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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.

Westward Bound.

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.

Every day except Saturday the three lines leading 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:

O., N. & B. H. ROAD.

Bound north.		*Bound south.*	
Jackson	4:58 P. M.	Norfolk	6:30 A. M.
LostCreek	5:30 "	Munson	6:57 "
Pl. Centre	5:57 "	Madison	7:45 "
Humphrey	6:51 "	Humphrey	8:34 "
Madison	7:40 "	Pl. Centre	9:28 "
Munson	8:28 "	LostCreek	9:55 "
Norfolk	8:55 "	Jackson	10:20 "

The departure from Jackson will be governed by the arrival there of the U. P. express train.

BUSINESS CARDS

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. X.--NO. 44. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1880. WHOLE NO. 512.

MRS. TOPLIGHT'S INHERITANCE.

BY ARVIDE.

Grief had overtaken our family, and my wife had become fatherless; and, although she was not the favorite child of the old gentleman, she had a daughter's love for him, and her grief at his death was genuine. As we have intimated, the old gentleman had a favorite among his children, and, of course, it was the youngest daughter, who was living at some distance from the place in which her father died.

Now this child of fortune was as proud as a peacock, so to speak, and fed upon pride as a toad does upon bugs. But what the dear girl had to be proud over was more than I can comprehend, for she to-day is no better looking than I am, and you all know how I look. But let me say right here, before it slips from my mind, that some of the worst-looking and most-proud people in the world are the meanest. But she was not so bad-looking as some might infer from the above—not that I am sorry for anything said in regard to homeliness, and wish to smooth over anything said about my own looks, for I am married any way; and, come to think the matter over, she is, too.

Well, the good old man left an estate, I guess, and each heir, adjacent, constituted himself a committee of one to see the estate properly settled.

I said that the old gentleman left an estate. Now I think that is proper, but am not really certain, and will try and tell you exactly the condition of affairs. Father C. didn't leave a cent of money, but he left lots of liabilities, and the assets were few. The amount, after the funeral expenses, that it was necessary to hunt for in some other locality was about $300, as sure as you live. This had to be raised, and we living ones felt ourselves in a better condition to meet the matter than the old gentleman. So we appointed a day to attend to things. We met, but forgot to invite our worthy relative, Mrs. Toplight, until the last moment and, as we knew her circumstances, thought we would try and raise it ourselves, and not bother her with it. Mrs. Toplight is a good woman, in fact the best girl in our family except my wife, and I will remark right here that the father did well by his daughters while living, and he ought to have done so—only two daughters!

Well, we met. Everything was progressing smoothly, and we were in the midst of division on a limited scale, when a positive knock was heard at the door. Our first idea was that a tramp was approaching, or had approached. And I, being the bravest one (in my own estimation) in the crowd, yelled, 'Come in.' Now, I had no intention of offending any one, not even a tramp, but I was completely nonplussed when in walked our worthy relative—I came near saying on her ear—and struck out solidly for the nearest vacant seat, and, as we were about to stay proceedings and receive her cordially, she waved us back with her delicately gloved hand, and said, in tones that struck us with about the same feeling that a frigid breeze would in a day in July.

'Proceed with your business, sir. I will take a proper part, as occasion requires. I am here to secure my rights, sir.'

I am easily embarrassed, and was in this case. But I said, with great enthusiasm:

'My dear, you certainly shall; you certainly shall.'

As she entered we were making an equal division of the amount each one was to contribute toward paying off the indebtedness. So we now proceeded as we had begun: 'Three goes into 300 just 100 times, and this is the amount of each one of us.'

I had unwittingly fired a magazine. In an instant Mrs. Toplight was on her feet, and a light flashed from her eyes that would have rivaled Edison's electric light, and a stream of words rolled from her mouth like the waters over Niagara

'You designing, wicked fellow, you! Do you think that I'll sit here and see you rob the poor orphans of my dear dead father the way you are trying to, and not say one word? I'll give you to understand that I know my rights, Mr. Squarem, and that I'll have a share in this matter. I have paid $3.87 to come here and stop this robbery, and I thank heaven that I am in time to do it. You unprincipled man, to try and rob the child that poor father loved so much [sob, sob]. And poor papa, if he had known, would have made a will and given me so much, and now [O! it will kill me!] my people, who should love his dear memory, are trying to steal from one of his most loving children. And—'

Here her feeling got the better of her, and a short fit of hysterics nearly frightened me to death; but as she began to improve I regained my equilibrium and was once more myself.

