

Swindling the Farmers.

KOKOMO, Ind., Dec. 28.—The latest, and at the same time, one of the most ingenious and successful schemes that has ever been devised to swindle the gullible portion of humanity has just come to light in this county, this account being the first exposition of the fraud to be published. The manner of working the swindle, as was related to the *Times* correspondent by one of its victims, is as follows: A well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man drives up to the door-way of a farmer's residence in a spanking rig, and, hitching his team, proceeds to the house, and inquires if "So-and-So" (naming the owner of the place) is at home, stating, by way of introduction, that he is an agent of the state board of agriculture, and that he is gathering up certain statistical information regarding the agricultural interests; that this very desirable information would be published in book form, and a copy sent to the farmers throughout the state. He then produces a printed blank, like the following:

Indiana State Board of Agriculture—Statistical Department—Data for 1879.
Number bushels of wheat raised.....
Number bushels of corn raised.....
Number bushels of flax raised.....
Number bushels of oats raised.....
Number bushels of rye raised.....
[With a two-inch blank space here.]

He has no trouble in getting the unsuspecting farmer to fill out this blank and sign his name where indicated. The blank space in the form is satisfactorily explained by the statement that it was intended to accommodate any other information that the farmer might be able to impart regarding his crops. The oily-tongued gentleman having accomplished the purpose of his call, bids his farmer friend good-day and takes his leave with even more pleasing and graceful dignity than that with which he had bowed himself into the recognition and good graces of his confiding victim.

The next act in this drama of real life takes place in the swindler's private room at the hotel in this city, where he quietly proceeds to fill out the mysterious blank space spoken of above, which, when completed and neatly severed with scissors from the statistical portion of the blank, is a bank note, signed by the patriotic farmer, who thought to do the state some service by certifying over his signature to his crop yield for 1879, payable to whom and for any amount the sleek "agent of the state board of agriculture" may desire.

The first "eye-opener" the farmer who has thus been swindled out of his hard-earned earnings has of the fact is the astounding information, which he receives by mail in a few days thereafter, from one of the local banks, that his note for — payable to — is, or soon will be, due, and requesting him to call at the bank at once and attend to the matter. Of course the note is valid in the hands of an innocent purchaser, and the victim of the robbing scheme is compelled to meet the obligation to which his name is signed by his own hand. Although Mr. A. J. Trayer, of this county, is the only person the *Times* correspondent has heard of who has thus been swindled by these sharpers, there is no doubt that there are several others of their victims in this vicinity yet to hear from. They sold Mr. Trayer's note calling for a \$200, and purporting to pay for a windmill, to a gentleman in Bunker Hill, Miami county this state.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

Old Folks on the Farm.

Students of social problems think they see conclusive proof that grand parents will be less plentiful half a century hence than now. The editor of the *Golden Rule* inclines to this view, and suggests the keeping of those we have as long as we can, and since enforced idleness is often the beginning of the end with men and women whose useful lives have been spent in activity, make lighter cares around the house so natural and easy for them that they will never know it was planned.

Happy the man whose younger kinsmen will carry on the old farm, and let him work or not as he pleases—giving him an easy chair by the warmest corner of the fireplace in winter, and a shady nook on the veranda wherein to nod over his newspaper and play with his grandchildren in summer. Thrice happy the good farm-wife whose daughter, or daughter's daughter, reserves the best ground floor room for her, and carries on the work herself—all the while pleasing "mother" with the belief that she is still doing it as she did for half-a-hundred years. How sweet and placid the dear old face as she goes with feeble steps to kitchen and dairy—"looking arter things!" She knows just how many chickens there are, and when the speckled hen ought to come off; she passes judgment on the new cow, and gives that finishing touch to the butter which won the first premium at the county fair so many years ago—before "help" was known in the farm house. She "goes to meet-in'" with a regularity that shames her children, and passes gently down the farther slope of the hill of life serenely happy amid accustomed scenes and familiar faces. What hampered village existence could be so good for her as that? It is poor work transplanting old trees.

Common fallings are the strongest lessons in mutual forbearance.

A Noble Boy.

Well! I saw a boy doing something the other day that made me feel good for a week. Indeed, it makes my heart fill with tenderness and good feeling even now as I write about it. But let me tell you what it was. As I was walking along the street of a large city, I saw an old man who seemed to be blind walking along without any one to lead him. He went very slow, feeling with his cane.

"He's walking straight to the highest part of the curbstone," said I to myself.

