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Taken to the Control of					
Eastward	Boune	the .			
Emigrant,	No. 6, 1	CATE	e at	6:25	a. m
Passeng'r,			18	11:06	a. m
Freight.	8	38	** ****	2:15	p. m.
reight.	** 10.	94	. 48	4:30	n. m
Westieure	l Boun	d.			
Freight. !	So. 5, 1	cave	s at	2:00	p. m
Passeng'r,	** 3	44	**	4:27	p. m
Freight.	. 9.		44	6:00	p.m
Emigrant,		44	46	-1:30	8. m
Every da		out S	Saturday	the	three
lines leadi	no to	Chi	carro cot	nnect	with
TLATER TOWNS	BIG EO	- mi	Carpon Com	D-844	and many
U P. treit	SH ME	ma	us. On	Sutin	coays
there will	be by	at or	e train	a da	Y. 8
shown by t	he fall	awi	ar sched	tule:	
ROOME DI	and area	NT 31		h and	OS:15
	12. 15	N. 11	. ) .71	n anu	3055

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# Columbus



WHOLE NO. 460.

"Everything!" she exclaimed, as

"Irene, do you know what your

But, in answer, she sprung into

Luck.

There is no such thing as luck in

this world. The idea is preposter-

and reveal its hidden treasures; fish

to come ashore to be caught; grain

to grow without planting, or gold

to come ready dug and coined.

would come as soon as luck.

tence the better.

moonshine of the thinnest quality.

Young man, all the luck you can

find will be wrought out by brain

unbending will; by plunging into

tain, by "paddling your own canoe,"

by nerve, by pushing; by a brave

front and heart; by kicking hope

out of doors; by resisting the temp-

ear to idle dreams. Fools alone

trust to any other means of acquir-

Verily, believers (and followers of

their belief) in luck, will find them-

selves in the situation of Cowper's

Worldly Wisdom.

seives nearly as much as others, and

in a tenacious mediocrity; they con-

fruit, progress, or remembrances;

In vain does man try to content

"Who spent their lives

ing reputation and fortune.

time. Some of the old friends had In dropping buckets into empty wells

come forward in this second hour of And growing tired of drawing nothing

Had he, then, forgotten all his demn themselves to that monotony

VOL. IX .-- NO. 44.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1879.

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all its treasures told, For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold. 11th Street, South of Depot.

girl whom she addressed.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how do you do to-day? You drew up that paper-I s'pose you Don't cut down your figures; make it an

For that 'cre written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue, Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what was goin' to do: And if my hosses hadn't been the steadfest team alive,

They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for

I couldn't see where to drive. No-for I was laborin' under a heavy No-tor I was travelin' an entirely different road: For I was a-tracin' over the path of our

lives ag'in, And secin' where we missed the way. and where we might have been. And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led, When I ought to've held my temper, and

driven straight ahead;

more those memories came. And the more I struck opinion that I was the most to blame. And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind, Of little matters betwixt us, where Bet sey was good and kind; And these things flashed all through me.

And the more I thought it over the

as you know things sometimes will When a feller's alone in the darkness. and everything is still. But," says I, " we're too far along to take another track. And when I put my hand to the plow do not oft turn back;

And tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two;" And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through. When I came in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night, And just as I turned a hill-top I see the

Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes, But it don't interest a fellow much that's and when I went in the house, the ta-

kitchen light;

the house.

As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see And I crammed the agreement down in my pocket as well as I could, and fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good. and Betsey pretended to look about

like a cat would watch a mouse; And then she went to toolin' a little And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up. And when I'd done my supper, I drawed the agreement out. And gave it to her without a word, fo

she knowed what 'twas about:

And then I hummed a little tune, but

But she watched my side coat-pocket

now and then a note Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat. Then Betsey, she got her spees from off and read the article over quite softly to herself Read it by little and little, for her eyes

is gettin' old, And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold. And after she'd read a little she gave my arm a tuck, And kindly said she was afraid I was And when she was through she went for me, her face a streamin' with tears,

And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years! don't know what you'll think, sir-I didn't come to inquire-But I picked up that agreement and And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow: And we struck an agreement ne'er

have another row. And so we set a-talkin' three-quarters of the night. And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light; And the days when I was winnin' her from so many men Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss: But when she went to pryin' and openin'

of old sores

My Betsey rose politely, and showed Since then I don't deny but there's been But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do; When one speaks cross the other jus meets it with a laugh.

