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The Columbus Journal

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COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 492.

Table with 4 columns: Space, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th. Rows for 1 inch, 2 inch, 3 inch, 4 inch, 5 inch, 6 inch, 7 inch, 8 inch.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WM. BECKER, DEALER IN GROCERIES, Grain, Produce, Etc.

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Goods delivered Free of Charge, anywhere in the city. Corner of 13th and Madison Sts. North of Foundry.

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Harness, Saddles, Bridles, and Collars. keeps constantly on hand all kinds of whips, Saddle Hardware, Curry-combs, Brushes, Bridle Bits, Spurs, Cards, Harness made to order.

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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF Agricultural Implements AGENTS FOR

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Farmers, look to your interests and give us a call. GALBRAITH BROS.

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A complete assortment of Ladies' and Children's Shoes kept on hand. All Work Warranted!!

Our Motto—Good stock, excellent work and fair prices. Especial Attention paid to Repairing. Cor. Olive and 12th Sts.

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GOOD, HARD-BURNT BRICK Always on Hand in QUANTITIES to suit PURCHASERS

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H. J. HUDSON, NOTARY PUBLIC. 1214 Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, Columbus, Neb. 491-y.

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NOTICE: IF YOU have any real estate for sale, if you wish to buy either in or out of the city, if you wish to trade city property for lands, or lands for city property, give us a call.

BRICK! RIEMER & STOLCE keep constantly on hand and furnish in the wall, the best of brick. Orders solicited.

PICTURES! PICTURES! NOW IS THE TIME to secure a life-like picture of yourself and children at the New Art Rooms, east 11th street, south side railroad track, Columbus, Nebraska.

FOR SALE OR TRADE! MARES & COLTS, Horses or Oxen, SADDLE PONIES, wild or broke, at the Central of GEHARD & ZEIGLER.

Columbus Meat Market! KEEP ON HAND all kinds of fresh meats, and smoked pork and beef; also fish. Meats and sausage a specialty.

Chicago Barber Shop. HAIR CUTTING done in the latest styles, with or without machine. Ladies' and children's hair cutting a specialty.

STAGE ROUTE. 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 back will call at either of the Hotels for passengers if orders are left at the post-office.

GOOD CHEAP BRICK! AT MY RESIDENCE, on Shell Creek, 1/2 mile west of Matthis's bridge, I have 70,000 good, hard-burnt brick for sale.

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 on Nebraska Avenue, three doors north of E. J. Baker's grain office.

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OWING TO THE CLOSE TIMES, meat will be sold at this market 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.

DR. R. J. REILLY, Office on Thirteenth Street, Opposite Engine House, Columbus, Neb. English and German. 489-4f

KELLEY & SLATTERY, House Moving and building done to order, and in a workman-like manner. Please give us a call. 487-Shop on corner of Olive St. and Pacific Avenue. 485-4f

F. SCHECK, Manufacturer and Dealer in CIGARS AND TOBACCO. ALL KINDS OF SMOKING ARTICLES. Store on Olive St., near the old Post-office Columbus Nebraska. 447-1y

MRS. W. L. COSSEY, Dress and Shirt Maker, 5 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. 425-1f

LAW, REAL ESTATE AND GENERAL COLLECTION OFFICE BY W. S. GEER. MONEY TO LOAN in small lots on farm property, time one to three years. Farms with some improvements house and office for the present at the Cloth House, Columbus, Neb. 478-x

GEORGE N. DERRY, CARRIAGE, House & Sign Painting, STAINING, GLASS, Paper Hanging, KALOMINING, Etc. All work warranted. Shop on Olive street, opposite the "Tattersall" Stables. 471-1y

HENRY GASS, UNDERTAKER, KEEPS ON HAND ready-made Metallic Coffins, Walnut Picture Frames, Mends Cane Seat Chairs. Keeps on hand Black Walnut Lumber. Office opposite Court House, Columbus, Neb. Washington Ave. 478-1y

U. P. Time Table. Eastward Bound. Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at 6:25 a. m. Passenger, " 8, " 7:15 a. m. Freight, " 10, " 8:00 a. m.

