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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. X.—NO. 7.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 475.

U. P. Time Table. Eastern Bound. Ensign, No. 6, leaves at 6:25 a. m. Passenger, " " " " 11:06 a. m. Freight, " " " " 2:15 p. m. Freight, " " " " 4:30 p. m. Western 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.

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Columbus, Neb.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT. Let's often talk of noble deeds, And rarer of the bad ones, And sing about our happy days, And not about the sad ones.

We were not made to fret and sigh, And when grief sleeps, to wake it; Bright happiness is standing by— This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men, Or be believers in it; A light there is in every soul, That takes the pains to win it.

Oh, there's a slum'ring good in all, And we perchance may wake it; Our hands contain the magic wand— This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts Send light and joy about them! Thanks be to them for countless gems, We never had known without them. Oh! this should be a happy world, To all who may partake it; The fault's our own, if it is not, This life is what we make it.

WILL'S LEGACY. "Lilly, dear, had you not better come in? The air is chilly and I fear you will take cold sitting on the porch."

"Yes mamma, I was awaiting Will and he is coming now on the pavement." As Will approached Lilly, he smiled, in a way which, to her, seemed forced.

"Here are some flowers to revive your spirits. What is troubling your mind Will?"

"Lilly I thank you for these precious tokens of love, and I shall keep them when I am far from you my love."

"For from me? I hope that will never be Will."

"Yes Lilly, I am going on a sea voyage with Captain C—, to the East Indies, and expect to make a fortune at it; then I will make you my wife and we will live in luxury."

"Oh will! what I give up for you would not be sacrificing. I've told you many times, I choose your love to gold."

"Yes, my dear, I know that, but I am going to gain enough to support us both and you shall have your carriage and waiter as you now have."

"Neither will you have to step from your own class of society to be my wife. And I must away, for I am going day after to-morrow; but I'll come again to-morrow evening."

He pressed her hand and took his leave, in the quiet way that all true lovers do.

Lilly sought her own room, and there gave vent to a flood of tears. She stood in her window; and as she gazed upon the garden by the moon's pale light, she uttered an earnest and fervent prayer that she and her love should never part till death would part them. All night her mind dwelt on Will, and the parting.

The next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Grant made some remarks on her daughters pallid face. Her brother George said, it was an attack of the blues he guessed; but after they had retired from the dining hall, her mother asked her if she could not confide her trouble to her.

"Mamma, Will is going to sea and indeed I shall miss him, for he is like a brother to me, and I love him dearly."

"This, my daughter, is too bad, but trust in Him who ruleth all things well."

Lilly spent the day in meditation and sorrow, up stairs in her own room, till evening was approaching when she came to her accustomed seat—the piazza.

The flowers had folded their petals; the sunbeams were still lingering on the waters of the calm lake lighting its surface with many colored rays. The birds were chanting their evening song, as if they wanted to show their gratitude to Him who cared for them; as Dame Nature was spreading her mantle of darkness over her children.

Lilly's riviera was broken by Will's coming, who took her unaware in this sober mood.

"You look lovely Lilly, but too pale. I hope you are not troubled about my leaving. Are you love?"

She answered with tears which Will kissed away ere they fell.

"Dry those tears my own darling, I would live a thousand lives for such love, such pure and holy affection. I have another story this evening to tell you. My uncle sent me a dispatch to make him a visit and meanwhile he would aim in proving heirship to a legacy not less than one million of dollars. Now, Lilly, I will not have to leave you, I will make you my bride and you may accompany me, if agreeable to my love."

"Where do you go to prove heirship and how soon?"

"To England, and as soon as you are ready, Lilly."

"What is the name of your cat, sir?" inquired a visitor. "His name was William," said the host, "until he had fits, and since then we have called him Fitz-William!"

The wedding day came and two lives were united into one, instead of being separated, as all had anticipated. They said their farewells

and were soon on their way to the great city of London.