"And it's very high, too; I wonder if some one won't tell him, and start him in the right direction."

Just then, a boy about fourteen years old, who was playing near the corner, left his playmates, ran up to the old man, put his hand through the old man's arm and said:

"Let me lead you across the street." By this time there were three or four others who were watching the boy. He not only helped him over one crossing but led him over another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play.

Now, this boy thought he had only done the man a kindness, while I knew that he had made three other persons feel happy and better and more careful to do a little kindness than those about them. The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy turned away with a tender smile on their faces, ready to follow the example he had set them. I know that I felt more gentle and forgiving toward every one for very many days afterward.

And another one that was made happy was the boy himself. For it is impossible for us to do a kind act, or to make any one else happy, without being better or happier ourselves. To be good, and do good, is to be happy.—*Ruth Hudson.*

Teachers and Task-masters.

The public had not held teachers to their true responsibility. We send a young lad or a young girl to school, and find that, while we are paying out a great deal of money for them, they are gaining nothing.

We complain, and are informed that our children are not industrious, that they do not seem interested in their studies, that they are absorbed in play, etc. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred, our disappointment is entirely the fault of the teacher.

Teachers should be simply incompetent for the duty they have undertaken. A first-class teacher always has good pupils. Lack of interest in study is always the result of poor teaching. We send a boy to college and find that he regards his studies as a grind—that he is only interested in getting good marks, and that he is getting no scholarly tastes, and winning no scholarly delights.

We inquire, and find him in the hands of a young tutor, without experience, who really pretends to be more than a task-master, and who knows nothing of the office of teaching. The placing of large masses of young men in the hands of inexperienced persons, who do not pretend to do more than to set tasks and record the manner in which they are performed, without guidance or assistance, is a gross imposition of the college upon a trusting public, and it is high time that an outcry so determined and persistent is raised against it that it shall procure a reform.—*Scribner for December.*

Subjects for Discussion Among Agriculturists.

Experiences of the past season in whatever line of farming is selected. New methods in butter-making. Adaptation of crops to particular soils.

New varieties of potatoes and their culture. How to make farm life attractive to the young.

Best methods of applying manure to special crops. Planting and care of ornamental and shade trees.

Reading in reference to an improvement in one's business. The farmer's position in connection with public affairs.

Road building, improvement and administration. Poultry on the farm—varieties and profits.

Culture of shrubs and flowers. The best feed for milk, butter and cheese.

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HEIKEN & SEBURG,

THE MONARCH

Capitol Billiard Hall,

Getting Married Under Difficulties.

Mr. C. Ipsen, Mr. Goodman's manager here, left for Cheyenne last evening, accompanied by Mr. J. O. West, where Mr. Ipsen will this afternoon be married to Miss Anna Plunkett. There is much romance connected with this event, and it is but another demonstration of the proverb that "the course of true love never runs smooth." This tried and true couple have been engaged for some time, and were to have been united in February next.

Miss Plunkett is a daughter of Plunkett, the theatrical manager, and is a leading member of the combination. Plunkett disapproved the match, because it would deprive him of his daughter's talent. The company has been playing in the mountain towns of Colorado, and are to be in Cheyenne to-day, and go thence. Miss Plunkett fears it is the purpose of her father to carry her to the Pacific coast, and thereby break off the match.

To defeat this scheme, she wrote her betrothed of her fears and asked him to meet her in Cheyenne to-day and have the ceremony performed, to come back to Grand Island on the first train.

Mr. Ipsen immediately on receipt of her letter yesterday, telegraphed to Cheyenne to the proper authorities for a license, etc., and last evening, after impatiently awaiting the arrival of the express from the east, took his departure, accompanied by Mr. West, who goes to see that "they got there."

This is another illustration of the trials incident to such an occasion. Mr. Ipsen and his bride will beat the stern parent and return to Grand Island, where they will receive the congratulations of friends and well-wishers whose other name is legion. They will each be a splendid Christmas present for each other, and the *Times* feels so good about it that it could get up and whoop and "holter."—*Grand Island Independent.*

The Hottest Spot on Earth.

One of the hottest regions on earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, but a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious spring which breaks forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth, then takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges again. The course of the copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Oman, some 500 or 600 miles distant.