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION. A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Beatrice. ALVIN SANDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha. T. J. TRAINOR, Attorney General, S. R. THOMPSON, Suppl. Public Instruct. H. C. DAWSON, Warden of Penitentiary. W. W. ABBEY, Prison Inspectors. Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner. S. L. BARRETT, Supt. of Schools. S. M. McALLISTER, Justices of the Peace. Byron Millett, Charles W. Constable.

JUDICIARY. S. Maxwell, Chief Justice. George B. Lake, Associate Judges. Amasa Cobb. U. S. DISTRICT COURT. G. W. Post, Judge. M. R. Keese, District Attorney, Wahoo.

LAND OFFICERS. M. B. Hoxie, Register, Grand Island. Wm. Anyan, Receiver, Grand Island. COUNTY DIRECTORY. J. G. Higgins, County Director. John S. Crawford, County Clerk. V. Kummer, Treasurer. Ben. Spielman, Sheriff. R. L. Bossiter, Surveyor. Wm. Bloodorn, Assessor. John Walker, County Commissioners. John Wise. Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner. S. L. Barrett, Supt. of Schools. S. M. McAllister, Justices of the Peace. Byron Millett, Charles W. Constable.

CITY DIRECTORY. C. A. Spicer, Mayor. John W. Cronin, Clerk. Charles Wake, Marshal. C. A. Newman, Treasurer. S. M. McAllister, Police Judge. J. G. Rounton, Engineer.

COLUMBIEN. 1st Ward—J. E. North. G. A. Schroeder. 2d Ward—E. C. Kavanagh. R. H. Henry. 3d Ward—E. J. Baker. Wm. Burgess.

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 6 a. m. to 8 p. m. Eastern mails close at 11 a. m. Western mails close at 4:15 p. m. Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, daily, except Sunday, at 10 a. m. Arrives at 1:30 p. m. Mail leaves Columbus for Albion, daily, except Sunday 6 a. m. Arrives, same, 6 p. m. Mail leaves Columbus and York, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 6 p. m. For Shell Creek, Creston and Stanton, on Mondays and Fridays at 6 a. m. Arrives Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 6 p. m. For Alexis, Paton and David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 p. m. Arrives at 12 m. For St. Anthony, Prairie Hill and St. Bernard, Saturdays, 7 a. m. Arrives Fridays, 3 p. m.

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

I do not wish to speak of professors in general, or to make of my hero the prototype of those honorable men who devote themselves to a noble cause—the instruction of the youth. My object is merely to sketch off the features and characteristics of an individual who, it is true, might as well have belonged to any other class of society.

Late one afternoon, seated in my room on the Boulevard de Luxembourg, busily occupied with work for the morrow, I was startled by loud knocking on the door. Knowing that no friend would have troubled himself to knock at all, I was certain that some stranger awaited an entrance. To my summons of "Come in," which I repeated at least three times, there appeared on the floor a most singular specimen of humanity, who hesitated a moment, doubtless anxious to see what his reception would be. At last he came up and handed me a note from a friend. The lines read thus:

"I send you a poor unfortunate old man; help him if you can."

In reality, the man before me did present a most melancholy picture. He was poor in appearance, even miserable looking, I might say, with clothes in rags and shoes quite worn out, while his shirt was torn at the sleeves in front besides being black as ink. There was an apology for a cravat, nothing more than a dark string, and a hat—such a hat!—stained red, white and black in color, used up, smoked, and decidedly flattened. This was the object of pity my friend begged me to assist.

And yet, with all his soiled clothing and odd figure the old man came proudly up, holding erect his head, and looking at me from bright, intelligent eyes, a clear honest gaze. I was interested in spite of myself.

