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WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10, 1879. }

PROPOSALS will be received at the Contract office of this Department until 3 P. M. of July 10, 1879, for carrying the mails of the United States, upon the routes, and according to the schedule of arrival and departure specified by the Department, in the State of Nebraska from October 1, 1879 to June 30, 1882. Lists of routes, with schedules of arrivals and departures, instructions to bidders, with forms for contracts and bonds and all other necessary information will be furnished upon application to the Second Assistant Postmaster General.

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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. X.--NO. 8. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1879. WHOLE NO. 476.

U. P. Time Table.

Eastward Bound.

Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at	....	6:25	a. m.
Passeng'r, " 4, " "	....	11:06	a. m.
Freight, " 8, " "	....	2:15	p. m.
Freight, " 10, " "	....	4:30	a. m.

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Freight, No. 5, leaves at	....	2:00	p. m.
Passeng'r, " 3, " "	....	4:27	p. m.
Freight, " 9, " "	....	6:00	p. m.
Emigrant, " 7, " "	....	1:30	a. m.

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448-tf GEORGE HENGGLER.

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THE MORTGAGED FARM.

"Six o'clock!" said Marion Hilyard, looking up suddenly, as the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner rang out its shrill announcement, "six o'clock, and oh! mother, here is Jemmy Lane, punctual to the very moment. Now we shall have good news from Jack, I hope."

She ran out to the gate, flushed and eager, to receive the letter from the country carrier; and, returning, seated herself on a low stool at her mother's feet, and broke the envelope.

On the first glance at its contents, a shade of disappointment dimmed her bright face.

Instead of reading the note aloud, she glanced hurriedly over the brief lines, and then silently, with quivering lip, placed it in her mother's hand and turned aside to a window.

This is what Mrs. Hilyard read:

DEAR MADAM: I saw your son a few days since, when, to my surprise, he expressed himself reluctant to apply his money to the redeeming of the mortgage, saying that he required it for a speculation which promises to be more profitable to him than the holding of the farm. I have, therefore, been compelled to dispose of the mortgage to a gentleman of my acquaintance, who proposes to take immediate possession, and consider it my duty to inform you thereof, in order that you may lose no time in making arrangements for removal.

Very respectfully,
ABNER HARRIS.

Mrs. Hilyard returned the letter to its envelope with a trembling hand and a dazed, bewildered look, as though unable to realize the blow which had so suddenly fallen upon them.

Her eyes met Marion's, and the girl threw herself upon her knees by her mother's side, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh, mother, mother! what shall we do? What will become of us?"

"'The Lord will provide,'" said Mrs. Hilyard, raising her overflowing eyes to the motto on the wall, embroidered by Marion's own hand. "Where is your faith, my child, that it should fail you in this the very hour of need?"

"Mother it is not so much the loss of our home, nor the poverty and trial in store which grieves me, but that Jack—your own son, my own brother—should have so changed. Oh, mother, I know that our Father in Heaven will not desert us, but to whom on earth can we turn when even Jack can become worldly and heartless?"

At this moment a little blue-eyed girl burst into the room with:

"Mamma—Marion! here is Miss 'Melia Anderson at the gate, in her buggy. She says will you step out a minute, for she wants to tell you about old Mr. Millard being sunstruck; and she daren't leave her horse without somebody to hold it."

Marion was in no condition to listen to Miss 'Melia—the greatest gossip in the neighborhood; so Mrs. Hilyard, drying her eyes, was in civility compelled to see the informal visitor. Marion, her head resting upon the window-sill behind the screen of clinging roses, could have heard every word spoken; but, absorbed in her grief, she paid no attention until the name of Wat Hinton struck upon her ear.

"It's true, for certain; for Maria had it from his own sister, Aggie Hinton. Says Maria, in her wild way, 'If he comes back with all that money'—you know his Uncle Samuel left him most of his property last year—says Maria, 'if he comes back rich I mean to set my cap for him.' On which Aggie answers, 'Oh, you needn't; for he's to be married before long, and to a real nice, pretty girl.' Of course Maria wanted to know all about it; but Aggie only laughed in her mysterious way, until Maria says, 'I believe you are joking!' when Aggie replies, 'If Walter isn't married before winter I'll make you a present of my new ear-rings which he has sent me.' So you see it's a certain sure; and no doubt he'll bring his bride to visit his family, and then, tell Marion, we may look out for a grand party. When the Hintons undertake to do things they always do them handsomely."

Marion stayed to hear no more. Gliding out of a side door, she crossed the garden, passing little Myra, who was fondling a snow-white calf, her great pet and treasure, and who called out to her to "see how Snowball was growing."

