

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. IX.-NO. 48.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 464.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with columns for Space, Day, Week, Month, and Year, listing advertising rates.

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Beatrice. ALVIN SANDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha. T. J. MAHON, Rep., Beatrice. E. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point.

STATE DIRECTORY.

ALBERTA NANCE, Governor, Lincoln. S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State. F. W. Little, Auditor, Lincoln.

JUDICIARY.

S. Maxwell, Chief Justice, Omaha. George B. Lusk, Associate Judge, Omaha. J. J. McPherson, District Judge, Omaha.

LAND OFFICERS.

M. R. Hoxie, Register, Grand Island. Wm. A. Ryan, Receiver, Grand Island.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

J. G. Higgins, County Judge, Columbus. J. C. Schram, County Clerk, Columbus. W. Kummer, Treasurer, Columbus.

CITY DIRECTORY.

C. A. Spelto, Mayor, Columbus. John Schram, Clerk, Columbus. J. W. Earle, Treasurer, Columbus.

Columbus Post Office.

Open on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 12 M. and from 4:30 to 6 P. M. Business hours except Sunday 8 A. M. to 8 P. M.

Stage Route.

JOHN HUBER, the mail-carrier between Columbus and Allison, will leave Columbus every day except Sunday at 6 o'clock, sharp, passing through Monroe, Genoa, Waterville, and Allison.

Wagon and Saddle!

At H. Cramer's old stand opposite I. Gluck's on 11th Street.

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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. WEISSENFELDER, MILL REPAIR WATCHES AND CLOCKS. Will repair watches and clocks in the best manner, and cheaper than it can be done in any other town.

RYAN & DEGAN, Wines, Liquors, Cigars. And everything usually kept at a first-class bar.

MARES & COLTS, HORSES & OXEN, SADDLE PONIES, wild or broke. GERRARD & ZEIGLER.

ELAINE OIL, Wm. BECKER'S. RECOMMENDED as far superior to any other lamp oil in use in the West.

STAGE ROUTE. JOHN HUBER, the mail-carrier between Columbus and Allison, will leave Columbus every day except Sunday at 6 o'clock, sharp, passing through Monroe, Genoa, Waterville, and Allison.

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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.

GOOD CHEAP BRICK! AT MY RESIDENCE, on Shell Creek, three miles east of Matthis's bridge, I have 70,000 good, hard-burnt brick for sale.

F. SCHECK, Manufacturer and Dealer in CIGARS AND TOBACCO. ALL KINDS OF SMOKING ARTICLES.

HENRY G. CAREW, Attorney and Counselor at Law, COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

COLUMBUS BRICK YARD, THOMAS FLYNN & SON, Prop'rs.

GOOD, HARD-BURNT BRICK Always on Hand in QUANTITIES TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

CALIFORNIA WINES! A GALLON AT-SAM'L GASS'S, Eleventh Street.

MARY ASHBRIGHT, 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.

LUERS & SCHREIBER, Blacksmiths and Wagon Makers. ALL KINDS OF Repairing Done on Short Notice.

Furst & Bradley Plows, SULKY PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, &c. Shop on Olive Street, opposite Tatter-sall.

J. C. ELLIOTT, AGENT FOR THE STOVER WIND MILL.

And All Kinds of Pumps PUMP MATERIALS! Challenge Wind and Feed Mills, Combined Sheller and Grinders, Malt Mills, Horse Powers, Corn Shellers and Fanning 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.

W. M. 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.

BE THAT ONE.

In one of the quiet towns of New Hampshire, a group of fine-looking people gathered on a vine-embowered porch of a modest little house, on a bright autumn evening, bidding good-bye to the eldest son, a tall, handsome young man who was just starting for Boston to take a position as salesman in a large wholesale house of which his uncle was one of the proprietors.

The father said, "Small wages, at first, my boy, but before many years we shall expect to see you one of Boston's grand aristocrats, doing a large business, living in a fine mansion on one of the avenues, and having plenty of money for yourself and a few thousands to send back to the old folks."

