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Open on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 12 M. and from 5:30 to 6 P. M. Business hours except Sunday 6 A. M. to 8 P. M. Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 7 P. M. For Monroe, Genoa, Waterville and Albion, daily except Sunday 6 A. M. Arrive, same, 9 P. M. For Summit, Elphinstone and Crete, Mondays and Thursdays, 7 A. M. Arrives Wednesdays and Saturdays, 7 P. M. For Belleville, Ord and York, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 P. M. Arrives at 12 M. For Wells, Fernald and Battle Creek, Mondays and Wednesdays, 6 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 P. M. For Shell Creek, Nemo, Creston and Stanton, on Mondays at 7 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays 6 P. M. For David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 P. M. Arrives at 12 M.

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Eastward Bound. Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at 6:25 a. m. Passenger, " " " " 11:00 a. m. Freight, " " " " 2:15 p. m. Freight, " " " " 4:30 a. m. Westward Bound. Freight, No. 5, leaves at 2:00 p. m. Passenger, " " " " 4:27 p. m. Freight, " " " " 6:00 p. m. Emigrant, " " " " 1:30 a. m. Every day except Saturdays the three lines 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: (C. & N. W.) 7th and 28th. Sept. ... (C. & N. W.) 14th (C. & N. W.) 21st (C. & N. W.) 28th. Oct. ... (C. & N. W.) 12th (C. & N. W.) 19th (C. & N. W.) 26th. Nov. ... (C. & N. W.) 9th and 23rd. (C. & N. W.) 16th (C. & N. W.) 23rd. Dec. ... (C. & N. W.) 7th and 28th. (C. & N. W.) 14th (C. & N. W.) 21st

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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. IX.—NO. 52. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1879. WHOLE NO. 468.

BUSINESS CARDS

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

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

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,

which will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. 484-M

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Washington Ave., nearly opposite Court House.

OWING TO THE CLOSE TIMES,

meat at this market low, low down for cash. Best steak, per lb., 10c. Rib roast, " " 8c. Beef, " " 6c. Two cents a pound more than the above prices will be charged on time, and that to good responsible parties only. 267.

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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, Sprick Deuth. Parle Francis. 418-1f

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Men's and boys' suits made in the latest style, and good fits guaranteed, at very low prices. Men's suits \$6.00 to \$8.00, according to the goods and work. Boys' suits \$3.00 to \$4.00, according to size. CLEANING AND REPAIRING DONE. Bring on your soiled clothing. A whole suit renovated and made to appear as good as new for \$1.25 424-y

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TODDLER:

I felt like a lady that morning. I was a lady, I thought, after all; quite as much so as Mrs. Jones, who lived in the great cupola house on the hill. Quite as much of a lady, I said to myself, briskly, as I dusted up my little shop and arranged the sheeny ribbons and gay, striped goods in the window. The window was hung with pretty lace curtains, and there was a globe of gold-fish in it that sailed about as courteously and busily as though they were getting their living as head clerks.

It was a sweet soft autumn morning, the village street was grassy and quiet, and I hummed a tune as I glanced cheerily out at little Toddlies, flitting about in her scarlet ribbons under the willow outside. Bless her little rosy face! why shouldn't I be happy when I have her to look after?

I was happy, and I hummed again that old snatch of a tune, and nodded gaily at Toddlies, wondering vaguely to myself what was going to happen that I felt so unaccountably bright. Nothing—simply nothing; things were done happening me long since. My way was straight and narrow, my days quiet and uneventful.

As I sipped my coffee that morning I remembered that I held the cup up to the light, and felt a certain sense of satisfaction in the rare bit of china. It is so pleasant to know that one's own election may keep one aloof from the ugliness and squalor of poverty.

It doesn't take much to keep one person, of course, and I don't count Toddlies for anything. It needs but the odds and ends of things—a bowl of bread and milk, a cup of coffee, with now and then a bit of ribbon—to keep the little one going famously.

Yes, I always wanted to be a lady. And as I sat in my bright little room I had felt inclined to forgive Richard Gray the heart-break he gave me long ago. And, O, God! I gave a heart-break. But if he had married me perhaps he would have shut me up in some city house, to be a lady after his fashion, to stifle for want of fresh air, to walk softly under a thousand conventionalities, and to cease being my own mistress. Ah! that I never could endure. So it is, perhaps, as well that Richard left me and went off somewhere—God knows where.

You see, I like it—my little shop. There's something so delightful in seeing the pretty girls of the village, with now and then a fine lady hanging over my dainty wares, and trying the tints of scarlet and blue and orange with many a laugh and many a look in the mirror. I call it my recreation when they pour in of a holiday afternoon. I love colors; I love grace and beauty; and perhaps I might have been a bit of an artist, in my way, if I'd had the opportunity. Richard used to say so. But ah! he said many a flattering thing and many a false in those old days. And if I ever dreamed of any higher life than contents me now—well, I have given up dreaming.

