

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION. A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Beatrice. ALVIN SANDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha. T. J. MAJORS, Rep., Peru. E. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point.

STATE DIRECTORY. ALBINO NANCE, Governor, Lincoln. S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State. F. W. Liedtke, Auditor, Lincoln.

LAND OFFICERS. M. B. Hoxie, Register, Grand Island. Wm. Anyan, Receiver, Grand Island.

COUNTY DIRECTORY. J. G. Higgins, County Judge. John Stauffer, County Clerk. J. W. Early, Treasurer.

CITY DIRECTORY. C. A. Spelco, Mayor. John Wermuth, Clerk. Charles Wake, Marshal. C. A. Newman, Treasurer.

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.

U. P. Time Table. Eastward Bound. Enigrant, No. 6, leaves at 6:25 a. m. Passenger, "4," "11:30 a. m. Freight, "7," "2:15 p. m. Freight, "10," "4:30 p. m.

FOR SALE OR TRADE! MARES & COLTS, Horses or Oxen, SADDLE HORSES, wild or broke. At the Corral of GERRARD & ZEIGLER.

Columbus Meat Market! WEBER & KNOBEL, Prop's. KEEP ON HAND all kinds of fresh meats and smoked pork and beef.

DOCTOR BONESTELL, U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON, COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA. OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

F. SCHECK, Manufacturer and Dealer in CIGARS AND TOBACCO. ALL KINDS OF SMOKING ARTICLES.

Safes! A. J. ARNOLD is Agent for the sale of THE DIEBOLD Fire and Burglar-proof Safe. Not a safe lost in the two great Chicago fires.

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.

STAGE ROUTE. JOHN HUBER, the mail-carrier between Columbus and Albion, will leave Columbus every day except Sunday at 6 o'clock, sharp.

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. X.—NO. 48.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1880.

WHOLE NO. 516.

SCHOOL, BLANK AND OTHER BOOKS!



Paper, Pens, Pencils, Inks, SEWING MACHINES, Musical Instruments and Music,

TOYS, NOTIONS, BASE BALLS AND BATS, ARCHERY AND CROQUET, &c., at

LUBKER & CRAMER'S, Corner 13th and Olive Sts., COLUMBUS, NEB.

W. M. CORNELIUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Upstairs in Gilck Building, 11th street.

D. M. D. THURSTON, RESIDENT DENTIST, Office over corner of 11th and North-st. All operations first-class and warranted.

CHICAGO BARBER SHOP! HENRY WOODS, Prop'r. Everything in first-class style. Also keep the best of cigars.

MCALLISTER BROS., ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office up-stairs in McAllister's building, 11th St.

KELLEY & SLATTERY, House Moving and house building done to order, and in a workman-like manner.

GEORGE N. DERRY, CARRIAGE, House & Sign Painting, GRADING, SLAUGHTER, Paper Hanging.

KALSOMINING, Etc. All work warranted. Shop on Olive street, one door south of Elliott's new Pump-house.

J. S. MURDOCK & SON, Carpenters and Contractors. Have had an extended experience, and will guarantee satisfaction in work.

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AN ANGEL IN A GARRET.

With both elbows on the table, and running both hands nervously up and down through his hair, there sat Mr. John Claverhouse.

Suddenly there was a gentle tap at his office-door; but Mr. John Claverhouse did not hear it. How could he? He was buried in himself, trying to solve a problem, while he twitched his hair, as if to straighten out the thoughts that thronged his brain.

'He's in there. I know he is,' said a little, funny-looking old woman. 'And I'm going to make him answer this knock.' With this she applied her knuckles vigorously to the door, and in an instant came the response: 'Oh! oh! Whoever you are, do come in; and don't stand there, battering my door down!'

Aunt Prilly (for it was no other than the woman known all over town as Aunt Prilly) walked in. Mr. Claverhouse asked her to be seated and even pushed a chair toward her; but Aunt Prilly, who had the keenest pair of little brown eyes in her head that ever a woman had, perceived at once that Mr. John Claverhouse was not in his best mood.

'Give me your hand on that,' exclaimed Aunt Prilly, rising from her chair and stepping up to Mr. John. Mr. Claverhouse extended his hand, but with a knowing smile, as he said: 'You needn't talk to me about your worthy poor in Water Street. Not a saint will I find there.'

'Well, good-bye for to-day, Mr. John. I'll leave it with you to decide whether there's a saint in Water Street or not.' Aunt Prilly was gone; and Mr. John Claverhouse was left alone, to meditate on the uncertainty of riches and to deplore the fact that they take wings and fly away.