Before I could ask him to be seated, he had coolly taken possession of a chair and addressed me in a most pleasant tone of voice.

"Sir, I beg you will excuse my seeming *sans gene* in this seating myself; but I am quite exhausted, for, remember, five flights of stairs is no small undertaking for one of my years."

I bowed assent, and he continued: "I feel sure you are good and charitable, like your friend. If you only knew how kind he has been to me! I owe him so much gratitude that I can never be able to repay it. When I am sick he always nurses me in his hospital, and when I leave there he does all he can for me outside, with his limited means. But before interesting you in my behalf let me tell you who I am, where I come from, and what circumstances conspired to plunge me into such complete misery."

Here he gave me his name, and said, furthermore: "Having finished my studies at the lycee at the age of eighteen, without fortune, with prospect for the future I was then forced to leave Bourdeaux, my native city. Of course, like every other provincialist, I started for Paris, imagining gold was to be picked up in its streets, readily enough. That such was not the case, and that misery haunts all cities alike, I soon found out. After many months of struggling and poverty, I finally became usher in a college near Paris. Of my life there, the abject slavery I had to contend with, I will not speak; the subject is too painful; enough to know that I became disgusted, and left the only asylum where I felt sure of bread to eat or a bed to sleep on. Once more launched out in the cold world, I tried hard to find something; but only succeeded in getting some small remuneration for my efforts by writing for the newspapers. And yet I wrote in the people's cause, and endeavored by so doing to work out some good for suffering humanity. I wrote, too, in the cause of liberty, and for the downfall of oppression and tyranny. Oh, glorious liberty!"

As he uttered these words, his whole face lit up and his eyes shone forth brilliantly—sparkled, even so, while his form was drawn up to its full height, and trembled with excitement. The man positively appeared sublime, and I felt sad to think such a fine nature was thrown away—body and mind shattered by toil and hardship.

He then told me that he had been usher, professor and writer for the papers, in Paris, in the provinces, abroad. As a proof of his statements he laid on the table the cover of a dirty atlas, upon which were affixed the different certificates, in order and date, from the principals of the institutions and colleges where he had found employment.

The methodical way in which he took care to arrange and classify the certificates and recommendations

excited my curiosity, and noticing it, he informed me that they were the means of his getting a livelihood. "You see, sir," he went on, "very few have the heart to refuse me some little help, when they perceive I am honest, although a beggar, and that I really did work when able to do so. A few sons will buy me a glass of absinthe, and an irresistible longing after that liquor induces me to spend my money at the cafe instead of at the baker's."

At an expression of pity on my part, he replied: "Ah! you others, rich, placed beyond care, can cry down the poor wretch driven to despair, and call absinthe and brandy the most subtle and poisonous of drinks; and I suppose they are; but then to a poor mortal like myself, what have I to live for? And if the drink is poisoning me, its effects are by degrees, and give the suicide many a happy moment, many a joyous hallucination ere it kills. Under its influence I see my dearest wishes confirmed, all my troubles cleared. Health, wealth, joy—all mine!"

"But," I suggested, "are you not more miserable than ever when you awake from its influence, and find yourself once more exposed to reality, and the misery of another blank day in your life?"

His face became sad and overcast, while tears were in his eyes, and he confessed that the shattered visions were very painful in contrast, but added he:

"Ah, bah! I get money again, and then away to the cafe, where I remain until it is closed, and then to bed, in places known only to myself and a few others, where we dream away this existence until the last day comes, and we drift on to the sea of eternity."

He now arose, and wishing me a "Good bye, and a God bless you, sir, for taking such an interest in one whom you may never see again," left the room.

I am not sure but there are some who will question whether I acted rightly in assisting the old professor to procure the means to indulge in drink, and thus shorten his earthly course, and end by making him a self-destroyer. But then (as the old man said), who could have had the heart to refuse him some charity, and really wish to prolong a career coupled with such bitter want and destitution? I can forgive the physician, when he knows that death is inevitable, for consenting to treat his patients with prescriptions that will help to render them insensible to all future suffering or pain.