Then Jennie, only two years younger than Charley, who had depended upon him for her escort, and who was as devoted to him as he had been to her, threw her arm about his neck, and kissing him, said, although her tears seemed welling up even then, "I'm not going to cry, Charley, but it is so much harder to let you go than I thought it would be. I must say that, anyway, but I'll keep my promise, and look bright until after you're gone."

Charley whispered some appreciative word in her ear, and then said aloud, "You remember what I told you, Jennie, that as soon as I got a little ahead I should send you the money to come down and make me a visit, and as I'm determined to do my best, it may be but a few months before I greet you at the Hub and show you all the wonderful sights there."

Just then little Ruth came bounding up the gravel-walk with her hands full of flowers, looking herself, with her beautiful blue eyes, and light, flaxen hair flying in the wind, the sweetest bud of them all. "Now," she said, as she stood in front of Charley, "I've just brought these for my own dear brother, and they're all from Ruth's little garden, and you must take them off on the cars with you. And here is one," picking up a white rose and holding it in her dainty little fingers, while with her head tipped on one side, and a roguish look in her laughing eye, she said, "you can wear in your button-hole when you go to see the young ladies."

"Tut, tut," said her brother, none of that now. "What do you know about my going to see young ladies? You're getting along too fast for a four-year-old!"

So they chatted merrily together as they sat in their pretty wicker chairs, waiting for the stage-coach which would carry Charley to the railroad station, fifteen miles distant. Mrs. McAlpine had been sitting with them, but her heart had been slowly coming up into her throat, as she looked at her boy, the pride of her heart, and began to realize that this first parting would be no doubt the beginning of the breaking up of the family, and she could not but question within herself, "Will my boy ever be my boy to me again; as trusting, as loving, as near to me as now?"

While she thought thus the tears came into her eyes, and she quickly retired unobserved into the sitting-room. The offer from the Boston uncle had seemed a fine opening for their son, but the thought of his going into the city to live, to be beset with temptations of every kind, had kept Mrs. McAlpine awake many nights, and had been the cause of many sincere and heartfelt prayers.

Mrs. McAlpine was a Bostonian by birth, and an accomplished, elegant woman, whose circle of friends there was of the highest in social ranks, and yet who, unlike her, were not religious but worldly, fashionable people. When she was quite young, she had come to Columbus, to pay a visit to her grandmother, and while there had met Mr. McAlpine, a quiet, refined, Christian gentleman, several years her senior, who two years after this became her husband and brought her to this little town to live. But she had lived long enough in the city, and had in her father's family seen enough of the results of city life in the dissipated characters of her two brothers, to appreciate fully what a conflict her boy must pass through if he escaped unscathed. She felt she must say a few words more to him alone, and so, stepping to the porch she called him into the sitting-room and closed the door.

She sat down near him, and, in her quiet way, in a low, sweet voice, opened her heart to him. She said: "Charley, you have been a dear, good son to me, and have generally meant, I think, to do about right, and so far as I know, you have no bad habits. But you are not a Christian, and I cannot but feel anxious about you, as you start off alone to live where you will have no mother or father to counsel with and where you will be obliged constantly to choose between two paths, the right and the wrong one, and where the temptations will be strong to choose the latter. You have noticed sometimes, Charley, that these small trees that stand near the house, and are protected by it, often through a severe, stormy winter, while many of the larger ones which stand off alone, looking in their strength, as if they were equal to any combats with the elements, are maimed and shattered, if not wholly ruined, by the fierce winds that blow. It seems to me that young men are much like these trees. Those who stand by themselves, exposed to the blasts of temptation, who look strong and seem to possess principles which cannot be shaken, are oft-times the first to yield to it, are broken in health and character, and ruined; while those who still have the kindly home protection, and feel the sheltering love of a fond mother's heart, weather the storms and at last stand upright and unharmed in the beautiful symmetry of their characters."