'This is what I call an easy chair, Mr. John,' she said, as she leaned back, with a smile. But she searched his face in vain for a responsive look. 'A beautiful day, Mr. John,' she added. 'The sun has been shining the whole blessed time. Hasn't gone under a cloud for a minute.'

'Sun! Sun been shining?' answered Mr. John Claverhouse, making an effort to be pleasant, while he could not conceal that he was very much out of humor. 'Who knew that the sun had been shining? A poor fellow like me can't see the sun in such days as these. Banks breaking! Stock companies going up so high you can't see 'em! All kinds of investments coming to nothing! I tell you what it is, Aunt Prilly, if things go on much longer as they have lately, the door of the almshouse will open some day, and Mr. John Claverhouse will walk in.'

'Thank you, Mr. John, for letting me know that my time for getting hold of some of that money of yours is short,' replied Aunt Prilly, shaking her funny little head and twinkling her funny little brown eyes. 'I'm glad I happened in this afternoon, to catch it while it's flying. I want all I can get of it for my poor people in Water Street. How much would you like to give me, Mr. John?'

'My good woman!' exclaimed Mr. John, in a short, twitching voice, 'don't ask me for any thing now. Never did see such times. The bottom is falling out of every thing. You don't know how much money I've lost lately. Why, if there isn't a turn in my affairs pretty soon, I'm a ruined man. I'm sorry, Aunt Prilly; but I haven't a cent for you to-day. Not a cent.'

'Ah! now, Mr. John,' said Aunt Prilly, lowering her voice to a very tender tone, 'I want you to lay up treasure in Heaven, and you can't do it if you turn back on the Lord's poor. They are his poor, Mr. John—His poor; and I want you to help them along in this world, so that when the Lord of the poor comes in the clouds of Heaven He will say to you: "My beloved John, inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you did it unto me." And it will be a happy day for you, Mr. John, when the Lord blesses you for blessing his poor. You used to be a generous little fellow,' continued Aunt Prilly. 'I remember exactly how you looked, running round the streets, giving away everything you had to any poor body that needed it. But when you grew up you made money. Ah! Mr. John, you made money; and money didn't always open the heart wide, the Lord knows.'

Mr. John Claverhouse was a money-grinder, and the world said truly when it said that he was 'a hard-fisted man.' But the tender voice of a tender woman was always a little disturbing to him, and Aunt Prilly's voice was specially tender that bright, sunny spring afternoon. 'What a bother these women are, sometimes,' he thought to himself. 'They do so stir up a man.'

But, determined to shake off Aunt Prilly, he said: 'You put and coddle them, and teach them to live on charity, when they ought to do more to help themselves. You know, as well as I do, that they are a miserable crew. Water Street is the worst street in town. You can't find any worthy poor there; and you spend on them all the money you can get.'

'If you won't give me any money,' answered Aunt Prilly, quietly, 'will you do something else for me, Mr. John?'

'Yes, yes; anything to please you. Anything but money. What is it?'

'Will you go out to-night in the moonlight (you have no wife and children to keep you at home), and go through Water Street, and up two flights of stairs, where the poorest of the poor live, and—'

'How can you knit stockings, ma'am, with those poor fingers of yours, so bent with the rheumatism?' asked Mr. Claverhouse, as he noticed a little stocking on needles lying by her pillow.

'Oh! I'm knitting a pair of stockings for a sick child on the next floor—a crying baby, whose little feet are always bare. I saved the money from two dollars that were given me and bought a little yarn. I ought to do something for the poor, you know, when so much is done for me.'

John Claverhouse moved restlessly in his chair and left suddenly, after promising to call again. Not many minutes later Aunt Prilly's bell was pulled violently.

'It's John Claverhouse,' she said to herself; and just then he came in, with his wallet in his hand.

'Take it take it!' he said, as he opened the wallet and dropped fifty dollars into Aunt Prilly's lap.

'I found a saint,' he added, 'and if she lives a week longer at the head of that rickety staircase my name isn't John Claverhouse.'

One day, before the week was gone, the 'King's child,' as she lay on her bed, considering the lilies, heard footsteps on the rickety staircase—not the footsteps of angels, come to take her to her mansion up yonder, but the footsteps of Aunt Prilly and a strong man, sent by Mr. Claverhouse, to take her to a new, bright home he had prepared for her.

