the earliest symptoms of leprosy were constant headaches, slight nausea and later numbness of the fingers and toes, so that one might hold his fingers or toes to any unbearably hot substance and feel no heat. Then the fingers and toes begin to mortify at the joints, and later to drop away. Father Drake had lost but one finger joint when we saw him, and he believed he might live ten years more. He said he was happy that he could minister to the suffering and dying at Molokai as no one else could, and his only desire to prolong his own life was to cheer and convert those about him.

Heroism of Women.

"There are four young nuns who have gone to a living death at Molokai. One is from Syracuse, N. Y., two are sisters from Newark, N. J., and the fourth came from Philadelphia. Two have been attacked by the dread disease, one is probably not yet innoculated with leprosy, while the other had been mildly attacked when I was there. These nuns go into the little frame homes of the lepers, sit by them in their hours of pain and suffering in the hospital, and minister to the religious welfare of the dying. The little girls in Molokai, who have been torn from their homes in Honolulu and other Hawaiian towns, almost worship the nuns, and have found much solace in the presence of the heroic American women, who have gone to the colony as to a living tomb. If there ever were heroes and heroines in this world those Americans at Molokai are heroic.

"I was the first white person, except Father Drake, who had preached in the little chapel at Molokai. When it became known in the colony that 'the strange white man' was going to preach in the chapel, nearly every leper in the place who could get about came immediately on the ringing of the bell. The physician who accompanied me had the windows and doors of the little wooden structure opened wide, so that there might be fresh air in the meeting. He also advised me to handle nothing in the church, and to touch no one there.

"I never felt so sad as when these 350 afflicted men, women and children entered the chapel. Among them were several Americans who had lived in Honolulu and had contracted leprosy among the natives. They came in limping on crutches and canes. There were, too, a few Englishmen who hobbled down the narrow aisles. There were two English women, who could not have been over thirty-five years of age, who were without fingers but had preserved their fresh complexion. About half a dozen Frenchmen and three Germans were in the throng. They had all been sailors and had contracted leprosy in the Hawaiian islands. All the rest were natives of the islands. Every one in the strange assemblage bore marks of leprosy.

Pathetic Boy and Girl Lepers.

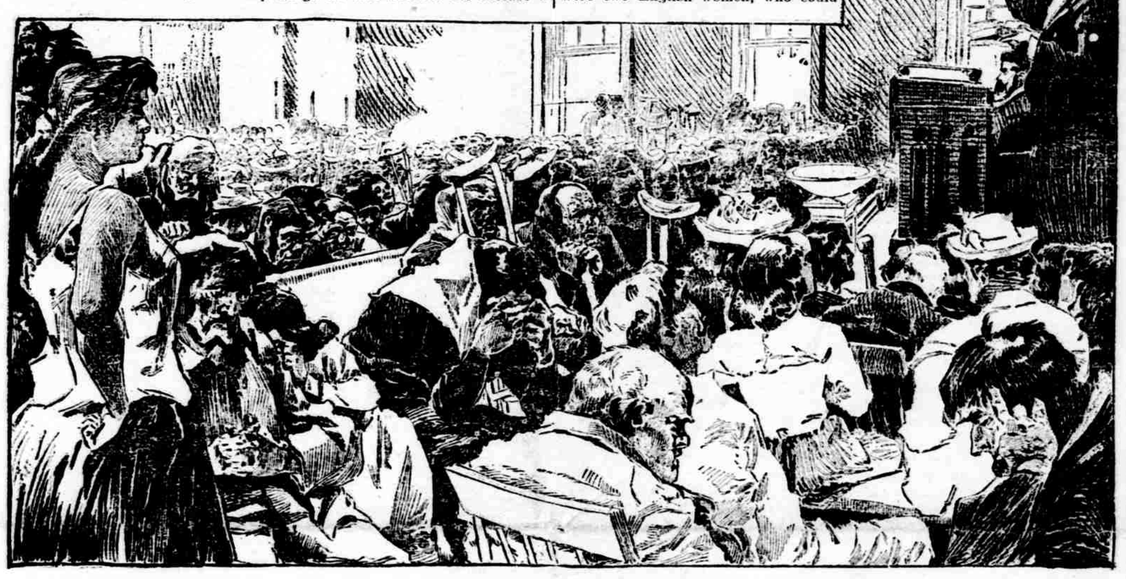
"The little girls and boys who came to hear me preach were the most pathetic of all. A few were attractive in spite of their sad, pinched and tearful faces. A few children were as young as ten years, and about twenty were between fourteen and eighteen years. One little girl, the child of parents from San Francisco, who had been born in Honolulu, was carried to a bench. She had lost both her feet and several fingers. She had been in the colony for four years, and the nuns said she went to sleep every night weeping and longing for her father and mother. Another Hawaiian girl of fourteen had lost one hand and an ear. Her remaining hand was so weak that a stronger friend held the hymn book for the little one so that she could sing with the others. There were several little boys, bright-eyed and evidently from good Hawaiian families, who had lost fingers and other members. They seemed more cheerful than any of the others—probably because they did not realize that they were never again to see home and parents and friends.

