

A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Beatrice. ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha. T. J. MAJORS, Rep., Fort. E. K. VANDERKAM, Rep., West Point.

STATE DIRECTORY:

ALBINOUS NANCE, Governor, Lincoln. S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State. F. W. Ledford, Auditor, Lincoln. G. M. Bartlett, Treasurer, Lincoln. C. J. Dilworth, Attorney-General. S. R. Thompson, Supt. Public Instruction. H. C. Dawson, Warden of Penitentiary. W. W. Abbey, Prison Inspectors. C. H. Gould, Dr. J. S. Davis, Prison Physician. H. P. Mathewson, Supt. Insane Asylum.

JUDICIARY:

S. Maxwell, Chief Justice, George B. Laked, Associate Judges. Amasa Cobb. FOURTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT. G. W. Post, Judge. Attorney, Wahoo. M. B. Reese, District Attorney, Wahoo.

LAND OFFICERS:

M. B. Hoxie, Register, Grand Island. Wm. Ayan, Receiver, Grand Island.

COUNTY DIRECTORY:

J. G. Higgins, County Judge. John Stauffer, County Clerk. J. W. Early, Treasurer. Benj. Spidman, Sheriff. R. L. Rossiter, Surveyor. John Walker, County Commissioners. M. Maher, Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner. S. L. Barrett, Supt. of Schools. G. B. Bailey, Justice of the Peace. Byron Millet, Constable. CHARLES WALKER, Constable.

CITY DIRECTORY:

C. A. Spelce, Mayor. John Wernuth, Clerk. John W. Baker, Marshal. C. A. Newman, Treasurer. S. S. McAllister, Police Judge. F. M. G. Robinson, Engineer. COUNCILMEN: 1st Ward—J. E. North, G. A. Schroeder. 2d Ward—Michael Morrissey, R. H. Henry. 3d Ward—E. J. Baker, L. Gerrard.

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 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Eastern mails close at 11 A. M. Western mails close at 4:30 P. M. Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, daily, except Sunday, at 10 A. M. Arrives at 4:30 P. M. For Monroe, Genoa, Waterville and Albion, daily except Sunday 6 A. M. Arrive, same, 4 P. M. For Genoa and York, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 6 P. M. For Wolf, Franklin and Battle Creek, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 4 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 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, Patron and David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 10 A. M. Arrives at 12 M. For St. Anthony, Prairie Hill and St. Bernard, Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives Fridays, 5 P. M.

U. P. Time Table.

Eastward Bound. Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at 6:55 a. m. Passenger, " " " " 11:00 a. m. Freight, " " " " 2:15 p. m. Freight, " " " " 4:30 a. m. Westward Bound. Freight, No. 6, leaves at 2:00 p. m. Passenger, " " " " 4:25 p. m. Freight, " " " " 6:50 p. m. Emigrant, " " " " 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. Jackson, 4:55 P. M. Norfolk, 6:30 A. M. Lost Creek, 5:20 P. M. Madison, 7:45 A. M. Pl. Centre, 5:35 P. M. Humphreys, 8:34 A. M. Madison, 7:40 P. M. Centre, 8:28 A. M. Munsion, 8:28 P. M. Lost Creek, 9:55 A. M. Norfolk, 8:55 P. M. Jackson, 10:30 A. M. The departure from Jackson will be governed by the arrival there of the U. P. express train.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN J. MAUGHAN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND NOTARY PUBLIC. PLATE CENTER, NBR.

H. J. HUDSON, NOTARY PUBLIC. 12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, Columbus, Neb. 491-y

Dr. E. I. SIGGINS, Physician and Surgeon. Office open at all hours. Bank Building.

W. M. BURGESS, Dealer in REAL ESTATE. CONVEYANCE COLLECTOR. AN INSURANCE AGENT. GENOA, NANCE CO., NBR.

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.

Mrs. S. A. JOSSLYN.

NOTICE! IF YOU have any real estate for sale or 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. WADSWORTH & JOSSLYN.

NELSON MILLET, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.

N. MILLETT & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbus, Nebraska. They will give close attention to all business entrusted to them. 248.

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 bank will call at either of the Hotels for passengers if orders are left at the post-office. Rates reasonable, \$2 to Albion. 222-y

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. X.—NO. 50.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1880.

WHOLE NO. 518.

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.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. M. CORNELIUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Up-stairs in Glock Building, 11th street.

DR. 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. 516-y

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. Please give us a call. Shop on corner of Olive St. and Pacific Avenue. 485-ff

GEORGE N. DERRY, CARRIAGE, House & Sign Painting, GRASSING, OILING, Paper Hanging, KALSOINING, Etc. Office up-stairs, 10th floor, south of Olive St. and Pacific Avenue. 487-ff

J. S. MURDOCK & SON, Carpenters and Contractors. Have had an extended experience, and will guarantee satisfaction in work. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Our motto is Good work and fair prices. Call and give us an opportunity to estimate for you. Shop at the Big Windmill, Columbus, Neb. 485-y

FOR SALE OR TRADE! MARES & COLTS, Teams of—HORSES OF OXEN, SADDLE PONIES, wild or broke, at the Corral of GERRARD & ZEIGLER, 424.