And as they laid her on the bed in her fresh little house, her eyes were at once attracted to the walls; and there in beautifully illuminated letters set in a frame and hung up as a picture, she read:

'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' On the other side of the room, in as brightly-illuminated letters and in a match frame, were the words: 'Consider the lilies.'

The next day Aunt Prilly met Mr. Claverhouse, and, laying her hands on his head, as if she would bless him in the name of the Lord, she said, in her tenderest tones: 'Ah! John Claverhouse, you found your "saint," and now listen to the words of the Master: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."'

To Young Farmers. When commencing your agricultural life, remember that industry, economy and integrity will insure success, and form the best capital that can be employed.

Plow deep. The wealth of the soil is not all within six inches of the surface. Cultivate thoroughly if you wish to reap abundantly.

Shear your sheep at the season when you shed your coat for the season. Then be careful that some smart "traveling agent" does not pull the wool over your eyes and shear you.

When, by reason of inclement weather, you cannot cultivate the soil, it will be wisdom on your part to cultivate the mind. A valuable harvest will reward all earnest and faithful culture.

Never allow yourself to be inveigled running into debt. When you are tempted to do so, go into your field and plant an extra acre of some edible crop.

Of course you will become the owner and raiser of stock. No farm is complete that ignores stock raising. Get the best, which is always the cheapest in the end. Give the scrubs a wide berth.

Never purchase farm utensils because they are cheap. Cheap tools are an unmitigated nuisance. The best workman in the world cannot make a good job with them. It is economy to get the best, regardless of cost.

'What I desire that others should not do for me, I equally desire not to do for them.'

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What is Homeopathy?

PART II. All this will be readily admitted by any honest, conscientious Old School doctor. "But," he will perhaps say, "what can we help it? We do all that can be done, and this is all that can be asked of us."

This is just what I deny most emphatically. The Old School doctor by no means does all that can be done by medical skill. A new and infinitely better way has been discovered and is rapidly spreading all around him—a grand reform in Therapeutics—and he ignores it all from prejudice, or something worse.

Whenever you call a doctor to your house, you do so with the understanding that he has left no stone unturned in search for medical knowledge, and that he is doing the very best that can be done for the patient. I tell you, you are very much mistaken—if the doctor you have employed is of the Old School.

You don't care for Allopathy, Homeopathy or anything of the kind; all you care is to have your child cured in the quickest and best manner. The Allopathic doctor, however, is bound to treat you according to the "regular" old routine method, if it does kill the patient, whilst he might be saved by the new treatment called Homeopathy.

I mean to prove this assertion. I can prove it to any sane man. There is not an Old School or Eclectic M. D. in Columbus, that would not be surprised and astonished at the wonderful efficacy of a drug, when administered according to the Homeopathic principle. No M. D. could faithfully test for one month the Homeopathic method, without laying on the shelf for ever the whole Antediluvian method.

Homeopathy is so perfectly and beautifully scientific, that it seems like the light of a new day, compared with the endless contradictions and confusions of the Old Practice. Remember that hundreds upon hundreds of the Old School and Eclectic men have already become converts, and this process of conversion is going on continually faster and faster.

Five-sixths of the whole number of Homeopaths practicing throughout the world are converts from the Old School. A Philadelphia Homeopathic college has a department especially adapted for the instruction of Old School doctors who want to become Homeopaths—a sort of medical monner's bench, where doctors can confess (and repeat of) their allopathic sins—and it is well patronized.

The fundamental principle of Homeopathy may be stated thus: Those symptoms which a drug produces in large doses (if given to a person in health), it will remove in very small doses, in the sick.

Thus Quinine in large doses will produce, and in very small doses will cure Intermittent fever, (of a certain type). Ipecacuanha in large doses will produce, and in very small will cure spasmodic Asthma and vomiting (of a certain type). Tartar emetic in large doses will produce, and in small doses will cure inflammation of the lungs (of a certain kind). Belladonna will produce, and in small doses will cure a certain type of Headache and Sore Throat. And so on with all the drugs.

Probably we can account for this law of cure by the following circumstance: Every drug has a double effect, a primary and a secondary—one just the opposite of the other, like the opposite poles of a magnet positive and negative. The positive is represented by large doses, the negative by infinitely small ones. There is action and then reaction, the one just the opposite of the other. Thus opium produces at first stupor and sleep, and then follows a reaction, which is nervousness and sleeplessness of much longer duration. A "physic" produces movement of the bowels as its primary action, and then follows a reaction—constipation. (This, by the way, accounts for the constipation in persons using "live" pills; it is the effect—secondary—of the pills; and thus they keep up a continual swinging of the pendulum—medicinal diarrhoea on one side, and constipation on the other, at 50 cts. per week. This may be healthy enough for the drug shop, but its healthfulness for the good brother is doubtful).