Poor little sister! It would be as hard upon her as upon her mother and herself to leave the dear old home, with all the scenes and objects endeared to them by the association of their lives. For in that ample, pleasant, old-fashioned farmhouse Mrs. Hilyard had been born and married, and here her children also had first seen the light.

Two years ago her husband—who had been too little practical to make a successful farmer—had died suddenly, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassed state, and the farm burdened with a very heavy mortgage. Then Jack, good son and brother as he was, had thought it best to go to the city, taking advantage of a situation offered him by a distant relative, until the mortgage should be paid.

Only two weeks ago he had written cheerfully, saying that the matter would be speedily settled to their satisfaction; and now, just as they were expecting to hear that their home was their own again, came this cruel letter.

As Marion had said to her mother not even the loss of their home went to her heart with so sharp a pang as did this evidence of the change in her only brother.

That Jack should have grown so worldly and heartless as to consider his pecuniary advantage before the gratification of his mother's comfort, that he should allow them to be actually turned out of the dear old house, and go to reside in the strange city, where they could never feel at home—oh, this was the bitterest pang of all!

So Marion had thought upon first reading that letter; and, it was not until hearing Miss 'Melia's words to her mother that she awoke to the consciousness that fate could have even a greater sorrow than this in store for her.

One year ago she had parted from her accepted lover, Wat Hinton, in mutual anger on both sides. Wat had become jealous, and had spoken sharply to her, and in a manner which she considered herself justified in resenting.

Wat was too proud to apologize, and Marion too proud as well as too delicate to make advances looking to a reconciliation, and so they had drifted apart, both miserable, until Wat had broken the last link by going to the West.

She heard of him from time to time through his family, but no word or message to herself ever came. In all this while she had looked forward with a faint, yearning hope to the possibility of his some time returning, and of all being made up between them.

But now this last hope was rudely stricken to the ground. Wat was going to be married. He had forgotten her, and was lost to her forever.

"Oh, it is hard—so hard to bear!" thought Marion, as, with hands unconsciously tightly clasped, she passed slowly under the apple boughs of the old orchard. "Life is bitter. It has taken all from me. It can have no more to give. Only my dear, dear mother, and Myra! For their sakes I must be strong, and try to bear it all."

On the verge of the orchard, where the high bank sloped abruptly to the meadow, she came to a mass of tangled honeysuckle, fashioned into a rustic arbor. Wat had made it for her, and here, in fact, it was that they had last parted.

Down in the meadow ran a little pathway, leading by a short cut to Wat's home, a couple of miles away. How often she had sat here on an evening and watched for him!

She could scarcely look back upon any object now before her eyes which was not connected with some association of Wat.

There was the walnut tree which he and Jack used to climb, and there the laughing brook in which he had taught her to steer the little boat which he had made for her, laden with grain, down to Jack's famous water-mill, at the roots of that old willow.

Further up was the real "grist and saw-mill," which Jack had always been so desirous of owning, and which everybody said would be such a good investment for one who could manage it properly.

And then Marion, seated on the bench in the rustic arbor, turned and looked long and yearningly at the old farm house peeping from the great beeches across the orchard. No other place on earth could ever be home to her. And her mother? Oh, it would be harder still for her, whose whole life of fifty years had been spent under that roof.

A sudden sound aroused Marion—a sharp whistle as of some one calling to a dog, and she saw through tear-dimmed eyes the figure of a man hurrying along the pathway in the meadow. She drew back behind the screen of the honeysuckle.

The path led past the arbor, but at the foot of the steep bank she would not be discovered in her retreat So she thought; but a moment or two after there was a sound of footsteps ascending the band, a rustle of the honeysuckle branches, and Marion saw standing in the entrance of the arbor the figure of a tall young man who looked almost as much startled as herself.

For a moment they gazed at each other—Marion pale, and the stranger with a flush rising on his handsome face. Then he said, as he held out his hand, "Marion, don't you know me?"

She gave him her hand in silence. It was Wat. And suddenly with the sight of him came the full bitterness of sorrow, in the consciousness that he was lost to her forever. She was nothing to him now, and he must be nothing to her.

"I am glad to have so unexpectedly found you here in this dear old spot," he said. "I arrived at home only an hour ago, and could not rest until I had seen you."

She met his eyes, bent upon her with a strange earnestness, and her pale cheek faintly flushed, but she could not have spoken a word.

"Marion," he said suddenly, "have you no welcome for me? Is it possible that you cannot forgive me?"

"Forgive you?"

"Yes; for all my absured jealousy, and pride, and folly. I have never had a happy moment since I parted from you, Marion, and I have come back at last to beg your forgiveness, and to beg, too, for the love which I forfeited, but which I cannot live without."