Columbus Meat Market! WEBER & KNOBEL, Prop'r. KEEP ON HAND all kinds of fresh meats, and smoked pork and beef; also fresh fish. Make sausage a specialty. Remember the place, Eleventh St., one door west of D. Ryan's hotel. 417-ff

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. Office on Nebraska Avenue, three doors north of E. J. Baker's grain office. Residence, corner Wyoming and Walnut streets, north Columbus, Neb. 486-ff

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-ly

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. Call on or address A. J. ARNOLD, 500-y

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 bought and sold. Office for the present at the Clither House, Columbus, Neb. 473-x

COLUMBUS Restaurant and Saloon! E. D. SHEEHAN, Proprietor. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Dublin Stout, Scotch and English Ales. Family Whiskies a Specialty. OYSTERS in their season, by the case call or dish. 11th Street, South of Depot

MY WIFE'S NEW SHAWL.

'But why did you pay so much for a shawl? It was sheer nonsense,' said my old friend, Capt. Morton, as he mixed his third glass of grog, and stirred in a multiplicity of spices before drinking it—after the manner of sailors when they can get it. 'Why on earth did you pay so much money for a shawl, when you could buy one so much cheaper? Nine hundred dollars—by the blood of a shark—it would buy a house.' That was his oath—'By the blood of a shark!' he never swore any other; and the most abusive epithet he could apply to a man—one that to him embodied the quintessence of meanness—was to call him 'a shark.'

'I tell you, Captain,' said I, 'but then you must acknowledge that the shawl is a beauty if it did cost a small fortune to a poor man. Last year, when I came home with my cargo of tea from China, I left my boat in good hands and hurried to my home in the little village of Twice-week (we called it that because our mail came twice a week), where all my hopes and affections were invested in a wife and two children. I was in joyous spirits, and as happy a man as ever stepped on terra firma. My handsome wife was well and young as ever, my boy as much like me as when I left him many months before, and my gentle 6-year-old Nellie lovelier than I had dreamed she could be. My welcome was all I could have wished; and oh! what bright days those were that followed my immediate arrival!

'The third day my boxes were brought out. Now, the opening of a sailor's boxes is always a momentous affair to his family, and I had brought mine all the presents I could possibly procure for them. Two pieces of rich silk for dresses for my wife, beautiful Chinese table linen, carved chessmen, and so on. I saw a look of disappointment on my wife's face, but I said nothing, and the matter passed off. 'My old friends came to see me—my wife gave me my favorite dishes—and the week so happily spent was gone before I knew it. Sunday morning came, bright and beautiful. To my surprise, my wife came to breakfast with rumpled hair, and looking decidedly cross; after a while she decided that she would not go to church, though she was as regular as the sexton, for she had nothing fit to wear. I thought it very odd, but said nothing, having long since found out that arguing with a woman is about as effectual as dipping the ocean dry with a tea-spoon.

'When Nellie and I got back there stood my wife, her hair still uncombed, and ready to scold the child for muddying her shoes—her blue Chinese boots, with the little bronze bird on the side of them. I interfered with a good deal of firmness, and we went in to dinner. Nothing on the table was cooked decently. And so it was all the next week. My coffee was thick and muddy, my meat done to a crisp, and I well knew that the demon of mischief was about to be let loose; but why I could not guess.

'In the meantime my wife's sister who had been a kind of ship's cousin quartered upon me ever since my marriage, looked as demur as a Connecticut deacon, and gave me no hint what it was all about. On the next Saturday afternoon I was sitting with my wife and children when there came a knock at the door, and in came First Mate William Bendoin and his wife, she in all the splendor of a new rig. He had returned the week before me from Calcutta, and we were the only seafaring men of the place, and our wives were professedly great friends.