I have heard it said that nine boys out of ten, who go from sweet, pure country homes to the city, are led away by temptations. Many of them do not go far astray, perhaps, but only one out of the ten keeps himself unspotted from the world. Charley, I want my boy to be that one. When you meet those who smoke or chew and are invited to join with them, when all the others around you participate, do not be ashamed to stand up for your principles, and let that one in ten. When your companions ask you into some hotel or high-toned restaurant, or respectable drug-store, for a glass, and if you refuse to go, taunt and jeer you, telling you you'll be more of a man, one of these days, and get over these 'goody' ways, do not swerve from the right, and if you are the only one in ten that dares to do right, and dares to be true, Charley, be that one. And when cards and theater-going, and places of worse evil are suggested to you, and you sometimes feel how much easier it would be to go in with the other boys and do as they do, than to fight it out so every day, remember this talk to-night, and although you may be the only one who tries or is able to resist, I beg of you, for mother's sake, and your sake, be that one."

The stage stopped at the gate, while one of the men came in and carried out the trunk packed full of neat clothing and many pretty, dainty and useful articles to adorn Charley's room, which had been so cheerfully made by mother and Nellie. Then, with fervent goodbyes, said over and over again by most of the home group, and a warm pressure of the hand by his mother, who stood there with melting eye and heart too full to speak, for the first time, Charley stepped out, and the stage moved on.

Charley jumped into the coach, and amid the shouting of the children, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and the shrill voice of little Ruth as she called out, "Don't stay long; come back soon to your own little Ruthy, and don't forget the button-hole bouquet and the young ladies. Ha, ha, ha, that was a good joke, wasn't it?" The coach rattled away down the lovely valley, brightened at that hour by the glorious sunset light, and made more beautiful by the various shades and tints reflected upon the mountain sides. It seemed too bad to go from such beautiful, peaceful scenes to the noise and tumult of a large, close city. But the cities would be far worse places than they are, were it not for the country element, the men and women whose early lives were spent in the country, and who amid the crime and wickedness in cities have not lost the principles of right, and truth, and honesty, and justice, which were inculcated in their youthful minds.

So in the crowd of strangers who next morning arrived in Boston was Charles McAlpine, as handsome, as genial and intelligent a boy of eighteen as you often meet. He found his way to his uncle's ware-

house and counting room, not far from Faneuil Hall, and was cordially received by those in his employ at the office, and seated with the morning paper in hand, awaiting the arrival of his uncle, who drove in from Brookline at a late hour each day.

Charley had not seen his uncle Mr. Talcott, for many years, but felt at home immediately after the cordial greeting he received from his genial, fine-looking relative. His uncle told him he could busy himself looking about that part of the city, and going through the warehouse, and at three o'clock they would drive out together to Brookline, where they would be happy to have him pass the night, and the next day he could go to his boarding place in the city, and begin work in earnest.

The evening was passed delightfully in the elegant home of his uncle, and the next day Charley went with the bookkeeper and head-salesman to a neat boarding house, kept by two maiden sisters on Somerset street. His experience in a hardware store in Claremont prepared him to take hold intelligently in this mammoth establishment of Talcott, Tower & Co., and before the week was out his uncle saw that Charley would soon take an important position there, if he held out as he promised.

The head-salesman was a distant relative of Mrs. Talcott, and as he had been in the employ of the concern for six years, he began to have serious hopes of becoming one of the partners. His father was ready to give him \$10,000 at any time when there was a good opening for him to go in with the senior members, and regarding himself as almost invaluable to the concern, he hoped by the new year, now eight months distant, that proposals would be made to him, and he should send to his father in Vermont for a check for that amount.

But a salesman of fine appearance and gentlemanly bearing, a quick accountant, a good talker, and a popular fellow—desirable as all these qualities are, yet after all they are not the essential ones. Careful business men are more anxious to obtain for their employ those who are upright and honest; as interested in the business of the firm as if it were their own; careful in all their accounts and thoroughly trustworthy. These qualities Mr. Davenport did not possess.