A short time afterward, I happened to meet the friend of the professor. Of course I asked about the old man.

"Poor fellow!" was the answer, in return. "I closed his eyes at the hospital, this morning. Some ten days since he came to the hospital sick and wretched, saying all his references had been stolen and that he could no longer get a livelihood; and having no home, no friend, he came to die by the side of the only one he cared for, and you see how truly his prophesy has been fulfilled. I shall bury him at my own cost."

Placing a small sum of money to be devoted to a wreath of flowers, to cover his remains, "in memoriam," I wished my friend good-bye, and went home sad at heart, thinking that a creature of God's many forms, bright in intellect, and with the right stuff in him to have made life a success, had been led in youth into the current of adversity, to follow ever its dark stream onward to the end, where an inglorious death awaited him at last. Yet how many are doomed to such!

Like the Creator of the Universe—who is incapable of wrong—Jay Gould is incapable of doing anything that would not redound to the special benefit of Omaha. He builds the link between Hastings and Grand Island, giving St. Joe a direct connection with the main line of the Union Pacific, and we are promptly assured by the brass-collar brigade that it will redound to the benefit of Omaha. He builds a stub from Beatrice to Marysville on the Kansas Pacific, thus giving Kansas City a direct line to Southwestern Nebraska, and forthwith the brass-collar editors clap their hands in joy and urge Omaha to jubilate over Paddock's boom. And now Jay Gould has projected an air-line rainbow road between Sioux City and Fremont, whereby Milwaukee and St. Paul will secure an inlet into the Platte Valley back of Omaha, and of course the brass-collar crew are cheering for Gould.

All these projects and all these shrewd investments are for Omaha. How could it be otherwise, when Jay Gould is at the bottom of them? Anybody that can't see these railway enterprises in that light, is more obtuse in his optics than the much-nomined Ben. Butler.—O. Bee.

A Husband's Explanation.

It is a fact that has been noticed and commented upon time out of mind, that many husbands neglect those little attentions and marks of affection of which they were so lavish during courtship. Of course, there must be a reason for a custom which, though reprehensible in the abstract, has the sanction of all but universal practice, and it becomes the duty of the philosopher to inquire into and expound it. Perhaps it is best illustrated by an anecdote which was told Causere by a friend whose wife, by the way, manifested her deep displeasure in very decided terms while he was relating it. It seems that on Columbus avenue there dwelt a wedded pair who were made one last fall. No knight of love was more devoted to his "fair lady" than was the husband during the honeymoon and the moon that followed it. But, ere the third moon had waned, the young wife noted—or thought she noted, no doubt it was fancy—a change. As time passed on it became still more apparent. Her husband was loving, of course, but somehow there was a lack of the old ardor, there was a falling off in the old demonstrativeness. This troubled her, and woman-like, she was quick to conclude that his love for her had cooled. One evening, after thinking the matter over all day, she broke out with "You don't love me any more."

"What makes you think so?" he asked, in a business-like way, scarcely lifting his eyes from his book which he was reading. "Because," she sobbed, "you never pet me any more, and you are not half so attentive as you used to be." And then she broke down into a regular cry. The husband said that something must be done. Laying aside his book, and regretfully relinquishing his cigar—a man does hate to be disturbed when once settled for the evening—he went to his weeping wife and led her to the window.

"My dear, he said, "do you see that horse-car coming up the avenue?" "I do," she sobbed. "And do you see that man running to catch it?" "Yes, dear, what of it?" "And do you see that he is straining every nerve; that he is shouting to the conductor at the top of his voice, and doing his best to make the car stop?" "I do," said the wife, whose curiosity was aroused, "but what on earth has that to do—?" "One moment, my dear. Look again. Do you observe that he has caught the car, and that he is no longer running, but is probably quietly seated inside, taking a rest? He has got through shouting and running, because he has caught the car. Now, my dear—at this point he kissed away her tears—"it is just so with me. I have caught the car."