"When all were seated crutches and tall canes stuck up here and ther all over the chapel. A few persons reclined on their benches because of inability to sit up. I gave a half-hour talk on the blessings of a resigned Christian life and the joy that awaits Christians in the other world. I think two-thirds of my audience knew English sufficiently well to follow me.

Lepers Pray for a Cure.

"When I had finished a tall Scotchman, evidently a former sailor, of about fifty years of age, arose and offered prayer. When he had finished a native of Honolulu, who, I was told, had been a rich rice grower in the islands, spoke for about five minutes. He said he wanted to tell the American man how glad the lepers of Molokai were to have a person from the outside world come to see them, and that the event would never be forgotten by any one in the colony as long as life remained. He broke into tears and said he wished I would tell the white people what a horrible thing leprosy was and to urge the white doctors to discover some cure for the disease. Between his sobs he said that if it had not been for a hope of happiness in heaven there would be suicides in Molokai every day. He said they were all living as best they knew how, hoping for speedy death to remove them from misery. As he proceeded the congregation began to weep, and the lamentation of the girls and young women was the most affecting thing I have ever heard.

"The physician with me said he never had seen such a heart-breaking scene, and he had witnessed many among the people who were forcibly taken to Molokai. I started a familiar hymn, and in a few minutes had the weeping people under partial control, for all Hawaiians love music dearly. Then the congregation was dismissed, and while the lame and halt went on crutches and canes slowly down the road to their cheap little homes, my companion and I silently walked to the dock, where we took the government boat for Honolulu. I've witnessed some very touching scenes in my life, but that at Molokai was the most affecting of all of them."



"I NEVER FELT SO SAD AS WHEN THESE 350 AFFLICTED MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ENTERED THE CHAPEL. AMONG THEM WERE SEVERAL AMERICANS WHO HAD LIVED IN HONOLULU AND HAD CONTRACTED LEPROSY AMONG THE NATIVES. THEY CAME IN LIMPING ON CRUTCHES AND CANES. * * * EVERY ONE IN THE STRANGE ASSEMBLAGE BORE MARKS OF LEPROSY."—Rev. Dr. Philip Anderson.

ASBESTOS BANDAGES.

They Have Come Into Use as Surgical Dressings.

Asbestos has come into use as a surgical dressing. Its softness to the touch and glistening, silky appearance commend it as being unirritating to the skin and cleanly, says the Philadelphia Press. But the chief reason for its use is its indestructibility by fire. This quality makes it possible to render asbestos surgical dressings absolutely free from germs. No other form of lint or cloth can be thus sterilized. Antiseptic surgery was introduced a little after the death of President Garfield. The original idea was to kill all the germs and microbes in an operation wound by means of strong disinfecting solutions, such as carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury. All operations were carried on under a spray of antiseptic solutions until the surgeons began to poison themselves by too free use of them. Next the surgeons found that if they boiled all their instruments and dressings they could dispense with the spray and many of the "antiseptic precautions." The ingenuity of instrument-makers and surgeons was exhausted in devising new forms of sterilizers. All hospitals in the city have a great number of devices for sterilizing dressings with superheated steam under a high pressure. Instruments are boiled in various solutions or baked in ovens. The chief material used is purified gauze, which has taken the place of lint. Immense quantities of it are used every day in the large hospitals, for a gauze dressing is never used twice. Asbestos dressings can be used over and over again, for no germs can stand the heating that asbestos can go through, and each time it becomes as good as new and absolutely germ-proof. It will be chiefly used for military surgery. The great problem for army surgeons is how to be perfectly antiseptic or aseptic, which means simply absolutely clean in a surgical sense, with the limited means at their service. A handful of asbestos can be sterilized instantly in a soldier's campfire. Asbestos is made from a mineral substance and consists of fine crystalline elastic fibers. It is quite cheap. A single fiber of asbestos fuses to a white enamel, but in the match it is capable of resisting ordinary flame. The ancients used it to wrap around bodies to preserve the ashes of the dead when on the funeral pile. A workman in an English foundry was accused of witchcraft in the early part of the century for having a pair of stockings which he cleansed in a furnace instead of a laundry.