'I was delighted to see them, and thought at the time that my wife was very cool, though so exceedingly polite. I soon forgot all about her manner, though, in the pleasure of talking over old times, and they made a long and to me a very pleasant call. 'As soon as they left, my wife went up to her room, and I saw her no more that evening, for when tea was ready she sent down word she had a headache, and wanted none. The next day things were no brighter than before, and when the first church bell rang, my wife burst into a flood of tears and set off for her chamber. I followed her, and there she lay on the bed in regular hysterics. When she came to herself a little, I asked: 'What on earth is the matter? 'She looked at me full in the face, and said: 'If you don't know, Thomas Wilcox, you ought to! 'I wiled under her looks like a boy caught stealing marbles. The truth is, I thought some villain had been telling tales out of school; but, for the life of me I couldn't con-

button gloves, (Mrs. Bendoin had never had any higher than five-buttons), perhaps of the excellent discourse she was to hear—who knows? 'Sunday was a bright, frosty day, and my Mollie really looked charming as she came down stairs ready for church in her rich silk and new bonnet. She had on a light cape. 'My dear,' said I, 'don't you need something heavier around you? 'Oh, no, not to-day, I think.' 'I stepped out of the room a moment, brought out my splendid present and threw it around her shoulders. She looked at it in a dazed way for a moment, then threw herself into my arms and burst into tears. I soon kissed them away, and we started to church.

'We walked up to the head of the broad aisle, and it would have done your heart good to hear her sweet, clear voice as she sang that day. When service was over, she had a kind word for everybody; especially she was anxious to hear from Mrs. Bendoin's children; she lingered on the church steps for a good while to see that lady.

'I put the bill where I knew Mollie would find it, and while the men all voted me a fool, the women all said I was the best husband in Twice-week; that I liked to see my wife look like somebody, etc. Never had our place been as dressy as it was that winter, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was the cause of the other married men having to spend some money for dry goods, and especially those whose wives and daughters attended the same church with my wife.

'But none of them had a \$900 shawl—eh, Tom?' said the captain, slowly, as he drummed on the table with his glass. 'Not a bit of it did they! And remember, captain, mum's the word about the price of my wife's new shawl.'

A Mine Owner's Mistake.

'A man now a prominent merchant of Virginia City was poked an undeveloped gravel claim near Nevada City, worth in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars. His friends had the laugh on him for several days regarding his "investment," and asked him what proportion of the taxes he would pay in case they accepted the property as a gift. He finally got mad at their incessant gaging, and told them they would see he was not such a fool as they took him for before he got through with that mine. He then wrote to some capitalist acquaintances constantly arising, which no one else can do so well. But the plain sewing can be most neatly and sparingly done at home, under the careful, instructed eye of the "house-mother," even though she has a good sewing-machine, and can afford a competent person to run it.—Hope Harvey, in Land and Home.

How This Solid Earth Keeps Changing.

The student of history reads of the great sea-fight which King Edward III. fought with the French off Sluys; how in those days the merchant vessels came up to the walls of that flourishing seaport by every tide; and how, a century later, a Portuguese fleet conveyed Isabella from Lisbon, and an English fleet brought Margaret of York from the Thames to marry successive Dukes of Burgundy at the port of Sluys. In our time, if a modern traveler drives twelve miles out of Bruges, across the Dutch frontier, he will find a small agricultural town, surrounded by corn-fields and meadows and clumps of trees, whence the sea is not in sight from the top of the town steeple. That is Sluys.

Once more. We turn to the great Baie du Mont Saint Michel, between Normandy and Brittany. In Roman authors we read of the vast forest called "Setiacum Nemus," in the center of which an isolated rock arose, surmounted by a temple of Jupiter, once a college of Druids. Now the same rock, with its glorious pile dedicated to St. Michel, is surrounded by the sea at high tides. The story of this transformation is even more striking than that of Sluys, and its adequate narration justly earned for M. Manet the gold medal of the French Geographical Society in 1828.

Once again. Let us turn for a moment to the Mediterranean shores of Spain, and the mountains of Murcia. Those rocky heights, whose peaks stand out against the deep blue sky, scarcely support a blade of vegetation. The algarobas and olives at their bases are artificially supplied with soil. It is scarcely credible that these are the same mountains, which, according to the forest book of King Alfonso el Sabio, were once clothed to their summits with pines and other forest trees, while soft clouds and mist hung over a rounded, shaggy outline of wood where now the naked rocks

From Kitchen to Throne.

We read of peculiar things happening in life, and a wise man should be surprised at nothing. In like manner a comely and modest woman has often a fortune in her face, if she knows how beauty should become her. To wit: During the troubles in the reign of King Charles I., a country girl came up to London in search of a place as servant maid, but not succeeding she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer, observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after awhile, she behaving with so much prudence and decorum, he married her. He died when she was yet a young woman and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde as a gentleman of skill in the law to settle her affairs. Hyde (who was afterward the great Earl of Clarendon), finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterward the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

Make Housekeepers of the Girls.

