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OFFICE—COLUMBUS, NEB

VOL. X.—NO. 25.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 493.

BUSINESS CARDS

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E. P. Time Table.

Eastward Bound. Leaves at 6:25 a. m. Passenger, " 4. " 11:06 a. m. Freight, " 8. " 2:15 p. m. Freight, " 8. " 4:30 a. m. Westward Bound. Freight, No. 6, leaves at 2:00 p. m. Passenger, " 4. " 4:25 p. m. Freight, " 8. " 6:50 p. m. Emigrant, " 7. " 1:20 a. m. Every day except Saturday the three lines leaving to Chicago connect with U. P. trains at Omaha. On Saturdays there will be but one train a day, as shown by the following schedule:

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

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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 5 P. M. Eastern mails close at 11 A. M. Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, daily, except Sunday, at 10 A. M. Arrives at 4:30 P. M. For Monroe, Genoa, Alleville and Alleville, daily except Sunday 7 A. M. Arrive, same, 6 P. M. For Osceola 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 Farral and Battle Creek, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 6 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 P. M. For Alexis, Patron 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.

A DEER HUNT.

A "lick" is a salt spring, so called by hunters because wild animals resort to it and lick the briny ground. The writer has seen the vicinity of such springs trodden by the beasts of the forest as hard as a cattle-yard. A singular trait of many wild creatures is never to seek drink or salt by daylight, instinct seeming to tell that safety requires such visits to be made at night.

The incident I am about to relate occurred in Ohio, in the autumn of 1812, while the Indians were on the war path; but as the settlement where it happened was not so far from the front as many others, it was not thought to be in so great danger. However, every family was provided with arms, and a log fort had been built as a defense in case of need.

One day, just at dusk, Robt. Page and his son Jimmy, an athletic lad of sixteen, posted themselves on a rude scaffolding twenty or thirty feet from the ground, in an enormous branching tree within short gun-shot of a lick. From this perch a clear view opened toward the lick, while on moonlight nights the trodden space was distinctly visible. Here they had often concealed themselves to obtain venison for the family, and, having fixed their guns in rest, remained as silent as the trees around until the game appeared.

On the night in question, several hours passed while our hunters listened patiently for noises denoting the approach of game.

At last the boy's quick hearing detected footsteps. Distant and faint at first, they steadily drew nearer, but, at the same time, they were so heavy and ielastic, unlike the steps of wild animals, that the listeners were mystified, if not alarmed. On they came, trampling through the woods, and as they emerged into the moonlight, in the vacant spot near the spring, Mr. Page and Jimmy combed a war party of sixteen Indians. Much to their surprise, the red men halted, and, building a fire on the hard-trodden ground, proceeded to broil venison, roast nuts and parch corn. While eating they kept up an incessant jabbering, enough of it being understood by Mr. Page to prove that they were on the way to attack the settlement at daybreak.

Of course, upon the discovery of this bloody purpose, the two whites were overwhelmed by their feelings, for the first house in the settlement was their own, scarcely a mile distant, where Mrs. Page and several children would be easy victims. What should be done? To descend from their covert and hurry on to give alarm seemed impossible without being heard by the Indians. To fire on them would avail but little, and would not save the settlement from attack.

Much smothered whispering passed between father and son before a decision was reached. Often they sighted their guns at the Indians, almost resolved to begin the fray at all hazards. But at length Mr. Page, himself unfitted by rheumatism for such an attempt, reluctantly consented to Jimmy's urgency, and the brave lad undertook the dangerous experiment of descending and flying to alarm the settlement. Removing his heavy home-made boots and leaving his gun, he began, with the stealth of a cat, to make his way to the ground.

The savages were not sixty feet distant, and the least noise would reach their ears, arouse their suspicions, and start them on a search. But he was equal to the occasion, and, after several minutes of intense listening, the father knew by a faint rustling that his boy had reached the leaf-covered earth.

But now came a greater peril; for one can hardly walk in the woods without snapping twigs and disturbing leaves. At the foot of the slope, six or eight rods below, ran a wide, shallow brook, and if he could reach that in safety the rest of the trip would be less difficult. Step by step he felt the way with his naked feet, yet not without several noises that caused the Indians to grunt, significantly, and the father to tremble for the consequences. Once there came such a sound from the direction of the brook that two or three savages sprang to their guns, but Mr. Page made a noise like the snort of a frightened deer, drawing their attention to a different course and cause, and soon their suspicions subsided.