Anecdote of Baron Pollock.

The effort being made in some quarters to persuade a judge to resign his appointment brings to mind an anecdote told of Baron Pollock when he was Chief Baron Pollock. On one occasion someone hinted retirement pretty broadly to the baron, entirely with a view, the person urged, to the prolongation of such a valuable life.

As soon as he saw the drift of the speaker's remarks the old man rose, and with his grim, dry gravity said:

"Will you dance with me?"

Naturally the well wisher stood aghast at the chief baron's strange request, but the latter who prided himself particularly upon his sturdy legs, began to caper about with youthful vivacity. Seeing his visitor standing surprised, the baron tripped up to him and said: "Well, if you won't dance with me, will you box with me?" and "squaring up" to him, half in jest and half in earnest, literally boxed the gentleman out of the room. After that the old chief baron had no more visitors anxiously inquiring after his health and suggesting retirement.—Westminster Gazette.

Child Charged with Murder.

Annie Isaac, 13 years of age, is in jail at Columbia, S. C., charged with murdering her 12-year-old cousin, Rosa Joseph. The deed was done with an axe.

London has 75,000 street lamps, Paris 50,000, and New York 28,000.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is hard at work upon a small play, to which she is said to be devoting some of her best energies.

It has been proposed by citizens of Portland, Ore., to build a bicycle path from that city to the base of Mount Hood, a distance of fifty-four miles.

A writer in an English literary publication declares that Jules Verne never made more than $4,000 in any one year. Zola's annual income is believed to be about $60,000.

The great linguists have never been great, save in their specialty. No great linguist was also great as an author. The ability to learn languages does not seem to coexist with talent in other lines.

Another novelist who has taken to play writing is Sir Walter Besant. He has just brought out a book of drawing-room pieces written in collaboration with W. H. Pollock, and depending for interest on the course of the plot rather than on sparkling epigram.

"SCRAPS."

There are said to be over 3,000,000 deities in the Hindoo mythology.

Two million glass eyes are manufactured yearly in Germany and Switzerland.

The largest theatrical building is the Grand Opera of Paris, which covers three acres.

In proportion to its size, Britain has eight times as many miles of railway as the United States.

An apple contains as much nutriment as a potato, and in a pleasanter and more wholesome form.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

After long agitation on the subject, a monument to Jules Simon, the French statesman, is soon to be erected.

An Unlucky Find.

Some time ago an Austrian peasant, who was cleaning an old picture for his aunt, found 50,000 florins in paper money in it. He claimed the usual 10 per cent as reward and got it. There were two aunts and as each claimed the picture as her own an expensive lawsuit resulted. Finally the sisters decided to go halves, but when the bank notes were examined they were found null and void, the government's term for redeeming them having expired. The peasant refused to return the 5,000 florins which he received in current money, wherefore his aunts have now sued him.—Exchange.

Our Manners Astonish Them.

American and English manners seem bald and often astounding to well-bred people in many parts of the continent of Europe. We lift our hats only to ladies. All over the continent nodding to a man without lifting your hat is treating him as an inferior; in some parts of the continent no one thinks of entering a shop, a restaurant or a railway carriage containing other human beings without taking off his hat and wishing them good morning.—New York Post.

The Yule Log.

The yule log in England is a relic of Druidism; its name is believed to be a corruption of the wheel log, a wheel in Druidical symbolism typifying the march of the sun. The lighting of the yule fire is reminiscent of the sacred fires kindled by the Druids at mid-winter in the round towers which yet remain in many parts of Great Britain, Ireland, France and Spain.

The Wonderful Growth of Chicago.

The population of Chicago in 1830 was 70; 1840, 4,853; 1845, 12,088; 1850, 29,963; 1855, 60,227; 1860, 112,172; 1865, 178,900; 1870, 298,977; 1872, 364,577; 1880, 503,185; 1884 (estimated), 675,000; 1885 (estimated), 727,000; 1886 (estimated), 750,000; 1887 (estimated), 760,000; 1889 (estimated), 1,000,000; 1896, 1,750,000.

SIGNS OF THE PLANETS

INDICATIONS THAT AFFECT EVERY HUMAN LIFE.

Prof. Cunningham's Free Readings for Our Readers Have Become Very Popular—Some Instructions for the Guidance of Applicants for Horoscopes.

THE astrologer is receiving many requests for free readings through these columns. Each request is numbered when received and every one will be answered in its turn.