And with that the self-satisfied monster led his wife back to her seat on the sofa, and silently resumed his easy chair, cigar and book.

A Girl's Fancy.

A woman's taste is an unknown quantity and is one of those things which can never be calculated on with certainty. The fact is pretty well illustrated in a rather singular elopement which occurred a few days since down in Kansas, in which Miss Minnie Spears, a well-to-do farmer's daughter, eloped with a blind fiddler, whom her parents had refused to permit her to marry. The gay Lothario in this remarkable piece of eccentricity is an Italian vagabond, very handsome, and about twenty years of age, who gets about the country playing tunes for any body who will listen to him, and give him a nickel. His name is Schutari, and the romantic appendage, aided by his good looks is perhaps what won the girl's heart. Any way, she seems to have been perfectly infatuated, and when her love was crossed by her unsympathetic parents, she managed to conduct her helpless love together, and together they fled west, where they propose to be united in marriage. Miss Spears communicated to a young friend a few days before the elopement, that she meant to dress up as a dancing girl after they were married and learn to play the harp, and would then travel from city to city, and have a delightful time. The romantic damsel is about seventeen years of age, and is said to be very pretty. She was educated for her own sphere of life. Whatever possessed her to fall in love with an apparently unlovable object, is one of those things, which perhaps, woman alone can understand.

Economy.

What does the word "economy" mean? Does it mean the mere laying away of money, the mere piling up of our needs and taste that we may have a fund laid by for a possible future—that, after all, we may never see? Does it mean to be stingy, to refuse to give for this good object, or to assist that deserving, but less fortunate neighbor? None of these; true economy is possible to the rich, as it is necessary to the poor. Economy signifies management; the regulation of affairs both domestic and public. It does not mean that the tired wife shall devote each moment of her life to hard work; by doing so she is guilty of the gravest waste. It does not mean that the father shall deny himself the newspaper, which will be rest and nourishment for his weary brain and of value to the whole family. It means that all members of the household shall be provided with every comfort that will help them to enjoy life in a rational manner, and thus become useful to themselves and those around them. But nothing should be wasted; the silly book purchased, the cheap and flimsy, but showy garment, bought for mere fashion's sake, the superfluous article had because it was cheap; all are indications of a lack of true economy or thrift. Be careful of what you have; buy what you need, and not what you want; and, above all, live within your annual income; then you will have found that economy rightly understood, has brought you many comforts—and some luxuries.

Had the Wrong Sign.

Two beggars are in the habit of standing on the corner of one of our business streets; one, according to the sign on his bosom, deaf and dumb; the other blind, with three children, an invalid wife and a paralyzed mother-in-law to support. The other day the deaf-and-dumb man stood alone on the corner, with a bunch of shoe-strings around his neck, eyes tight shut. A gentleman dropped a nickel in the hat, and was greatly surprised to hear the deaf-and-dumb man ask: "Don't you want your shoe-strings?" "How is this? I read you were deaf and dumb," said the gentleman. The blind man immediately opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Why, gosh, snakes! I've got the wrong sign on!"

Heredity in Crime.

An instance of heredity in crime is furnished by Elias Phillips, of Freetown, Mass., who recently appeared as a witness in a burglary trial, having turned state's evidence. He is a great-grandson of Malbon Briggs, a notorious criminal, who was in state prison with seven of his sons at one time. Briggs' ancestry is traced back to a noted pirate in the time of Earl Bellamont, and his branch of the family has for over a century furnished noted criminals in every generation.

On the river.

"What's the matter, Alfred? You look uneasy." "Well, my wife, who is fond of swimming, dived off the boat some time ago, and has not yet come to the surface; I am afraid that something must have happened to her." "How long has she been under?" "About two hours."