At length Jimmy stepped into the cool stream, and felt sure of the balance of his task. Still he proceeded with the greatest caution until he knew he was beyond the hearing of the savages, when he fled like the wind to warn the settlement.

Arriving at home, it took but a moment to arouse the family and start them for the blockhouse, or fort. Then he sped on to their cabin and gave the alarm, until, in a little longer time than it takes to tell it, the whole settlement was warned and flocking into the fort. Men came armed and stern for the fight, women with their tender babes and children, frowsy-headed and half-clothed as they had tumbled out of their trundle-beds. Such alarms and night scenes on the borders are among the most thrilling chapters in American history.

The plan of defense adopted by the settlers on this occasion was an ambushade. All the women and children were committed to the block-house under the care of half a dozen of the elderly men, while the able-bodied fighters concealed themselves in the log-house of Mr. Page, the first likely to be attacked. Long before daybreak this plan was ready for execution, the little log fort being securely closed, the defenseless within it, and some twenty trusty guns waiting in the cabin to give the red men a welcome.

But we must return to the hunter in the tree and the unsuspecting foe by the deer lick.

After Jimmy left, Mr. Page laid his plans to descend as soon as the Indians started, and, following in their rear, take a hand in the fight which he expected to occur. Slowly the night passed, the moonlight growing fainter until he could no longer see the savages. At length, when morning was evidently near, he heard them take up the line of march, their stealthy tread quickly passing toward the settlement. It was but an instant's work for him to clamber down and follow them, taking, however, a somewhat different route, so as not to fall into their hands if any of them should linger on the way.

When he came to the clearing a quarter of a mile from his own house he hid himself and waited for circumstances to develop his part in the fight. He had not long to wait. Just as it became light enough to sight a gun, a musket shot and then several together broke on the silence but with such a smothered sound that his practiced ear knew that they were fired from within a house, and hence were the guns of the white men. At the same instant several warwhoops burst on the air, but in a tone indicating surprise and alarm.

These sounds explained the ambushade to Mr. Page, and knowing the Indian habit of retreating singly and not in company from a defeat, he kept sharp watch from his hiding place, and in a few moments, saw a warrior running toward the woods to escape. With unerring aim he sent a bullet after the fugitive. Hardly had he reloaded when another similar target appeared, and met the same fate. Other shots were heard in the direction of the house, and soon a third savage, hurrying toward the forest, passed within range of our hunter's rifle and was stopped forever.

At length a general silence prevailed, and Mr. Page, leaving his hiding-place, crept slyly toward the scene of the principal fight. Ere long he met some of the neighbors, and together they continued to search for the savages. But it was found that they had fled from the clearing, all except the slain, eleven in number. Not a white person was injured.

In the afternoon a burial trench was dug on a little knoll on the Page farm, and the bodies of the red men solemnly laid therein; then a log fence was built about it, and the little enclosure, still preserved, is known to this day as "The Indian graveyard."

Jimmy died in the autumn of 1870, a venerable, white-haired patriarch, and at his own request was buried in the same inclosure.

A school mistress had among her scholars one incorrigible little misdoer, upon whom "moral suasion" seemed to have no effect. One day, out of all patience with some misdeed-manner on the part of the child, she called her up to the desk and expostulated with her on the impropriety of her conduct, setting forth the enormity of her offenses, etc. The young girl paid little or no attention at first, but at length she seemed to realize her guilt more fully, and watching her teacher closely, seemed to drink in every word she said. The lady began to have hope; her instructions were evidently making an impression. At length she made a slight pause for breath, when up spoke the child, with eyes fixed upon her governess, and with the utmost gravity: "Why, Miss Jones, your upper jaw don't move a bit!"

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself.

"SOMEBODY LOVES ME."

A Story With a Good Moral Connected With It. Two or three years ago the Superintendent of the Little Wanderer's Home, in R—, received one morning a request from the judge that he would come to the Court House. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The judge, pointing to them (utterly homeless and friendless), said:—"Mr. T—, can you take any of these?"