For there's Toddlies, so round and sweet and soft and real. She leaves me little time for building air castles.

You see, I love the child as if she were my very own. For she came to me one day about four years ago, a wee little baby thing, curled up in a heap on my door step when I went out to open the shutters, wherever she came from I never knew. Toddlies never explained; she just stretched up her little fat arms to me and gurgled "Tod-dod-dle," and that was her sole introduction.

It was surmised that the child had been dropped by some traveling circus passing through the town, and I had excellent neighboring advice about putting the treasure in the foundling hospital. But one seldom takes good advice, and I didn't.

To tell the truth, I grow so attached to the child that I would even have been wicked enough, I fear, to regret any one's turning up to claim it. But that's not at all likely now, after so many years—no, not at all likely; no more likely than that Richard and I should ever meet again in this world. And that is—among the things that can never happen.

It was on this wise, our parting. Richard's mother was old and feeble and miserly. She'd spent a good deal of money on him—sent him to college, and expected, folks said, "to make something of him." She always expected to get her money's worth out of her transactions. Richard held her in a sort of awe, somehow, though she was a little wizened old woman that he could have lifted with his left hand.

But I liked him for respecting his mother.

One day we two were sitting at twilight talking of the future dreamily, as was our wont.

"My little one," said Richard, putting his arm about her, "it half seems too bright to ever be."

"Ever be!" I echoed. "Oh, Richard, if you talk that way it will never be."

Richard smiled, but his face grew over-cast. I felt that a storm was coming.

"Well," I queried, seeing that he sat brooding and silent.

"Darling," he said, soothingly, "I knew it would come hard to you; but how can I go against my mother? Her poor old heart is bound up in me, Jeanette, and she will never hear to—anything that—"

"That seems to lower you," I added, in a steeley voice that seemed to cut its way out of my heart like a keen and cold knife.

"Oh, I am a coward—a poltroon!" cried Richard, wringing his hands.

"I was born to bring trouble on those I love. Who, who shall I leave to suffer now, Jeanette?"

"The one who will say least about it," I answered, hardly. My heart was throbbing heavily, like a clock that ticks the hour of execution, but I made no outcry, and we parted in that final parting silently. And I have lived silently ever since.

One year after that I heard that Richard's mother was dead, and then that Richard had married; who, I knew not—who, I cared not. He had married another woman while my last words were ringing in his ears—right there, before the face of the living Heaven, married another woman, and swore to love and cherish her as he had often vowed to love and cherish me!

But I did not seem to feel this blow as I had felt the parting. I just flung him out of my heart there and then, and my love and my silence vanished. I looked into the face of my misery with a smile, and I took this little shop in the village, and worked early and late, and made it thrive. Then, two years later, came my little Toddlies to me, sitting like a lily on my door-step, as if some angel of peace had dropped her there. I have named her Theresa, but Toddlies has always been her own pet name for herself, and I like it because it is hers.

The child has brought me peace. And I feel no vengeance against any one now. Nor do I rejoice that Richard's wife is said to have turned out ill, and spent the wealth she had brought him.

But I had forgot the shop in all this reverie and reminiscence.

There was a sharp twang of the little bell and I heard a heavy step in the door-way. I set down my coffee-cup hastily, and hurried in to confront a great muscular fellow with a big beard and a stonched hat, whose presence seemed fairly to wipe out the little shop.

This was rather a different type from my usual customers, and I was a little shy of him. He hesitated and seemed bewildered when I spoke to him—men never do get used to shopping—and it was some time before I quite made out what he wanted. It was some sort of woollen goods—a scarf or kerchief, I think. These were not very salable stock just now, and I had put the box containing them out of sight somewhere. While I rummaged about, the stranger stood in the door-way watching me in a way that I did not like; perhaps he wanted to steal something. He looked ragged and shabby enough.

"Oh, here they are at last," said I, eagerly handing down the package from a high and dusty shelf.

The man did not seem to hear me. He was looking at Toddlies, darting about like a butterfly outside.

"Whose child is that?" said he, abruptly.

It was an impudent question, and I felt my blood rush up hotly for a moment. But I reflected that this man looked wary and weary; perhaps he had come a long journey, and left a little child like this at home.

"It is my child," I said pleasantly.

"Yours?" he replied.

"Or at least," said I, "if not mine, it was left with me to be cared for."

"Left with you," echoed the stranger.

"Ay, so I have heard. Left with you by the wretched man, the out-cast, the degraded, who knew none else on whom to thrust his burden when his tinselled wife fell from the tight-rope, and died there, groveling in the saw-dust—knew none other of whom to seek charity than the woman who had loved him."

I listened as one stupefied with opium. What did this man know

or guess concerning me and mine?

