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Eastward Bound. Ensign, No. 6, leaves at 6:55 a. m. Passenger, " " " 11:38 a. m. Freight, " " " 2:15 p. m. Freight, " " " 4:30 p. m. Westward Bound. Ensign, No. 5, leaves at 2:20 p. m. Passenger, " " " 4:30 p. m. Freight, " " " 6:00 p. m. Freight, " " " 8:00 p. m. Ensign, No. 7, leaves at 8:00 a. m. Every day except Saturday the three times leading to Chicago connect with U. P. trains at Omaha. On Saturdays there will be but one train a day, as shown by the following schedule: (C. & N. W.) 7th and 28th. Sept. ... (C. & N. W.) 14th (C. & N. W.) 21st (C. & N. W.) 28th Oct. ... (C. & N. W.) 14th (C. & N. W.) 21st (C. & N. W.) 28th Nov. ... (C. & N. W.) 14th (C. & N. W.) 21st (C. & N. W.) 28th Dec. ... (C. & N. W.) 14th (C. & N. W.) 21st

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ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY acres of excellent farm land in Butler County, near Patron P. O., about equal distant from three county seats—David City, Columbus and Schuyler; 60 acres under cultivation; 5 acres of trees, maple, cottonwood, etc.; good frame house, granary, stable, sheds, etc. Good stock range, convenient to water. The place is for sale or exchange for property (house and few acres) near Columbus. Inquire at the JOURNAL office, or address the undersigned at Patron P. O. JOHN TANNAHILL.

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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. IX.—NO. 47.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 463.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HUGH HUGHES, CARPENTER, JOINER AND CONTRACTOR. All work promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Refers to the many for whom he has done work, as to prices and quality. 264.

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

M. WEISENTHIL, WILL repair watches and clocks in the best manner, and cheaper than it can be done in any other town. Work left with me, East, Columbus, on 11th street, near door east of L. Gluck's store, or with Mr. W. Eisenhuth at Jackson, will be promptly attended to. 415.

NELSON MILLETT, BYRON MILLETT, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.

N. MILLETT & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbus, Nebraska, N. B.—They will give close attention to all business entrusted to them. 248.

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 HORSES, wild or broke, at the corner of—GERRARD & ZEIGLER, 429

DOLAND & SMITH, DRUGGISTS, Wholesale and Retail, NEBRASKA AVE., opposite City Hall, Columbus, Neb. 237 Low prices and fine goods. Prescriptions and family recipes a specialty. 417.

STAGE ROUTE. JOHN HUBER, the mail-carrier between Columbus and Abieon, will leave Columbus every day except Sunday at 6 o'clock, stopping at Madison, Monroe, Genoa, Waterville, and Alliance. The back will call at either of the Hotels for passengers if orders are left at the post-office. Rates reasonable, \$2 to Abieon. 223y.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY! At H. Cramer's old stand Opposite 1 Gluck's on 11th Street.

CUSHIONS a specialty. Repairing neatly done and charges very low. C. W. LANDERS, Proprietor, 3 C. PARKER, Foreman.

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WEBER & NOBEL, Prop's. KEEP ON HAND all kinds of fresh meats, and smoked pork and beef; also fresh fish. Make sausage a specialty. Remember the place, Elevator 8th, one door west of P. Ryan's hotel. 417-1f

DIETICIAN'S Meat Market. Owing to the close times, meat will be sold at this market low, low down for CASH. Beef, steak, per lb., 10c. Pork, 8c. Sausage, 6c. Bacon, 10c. Two cents a pound more than the above prices will be charged on time, and that to good respectable parties only. 267.

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 of Nebraska Avenue, three doors north of E. J. Baker's grain office. Residence, corner Wyoming and Walnut streets, north Columbus, Neb., 423-1f

MRS. W. L. COSSEY, Dress and Shirt Maker, 2 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. 425-1y

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

A new house, newly furnished. Good accommodations. Board by day or week at reasonable rates. 27 Sets a First-Class Table.

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

GOOD CHEAP BRICK! AT MY RESIDENCE on Shell Creek, three miles east of Matthis's bridge, I have 70,000 good, hard-burnt brick which will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. 418-1f GEORGE HENGLER.

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GOOD, HARD-BURNT BRICK Always on Hand in QUANTITIES TO SUIT PURCHASERS 371-1f

CALIFORNIA WINES! \$1.25 per gallon. A GALLON AT SAML. GASS'S, Eleventh Street.

MARY ALBERG, Merchant Tailoress, 12th Street, opposite Post-office.

Men's and boys' suits made in the latest style, and good fits guaranteed, at very low prices. Men's suits \$20.00 to \$30.00, according to the goods and work. Boys' suits \$25.00 to \$40.00, according to size. 417-1f

BRING IN your soiled clothing. A whole suit renovated and made to appear as good as new for \$1.25. 424-1f

LUERS & SCHREIBER, Blacksmiths and Wagon Makers. —ALL KINDS OF— Repairing Done on Short Notice. ALL WORK WARRANTED. They also keep on hand Furst & Bradley Plows, SULKY PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, &c. Shop on Olive Street, opposite Tatter-sall. COLUMBUS, NEB.