"Certainly, I can take them all," was the prompt reply.

"All! What in the world can you do with them?"

"I'll make women of them!" The judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again:—"What will you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T— repeated, firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and dressed and provided with a supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the children. Mary was the little girl whose chance for better things the judge thought small. During the forenoon the teacher said to Mr. T— in reference to her:—"I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile and have failed."

Mr. T— said afterward, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school he called her into his office and said, pleasantly:—"Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman have adopted her, and I should like for you to take her place, and be my pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face, and she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents and told her she might go to the store near by and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned he said:—"Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me, and pick up the paper and see how nice you can make it look?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this kind of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the school room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant. She went to her and said:—"Mary what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh, I've got some one to love me!" the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one had loved her and desired her affection that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people and lives in a beautiful house; but more than all its beauty and comfort, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.

The Wife's Secret.

"I will tell you the secret of our happy married life," said a gentleman of three score and ten. "We had been married for forty years; my bride was the belle of New York when I married her, and though I loved her for herself, still a lovely flower is all the love-letter poised in an exquisite vase. My wife knew this, and, true to her genuine refinement, has never, in all these forty years, appeared at the table or allowed me to see her less carefully dressed than during the days of our honeymoon. Some might call this foolish vanity; I call it real womanliness.

"I presume I should not have ceased to love her had she followed the example of many others and, considering the every-day life of home necessarily devoid of beauty, allowed herself to be careless of such measures as dressing for her husband's eye; but love is increased when we are proud of the object loved, and to-day I am more proud of my beautiful wife with her silver hair and gentle face, than of the bride whose youthfulness was the theme of every tongue. Any young lady can win a lover; how few can keep them after years of married life."

In all the little courtesies of life; in all that makes one attractive and charming, in thoughtfulness of others and forgetfulness of self, every house should be begun and continued. Men should be more careful to sympathize with and protect the wife than the bride—more willing to pick up her scissors, hand her the paper, or carry her packages than if she were a lady; and as no young woman would for a moment think of controlling the engagements and movements of a young gentleman, neither should she do so when he is her husband. If by making herself bright and attractive she fails to hold him, compulsion will only drive him farther from her. I do not believe it possible to retain the friendship of any one by demanding it. I do not think it possible to lose it by being lovable.

A question of "home government" is on the carpet down in Texas. Though there has been no yellow fever at Galveston, the city of Houston has "quarantined" against her, and stopped all trains, passengers, and trade coming from the former city, including of course the U. S. mail. The National Board of Health having decided the quarantine uncalled for and illegal, a U. S. Marshal with a squad of 40 men proceeded in a train prepared to arrest all persons interfering with the train, passengers or mail matter. But arriving at Houston the City Marshal proved too "numerous" for the force on the train and arrested everybody, including the U. S. Marshal and his posse. This little Texas war is a fine illustration of the beauties of "home rule," showing how nice and comfortable it is for one community to destroy the trade and interfere with the personal liberty of citizens of another and rival community, under the pretext of "quarantine," or any other excuse that a municipal government may at any time trump up. But the government cannot interfere according to our Democratic platforms, and Houston and Galveston may fight it out as best they can, with "home troops."

What is the use of a National Government, anyhow? State legislators, county sheriffs, and city marshals are all-sufficient to protect the people, and before their wisdom and discretion should the flag of the Federal Government be lowered at all times.—Lincoln Journal.

"This world is not our home." Every mail brings us news from harvest fields of death, and news of disasters on sea and land. People are hurried into eternity without a moment's warning. How true it is that "this world is a wilderness of woe." What is life, that we should prize it so highly? Why worry over the miseries of our fleeting existence? Why struggle for wealth or fame? Why should we be contentious, when those with whom we contend are only frail mortals who may to-morrow be "mouldering back to their mother dust?" Why should we be envious of others who have been successful in the race of life. "The tall, the wise, the reverend head, must lie as low as curs." The lesson for us all is that we have no right to be selfish, unkind, uncharitable; but life need not be thinking always that we are making "funeral marches to the grave." The world is bright with sunshine and happiness for all who choose to "walk in the light," or in other words for all who choose to do right.