Lilly was noticed by the rich and often spoken to, while Will, being of a lower class, (or poorer) was unnoticed by many who ape gentility. But there were others who spoke with both alike.

The sea was calm and so lovely were the ripples as dancing in the sunlight they sparkled like dewdrops in the morning sun.

They were met by Will's uncle's coachman and in a few minutes was at Mr. Walton's mansion. Mrs. Walton met them in the hall and clasped the fair bride to her breast and kissed her, then congratulated Will by telling him he had increased his fortune by taking such a precious Lilly for a wife.

She showed the couple to their rooms that they might prepare for dinner.

When the bell rang, Lilly came down with a sweet smile on her face, and Mrs. Walton again remarked on her loveliness. "Indeed Aunt I hope you will not make my wife vain for she is all the world to me, but I despise vanity."

After dinner Lilly's husband and his uncle went to town in the carriage and she about the legacy which had been left to Will.

Lilly admired the paintings and statuary and then being tired took a seat by the piano and performed one of her favorite pieces, while Mrs. Walton was engaged (or tried to be) in a novel. But when her niece had finished the music she was fast asleep, on the sofa.

Looking out Lilly saw the carriage driving up the park and when the gentlemen came in it roused Mrs. Walton.

"Lilly, you and Will are to remain in London a while to prove heirship and I think you had better make this your home; we have no children and you are welcome to our house as long as you wish."

Mr. and Mrs. Walton have long passed away, and Lilly and Will Walton are the possessors of the grand old mansion. Lilly is the mother of a chubby little four year old boy, just the image of his father. Lilly in her prayer at night prays to be spared to her darling boy, and also thanks God that He ever answered her prayer, and sent Will's legacy.

L. E. LEE, West Hill, Nebr.

The Best Heritage. If I were asked what I thought the best and wisest heritage a man could leave his children, says a writer:—what among the goods of earth it would be wisest in a man to seek and improve and preserve for those he loved who were to come after him, I should answer a Home. Let not the cynic come in here with his "matter of course," for by a home I do not mean acres, nor a palace, but the place where your childhood was spent; where there was a mother and a father who were not a terror and a dread; where there were brothers and sisters whose names and characters are associated with things at every turn; where you all have been accustomed to meet on festival days since the years of school vacations, and where now, in your mature years, your thoughts often wander, with a sigh for old days, and a tender regard toward you can find to bestow anywhere else on earth.

Such homes do not grow everywhere spontaneously but thousands such are blighted in the bud by neglect, in the pursuit of ignoble things. Such homes are to be cultivated by small sacrifices on the part of every member of the family. When the blind trust and faith of childhood is gone,—as must needs be,—and the human faults of father, mother, brother and sister obtrude themselves, a spirit of discord is at the threshold to which they must all succumb. Blessed is that family who at this critical hour decide to set the concord of Home before all, and sacrifice, if necessary, every personal ambition and feeling to its perfect preservation.

The boy who enters the world with this ideal in his breast has a key that will unlock more doors in the way to happiness than any other yet known.

A little five-year-old boy was asked by a lady, the other day for a kiss. He immediately complied, but the lady, noticing that the little fellow drew his hand across his lips, remarked, "Ah, but you are rubbing it off." "No, I ain't," was the quick rejoinder; "I'm rubbing it in."

"What is the name of your cat, sir?" inquired a visitor. "His name was William," said the host, "until he had fits, and since then we have called him Fitz-William!"

It is a row of empty houses that gets its windows broken; and empty heads, empty hearts and empty hands are sure to come to grief.