I took advantage of the situation, and, while the others were soothing her, I quietly told her that we had no intention of wronging any one, much less our dear relation, and that she misunderstood the situation. That the old gentleman had nothing but his good wishes to will to his children, and, as it was not merchantable and not easily transferred, she could see that we could hardly control her share of the estate. I also said that there were some liabilities actually incurred by the good man before, at and after death, and that was the occasion of this deliberation, and that we were just proportioning to each one who was present the amount that he was expected to *pay* toward the expenses of sickness, funeral, etc. 'But,' I added, 'as you were not present, we did not want to put an assessment against you, but, seeing that you thought so much of your father and wish so much to take a part in straightening up the good man's *estate*, we cheerfully let you do so. Let me see, four goes into 300, seventy——'

'Stop right there, Mr. Squarem, I am calm now, perfectly calm, and I don't wish anything more to do with this little picayunish matter. You have been acting without my consent, so far, and upon your own responsibility, and you can do as you please about it. I shall have nothing to do with the affair in any way.'

'But,' I ventured to say, 'your great love for your father, you know. You certainly wish to do a little for—'

'I won't give a farthing, not a farthing, and he didn't do right by his children either, and he could not expect them to do anything for him, and you are fools if you do, too—'

And with this she gathered her wraps about her and was fading fastly away, and as she reached the door I meekly asked: 'If she didn't want to wait a moment, as I would see if the members of the family present wouldn't make up all, or a portion, of the $3.87.' But the last sentence fell short of its mark, and the distance was lengthened between Mrs. Toplight and us.

We fear that there will be an estrangement in this family, but that is beyond our control, and, if such be the case, truly sorrow has overtaken us. But while we live we will try to keep ourselves, and others too, from having large expectations from weak sources.

A Terrible Tragedy.

NEBRASKA CITY, Feb. 24.—The Nebraska City *Press* to-night, gives the particulars of a horrible tragedy that occurred five miles south of the city this afternoon. An insane son of A. Donahoe, one of the oldest and wealthiest fruit growers, and farmers of Otoe county, procured a pistol and shot a horse. His father attempted to catch him and take the pistol away, when he stabbed him four times, killing him instantly. He then attempted to kill his mother and brother but was prevented by the brother hitting him with a club and the mother fleeing to the house where she was pursued by the infuriated maniac who broke in the windows and doors with a club. Not being able to get into the house he returned to the stable, stabbing another horse, also two dogs, killing the latter. The alarmed neighbors attempted to capture the maniac who fled to an adjoining corn field but were kept at bay for hours by a knife in the hands of the crazy man. He was finally captured and lodged in jail in the city. The sad affair caused great excitement and general regret, as Mr. Donahoe was highly respected and esteemed.

MINISTERIAL WIT.—Here is an amusing bit of ecclesiastical tit-for-tat. Two young men were chums and intimate friends in college. One became a Baptist minister, the other an Episcopalian. They did not meet again for years. When they did, it was in the pulpit of the Baptist, for whom the Episcopalian preached to the great satisfaction of the congregation. Sermon over the two divines ducked their heads behind the beastwork of the preaching desk and held the following colloquy: "Fine sermon, Tom; much obliged. Sorry I can't repay your kindness for preaching by asking you to stay to our communion. Can't though, you know, because you have never been baptized." "Oh, don't concern yourself about that, Jim; I couldn't receive the communion at your hands, as you have never been ordained."

To preserve woolens from moth—give them to the poor.

THE BLOOMINGTON TRAGEDY.

Further Particulars Concerning the Murder of Wm. Richardson at Bloomington.

C. A. Pierce, Sheriff of Franklin county, arrived in the city yesterday with Charles F. Wilkerson, the man charged with the murder of Richardson at Bloomington, Franklin county, last Saturday night. From him we learn additional particulars, concerning the horrible tragedy. He says that during Saturday evening, both men had been drinking excessively, that about 7 o'clock, Wilkerson proposed going to the hotel for supper. Richardson said "no, let's go to the restaurant." Wilkerson objected, and remarked that he had had some trouble with the proprietors of the restaurant and thought they could not get anything to eat there. Finally both parties went to the restaurant and ordered their suppers. As Wilkerson predicted, Kahler & Redding refused to serve the suppers, and a general row commenced, in which Richardson took no part, and in which Wilkerson was quite severely pounded about the face and body with stove-wood; not, however, until Kahler had been slightly stabbed by Wilkerson. The row was finally stopped, and Wilkerson with the blood dripping from his face walked to his room in the hotel, where he loaded his revolver, and was on his way back to the restaurant, as he said, to shoot "the Dutch," when he met Richardson in the street. He at once commenced upon him, calling him a coward for not assisting him in the fight in the restaurant, and remarked, "if it was not for the fear of being hanged, I would shoot you now." Wilkerson then ordered him on his knees, to ask his pardon, or he would shoot him anyhow. Richardson refused to kneel, and his assassin fired the first shot, which missed him, the second shot took effect in the side of the neck, the ball coming out at the chin; the third shot passed through the man's back, coming out at his breast. He fell with his legs crossed and apparently trying to shield his head from another shot that he expected. The cold blooded assassin then walked up to his victim and sent another ball through his body. He paid no attention to Mr. Richardson's appeal for mercy, but leveled his revolver and fired again, the ball passing through the body. About this time Mr. Barnett, proprietor of the Tremont House, and the Marshal of the town, attempted to stop further shooting, and endeavored to arrest Wilkerson, when the fiend turned upon him, and remarked, "While I consider you the best friend I have in town, I will shoot you, if you attempt to interfere with me." He then walked back to his victim, who by this time was dead, and fired the remaining shot into his body. He then walked back to his room in the hotel, and again loaded his revolver, and entering the dining room, was confronted by Mr. Barnett, with a loaded shot gun, who told him to "hold up his hands," or he would kill him. He finally raised his hands and was arrested.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday morning the Coroner's jury rendered their verdict in accordance with the above facts, and before the excited people were fully aware of what was going to take place, Wilkerson was put on the train and brought to the Penitentiary for safe-keeping.