And the first one's ready to give up

considerable more than half

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in this style, But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while; And I do it for a compliment-'tis so that you can see

That that there written agreement was just the makin' of me. So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer don't stop short of an X: Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks. I'm richer than a National Bank, with

IRENE'S AUCTION.

ening utter helplessness, as she look-

while she laid her finger caressingly But one evening, as he sat by words-the love he had said was of ideas, to that coldness of sentiupon ber mother's pale cheek-" Irene's side alone, very calmly, very bers forever-or did its pale ghost ment, which lets the days go by Don't worry, dearest. I hope the asked her to become his wife. which for a time must be our future I could not have asked you to be- from her: "Earl do not go. I can not to grow old and die, what serihome, until I can secure some pu- come my wife; and, though I have not bear it!" 307 pils and get the little home in the not forgotten, dear, that I am a man "Irene!" Where had his ley in- their minds?

from your door."

They were brave words, bravely spoken-so bravely as not to betray I seek." the effort they cost the speaker.

Six months before, Irene Arthur had reigned a belle in her father's magnificent home, when, like a thunderbolt from a clear summer sky, sparkling eyes. came that father's failure and death in quick succession, with the lessons standing alone and seeing hope -nay, I love you! My love you she had announced the auction of drifting further and further in the distance, until the present, with its Miss Irene; but remember-should Earl, holding her close to his heart. absolute emergencies, roused her you ever need it, it is always yours, will yield his prize nevermore.

The small head, set so regally to die for you!" upon the slight, sloping shoulders, held itself more regally still; the red, full-curved lips were pressed more proudly together, as Irene buckled on her armor for the fray.

The bardest part was over now. Her mother had been told the worst which could befall them. She must now take her from this spot, hallowed by memory, before the desecrating foot of strangers entered it.

A few days' search, and she was rewarded by finding, in a quiet house, a suite of rooms which met at once her purse and her requirements, in sad contrast to the elegant luxuriance with which she had been surrounded her life long, but where, at least, her mother was saved the sight of the red flag, which seemed to her to be dyed in her heart's

"Is there nothing you would wish to save, Miss Arthur?" questioned a voice at her side, the morning of

She turned haughtily toward the stranger, but something in his clear blue eyes bent upon her witnessed the words held honest meaning. "I beg your pardon, sir," she an-

the pride these latter days had developed so forcibly; "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance." "It is for me to beg pardon. I

much to preserve any article you left desolate indeed. coldly, and passed on, to take one her had not been a dream fleeting look ere she fled to the place

own desk, her mother's favorite near until the Angel of Death stoop- produce food and clothing, and pictures-were brought in, the feel- ed and gathered her to his breast.

burst of tears. one moment the honest blue eyes -she suddenly roused, and laid her and muscle-by effort and daring and which had met her own that day daughter's hand in his. rose before her. But no! such delicacy belonged not to their owner's. rank in life. Nor was it a stranger's work. Some one must have known her well to have selected the few things it had been such bitter war-

fare to part with. They were, indeed, like old friends sent to comfort her, as, in the weary days that followed, her tired eyes would rest upon them in her bitter struggle for the daily necessities of life for herself-the luxuries which

to her mother had become neces-Business had thrown her more than once with Earl Kenneth, the suffering; but through all she missowner of the blue eyes. There had ed him, and the thought that he had been matters connected with the learned forgetfulness brought her sale which had compelled her to no comfort. She was thinking of meet him, until he grew to her al- him one evening, when he entered. most as a friend, and at times she "I am going away, Miss Irene," he would forget the social gulf which said. "Will you bid me God speed?" own pride, self-love and ambition. allowance to spend as she chooses, separated them-she, the once The old pride struggled for mas- But on the other hand, what a mis- her share of the joint earnings? If wealthy banker's daughter, he, a tery against the choking in the slen- erable existence is that of cold, you don't know it, it is high time man who had risen from the humb- der throat, but the words she strove calculating men, who deceive them- that you found it out, and you can

"And must all go? Can nothing The friends she had once known these years of hard work, and am which may be born in the hearts, as be saved?" querulously questioned she no longer knew. They rode; now able to wait for the practice I a disease of imagination which needs Mrs. Arthur, her hands listlessly she walked, and must stand on the hope will come. You will think of to be dissipated to the air. What a the present tense; he lends in the folded across her lap, her air betok- curb to let their carriages drift by. me sometimes, Miss Irene, and if in poor existence also is that of men, ed pitifully toward the beautiful smile, her mother, too, grew to said-that I stand always ready to treat as folly the source of those "Nothing, mamma," answered the ers, or the early fruit, he ever laid asking too much?" he added, as her thoughts. They confine themselves latter, drawing nearer as she spoke, so quietly in Mrs. Arthur's hand, silence continued. and kneeling by the other's side, growing daily paler and thinner.