Among the matters affecting our well-being, the better fitting of our girls for their entrance into the social and family world, is of serious importance. Of course, the girls must be educated as thoroughly as circumstances will permit. But when she has become proficient in the usual feminine accomplishments, is that all the education necessary to make her a useful and happy woman? She desires a home of her own, and although her mother is loth to lose her from the home nest, she can not deny her the privilege of following her mate, as the mother did before her. Indeed, it is considered an undesirable thing by most mothers to have a house full of "old maids." But it is a fact, in spite of this feeling, that many mothers do not prepare their daughters for happy marriages. They neglect to teach them the commonest duties of a house keeper, under the mistaken idea, which they hold in love and tenderness, that they do not want their daughters to have so hard a life as they have. So they ignore the truth that no one can place herself at the head of a household without taking on cares for which, if she has not been properly educated, her lot will be all the harder. Many young girls begin this new home-life without even the first elements of essential knowledge of what is required of them. I could tell of a newly-made bride, past thirty, though blooming as a girl, who was a thorough and popular teacher in the city schools, takes a high place in society, excels in fancy work, and is a good seamstress; but who has no more idea how a meal of victuals is prepared than a bird of the air. This may be all well enough while she "boards," but the time will come when she will wish her good mother had taught her how to cook a beefsteak and make a pudding.

The Power of Music.

A prominent gentleman of Cincinnati, and a famous soldier, turned to Gov. Marks, of Tennessee, and said: "That is the old rebel yell." "Yes," was the reply, "and now hear it raised for the stars and stripes," for just then the orchestra struck up that grand old patriotic air. The scene that followed is indescribable. Such an one was never witnessed before. As the full orchestra poured forth the grand old strains of "The Star-spangled Banner. Oh, long may it wave Over the land of the free And the home of the brave," the great organ burst forth in glorious unison with all its magnificent power, and the vast audience arose as one man, and the old Union cheer blended with the old Rebel yell to the notes of the national air for the first time since the dark and bloody years of the great civil war. Men who had faced each other on many a crimson battlefield, under the stars and stripes, and under the stars and bars, clasped hands and waved handkerchiefs, until the great level of the hall was like a white sea. All the sound of the orchestra and organ was lost in the exultant shouts of reconciliation and common patriotism, and the great wave of enthusiasm swept over the vast, glowing concourse, and carried everything before it. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who participated, a moment that was cardinal in the history of the great Republic.—Cincinnati Commercial.

How to Take Life.

Take life like a man, says the Spurgeon. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as tho' the world had waited your coming. Take it as though it were a grand opportunity to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to hold and to cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken brother. The fact is life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done. Who cannot look back on opportunities lost and plans unachieved and thoughts crushed, all caused from lack of necessary and possible effort! If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadily, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he will, and follow it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

An Episode of the Southern Excursionists Visit to Cincinnati. Before this there has occurred a thrilling episode. The great orchestras, under the pious baton of Michael Brand, struck up the thrilling old air of "Dixie," with its soul thrilling associations and memories. For a moment there was a hush. The old soldiers of the North and the old soldiers of the South looked at each other and the vast throng was still. But before the second bar was struck the emotion of the gallant Southerners overcame them, and almost simultaneously they sprang to their feet, more than a thousand strong, and the old Southern battle cry made the lofty arches ring again. Side by side with them stood the Northern hosts and cheered with them. Again and again the men of the South broke forth as the gay measures woke their enthusiasm, and the strains of the orchestra were fairly drowned by their united voices.

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Rates of Advertising.

Table with columns: Space, 1w, 2w, 1mo, 3m, 6m, 1yr. Rows: 100/1000, 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 1/16, 1/32, 1/64, 1/128, 1/256, 1/512.

Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dollars. Legal advertisements at statutory 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.

make a hard line against the bur-nished sky. But Arab and Spanish chroniclers alike record the facts, and geographical science explains the cause. There is scarcely a district in the whole range of the civilized world where some equally interesting geographical story has not been recorded, and where the same valuable lessons may not be taught. This is comparative geography.—Exchange.

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Take life like a man, says the Spurgeon. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as tho' the world had waited your coming. Take it as though it were a grand opportunity to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to hold and to cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken brother. The fact is life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done. Who cannot look back on opportunities lost and plans unachieved and thoughts crushed, all caused from lack of necessary and possible effort! If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadily, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he will, and follow it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

An Episode of the Southern Excursionists Visit to Cincinnati.

Before this there has occurred a thrilling episode. The great orchestras, under the pious baton of Michael Brand, struck up the thrilling old air of "Dixie," with its soul thrilling associations and memories. For a moment there was a hush. The old soldiers of the North and the old soldiers of the South looked at each other and the vast throng was still. But before the second bar was struck the emotion of the gallant Southerners overcame them, and almost simultaneously they sprang to their feet, more than a thousand strong, and the old Southern battle cry made the lofty arches ring again. Side by side with them stood the Northern hosts and cheered with them. Again and again the men of the South broke forth as the gay measures woke their enthusiasm, and the strains of the orchestra were fairly drowned by their united voices.

A prominent gentleman of Cincinnati, and a famous soldier, turned to Gov. Marks, of Tennessee, and said: "That is the old rebel yell."

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