

# The Columbus Journal.

**THE JOURNAL.**  
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Space	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
100 Lines	\$12.00	\$20.00	\$25.00	\$30.00	\$35.00	\$40.00
50 Lines	6.00	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50	20.00
25 Lines	3.00	5.00	6.25	7.50	8.75	10.00
10 Lines	1.50	2.50	3.12	3.75	4.37	5.00

Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dollars. Local advertisements at statutory rates. "Editorial local notices" fifteen cents a line each insertion. "Local notices" five cents a line each insertion. Advertisements classified as "Special notices" five cents a line first insertion, three cents a line each subsequent insertion.

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VOL. IX.—NO. 44.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 460.

**CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.**  
A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Omaha.  
ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Beatrice.  
T. J. MAROIL, Rep., Peru.  
E. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point.

**STATE DIRECTORY:**  
ALBINO NANCE, Governor, Lincoln.  
S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State.  
F. W. Litchell, Auditor, Lincoln.  
G. M. Bartlett, Treasurer, Lincoln.  
C. J. Dilworth, Attorney-General.  
S. E. Thompson, Supt. Public Instruction.  
H. C. Dawson, Warden of Penitentiary.  
W. W. Abney, Prison Inspectors.  
C. H. Gould, Prison Physician.  
H. P. Mathewson, Supt. Insane Asylum.

**JUDICIARY:**  
S. Maxwell, Chief Justice.  
George B. Lusk, Associate Judges.  
AMASA COLE, Clerk.  
FOURTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.  
G. W. Post, Judge, York.  
M. R. Reese, District Attorney, Wahoo.

**LAND OFFICERS:**  
M. B. Hoxie, Register, Grand Island.  
Wm. Anyas, Receiver, Grand Island.

**COUNTY DIRECTORY:**  
J. G. Higgins, County Judge.  
John Suffer, County Clerk.  
V. Kummer, Treasurer.  
Benj. Spielman, Sheriff.  
W. L. Rosenthal, Surveyor.  
Wm. Blooder, Coroner.  
John Walker, County Commissioners.  
John Wiese, Jr.  
Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner.  
S. L. Barrett, Supt. of Schools.  
S. S. McAllister, Justices of the Peace.  
Charles Wake, Constable.

**CITY DIRECTORY:**  
C. A. Spies, Mayor.  
John Schaefer, Clerk.  
John J. Rieky, Marshal.  
J. W. Eadie, Treasurer.  
S. S. McAllister, Justice of the Peace.  
J. G. Routson, Engineer.

**COUNCILMEN:**  
1st Ward—J. E. North.  
E. Pohl.  
2d Ward—E. C. Kavanagh.  
C. E. Morris.  
3d Ward—E. J. Baker.  
Wm. Burgess.

**BUSINESS CARDS**  
**HUGH HUGHES,**  
CARPENTER, JOINER AND CONTRACTOR.  
Office open at all hours.  
Bank Building.

**W. A. CLARK,**  
Mill-Wright and Engineer,  
COLUMBUS, NEB. 402-12

**M. WEISENFLUB,**  
WILL repair watches and clocks in the best manner, and cheaper than can be done in any other town. Work left with Saml. Gass, Columbus, on 11th street, one door east of I. Gluck's store, or with Mr. Weisenflub at Jackson, will be promptly attended to. 415.

**N. MILLETT & SON,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbus, Nebraska, N. B.—They will give close attention to all business entrusted to them. 328.

**RYAN & DEGAN,**  
TWO doors east of D. Ryan's Hotel on 11th street, keep a large stock of Wines, Liquors, Cigars, And everything usually kept at a first-class bar. 411 x.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE!**  
**MARES & COLTS,**  
—Teams of—  
**Horses or Oxen,**  
SADDLE PONIES, wild or broke, at the Corral of GERRARD & ZEIGLER, 429

**DOLAND & SMITH,**  
**DRUGGISTS,**  
Wholesale and Retail,  
NEBRASKA AVE. opposite City Hall, Columbus, Neb. Low prices and fine goods. Prescriptions and family groceries a specialty. 417.

**STAGE ROUTE.**  
JOHN HUBER, the mail-carrier between Columbus and Albion, will leave Columbus everyday except Sunday at 6 o'clock, stopping through Monroe, Grand Island, and to Albion. The hack will call at either of the Hotels for passengers if orders are left at the post-office. Rates reasonable, \$2 to Albion. 222-1/2.

**HARNESS AND SADDLERY!**  
At H. Cramer's old stand Opposite I. Gluck's on 11th Street.

**KEEP ON HAND** all kinds of fresh meats, and smoked pork and beef; fresh fish. Make sausage a specialty. Remember the place, Eleventh St., one door west of D. Ryan's Hotel. 415-1/2.