only each other; but papa's death truly, yet with a certain humbleness lie buried, too? But she must speak without drawing from them either NEW STORE, NEW GOODS, has taught us how much that is. he told her that he loved her, and -she must not let him know. sale will enable us to buy furniture | "I cannot bear to see you struggle, spite of herself, the words she had features, what marks would they more suitable to the few rooms he said. "Once, as you well know, thought locked in her heart burst retain of its passage? If they had

country where you are to live, sur- who has only honor and ambition, difference fled now? Ilis face was rounded by birds and flowers, and I yet can take you from this life of pale; his voice trembled in his forget that the red flag ever waved toil, can shield you with my breast, struggle for calmness. "What matcan toil for you and yours, if you ters it to you?" will give me the precious assurance her pride lay with folded wings at

Was the man mad? The pride her feet. "Or, if you must go, take she had forgotten in these quiet me with you!" months now surged upward, as she turned toward bim with pale and words mean-that I can take you

only as my wife? My darling, is "Sir, you insult me!" this true?" "No man insults a woman with experience only teaches, of friends his honest love, Miss Arthur," he his open farms, dimly realizing that deserting in the hour of need-little answered, the pride in hers bearing the color mantling her cheek was by little learning the necessity of its reflex on his face. "I loved you the abhorred red flag with which spurn. I can never offer it again, herself to the highest bidder; but

> "Why does not Earl come?" questioned the invalid. "I want to see him-I miss him. Write, Irene, and tell him he must call this evening."

ready to do for you, to suffer for you,

She wrote, in obedience: "Mamma asks for you. She knows nothing. If you will occasionally drop in to see her I shall be glad." It cost her pride a struggle to send even this; but was it possible it also brought a thrill of something like pleasure that she should meet him

The weeks had seemed strangely ong without him. Why had she thus answered him? Of course the thing he asked was impossible; but, the earth and fought the bravest ah, how cruel she had spurned him! Had he forgotten it? She had expected some trace of sorrow on the handsome brow; but when he entered, in obedience to ber summons, the old frank smile lit up his face,

as, devoting himself to the invalid, he spoke to her only when courtesy Somehow, these weeks seemed to have improved him too. He had acquired a polish; or was it only

indifference, where love had reigned? "Men easily forget," she thought, swered, unable to disguise wholly and with the thought she sighed. The winter wore to an end, and this world were dependent upon it, greater than her nervous system er have been bestowed; the brainforgot I might not be known to you could bear, and she sank under it less faculties of beasts in the field kindness, and, though I would not time, the realization burst upon her seem intrusive, I should like very daughter that she was soon to be those cursed by "bad luck," there

Not once did his eyes rest on her ing so long repressed gave way to a Earl was there at the last, and, as she lay so quietly on her pillows-they Who had done this thing? For thought her spirit had already flown

"Take her!" she said. "I give her the stream; by climbing the moun-

Then the eves closed forever.

"Do not mind it; she meant only

as a brother, Irene," he said, in comfort, days after, to the weeping girl, and Irene wondered she could not as such accept it. So the weary days merged into weeks, the weeks into months, and the proud young spirit learned its own bitterness. She saw Earl rarely now-there was no longer the invalid's impatient demands upon his

lest ranks, but whose soul was that to utter refused to come. "I have been studying law during who repel the generous inspirations Earl's cheery voice and pleasant trouble, remember the words I once who not satisfied with doing evil, subjective, and ruins you in the welcome, with the few choice flow- act the part of a friend. Is even this beautiful actions, those great

"Good-by!" she faltered; then, and if time did not wrinkle their

THE JOURNAL.

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## Training Steers to Work.