"I do not understand you, Wat. I do not know why you should speak thus to me, when—when you are going to be married."

"Who told you that of me, Marion?"

"It came from Agnes, your own sister."

He smiled.

"Aggie knows my wishes. It was she who encouraged me to come back. She thought you would forgive me. Will you, Marion, darling?"

She had averted her face to hide her tearful eyes, but he now took both her hands, and, as he drew her toward him, a great tide of unspeakable joy rushed over her and she could only murmur, faintly: "Oh, Wat!"

When they were both calmer she told him of the heavy grief that had just fallen upon them. They must leave their dear old home, which had passed into the hands of strangers.

"Of strangers, Marion? Do you call me a stranger?"

"You Wat?"

He looked suprised in his turn.

"Did you not know it was I who have purchased the dear old farm. Did you not receive Jack's letter?"

"Oh, Walter, it cannot, cannot be true."

He took from a pocketbook a paper, which he opened and placed before her. It was the mortgage which her father had given Mr. Abner Harris.

"And the place is really yours now?" she said, looking up radiantly through sudden tears.

"Not mine, but ours, darling."

She was too happy to speak a word in answer.

"You see, dear," Wat said, "Jack and I talked it over the other day, and we agreed, as he was so anxious to purchase the mill and had not means sufficient for both, that I should take the farm, and leave him at liberty to invest in the mill property. It is the very best thing for Jack and for his mother, as I explained to her, if only she had received his letter. Jack is not fitted for a farmer, and could never have made much of the farm, as he certainly will do with the mill. He came up with me in order to attend to the matter. Forgive me that I neglected to inform you, but I left him behind in the maple-field, talking with Aggie."

Marion started up with a glad cry. Coming down the opposite declivity of the meadow was somebody, joyously waving his hand, and in two minutes she was sobbing in her brother's arms—sobbing from a fullness of joy such as she had never in her life before known.

They hastened to the house, all three eager to gladden the heart of the mother.

Jack sprung up to the steps and took her in his arms, while Wat lifted Myra, who had run to meet them in frantic delight.

As Marion crossed the threshold, the old clock rang out a welcome chime. "Seven o'clock!" said the girl, softly.

Her heart was full, and she turned away and went quietly up to her own room. As she passed the clock, she looked up at it with an expression almost of awe.

"What a lifetime of misery and happiness in one hour!" she murmured.

An old lady who has been for near upon twenty years hoarding silver in a tea pot has been obliged to sell out her $450 of accumulations at par, when she might have made a hundred per cent. during the war.

Proving Up Homesteads.

Hereafter, all persons wishing to prove up on homesteads will have to comply with the following law, approved March 3, 1879. Homesteaders should be very careful and not wait until their two years limit expires to prove up, as it may cause them trouble:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That before final proof shall be submitted by any person claiming to enter agricultural lands under the laws proving for preemption or homestead entires, such person shall file with the register of the proper land-office a notice of his or her intention to make such proof, stating therein the description of lands to be entered, and the names of the witnesses by whom the necessary facts will be established.

Upon the filing of such notice, the register shall publish a notice, that such application has been made, once a week for the period of thirty days, in a newspaper to be by him designated as published nearest to such land, and he shall also post such notice in some conspicuous place in his office for the same period. Such notice shall contain the names of the witnesses as stated in the application. At the expiration of said period of thirty days, the claimant shall be entitled to make proof in the manner heretofore provided by law. The Secretary of the Interior shall make all necessary rules for giving effect to the foregoing provisions.

Approved March 3, 1879.

A Cheerful Face.

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams "on the just as well as on the unjust." Such a disposition will yield a rich reward, for the happy effects will come home to you and brighten your thoughtful moments. Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to the thought, adds grace to the countenance. Joubert says, "When you give, give with joy, smiling." Smiles are little things and cheap articles to be fraught with so many blessings, both to the giver and receiver; pleasant little ripples to watch as we stand on the shore of everyday life. They are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotion of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them—those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find sympathy for their buoyant nature in the cheerful, loving faces of those who need them. Let them not be kept from the middle-aged, who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of the Summer, making fresh and verdant the long, weary path of life. They look for them from you, who are rejoicing in the fulness of your life.