J. C. ELLIOTT, AGENT FOR THE STOVER WIND MILL, \$20 OSCILLATING FEED MILL, And All kinds of Pumps AND PUMP MATERIALS! Challenge Wind and Feed Mills, Combined Sheller and Grinder, Malt Mills, Horse Powers, Corn Shellers and Feeding Mills. Pumps repaired on Short Notice. Farmers, come and examine our mill. You will find one erected on the premises of the Hammond House, in good running order.

WM. BECKER, DEALER IN GROCERIES, Grain, Produce, Etc. Good Goods and Fair Dealing. Goods delivered Free of Charge, anywhere in the city. Corner of 13th and Madison Sts. North of Foundry. 39y

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A THAT.

BY ROBERT BURNS. (It is said that Burns was once invited to a sumptuous entertainment at the house of a lord, and when the ladies and gentlemen had feasted, the poet was allowed to set with the servants. After supper, he was called upon by the host, to entertain the company with some impromptu verses, when he gave the following:)

There for honest poverty, Who hangs his head, and a' that; The coward slave, we pass him by, And dare be po'r, for a' that; For a' that, and a' that, Our toils obscure, an' a' that, The rank is but the guinea stamp, The man's the gold for a' that.

What though on hameless far we dine, Wear hoddin' gray, and a' that; Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that; Their tinsel show, an' a' that; An honest man, though ne'er see pool, Is chief for a' that.

Ye see your birkie, ca'd a lord, Wha struts and stears, and a' that; Tho' hundreds worship at his word, He's but a cuif, for a' that; For a' that, and a' that, His ribband, star, and a' that; A man of independent mind, Can look, and laugh at a' that.

The king can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that; An honest man's aboon his might, Gild gait, he canna' for a' that; For a' that, and a' that, His dignitie, and a' that; The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth, Are greater far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may, As come it shall, for a' that; That sense an' worth o'er a' the earth, Shall bear the gree, and a' that; Its comin' yet, for a' that; That man to man the world o'er, Shall brothers be, for a' that.

KATE'S PRINCE. "There, now, you're banging that door again, Miss Jenny; I declare to goodness you children would worry the patience out of a saint."

"Oh, never mind, Sally," I said, panting after a race to get into the house first—a race I had won, for Lil and Cissy were yards behind.

"Never mind, indeed!" cried Sally, "and there's your fine cousin down to-day from London. I wonder what she'll say when she sees you racing around the meadow like so many wild colts, and your arms all brown and scratched, and the hooks all off your dress. I never see such children, never."

"But you like us, Sally," I said, getting hold of her rough, fat, red arm, and laying my cheek against it.

"I don't, I declare I don't," she cried impetuously; and to show her dislike she threw her arms around me and squeezed my nose nearly flat against the piece of hard wood Sally used to wear inside her dress.

Sally was our house-maid, parlour-maid, and nurse-naid, all in one; and it used to seem to me that she spent all her leisure time in quarrelling with the cook and snubbing us; but for all that one of my principal recollections during the fever I had so long was waking at all times to see Sally's red face watching over my bedside, and I knew she did all cook's work for six weeks as well as her own, when poor cook had such a sad accident and cut her hand.

We three—Lil, Cissy and I—had a long discussion about Cousin Kate and her visit, and we all felt that dreadful little rag-muffs we would seem to her, for I am afraid we had been running wild, though papa only used to laugh at it, and would come into the school room when mamma was busy with us over our lessons, whenever it was a fine morning, and cry: "Now then, girls, the sun shines and the birds are calling. Out with you! Learn lessons when it rains."

I knew afterwards why this was. Papa has a horrible nervous dread of our growing up weak and sickly, for his was a delicate family, and I had heard that our cousins were often very ill.

"I can guess why Cousin Kate is coming to stay with us," said Lil. "I know why she's coming," I said.

"It's because she's ill," shouted Lil, for fear I should show my knowledge first.

"Sally will take her new warm milk with an egg in it before she gets out of bed in the morning," said Cissy, solemnly, "that will soon make her well."

"She shall have all the eggs speckle lays," said Lil, "and Jenny will take her every morning to the old garden seat under the trees. She's sure to get well there."

So we did, for Cousin Kate came that afternoon—a tall, pale girl, with a sad, weary look in her face, as she gazed wistfully from one to the other.

We three girls stood back quite in awe of the well-dressed fashionable-looking lady, who was so different from what we had expected, while mamma went up to welcome her, and took her in her arms in a tender affectionate way, saying: "My dear child, we are so glad to see you."

"No, dear," she said, "she did not love a beautiful princess, but a poor, simple girl, who loved him, too, with all her heart, and they were so, so lappy. When the flowers blossomed they seemed to blossom only for them, and the birds sang their sweetest songs for them in the sunshine."

"Yes, and they were married and lived happy ever after," cried Cissy, "go on."

There was once more that piteous look upon Cousin Kate's face, seen only by me; but it passed off and she went on.

"No, Cissy, they were not, for the poor, young prince had enemies—cruel, bitter enemies—who slandered him and said that he had made false keys, and opened the treasure chest of a great man, and stolen away his gold and precious stones."