The same train brought down to Red Cloud for interment the remains of Richardson. On the way down Wilkerson desired to see his victim, who was in his coffin. His wish was complied with, and looking at the pale face through the glass, he remarked to the Sheriff; cant't you remove the glass? The glass being removed, he either took by the hand, or attempted to do so, his victim, and remarked: "Good bye, old boy."

With the exception of the murders committed by the fiend Richards, this one stands solitary and alone as one of the most cold-blooded on record.—*Lincoln Journal, Feb. 24.*

Man and Miracles.

Without creation man has enormous power over nature. He can, and daily does, overpower her laws, or seemingly make them work as he pleases. Despite the law of gravity, he ascends to the sky in a balloon; he makes water spring up in fountains; he makes vessels, weighing thousands of tons, float on the seas. Despite cohesion, he grinds rocks to powder; despite chemical affinity, he transmutes into myriads of different forms the few elements of which all matter consists; despite the resistless power of the thunderbolt, he tames electricity to be his servant or his harmless toy. With water and fire he molds into shape mighty masses of metal; he shoots, at a sustained speed beyond that of birds, across valleys and through mountain ranges; he unites seas which continents had separated; there is nothing in the whole earth which he has not subdued, or does not hope to subdue, to his use. There is hardly a physical miracle which he does not feel he can, or may yet, perform. But all this wonderful, this boundless, power over material laws is gained by these laws. He alters no property of matter, but he uses one property or another as he needs, and he uses one property to overcome another. It is by knowing that gravity is more powerful in the case of air than in the case of hydrogen gas that he makes air sustain him as he floats, beneath a bag of hydrogen, above the earth. It is by knowing that it is more powerful in water than in air that he sails in iron ships; it is by knowing chemical affinity or repulsion that he makes the compounds or extracts the simple elements he desires; it is by knowing that affinity is force, and that force is transmutable into electricity, that he makes a messenger of the obedient lightning-shock; it is by knowing that heat, itself unknown, causes gases to expand that he makes machines of senseless iron do the work of intelligent giants. He subdues nature by understanding nature. He creates no property; he, therefore, performs no miracle, though he does marvels.

Wedded Love—A True Incident.

"Make the bed easy, Mr. B.," said old Uncle Abe to the undertaker, who was preparing the coffin for his aged wife. "Make the bed soft and easy, for her old bones are tender and soft, and a hard bed will hurt them." He forgot for a moment—that old, gray-haired man—that she was dead; that the old bones had done aching forever. Sixty-four years had she walked by his side, a true and loving wife. Sixty-four years! Just think of it in this age of divorce. Sixty-four years had they dwelt under the same sorrows of life; together mourned over the coffin of their first born; together rejoiced in the prosperity of their sons and daughters, and now she has left him alone. No wonder he forgot. Her loving hands had so long cared for him, for he had been the feebler of the two. "Until death do us part," said the marriage service that had united them so many years ago. Death had parted them, but the love still survived. Tenderly had he cared for her all these years, and now tenderly did he watch the making of the last bed of this still loved wife. He had bravely breasted the storm of life with her by his side, and now that she was gone he could not live, and in a few days they laid him by her side.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The chief object of schooling, the rudiments having been mastered, is to learn how to learn; but our schools, too many of them, are teaching how not to learn. The arts of drawing and music are taught to a certain extent, but the greater art of study, the art which enables the pupil to concentrate the energies of his mind and master the subjects in hand, is shamefully neglected. The fact is that study, real study, is hard, tiresome, exhausting work, and no new-fangled "system" or "method" will ever make it anything else. The boy that is going to really learn algebra, geometry or trigonometry has to think--think for himself; and that's just what the schools rarely teach him to do. It is not enough that he should understand the solution of a problem, the demonstration of a proposition, or the derivation of a formula. That is superficial. If he is really to learn, he must think out the solution for himself, demonstrate the proposition, and have as clear a knowledge of why a formula is correct as of the formula itself. But teaching of this sort takes time, and here seems to be the thing which our schools lack. To be sure, they have all the time there is, but they seek to crowd so much into it that it comes very short.—*Ex.*