Since joining a club of young men two years after coming to the city, he had gradually become "broad-minded," as he termed it. He became a member of one of the musical societies, which always rehearsed their music Sabbath evenings, and often gave concerts on the holy day. His most intimate friends were soon those who disregarded the Sabbath, who thought preaching and attendance at church old fogy customs, which were fast giving way to the more enlightened idea that Sunday was a day for rest and pleasure, for visiting friends, driving out upon the road, attending cultured gatherings, listening to classic music, and so on, and so on, and he wondered how he could have enjoyed so long the simpler ways, and quiet, peaceful Sabbaths in New England. He had become addicted to the almost constant use of tobacco, and was a noted wine-drinker, card-player, and attendant at the theater. Yet he thought these bad habits were not known to his employers, and sometimes argued to himself when conscious that his term of service would not be long-continued if the firm knew his habits.

"Well, they could not dispense with me anyway. I know more about certain branches of business than either of them, and they think too much of the slimsy dollar to drop me when they know as well as I they would lose thousands of dollars by so doing."

But business men are not as dull as they sometimes seem, and generally know much more of the time, character and habits of their clerks than these clerks themselves suppose. Charley McAlpine, thrown into the society of Mr. Davenport from the first, soon began to feel the necessity of standing up for his principles. And when he refused attending the theater with his companion, or having "a quiet game of cards," Mr. Davenport would say, "Well, Charley, I won't urge you, you do not think it right. But you will soon get over these notions. I had some when I came to the city, but you'll grow broader-minded here and soon go in for a good time with the best of us."

But, as Charley became better acquainted, he found that nearly all the young men about were of the same class, and he had to "fight it out on his line" alone against them

all very often. He was jeered and taunted, and urged, and entreated to join with them, and give up his old-fashioned puritanical notions, and their arguments would sometimes prevail, and Charley would feel, "Now, I could go with them to some extent and not be harmed, and why not do it? I am so tired of this constant fight with them, and it is so much easier to give way a little than to keep as strict as mother wishes I would. Maybe I am old-fogish and our folks too narrow minded."

And yet as he sat there alone in his room in the moonlight arguing thus his mother's sweet, earnest face came before him, and he heard her kind voice saying, "If you are the only one that dares to do right, Charley, be that one," and his arguments fell to the ground; he knew mother's way was the right way, and he said aloud, "Mother, I will be that one."

But the battle was not over yet. Ah, mothers little know the temptations that surround and often incite their boys, as they leave their pure, sweet, Christian homes and go out and mingle with the wicked and godless, in the great cities. Few escape the toils that are laid for them on every hand. But thank the Lord that some can fight it through, and come off unspotted and untarnished. Thank the Lord for faithful and kind fathers and mothers, who are not too timid to talk with their sons freely on all these things; whose influence will never be forgotten.

During this first year in the city, there were many times when Charley McAlpine was on the point of yielding to strong temptations. Once he stood before the door of a theatre, with some companions who had almost tempted him to go in, when his mother's words, "Charley, be that one," sounded so plainly in his ears, that he was almost startled, and, turning suddenly to his companion, he said, "I can't go with you," and was off and around the corner in a moment. Many times those few kind words and the image of his mother's face, as she stood with pride in her lock, "Though only one in ten does right, I want my boy to be that one, and held him, and kept him when, as he often said afterward, he didn't believe anything else could have saved him, the temptations were so strong.

He grew in the esteem of his employers every day, and they trusted and confided in him about many matters which were known only to the firm. After these first struggles had been conquered, temptations were fewer and easier to resist, and before the year was out Charley's reputation was established, and the boys when speaking of him would say, "He's like adamant, and you can't move him, and he'll meet every argument and beat you every time; and those who were the most honest would say, "Well, he's a splendid fellow, I tell you, and will get ahead of any of us. I just wish I had been as brave as he is; but it's awful hard to reform now."

Charley became a member of two delightful literary circles, and attended many scientific and literary lectures and entertainments, and began to spend a moderate sum of money each month in valuable books, instead of amusements and dissipation, and often told his companions that he knew he enjoyed his evenings better than they did. He had access to fine society, which stimulated him to improve his talents, and make himself a peer of those with whom he associated.