What object had he in view in lingering about the shop? But I said, coolly, "That is a story that needs to be proved."

The stranger stopped and looked keenly at me. "Verily," said he, with a low, sardonic laugh, "he has repeated his reward, it seems; he is both dead and forgotten."

I began to feel afraid of this man, who seemed bent upon alarming or insulting me.

I pointed sternly to the door. "Sir," said I, "if you are satisfied with the goods I beg you will take them away. I have other things to attend to."

For a moment after the great bulking figure disappeared through the door-way of my little shop I covered my face with my hands, and all the past of my life rushed entirely over me. I had not outlived it yet, after all.

Suddenly I remembered Toddlies, and hastened to the door to look after her. My customer had disappeared; the huge willow trunk hid the road from view, but I felt relieved, for there was my little one swinging back and forth with the long pendulums of the willow. Only one instant I saw her in the sunlight—one instant. There came a rushing, tearing, tramping, a terrible sound in the air, and a great bull, tossing his horns furiously, and eyes glaring madly before him, came snorting and bellowing up the street. The great willow was in his course, and O God! my little Toddlies!

Then I knew not whether I fainted or screamed for help. I saw a tall figure leap out from somewhere in the very path-way of the mad animal, and the next moment Toddlies, half-laughing, half-crying, was nestling in my arms.

The man whom I had sent from my door a few minutes since stood looking on us yearningly—the man who had snatched my darling from its terrible peril.

"Both dead and forgotten," he said. "Oh, Jeanette! Jeanette! do you not know me?"

The rainbow ribbons in the little shop window spun dizzily around, and all things grew dim before my eyes. For I knew that Richard Gray was come back to me. Poor and degraded and deserted, perhaps, he had come back to me.

He lifted his hat, and, stooping, kissed the little one who did not resist him.

"I brought you my motherless little one years ago. A beggar and a sinner that I was, I dared to pray your charity to my child, whom its mother, dying from her home, would have left to perish among the gawgaws and clowns in whose company she died. Yea, verily, my punishment has been bitter. And I shall leave you now, Jeanette, and my child, and depart forever, hateful in your eyes for all time to come—hateful when not forgotten."

But something filled my heart just then, like the rush of a mighty river. I looked back at my former life, my bright little shop, the years of silence and of sorrow. I felt Toddlies' warm heart beating against mine. He had saved her. And I looked at Richard Gray and put my hand into his.

Since then I have tried what it is to be a lady in the West—a lady in a log cabin, without china, or carpet, or neck ribbons, and Richard says I have succeeded.

Whars de Kerridge?"

Mr. Berry's Oversight in Trying to Take a Young Lady to a Ball.

He was a new bootblack, but already seemed quite at home at the old stand so long a familiar object on the line of our daily peregrinations.

"Sartin, boss, shine 'em up in less'n no time," said he, and we mounted to the hurricane deck of his place of business.

"Wall, yes, boss, not bin here long, but I've gettin' insight inter de ways mighty fast. De ways here, sah, is different to what dey is down in ole Massissip. Bin in Massissipp, sah? Five old state, sah!"

"The colored people here appear to be quite as happy as in any part of the world," we ventured to remark.

"No, sah; beg leave to difah; you's not on de in-ile, sah; dar's too much elevation; dat's what's de matter. Give you and instance: Las' week, you know, sah, de culled folks had a ball; quite a high-toned affair, sah. Well, I engaged a young lady for de party, sah; one dat I at dat time looked on as de pride ob de country, sah. I am not indifferent to dress, and I put on clothes, sah—clothes dat don't wery dey see de light ob de sun—and went to de residence ob de gal.

"I rived at de p'inted time. De gal was in de bes' room an' in her bes' clothes, waitin' my rival on de scene. De ole man was dar an' de ole woman also figgered in de tableaux, wid a few juvenile supernumerary members ob de family.

"Miss Augusta smiled on me in dat meltin' way ob de eyes dat allers giv me a movement ob de heart. I was interjected to de house-hold, an' de discourse was agreeable. Presently I suggested dat it would be well to be movin' for de party, an' Miss Augusta rose in all de pomp and circumstance of her high-priced attire.

"We arrived on de stoop of de door, an', offerin' my arm, I supposed we should progress. No, sah, not a bit of it. Dat gal receded. She rose eric' to an astonishin' height, an' as she transixed me wid her gaze, she uttered dese memorable words: 'Whar's de transportation?'"

"De what? says I, feelin' dat suffin was agoin' wrong."

"De transportation? Whar's de transportation?" says I.

"De vehicle—whar's de vehicle?" she says.

"I don't know nuffin' about no vehicle," says I.

"Whar's de kerridge?" says she.

"De kerridge?" says I. "I haven't seen no kerridge!"

"Mistah Berry, does you pretend to tell me dat you come to take me to de ball widout a kerridge?" and she became of a still greater height.