Among important recent decisions by the Chicago appellate court are two of general interest. One is to the effect that prospective but unplanted crops are not subject to mortgage. The other is that railroad companies are not compelled to furnish seats or refuse to take passengers, although they may do the latter when their cars are crowded, and that persons who insist on boarding trains already full must take their chances, and if injured have no remedy.—*Omaha Republican.*

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 "	5.00	9	12	15	20	35
4 inches	3.25	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.

Abraham Lincoln and Zach. Chandler.

The recent anniversary of the birth of Lincoln prompts a resident of Washington, to relate in a newspaper of that city, a striking incident of the civil war, in which the late Zachariah Chandler played a prominent part. The Washingtonian was walking in the avenue, just after the first battle of Bull Run had filled the town with dismay and despondency, and chanced to encounter Chandler, greatly excited over the disastrous defeat, and swearing like a Templar. The Senator seized him by the arm—the two had been friends for years—and said: 'Let's go right up and see Lincoln. Something's got to be done, or the country's gone to —— sure.' In a few minutes they entered the White House, and found Lincoln—he had evidently been weeping--with his wife, in the Blue Room, in a state of agitation. The President held out his hand, exclaiming: 'My God, Chandler, I'm glad to see you. We are ruined, ruined. What shall be done?' 'Done?' echoed the Senator. 'What must be done is this: You must write out a proclamation at once, calling for 300,000 men.' Lincoln expostulated. He had not yet had a Cabinet meeting; but he was to have one that evening. 'We can't wait,' urged Chandler; 'we must have the proclamation immediately. It will give confidence to the nation. Without it we'll be in anarchy before a week. Come, Mr. President, there's not a minute to lose,' and he urged Lincoln to a desk on which writing materials lay. 'I'll wait for the document and take it to the Associated Press, and to-morrow it will be all over the country.' The proclamation was hurriedly written out and carried off by Chandler.

A Miser's Miserable Life.

Hugh McGlinn, proprietor of the Rhode Island Livery Stable on 4th street, died Tuesday afternoon, aged 60 years. The deceased left behind him an estate valued at over $200,000. McGlinn, it is stated, acquired his large fortune by leading an extremely penurious existence, and denying himself even the common necessaries of life. He occupied himself in the most menial employments about his establishment, and he devoted himself to the making and hoarding of money. For years he occupied a loft in his stable, where he died. He was unable to read or write, and was obliged to intrust the management of his business to an agent. In his last illness he refused to pay a physician to attend him unless he would guarantee a cure. He left a will bequeathing the whole of his estate to his wife, who, with his daughter, is earning a living in Rhode Island as domestic servant. He separated from his wife a number of years ago, because she bought a silk dress.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The relatives of the late widow who left her estate to Jeff. Davis have in a novel plea that perhaps has some legal weight. In making an ancient hero of the sour apple tree her heir, the widow stated that it was in consideration of his distinguished patriotism and services rendered to the Confederate cause, for which he had spent himself, and had received no adequate reward from the South.

The relatives say that as the "services" of Jefferson D. were treasonable and consequently criminal, the bequest is against public policy, and is as illegal as if the will had stated that the consideration of the gift was murder, arson, or larceny committed by the legatee. It is an ingenious point, and it looks as though the courts will have do some tall dodging if they get around it, and permit Jeff to take the swag. If he is bereaved of the property by this flaw, he will wish he had not been so gushing when he drew that will for his patroness.—*State Journal.*

The following anecdote illustrates a well-known trait of the Yankee. In giving it place we do not endorse the wager part of it: A wager was laid on the Yankee peculiarity of answering one question by asking another. To decide the bet a downeaster was interrogated: "I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I kin du it, mister," said the Yankee. "Then why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?" "Du they?" was Jonathan's reply.

"See that my grave's kept green," he warbled, under the window of his fair one's domicile, one pleasant night. "I'll tend to the grave business, young man," shouted her enraged paternal ancestor, as he poked an old musket out of the second story window. No more concert that evening.