"Oh, whispered Cissy, so deeply interested.

"And," continued Kate, "they took the poor prince and there was a great trial, and though he declared he was innocent, the wicked people who slandered him and bore false witness against him prevailed; and the great judge said that he was to be cast into prison, and wear heavy chains, and be kept there for 21 long years."

"Oh," cried Lil.

"Yes," said Cissy, "I know, and it was then that the brave young girl who loved him went and unlocked the prison gates, struck off his chains and he was free."

Cousin Kate threw her arms around mamma's neck and burst into a fit of sobbing, hiding her face from sight. We did not see any more of Cousin Kate that day, but our young interest was deeply excited, and somehow, perhaps, fostered by dark hints dropped by Sally, who was a blighted flower, having been crossed in a love affair with the horse-keeper of a neighboring farm. We girls got to thinking of our cousin's illness as a kind of mystery connected in some way, how we did not know, with the heart.

Our awe of the sweet, gentle cousin fell off the very next day, when we took possession of her, and led her around our dear old country home, with its wilderness of an orchard, great garden shrubberies and pleasant meadow.

Her coming seemed to mark an epoch in our young lives, for, seeing how weak and delicate she was, we used to vie one with the other in being quiet and gentle, waiting upon her in the most unnecessary way, like slaves, and always ready to rush off most willing messengers to forestall any little wants she expressed.

This came natural to us; but on my part it was increased by a few words which I heard pass between papa and mamma, mamma saying that she did not think poor Kate would ever grow strong again but slowly wither away. I gave a great gulp as I heard these words, and then burst out sobbing violently.

"You here, Jenny?" said mamma. "Well, my dear, as you have heard what we said, it must be your secret too. Never let your poor cousin know what we think, and never behave to her as if you thought she could not recover."

I promised readily, and at fourteen the possession of that secret made me more womanly than my sister, as I doubted my tenderness to the suffering girl.

The invalid was nineteen—a great age in my estimation—and I used to look up to her with veneration, gazing in her soft, sweet face and wistful eyes, wondering why she was so ill, and what was the great sorrow that had come upon her like a blight upon one of the roses round our porch.

Cousin Kate came to us in the spring, and the months flew by till the height of summer; and many a night had I turned my face to the wall, so that Lil should not know, and cried silently till my pillow was wet. For I knew so well that Kate was weaker than when she came; and a walk across the lawn to the old garden-seat in the shade being as much now as she could bear.

"Cousin Kate," I said one day when we were alone, Lil and Cissy having rushed off to get some flowers, "couldn't any doctor make you well?"

She looked at me with a wild, strange gaze which almost startled me before she replied, and then in a way which made my heart beat, she sobbed out:

"Only one—only one!" and then as if to herself, in a low whisper, she added, and before he can come I shall be dead—dead!"

She did not know I heard her last words, and I sat chilled and frightened, gazing at her till my sisters came back, when, as we frequently did, we sat down about her; Lil got upon the seat, Cissy sat upon the grass with her head against one of Kate's hands which hung listlessly from the corner where she leaned, and I threw myself on the grass at her feet so as to look up in her gentle face which had now become calm with its old weary look.

"Cousin Kate," said Lil, "tell us another story."

"Yes," she said, quietly raising her head and looking at me, "I am better to-day."

"Tell us one then," cried Cissy eagerly, "one that you have never told us before."

There was a silence then for a few minutes, and as I gazed up in Kate's face I saw her eyes close and a sort of spasm twitch her lips; but then, with the leaves whispering round us and the twittering of birds coming now and again from the distance, she said in a low, sweet, musical voice:

"Once upon a time in the days long ago, when people were very, very happy on this earth, there lived a prince who was young, and handsome, and true. Nearly every one loved him, he was so manly and yet so gentle."

"And he loved a beautiful princess," put in Cissy.

I saw the spasm cross Cousin Kate's face again, but it was calm again directly after, and she went on.

"No, dear," she said, "she did not

love a beautiful princess, but a poor, simple girl, who loved him, too, with all her heart, and they were so, so lappy. When the flowers blossomed they seemed to blossom only for them, and the birds sang their sweetest songs for them in the sunshine."

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"Oh," cried Lil.

"Yes," said Cissy, "I know, and it was then that the brave young girl who loved him went and unlocked the prison gates, struck off his chains and he was free."

"No—no," cried Cousin Kate, and her voice altered terribly, so that I was alarmed, though I could do nothing but gaze up in the wild face before me, for now a change came over it. "No," she cried, "the poor girl could do nothing but sit and weep, and feel her broken heart beat—beat—beat, in its own prison while wearing itself out till till—she died, and—Oh, Frank! what have we ever done that I should suffer this?"

I leaped up to throw my arms around her, while my sisters shrank away in alarm; for Cousin Kate turned away from us with a bitter wail, buried her face in her hands, and threw herself half over the arm of the old garden seat, sobbing in a wild, hysterical way, such as I had never seen.

"Kate, dear Cousin Kate," I sobbed; but even as I spoke there was a hasty step on the gravel, the bushes were torn aside, and the shadow of a tall man was cast over us.