**DOCTOR BONESTEEL,**  
U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON,  
COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.  
OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m. Office on Nebraska Avenue, three doors north of E. J. Baker's grain office. Residence, corner Wyoming and Walnut streets, north Columbus, Neb. 433-1/2.

**MRS. W. L. COSSEY,**  
Dress and Shirt Maker,  
3 Doors West of Stillman's Drug Store.  
Dresses and shirts cut and made to order and satisfaction guaranteed. Will also do plain or fancy sewing of any description.  
PRICES VERY REASONABLE.  
Give me a call and try my work. 425-1/2.

**HENRY GASS,**  
UNDERTAKER, KEEPS ON HAND ready-made Metallic Coffins, Walnut Picture Frames, Mends Cane Seat Chairs. Keeps on hand Black Walnut Lumber.  
Washington Ave. opposite Court House, Columbus, Neb.

**NEBRASKA HOUSE,**  
S. J. MARMOY, Prop'r.  
Nebraska Ave., South of Depot,  
COLUMBUS, NEB.

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S. J. MARMOY, Prop'r.  
Nebraska Ave., South of Depot,  
COLUMBUS, NEB.

**Dr. E. L. SIGGINS,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Office open at all hours.  
Bank Building.

**J. J. BYRNE,**  
DENTIST,  
COLUMBUS, NEB.  
Office: Eleventh St., one door east of JOURNAL building, up-stairs.

**HENRY G. CAREW,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.  
Formerly a member of the English bar; will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him in this and adjoining counties. Collections made. Office one door east of Schilz shoe store, corner of Olive and 12th Streets, Spricht Deutsch. Parle Français. 418-1/2.

**COLUMBUS BRICK YARD,**  
(One mile west of Columbus.)  
THOMAS FLYNN & SON, Prop'rs.

**GOOD, HARD-BURNT BRICK**  
Always on Hand in QUANTITIES to suit PURCHASERS

**CALIFORNIA WINES!**  
Red and White, \$1.25 & \$1.75  
A GALLON  
—AT—  
SAML. GASS'S,  
Eleventh Street.

**MARY ALBRIGHT,**  
Merchant Tailoress,  
11th Street, opposite Post-Office.

**CLEANING AND REPAIRING DONE.**  
Bring on your soiled clothing, A. G. Hemmerly, Prop'r., 424-1/2.

**LUERS & SCHREIBER**  
Blacksmith and Wagon Maker.  
All kinds of repairing done at short notice. Wagons, Buggies, Ac., etc., made to order. All work warranted. Shop on Olive Street, opposite Tatter's, Columbus, Nebraska. 430-1/2.

**J. C. ELLIOTT,**  
AGENT FOR THE  
**STOVER WIND MILL**  
\$20 OSCILLATING FEED MILL,  
And All Kinds of Pumps

**PUMP MATERIALS!**  
—ALSO—  
Challenge Wind and Feed Mills, Combined Sheller and Grinders, Corn Mills, Horse Powers, Corn Shellers and Fanning Mills.

**Foreign Wines, Liquors**  
AND CIGARS,  
**DOUBLIN STOUT,**  
**SCOTCH AND ENGLISH ALES.**  
Kentucky Whiskies a Specialty.

**OYSTERS,**  
In their season,  
BY THE CASE, CAN OR DISH,  
11th Street, South of Depot.

**WM. BECKER,**  
—DEALER IN—  
**GROCERIES,**  
Grain, Produce, Etc.

**Good Goods and Fair Dealing.**  
NEW STORE, NEW GOODS.

Goods delivered Free of Charge, anywhere in the city.  
Corner of 13th and Madison Sts. North of Foundry. 307

**HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.**  
BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how do you do to-day? You drop up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay? Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V? For that 'ere written agreement was just the main' of 'em.

Go in' home that evenin' I tell you I was thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do; And if my losses hadn't been the steady 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 load; For I was travelin' an entirely different road; For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in, And when I missed the way, and where we might have been.

When I came in sight of the house 'twas some'at in the night, And when I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light; Which often a han'some picture, to a hungry person makes, But I didn't interest a fellow much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

When I went in the house, the table was set for me— 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 some-how didn't taste good.

And Betsey pretended to look about the house, And I picked up my side coat-pocket like a cat would watch a mouse; And then she went to tootin' a little along-side the cow; And inter'd readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong-side up.

When I'd done my supper, I drew the agreement out, And gave it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about; And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note Was burst by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey, she got her spees from off the mantel-shelf, And read the article over quite softly to herself; Read it by little and little, for her eyes got all red and gummy; And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

country where you are to live, surrounded by birds and flowers, and forget that the red flag ever waved from your door."