A Few Words of Wisdom

For all who are seeking new homes in the West. If you are going to change your location, by all means you should keep on about the "same latitude" as where you formerly lived, in this way you will escape the severe climatic changes in the weather incident to the extreme North or South. Having none of these things to contend with, yourself and family are healthy and you become a producer at once, consequently soon independent; on the other hand should you listen to the glowing accounts of the sunny South, or the mild climate of the North, and thus be induced to try your fortunes, there you will find the reality is not all your fancy painted it to be. If you go South, it usually takes about two years to become acclimated, during which time, not being able to work, yourself and family are consumers, besides being constantly exposed to the malarial fevers which abound, and the experience of many is that they return discouraged, leaving not a few lovely ones beneath the sod in the sunny South. The refore, in going West, keep on about the same latitude which will secure health and happiness.

A man passing through a gateway in the dark ran against a post. "I wish that post was in the lower regions!" was his angry remark. "Bitter wish it was somewhere else," said a bystander. "You might run against it again."

Hard words are like hailstones in summer—beating down and destroying what, if melted into drops, they would nourish.

Rates of Advertising.

Space.	1w	2w	1mo	3m	6m	1yr
1col'mn	$12.00	$20	$25	$35	$60	$100
½ "	8.00	12	15	20	35	60
¼ "	6.00	9	12	15	20	35
4 inches	5.25	7.50	11	14	15	27
3 "	4.50	6.75	10	12	15	20
1 "	1.50	2.25	4	5	8	10

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. Advertisments classified as "Special notices" five cents a line first insertion, three cents a line each subsequent insertion.

The Christian.

The happy man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto Life. He was educated in the school of Obedience and he now lives by Perceiving; notwithstanding he has a large estate in the city of Christian Contentment, and many times does odd jobs of Self-denial. He wears the plain garment of Humility, but has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called the robe of Christ's Righteousness. He walks in the valley of Self-abasement and sometimes climbs the mountains of Spiritual Mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on Prayer and supe every evening on the same. He has meat to eat that the world knows not of; his drink is the Sincerity of the Word. Thus happy he lives and happy he dies, and happy is he who has gospel submission in his will, due ardor in his affections, sound praise on his lips, sanctifying grace in his soul, real christianity in his breast, true humility in his heart and the Redeemer's yoke on his neck and a vast world under his feet and a crown of glory on his head. Happy is this man's life, which all may attain by praying faithfully, believing firmly, waiting with patience, working kindly, living holy, dying daily. Watch your heart, guide your sins, redeem your time, love Christ and long for glory. May I that happy person be in time, and throughout eternity.

RACHAEL ANN PRETTYMAN.

Letter from Wm. Penn.

The following letter by William Penn, written previous to his embarkation for America, is highly characteristic of the simplicity and purity of the man:

"*My Dear Wife and Children:*

"My love, which neither sea, nor land, nor death itself, can extinguish or lessen towards you, will abide with you forever; as I am to one a husband, and to the rest a father, if I should never see you more in this world.

"My dear wife! Remember thou wast the love of my youth; the most beloved and most worthy of all my earthly comforts. And now, dearest, let me recommend to thy care, our children, the sweat pledges of our mutual affection. Above all, breed them up in the love of virtue, and that holy plain way in which we have lived. When marriageable, see that they choose worthy persons, of good fame for piety and understanding.

"My children, be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose name is an honor to you. Love her as she loved your father, with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors. Be sure to live within your compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. I charge you before God and his angels, that you be diligent and tender. Avoid idleness, and make your habitations pleasant and desirable. Farewell.

"Yours forever, WM. PENN.
"Fourth of sixth month, 1682."

Old John Walsh was a banker, and also a money lender. He was accounted a greedy, close-fisted old chap, yet he possessed a sort of grim, rigid humor, which, in some cases, was really funny. One day a dashing, reckless young man of the period called upon him. "Mr. Walsh," said he, "I want to borrow five hundred." "For how long?" "Six months." "What security can you give me?" The young fellow drew himself proudly up. "My own personal security, sir," he replied with a flourish. Old John turned and opened a stout iron chest by his side. "Get in here, sir," said he. The young blade looked first at the chest and then at Walsh. "What for?" said he. "Because here is where I always keep all of my personal securities."—*Philadelphia Exchange.*

Conversation as an Educator.

Children hunger prepetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of people what would be drudgery to learn from books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent, if, in childhood, they hear daily the conversation of intelligent people. Hense the importance that the teacher should be an intelligent person. The child comes home and says, "What do you think my teacher told us to-day?" The daily effort of the teacher should be to render herself fresh and bright to meet her class; not to think," "How shall I repress and bottle all this energy?"

Citizens of Agusta, Ga., will have to carry their revolvers in plain sight hereafter. The Common Council has passed an ordinance making it the duty of the police officers to see that all persons who carry concealed weapons are prosecuted to the extent of the law. This is a decided infringement on Southern rights.