Ten years have passed since then. Mr. Davenport, years since, was made conscious that his services were no longer needed in the business of Talcott, Tower & Co., and he therefore accepted a position as cashier in one of the city banks. He had grown more and more dissipated, had gone from bad to worse, and the last that was heard of him was that he had absconded with a hundred thousand dollars of the funds of the bank in his pocket.

Mr. Tower, who was in ill-health, had been spending a winter in Italy, died recently in Florence, and young Mr. McAlpine, the rising man, "who could be trusted anywhere and every time," whose neat, attractive personal appearance was not an index of his pure, clean heart and life, was admitted to the firm on an equal footing with the two remaining partners. He is soon to be married to a lovely, educated, Christian girl, connected with one of the finest families in the city, who had many admirers among those rich in this world's goods, but whose heart was attracted toward something better and nobler, which she found in the bearing and character of Mr. McAlpine.

Charley had spent many vacations in the sweet, quiet home in New Hampshire, and while there just after being admitted to the firm, he said one evening as he sat alone with his mother on that same vine-covered porch, from whence he had started ten years previous for his new life in the city.

"Mother, do you remember our conversation the night I left home, when you called me into the sitting room, just before the stage arrived? I felt that you believed in me, mother, that night, as I never felt it before, and I have never forgotten your words, nor your proud, yet anxious look as you said, 'Though you find but one in ten that dares to do right, Charley, I want my boy to be that one.' Those words have been a talisman to me through all these years, and I feel that I owe to you all that I am to-day."—Chicago Standard.

Scolding. With some, scolding is chronic. Life is one long fret. The flesh is feverish, the nerves unstrung, the spirit perturbed and in a state of unrest. The physical condition and the material surroundings may have a strong tendency to disturb our equanimity and to exasperate our feelings; but we are apt to hear in mind that the scolding never did anybody any good, and withal grows to be very uncomfortable to the party who indulges in it. Inappropriate to anybody, scolding appears most hateful in parents and ministers. Set to be dispensers of kindness and love to those with whom they are more especially associated, it is horrible to see gall distilled instead of charity that blesses both parties. Scolding turns a household into a pandemonium, and a church into an inquisition. Bear in mind that kindness and gentle speech are a great deal easier to practise than their opposites. Why practice the worse thing when harder? Arrest yourself in the indulgence of this bad habit right here. Begin now, and put yourself under bonds to be good-natured.—Zion's Herald.

How To Cook A Husband. The first thing to be done is to catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him is as follows: Many a good husband is spoiled in the cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others teaze them with conjugal coldness; some smother them with hatred and contention, and still others keep them in pickle all the time. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it is not to be supposed that husbands will be tender and good if treated in this way, but they are, on the contrary, they are very delicious when managed as follows: Get a large jar called the jar of carefines, place your husband in and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear; above all, let the heat be constant; cover him over with affection; garnish him with the spices of pleasantry; and if you add kisses and other confections, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation.—Housekeeper.

Starved To Death. It was publicly stated, in at least two of our principal churches on Sunday, that a clergyman of prominent city church, ministering to one of our wealthy Episcopal congregations, died last week in want of the very necessities of life.—Toronto Mail.

The pleasure of being master of one's self and one's passions should be balanced with that of controlling them; it will rise above, if we know what is liberty.

Man, being essentially active, must find in activity his joy, as well as his beauty and glory; and labor, like everything else that is good, is its own reward.

Why is a boat rowed by a young woman like a candy scrape? Because it is a lasses pull. This is inserted slyly.

We have heard of a quartette by four, but did you ever see a quart by two? Yes, two can duet, if they try.

Insanity is no cause for divorce in Wisconsin. They think a person must be crazy in the first place to marry.

A prima-donna is naturally a timid creature, for her art is always in her throat.

Gov. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, signed 57 death warrants.