The Homeopath, then, gives his medicine for the reactionary effect. By reducing the dose more and more, the primary effect is reduced and the secondary alone remains—hence the adaptedness of the medicine to the disease.

But whatever the correct explanation of this Law of Similars may be, its truth is established beyond all doubt. It is just as much a fixed law as the law of gravitation. Old School doctors deny this, of course; but what is their denial worth, as

Rates of Advertising.

Table with columns for Space, 1w, 2w, 1mo, 3m, 6m, 1yr and rows for 100 lines, 1/4 inch, 1/2 inch, 3/4 inch, 1 inch, 1 1/2 inch, 2 inch.

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

Correction. In the last article a sentence (about the middle) should read: "This is precisely the same point in the Old School practice" instead of same point.

The Gentleman Wins.

If you speak the right word at the right time; if you are careful to leave people with a good impression; if you do not trespass upon the rights of others; if you can always think of others as well as yourself; if you do not put yourself unduly forward; if you do not forget the courtesies which belong to your position, you are quite sure to accomplish much in life, which others with equal abilities fail to do.

This is where the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. It is where you make people feel that you are unselfish and honorable and truthful and sincere. This is what society is looking for in men, and it is astonishing how much men are able to win for self respect and success and usefulness, who possess these qualities of good breeding. It is almost the turning-point of success in practical life. People will not, in the long run, have about them persons who make themselves offensive, and they yield position and influence quickly and gracefully to persons who make themselves useful in a general way.

This is the point where friends are at once most forgiving and most exacting. They will overlook great neglects if they can be assured of the loving heart beyond the outward right; but the moment you do rude things in a rude spirit, and show the personal coldness or selfishness, the friendship is severed. This is why the best friends make the bitterest enemies. It may be set down as a rule that one can never afford to not be a gentleman. It is best to learn this rule early and practice it late. It is not well to say mean things of another, because in most cases you will have to take it all back in bitterness of heart, when he does you an unexpected favor. It is not wise to treat any one brusquely, because you can not always judge a bird by its feathers he has on. It is not well to look down on anybody, because the time may come when he will look down upon you. There is a certain selfishness in every one which should be respected.

We have no right to infringe upon it. It is not morality, it is not mere conventional rules; it is not simply a social regulation; it is something in the nature of things that you should always show a delicate regard for others. One who did not fall here was never known utterly to fail elsewhere.—Boston Herald.

Commissioners' Proceedings.

March 16, 1880. Pursuant to adjournment, the board of County Commissioners met on Tuesday, March 16, 1880, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Present—John Walker, chairman of the board, John Wise and Michael Maher, and John Stauffer, clerk. On motion, the board adjourned until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock a. m.

Attest: JOHN STAUFFER, County Clerk. Wednesday, March 17, 1880. Pursuant to adjournment of yesterday, the board of County Commissioners met on Wednesday, March 17, 1880, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Present—John Walker, chairman of the board, John Wise and Michael Maher, and John Stauffer, clerk. On motion, the board adjourned until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock a. m.

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Attest: JOHN STAUFFER, County Clerk. Resolved, That the County Commissioners purchase the entire interest in all the lands in Platte county, Nebraska, taxed to the Burlington and Missouri River railroad company for the amount of taxes, interest and charges upon said lands for the year or years for which said lands are subject to sale for taxes delinquent and unpaid, and which remain unsold for want of bidders.

On motion, William Dietrick was instructed to furnish one sack of flour to pauper family. Petition of Wendel Echeilhecker to sell liquor in the town of Humphrey was called over according to law.

Petition of W. J. Belknap and others to appoint G. W. Rollins road supervisor for Creston precinct, was read, and said Rollins duly appointed, and the clerk instructed to issue certificate of appointment.

Bond of W. T. Seby, appointed justice of peace for Granville precinct, was approved, and the clerk instructed to spread the same on the following road was located, being petitioned for, by consent: HOFFMAN ROAD. Commencing at the Boone county line at sec. 7, T. 18, R. 4, west, running thence due east on section line, and terminating at 114 stake on north line of sec. 11 same town.

Attest: JOHN STAUFFER, County Clerk.