It is a well trained mind which is fully equal to the task of training animals to labor, especially animals which cannot understand that labor has any result. It is not the nature of the ox or the horse to labor. It is little wonder then that he should be unwilling to labor until, by dint of sufficient training, he is brought into its practice from habit. Man in training the animal should remember that he is the thinking and reasoning being-that he must do all the thinking of both parties. It is too often the case that he, too, allows himself to be overcome by passion and rendered as little cap-

able of thinking as the brute. It is a rule always in breaking animals to require nothing which they cannot easily perform, and place them in such circumstances that they cannot avoid performing it. ous. The man who depends on it Beating should never be resorted will never amount to anything; will to. If you want gentle, kind be a mere cipher. One might as animals, treat them so as to make well wait for the ocean to dry up them kind. The following method of training steers to work will be found to be a good one:

First, have a yard so well and

thoroughly fenced that they can-The men called the most lucky not run far away from you-not so who never had even a distant idea far but that you are close by their of valuable things coming for the side all the time. Get your steers wishing-the men who are the in the yard and begin with familarstrongest put their shoulders to the izing them to your presence, start wheel, pulled the hardest against them around you, they doing the wind and tide, dug the deepest into traveling and you looking on, talking mildly to them and motioning as you want them to learn. Control Success is not luck-not in the your voice. There is no brute so east. It did not come by chance, low in the scale of intelligence as not but was the result of long and strento be able to read an angry or excitnous effort. There was no waiting, ed voice. So long as you keep the no idle hoping. The probabilities voice calm, you may have the were seized and the possibilities mastery-allow yourself to become worked out to the utmost fraction. excited or adopt the screaming While the foolish dreamers were method, and you have lost a portion idle the successful man was up and of your control over them-that is doing. He knew that doomsday all gained by controlling yourself. A day's time in a small yard with a Belief in luck is the most senseless yoke of steers is well spent thus, of superstitions. If the affairs of and by night they will have learned that you require certain things slowly the invalid grew weaker and reasoning powers would never have of them, as walking forward at your more weak. The shock had been been given; knowledge would nev- beek, etc. They may generally be yoked the first day and unyoked several times. This will accustom personally, though I am the auc- day by day, until the exertion of would have been all sufficient. We them to being handled. Above all, tioneer appointed by the estate. moving from her bed to her couch would only have had to wait. Luck be patient. If you discover that Your father once did me a great became too great, when, for the first would have brought all we needed they cannot understand you when -that is to the fortunate-and for you talk to them, you should remember the greater difficulty for would have been no struggling them to understand what is wanted, Earl, during these months, came against fate, and the sooner they etc. When they obey the motion of "With many thanks, sir, I desire and went as of old; but sometimes bowed their miserable heads to the the hand and stop and start at the to receive no favors," she replied. Irene asked herself if his words to decree and quietly ended their exis- word, you may drive them where you like. Study what they need The belief in luck makes "tramps," teaching well. When the work is she must now learn to call home, to with the old look -- not once did he existing upon the bounty and filch- done it will be a proud monument be haunted ail day by the sound of hold for a single moment the little ing the honest and hard won sub- to your patience and skill, or the the auctioneer's hammer and the fingers within his own; and a sense stance of others. The only luck he contrary. You can succeed by care, voices of strangers descerating the of empty disappointment, none the will ever find will be a home in a the use of reason, not the whip, and less bitter because unacknowledged, poor house and a pauper's grave. laborious effort. If a well broken But when, in the dusk of the even- brought to the proud young eyes The idea of luck is disproved by team is the result of your labor, you ing, a cart stopped before the door, many an unshed tear. But bitter everything since since creation, by have wrought well. If you have and one by one articles hallowed by sorrow was in store, as the invalid's creation itself. Luck did not bring succeeded only in producing faults association-her father's chair, her rest approached more and more order from chaos, and will never instead of avoiding them, you have

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honor and a fair name. It is all labor is its own condemnation .-

wrought ill, and the result of your

"Yes," grumbled an interesting husband, "my wife comes to me for money to buy me a Christmas present with; fine way of doing business, and it is the proper way, and if that husband will please stand up a minute, we will address our retation to sloth; by turning a deaf marks to him personally: "Don't you know, sir, that the money belongs as much to your wife as it does to you, only you chance to hold the purse strings? Don't you know that to her industry, her self-denial and her intelligence, you owe more than you will be able to pay if you live a hundred years? Don't you know that when you puff yourself up with the idea that she is living on your bounty, that you are worse than an egotistical fool? And lastly, don't you know that the best himself with material enjoyment; thing you can do, and the right the soul recoils dissatisfied with its thing, is to give your wife a regular

> now sit down. A schoolmaster thus describes a money lender: "He serves you in conditional mood; keeps you in the

The best thing ever said of ghosts was said by Coleridge, when asked by a lady if he believed in them. 'No, madame ; I have seen too many of them to believe in them."

cause it is "under the lash." Think not of faults committed in

A correspondent says that the reported use of the whipping-post in Delaware is "all in your eye," be-

ous reflections would ever enter the past, when one has reformed his