"Yes, gentlemen," said a seedy-looking customer with a long beard, who had run in on a party of tourists in the Baldwin bar-room, the other evening. "I was the first white American who ever set foot on the site of San Francisco. Many of the night I've roasted bear-steak for supper, and slept with the sand for a blanket right where this hotel now stands. I owned the entire country clear down to San Jose, and I traded the whole business one day for ten pounds of tobacco. "Five pounds!" put in the barkeeper, sternly. "I guess I know how many pounds," said the oldest inhabitant, somewhat abashed. "You said five pounds; and I've told you more'n fifty times that if you intend to work the racket in this here bar, you must stick to the same story. If you don't I'll let Joe Barker work the house instead; you hear me?" And the relic of the good old Argonautic days drifted off to the lunch counter.

A Little Advice.

I want to give you three or four rules: One is, always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is, do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A third is—and oh! children, remember it all your lives—think three times before you speak once! Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen. Do the hard thing first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it! If your lesson is tough, master it! If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward. Do the thing you don't like to do first, and then with a clear conscience do the rest.—*Church Union.*

An old Scotch lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike for the singing of an anthem in her own church one day, when a neighbor said, "Why, that is a very old anthem. David sang that anthem to Saul." To this the old lady replied, "Well, well, I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

The Stock Problem.

MONROE, Dec. 22, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL: Enclosed please find the answer to the problem you had in your paper last week pertaining to how much stock can be raised from one cow in ten years, supposing that the progeny begin to bear at three years of age and that all steer calves are exchanged for heifers before that age.

Yours respectfully,
JAS. W. ZEIGLER.
ANSWER:

The cow will have.....10 calves.
First calf.....8
Second.....7
Third.....6
Fourth.....5
Fifth.....4
Sixth.....3
Seventh.....2
Eighth.....1
First calf's calf will have.....5
Second.....4
Third.....3
Fourth.....2
Fifth.....1
Total.....61

This is a true story. Down in the southeastern part of the State, where Nebraska almost sticks into Missouri, a man kept a store. One day he died of paralysis, and fell behind the counter. He was not missed for a couple of days, and might have been there yet but for the fact that a stranger happened in and found him. The moral is plain: If the deceased had advertised extensively, his store would have been full of customers, and they would have relieved him when he fell. But as he didn't advertise at all, he died unknown to any one.

The Omaha *Herald* seems to be "Jim Blaine is in a rage." Solomon says that "a wise man perceives the lighted bombshell and turns aside, while the fool blunders on and gets his head blown off," or words to that effect. The *Herald* is invited to contemplate the fact that when Jim Blaine gets mad some Democrat complains shortly after of a broken head.—*Lincoln Journal.*

An Englishman, "who had seen better days," was riding in a coach to Leadville, the new mining town in Colorado. "Will you please," said the Englishman, "open that window; I want to see the mountain scenery." An Irishman, who was snoozing in the corner, looked up on hearing the remark, and observed, "Bedad, you'll see plenty of it a month from now, when you're coming back on fat."

An old darkey, who peddles clams about Newark, was heard to remark last week that a horse for which he had paid seventy-five cents had dropped dead in the shafts on the day after the purchase, and he wound up by saying: "I see done now, and buys no more cheap hosses. I see genuine to have a good hoss next time, if I have to pay \$4 for him."

The L. & N. W. has reached the new station in Union precinct. It has lingered so long on the way that the interest in its coming entirely subsided until the coal famine set in. Owing to the extreme cold weather we hardly expect it here by the first.—*Butler Co. Press.*

Ulysses is booming at a gay rate since regular trains got to running. Business of all kinds is lively. Fort Scott coal is retailing at \$7.50 a ton. At these figures the farmers in the southwest part of the county feel they can afford to sell corn and buy coal.—*Butler Co. Press.*

"I'd stay an old maid till I got black in the face, before I'd marry a man who chews tobacco!" Her aunt took a wad of gum out of her mouth and stuck it on the under side of the seat of her chair for safe keeping while she was eating her dinner.

Mamma to Isabel (four years of age) who is rather unmercifully teasing the kitten—"Isabel, my love, you must not do it. I don't like to see it." Isabel: "Well, don't look, mamma."

A member of Congress chided his daughter because she permitted her lover to stay after 10 o'clock. "Is, pa," she said "we were only holding a little extra session."

A ruler who appoints any man to an office, when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against the state.—*Koran.*

Convey thy love to thy friend as an arrow to the mark, to stick there; not as a ball against the wall, to rebound back to thee.—*Quarles.*

There is something in store for us all, but it takes money to persuade the clerk to hand it out.

HEIKEN & SEBURG,

THE MONARCH

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