Reference was made, in an interview with Blaine to which we referred on Tuesday to the apostasy of General Beatty of Ohio, from the democracy, and his purpose to act with the republicans. The reason given by General Beatty are strikingly identical in part with those which led "war democrats" to act with the republicans in 1861—General Beatty's "stronger" reason is that the solid south have seen fit to raise again the question that confronted us in 1861, namely: Shall the constitution and laws of the nation be the supreme law of the land? "The purpose was to settle the question by the late war," General Beatty says; but a solid phalanx of confederate brigadiers in congress have seen fit to deny that it is settled, and to propose the repeal of laws based on that assumption. For the candidates of a party which takes its place before the country in that attitude, Gen. Beatty will never vote. "The principles I fought for on the battle field I shall continue for and defend at the polls," are the words in which he repudiates the reactionary programme of Thurman and the southern brigadiers. "The inventors of that wretched programme will find in the outcome what the north, which is America thinks of it, says the Chicago Time commending Gen. Beatty's action. Gen. Beatty's other reason is the 'promise of the government issued because of the necessity of war to feed and clothe the army that put down the rebellion, is now equal to gold, and the man or the party that would disturb or depreciate its value I will not support.' Two good strong planks for 1879-80, and on which alone the Republican party could afford to fight in our next year.—Omaha Republican.

Packing a Trunk.

"The man who takes over ten minutes to pack a trunk is a dolt!" said Mr. Bowerman, as he slammed down the lid and turned the key. Mrs. Bowerman had been at it just seven days and seven nights, and when her husband went up stairs at 1 o'clock she sat down before the open trunk with tears in her eyes. "You see how it is," she explained, as he looked down upon her in awful contempt. "I've got only part of my dresses in here, saying nothing of a thousand other things, and even now the lid won't shut down. I've got such a headache I must stop down for a few minutes." She went away to lope, and Mr. Bowerman sat down and mused: "Space is space. The use of space is in knowing how to utilize it." Removing everything he began repacking. He found that a silk dress could be rolled to the size of a quart jug. A freshly starched lawn was made to take the place of a pair of slippers. He brown bunting fitted into the niche she had reserved for three handkerchiefs, and her best bonnet was turned bottom-up in its box and packed full of underclothing. He sat there viewing sufficient empty space to pack in a whole bed, when she returned, and said he was the only good husband in this world, and she kissed him on the nose as he turned the key. "It's simply the difference between the sexes," was the patronizing reply, as he went down stairs to turn on the burglar-alarm. Who that wife opened that trunk! But screams and shrieks would avail nothing.

Referent was made, in an interview with Blaine to which we referred on Tuesday to the apostasy of General Beatty of Ohio, from the democracy, and his purpose to act with the republicans. The reason given by General Beatty are strikingly identical in part with those which led "war democrats" to act with the republicans in 1861—General Beatty's "stronger" reason is that the solid south have seen fit to raise again the question that confronted us in 1861, namely: Shall the constitution and laws of the nation be the supreme law of the land? "The purpose was to settle the question by the late war," General Beatty says; but a solid phalanx of confederate brigadiers in congress have seen fit to deny that it is settled, and to propose the repeal of laws based on that assumption. For the candidates of a party which takes its place before the country in that attitude, Gen. Beatty will never vote. "The principles I fought for on the battle field I shall continue for and defend at the polls," are the words in which he repudiates the reactionary programme of Thurman and the southern brigadiers. "The inventors of that wretched programme will find in the outcome what the north, which is America thinks of it, says the Chicago Time commending Gen. Beatty's action. Gen. Beatty's other reason is the 'promise of the government issued because of the necessity of war to feed and clothe the army that put down the rebellion, is now equal to gold, and the man or the party that would disturb or depreciate its value I will not support.' Two good strong planks for 1879-80, and on which alone the Republican party could afford to fight in our next year.—Omaha Republican.