An Unexpected Meeting. Twenty years ago, the daughter of a Scotch farmer married a ploughman in her father's service. The old gentleman was furious and turned his back determinedly on his son-in-law. The young ploughman kissed his wife, left her in her father's arms and sailed for Australia, whence he soon ceased to write. His wife became a mother, and remained in such a state of wretched suspense that her father began to repent of the treatment to which he had subjected her husband. Efforts were made to trace the whereabouts of the latter by means of advertising in the colonial papers and otherwise, but all to no purpose. He had gone to America. Years passed. The grand-son grew up to manhood, and, not liking farm work, bid adieu to the old country and came to the new. After some knocking about, he found employment in a mercantile house in Illinois. In the course of business he discovered that the gentleman at the head of the firm was a native of Scotland, hailing indeed from the same district as himself. Occasional meetings led to more minute inquiries as to dates, names of persons, places, and the like in the old country, and after being six months in the establishment the youth found—however wonderful it may appear—he was actually serving as a clerk with no other than his own father! The effect of this discovery on both sides may be left to the imagination of the reader. Father and son are now in Scotland. The man who went away a penniless ploughman but returns rich, has been welcomed with much emotion by his venerable father-in-law, who is still hale and hearty, as well as by the wife whom he left many years ago in her youth and beauty, but who is now a middle-aged matron. After that who can say that the days of romance have ended?

The north could see a good reason for the hostility of a nearly solid south to the military repression policy of the Grant government; but could not see a good reason for the no less intense hostility of a completely solid south against a government that had discontinued that offensive policy and pursued exactly its opposite. The release of the south from the oppression of "Grant's bayonets" was followed by a consequence which the north did not look for, namely, the appearance of a solid-south party in both houses of congress proclaiming: "We have captured the capitol!—we propose to celebrate our victory by wiping out your national enactments and recovering our Lost Cause!" Nothing has or could have occurred to give so great an impetus to the Grant movement as was given to it by this attack of the solid south upon the national enactments, response to a discontinuance of the Grant policy. All the influences it was possible for the disaffected "Grant stalwarts" to command were impotent for its advancement by comparison to the negative influence of this reactionary cause by the combined southern brigadiers and northern Bourbons. Of all the promoters of the Grant movement, they were, and still are, a thousand-fold the most effective. If Grant should be nominated and elected in 1880, it is to this reactionary course of the southern politicians more than to all else that the result would be due.

But this renewal of the contest for the Lost Cause was followed by a consequence which the southerners and their northern allies did not anticipate. The administration party, divided by the discontinuance of Grant's policy, was reunited, not in favor of the Grant movement, but in antagonism to the renewed state sovereignty movement. The Hayes and the anti-Hayes factions were brought together, and the party thus reunited made stronger and more harmonious than it had been at any time before in a dozen years. Six months ago Mr. Hayes' government was a government without a party; now it is a government with a strong compact, thoroughly united and harmonious party behind it, while its opponents are a broken, demoralized army of factions defeated by their own folly.—Chicago Times.

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils and the names of their parents at the beginning of the term asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

It is a row of empty houses that gets its windows broken; and empty heads, empty hearts and empty hands are sure to come to grief.

Choir or Congregation? Dr. Holland, in a discussion of church music in Scribner for May, writes as follows:

For ourselves, we are very much afraid of the movement toward congregational music. The tendency thus far has been to depreciate not only the quality of music in the churches, but the importance of it, and to make public worship very much less attractive to the great world, which it is the church's duty and policy to attract and to influence. The churches are full, as a rule, where the music is excellent, and to make public worship very much less attractive to the great world, which it is the church's duty and policy to attract and to influence. The churches are full, as a rule, where the music is excellent, and to make public worship very much less attractive to the great world, which it is the church's duty and policy to attract and to influence. The churches are full, as a rule, where the music is excellent, and to make public worship very much less attractive to the great world, which it is the church's duty and policy to attract and to influence.

It is a legitimate question whether a church has a right to surrender any attraction that will give it a hold upon the attention of the world, especially if that attraction is an elevating one, and in the direct line of Christian influence. Congregational singing is well enough in its place and proportions, but very little of the inspiration of music comes through it. It is, indeed, more of a torture than a pleasure to many musical and devout people. The ideal arrangement, as it seems to us, is a first-class quartette, made up of soloists, who take a prominent part in the public service, with a single choral in each service given to the congregation to sing. In this way, the two offices of music in public religious assemblies seem to be secured more surely and satisfactorily than in any other.