The astrologer again calls attention to the fact that each request must state the date, place and hour of birth, also sex and color, with full name and address of sender. The initials only and place of residence will be used in the reading.

Be exact about the hour of birth. If applicants do not know the date or hour they should send two two-cent stamps for special instructions. Persons wishing their horoscopes made immediately and forwarded by mail must send twelve two-cent stamp to cover expenses. Name and address must be plainly written. Address all communications to Prof. G. W. Cunningham, Dept. 4, 194, So. Clinton street, Chicago.

This weeks readings are as follows:

Betsey: Monroe, Mich.

According to data, you are a mixture of the signs of Taurus and Gemini, and therefore Venus and Mercury are your ruling planets or significators. You are medium height or above, and medium to dark hair, complexion and eyes; the eyes have a peculiar sparkle and sharp light; you are energetic and ambitious and will make a great effort to rise in the world, yet you will find many obstacles to overcome and will not be appreciated or paid in accordance with what your ability should command, yet you will succeed far better than the average of people. You are a natural born orator and if you take ordinary care of the money you get into your possession you will become wealthy.

C. A. J., Webster City, Iowa.

According to data, the sign Leo, which the Sun rules, was rising at your birth, with Mercury and Venus on the ascendant, and therefore the Sun, Venus and Mercury are your ruling planets or significators.

You are medium height or above; medium to light complexion, hair and eyes; you will be disposed to baldness early in life; you will be active, ambitious, energetic, and will hold a good position in any locality; you will always be regarded as a leading man not so much from your wealth as from your ability. You will also be noted as having a great gift of language and as an orator you would make a great success. You are very popular with the ladies.

W. A. W., Dubuque, Iowa.

You have the zodiacal sign Virgo rising and therefore Mercury is your ruling planet. You are medium height or slightly above with a well proportioned figure; the complexion, hair and eyes from medium to dark; you are rather reserved in your manner until you get well acquainted. When young you were quite bashful, modest and avoided strangers. You are active, energetic, ambitious and industrious; you are very humane in your nature, kind to all, make many friends, and will be very popular with the ladies; you are gifted in one of the fine arts and very fond of any kind of art work; you have good command of language. You will rise to a high position in life, and if you avoid hazardous speculation and take good care of the money that comes into your possession you will become quite wealthy. It will be hard for you to keep money after you make it.

Gertrude, St. Joseph, Mo.

You have the zodiacal sign Cancer rising, therefore the moon is your ruling planet; you are medium height or above, with rather well proportioned figure; the shoulders good width, the complexion fair; eyes light; hair medium; you are fond of making changes in certain ways, and will be rather of an emotional nature, and will sometimes change your mind very quickly and apparently without any good reasons for it. Your constitution is not of a robust kind, and you are subject to feverish ailments and especially severe headaches when these attacks come on. You are fond of having your own way and are liable to rebel if opposed strongly. You are endowed by nature with strong intuitions, and might easily develop some mediumistic powers if you would make some effort in that direction.

Remarkable Confidence.

She: "It is remarkable what confidence that Mrs. Storms has in her husband! Believes everything he says." He: "Well, why shouldn't she?" "Why, man! he's a clerk in the weather bureau."—Yonkers Statesman.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

The man whom praze allwuss makes humble, iz an ironclad.

In youth our pashuns keep us bizzy; in middle life our ambishuns; in old age, the rumatism.

The more intelligent a man bekums, the less he thinks of himself, and the more he thinks of others.

Adversity is tru and honest; it iz the test that never deceives us. Prosperity iz allwuss treacherous.

If a man will tell me what he thinks of his nabors, I can tell him what his nabors think ov him.

I have seen people spend a large share ov their time and tallents gitting religion, and a very small share in practicing it.

When a man has done me one absolute good turn he kan't kross it off from mi books, I don't kare how mean he may be afterward.

When I waz a young man I waz allwuss anxious to beat other men at their own game; now that I am old, if I kan beat them at mine I am satisfied.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus State Bank

(Oldest Bank in the State.)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

AND

Makes Loans on Real Estate.

ISSUES SIGHT DRAFTS ON

Omaha, Chicago, New York and all Foreign Countries.

SELLS STEAMSHIP TICKETS.

BUYS GOOD NOTES

And helps its customers when they need help

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R. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't.

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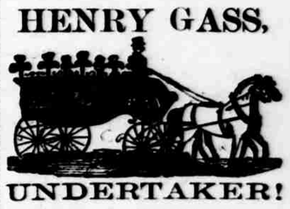

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