They were brave words, bravely spoken—so bravely as not to betray 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, came that father's failure and death in quick succession, with the lessons experience only teaches, of friends deserting in the hour of need—little by little learning the necessity of standing alone and seeing hope drifting further and further in the distance, until the present, with its absolute emergencies, roused her to action.

The small head, set so regally 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 hardest 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 blood.

"Is there nothing you would wish to save, Miss Arthur?" questioned a voice at her side, the morning of the sale. 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 answered, unable to disguise wholly 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 forgot I might not be known to you personally, though I am the auctioneer appointed by the estate. Your father once did me a great kindness, and though I would not seem intrusive, I should like very much to preserve any article you may desire."

"With many thanks, sir, I desire to receive no favors," she replied, coldly, and passed on, to take one fleeting look ere she fled to the place she must now learn to call home, to be haunted all day by the sound of the auctioneer's hammer and the voices of strangers desecrating the halls.

But when, in the dusk of the evening, a cart stopped before the door, and one by one articles hallowed by association—her father's chair, her own desk, her mother's favorite pictures—were brought in, the feeling so long repressed gave way to a burst of tears. Who had done this thing? For one moment the honest blue eyes which had met her own that day 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 warfare 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 necessities. Business had thrown her more than once with Earl Kenneth, the owner of the blue eyes. There had been matters connected with the sale which had compelled her to meet him, until he grew to her almost as a friend, and at times she would forget the social gulf which separated them—she, the once wealthy banker's daughter, he, a man who had risen from the humblest ranks, but whose soul was that of a nobleman.

who has only honor and ambition, I yet can take you from this life of toil, can shield you with my breast, can toil for you and yours, if you will give me the precious assurance I seek."

Was the man mad? The pride she had forgotten in these quiet months now surged upward, as she turned toward him with pale and sparkling eyes. "Sir, you insult me!" "No man insults a woman with his honest love, Miss Arthur," he answered, the pride in her bearing its reflex on his face. "I loved you—say, I love you! My love you—say, I can never offer it again, Miss Irene; but remember—should you ever need it, it is always yours, ready to do for you, to suffer for you, to die for you!"

"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." 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 it was possible it brought a thrill of something like pleasure that she should meet him once more? The weeks had seemed strangely long without him. Why had she thus answered him? Of course she thought he asked was impossible; but, 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 her summons, the old frank smile lit up his face, as, devoting himself to the invalid, he spoke to her only when courtesy required. 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, and with the thought she sighed. The winter wore to an end, and slowly the invalid grew weaker and more weak. The shock had been greater than her nervous system could bear, and she sank under it day by day, until the exertion of moving from her bed to her couch became too great, when, for the first time, the realization burst upon her daughter that she was soon to be left desolate indeed.

Earl, during these months, came and went as of old; but sometimes Irene asked herself if his words to her had not been a dream. Not once did his eyes rest on her with the old look—not once did he hold for a single moment the little fingers within his own; and a sense of empty disappointment, none the less bitter because unacknowledged, brought to the proud young eyes many an unshed tear. But bitter sorrow was in store, as the invalid's rest approached more and more near until the Angel of Death stooped and gathered her to his breast. Earl was there at the last, and, as she lay so quietly on her pillows—she thought her spirit had already flown—she suddenly roused, and laid her daughter's hand in his.

"Take her!" she said. "I give her to you!" Then the eyes 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 see 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 time. Some of the old friends had come forward in this second hour of suffering; but through all she missed him, and the thought that he had learned forgetfulness brought her no comfort. She was thinking of him one evening, when he entered. "I am going away, Miss Irene," he said. "Will you bid me Good-bye?" The old pride struggled for mastery against the choking in the slender throat, but the words she strove to utter refused to come.

"I have been studying law during these years of hard work, and am now able to wait for the practice I hope will come. You will think of me sometimes, Miss Irene, and if in trouble, remember the words I once said—that I stand always ready to act the part of a friend. Is even this asking too much?" he added, as her silence continued. Had he, then, forgotten all his words—the love he had said was hers forever—or did it pale ghost lie buried, too? But she must speak—she must not let him know. "Good-bye!" she faltered; then, spite of herself, the words she had thought locked in her heart burst from her: "Earl do not go. I can not bear it!" "Irene!" Where had his icy in-

difference fled now? His face was pale; his voice trembled in his struggle for calmness. "What matters it to you?" "Everything!" she exclaimed, as her pride lay with folded wings at her feet. "Or, if you must go, take me with you!" "Irene, do you know what your words mean—that I can take you only as my wife? My darling, is this true?"

But, in answer, she sprang into his open arms, dimly realizing that the color mantling her cheek was the abhorred red flag with which she had announced the auction of herself to the highest bidder; but Earl, holding her close to his heart, will yield his prize nevermore.