Hereforas. This breed, which is but little known, and not half appreciated as they should be, comes nearest competition with the short-horns, both in size and quality of flesh, of any other class, says the Iowa State Register. They are of English origin, and the first ever imported was by that unrivalled statesman and lover of fine stock, Henry Clay. Shortly after the treaty of Ghent in 1814, in which Clay was an active commissioner, he brought home with him to his farm at Ashland, two bulls and two cows—noble specimens of Hereford breed. A few years later they were imported to Massachusetts. At that period in our cattle history, breeders were not as particular to keep the breed pure and distinct as now, and as a consequence there are few if any thoroughbred descendants of the Herefords of Clay's importation of 1814, or the Massachusetts importation of 1824. The Herefords are mainly red in color, with white or mottled faces, frequently white bellies and lines along the back. In England they are claimed to be an ancient breed, and their distinctive uniform appearance, and the pertinacity with which they perpetuate their type bears out their reputation of being thoroughly bred. They are more appreciated in the rugged climate of Canada, than in our milder portion of the United States. They can evidently stand hard usage better than short-horns. They are not, however, we are sorry to say, appreciated with us as they should be.

They are proving so well adapted to our western plains that it is understood the demand for bulls far exceeds the supply. And the demand is likely to increase.

The Good Old Times. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the good old times. Every city, town, or village in the land has its croakers, who see nothing but disaster in the future, hard times in the present, and good times in the past. The Adrian Times tells of one of these complaining individuals who was growling about the present low price of wheat. A well known Michigan citizen gives a little of his experience in the good old times of forty years ago. He lived where Burr Oak now stands, and wanting to get some barrels of salt, he put some thirty bushels of wheat in his wagon, and started for Adrian, eighty miles away. As he could not get cash there he went on to Palmyra mills and sold his wheat for fifty cents a bushel. Going back to Adrian, he paid \$3 for two barrels of salt, and got back to Burr Oak after being five days gone, being delayed by the execrable roads. This is a fair sample of the good old times and it must be admitted they do not flatter themselves by comparison with the times we have at present.

"Have your baggage checked?" cried the man with the brasses. Said Mr. Carefulman, quietly: "If it is just the same to you, sir, wouldn't you put a check on the gentleman who handles the baggage?"

He that hath a scrupulous conscience is like the horse that is not well weighed; he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with columns for Space, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th. Rows for 100 lines, 50 lines, 25 lines, 10 lines, 5 lines, 1 line.

Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dollars. Legal advertisements at statute 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.

Druggists Indicted. Nineteen indictments were found by the last grand jury in York county against druggists for selling liquor without license. The indictments are not based on charges of selling liquor as a beverage alone, but for medicinal purposes as well.

In the trial of Joseph Brown, as a test case, one witness swore that he purchased a pint of liquor of the accused for medicinal purposes; and Judge Post's instructions to the jury were, that selling intoxicating liquors of any kind for any purpose without license is unlawful. Selling intoxicating liquors for medicinal, medicinal, or sacramental purposes is a violation of law unless license has first been secured, according to Judge Post's interpretation of the law. These rulings are in strict conformity to the letter of the law, and it is more than likely that the supreme court will sustain the rulings when it comes to pass upon the case.

Should the supreme court sustain the decision we may look for the indictment of druggists all over the state, and undoubtedly Judge Post will so instruct the juries in his district.

As far as York drug stores are concerned, we have often been informed that they did a thriving business in the vending of intoxicating liquors, and that they were not far above regularly chartered saloonkeepers in this respect.—Seward Reporter.

Beecher on Death. Henry Ward Beecher, lately preaching on