**Luck.**  
There is no such thing as luck in this world. The idea is preposterous. The man who depends on it will never amount to anything; will be a mere cipher. One might as well wait for the ocean to dry up 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.

The men called the most lucky who never had even a distant idea of valuable things coming for the wishing—men who are the strongest put their shoulders to the wheel, pulled the hardest against wind and tide, dug the deepest into the earth and fought the bravest against odds.

Success is not luck—not in the least. It did not come by chance, but was the result of long and strenuous effort. There was no waiting, no idle hoping. The probabilities were seized and the possibilities worked out to the utmost fraction. While the foolish dreamers were idle the successful man was up and doing. He knew that doomsday would come as soon as luck.

Belief in luck is the most senseless of superstitions. If the affairs of this world were dependent upon it, reasoning powers would never have been given; knowledge would never have been bestowed; the brainless faculties of beasts in the field would have been sufficient. We would only have had to wait. Luck would have brought all we needed—that is to the fortunate—and for those cursed by "bad luck," there would have been no struggling against fate, and the sooner they bowed their miserable heads to the decree and quietly ended their existence the better.

The belief in luck makes "tramps," existing upon the bounty and fleecing the honest and hard work substance of others. The only luck he will ever find will be a home in a poor house and a pauper's grave. The idea of luck is disproved by everything since creation, by our creation itself. Luck did not bring order from chaos, and will never produce food and clothing, and honor and a fair name. It is all moonshine of the thinnest quality.

Young man, all the luck you can find will be wrought out by brain and muscle—by effort and daring and unbending will; by plunging into the stream; by climbing the mountain; by nerve; by pushing; by a brave front and heart; by kicking hope out of doors; by resisting the temptation to sloth; by turning a deaf ear to idle dreams. Fools alone trust to any other means of acquiring reputation and fortune.

Verily, believers (and followers of their belief) in luck, will find themselves in the situation of Cowper's people: "Who spent their lives In dropping buckets into empty wells And growing tired of drawing nothing up."

**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 capable 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. Beating should never be resorted to. If you want gentle, kind animals, treat them so as to make 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 cannot run far away from you—not so far but that you are close by their side all the time. Get your steers in the yard and begin with familiarizing them to your presence, start them around you, they doing the traveling and you looking on, talking mildly to them and motioning as you want them to learn. Control your voice. There is no brute so low in the scale of intelligence as to be able to read an angry or excited voice. So long as you keep the voice calm, you may have the mastery—allow yourself to become excited or adopt the screaming method, and you have lost a portion of your control over them—that is all gained by controlling yourself. A day's time in a small yard with a yoke of steers is well spent time, and by night they will have learned that you require certain things of them, as walking forward at your beck, etc. They may generally be yoked the first day and unyoked several times. This will accustom them to being handled. Above all, be patient. If you discover that they cannot understand you when you talk to them, you should remember the greater difficulty for them to understand what is wanted, etc. When they obey the motion of the hand and stop and start at the word, you may drive them where you like. Study what they need teaching well. When the work is done it will be a proud monument to your patience and skill, or the contrary. You can succeed by care, the use of reason, not the whip, and laborious effort. If a well broken team is the result of your labor, you have wrought well. If you have succeeded only in producing faults instead of avoiding them, you have wrought ill, and the result of your labor is its own condemnation—Western Rural.

**Share and Share Alike.**  
"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 remarks 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 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 thing you can do, and the right thing you can do, and the right allowance to spend as she chooses, her share of the joint earnings? If you don't know it, it is high time that you found it out, and you can now sit down."

**Worldly Wisdom.**  
In vain does man try to content himself with material enjoyment; the soul recoils dissatisfied with its own pride, self-love and ambition. But on the other hand, what a miserable existence is that of cold, calculating men, who deceive themselves nearly as much as others, and who repel the generous inspirations which may be born in the hearts, as a disease of imagination which needs to be dissipated to the air. What a poor existence also is that of men, who not satisfied with doing evil, treat as folly the source of those beautiful actions, those great thoughts. They confine themselves in a tenacious mediocrity; they condemn themselves to that monotony of ideas, that coldness of sentiment, which lets the days go by without drawing from them either fruit, progress, or remembrances; and if time did not wrinkle their features, what marks would they retain of its passage? If they had not to grow old and die, what serious reflections would ever enter their minds?

A schoolmaster thus describes a money lender: "He serves you in the present tense; he lends in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you in the future."

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."

A correspondent says that the reported use of the whipping-post in Delaware is "all in your eye," because it is "under the lash."

Think not of faults committed in the past, when you have reformed his conduct.

**\$777** is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one who is willing to work in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish, \$80 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making over \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly as at other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and full particulars to H. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine. 375-7.

**\$66** a week in your own town. \$5 Omit free. No risk. Reader, if you want to do business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine.