THE JOURNAL.

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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,	" "	4:20 a. m.

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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:

A. & N. TIME TABLE.

Leaves Columbus,	8:30	A. M.
" Platte,	9:00	"
" David City,	9:25	"
" Garrison,	9:40	"
" Ulysses,	10:02	"
" Staplehurst,	10:19	"
" Seward,	10:37	"
" Ruby,	10:53	"
" Milford,	11:05	"
" Pleasant Dale,	11:22	"
" Emerald,	11:40	"
Arrives at Lincoln,	12:00	M.

Leaves Lincoln at 1 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 4:45 P. M.

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

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

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

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☞Cards under this heading will be inserted for $3 a year.

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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XI.--NO. 9. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1880. WHOLE NO. 529.

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 "	6.00	9	12	15	20	35
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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. Advertisements classified as "Special notices" five cents a line first insertion, three cents a line each subsequent insertion.

THE LAST SIXPENCE.

It was a chill, bleak morning in November that Charles Aubrey emerged from an old shed where he had passed the last part of the night under a pile of sheep skins.

As young Aubrey stood there now his lips were parched, and his limbs shook as though with the palsy. He mechanically placed his hand in his pocket and took therefrom a sixpence. He searched further--but he could find no more. That single sixpence was the last of his fortune.

'Ah, Charley, Charley,' he murmured to himself, 'You've run your race. Where now are the friends who have so long hung about you! One poor sixpence! It will buy me one glass of grog to allay my burning thirst. Oh, would to God it would buy me one true friend!'

He raised his eyes, and beheld an old woman with bended back, who came tottering on slowly and tremblingly. Her garments were torn and tattered, and the thin gray hair hung matted and uncombed. She stopped when she came to where the youth stood, and leaned heavily upon her staff.

'Charity, good sir,' she uttered in hoarse, tremulous tones. 'Give me wherewith to purchase a single meal and I'll ask God to bless thee.'

'By my life, good woman, you are the very one I have been wishing for. Here, it is all I have—it is my last sixpence! Take it. I have only wished that it could buy me one true friend.'

'But what good would come of that while you continued to curse yourself?'

The youth started, but he spoke not.

'If you would have me for a friend, will you listen to me as a friend?'

'Listen? Yes.'

Then let this be your lowest vale of life,' said the woman with startling solemnity. Turn now and go up hill. Go up, up, until you have reached the sunshine once more. I knew your mother, Charles Aubrey, and I remember well how kind she was. Oh, did she ever think that her well-beloved son would sink so low.'

'Stop, stop,' groaned the unhappy youth. 'O, who shall give me the first lift to regain all I have lost.'

'I will.'

'You? who are you? You say you know my mother. Who are you?

'Never mind. Suffice it for you to know that I suffered as deeply as you ever did. I know what it is to suffer. I say I can give you the first lift. I mean by that I can show you the way. Follow my counsel, and you may yet recover all that you have lost.'

'No, no, not all. Oh, there is one loss I can never make up!' and as he spoke he bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

Let not such feelings be with you now. First resolve that you will turn from the evil which has bro't you down. You know what it is as well as I do. Can you do this?'

'Ay, I had done it ere you came.'

'Then take the next step. Go and make a friend who can help you further. Go to Amos Williams and—'

'No, no, not there. O, not there,' interrupted Charles.

'Go to his store and freely confess to him all your faults,' resumed the woman, without seeming to notice the interruption. 'Tell him all, and then ask him to trust you once more.'

'No, no, I dare not go to him.'

'But listen. I heard Mr. Williams say with his own lips that he would help you if he could; that he would give you his hand if you would only help yourself.'

'Did he say that?' uttered Charles, eagerly.

'He did. And now, Charles Aubrey, be assured that you have not lost everything. Let people know that you mean to arise and be a man, and all whose friendship is worth having will give you their hands. Go to Amos Williams first!'

'I will go.'

'Then give me the sixpence.'

Amos Williams stood at the great desk in his counting-room and he was alone. While he thus stood, casting up a column of figures upon a page of one of the ledgers, the door was opened, and Charles Aubrey entered. He was yet pale and haggard, and looked as he did when we saw him two hours ago. The merchant started back with an utterance of pain and surprise as he recognized in the miserable form before him the once happy and beloved youth whom he had delighted to honor.

'Charles!' he uttered, as soon as he could command his speech, 'why have you come here?'

'Mr. Williams,' spoke the youth in a choking voice, 'I have come to—to—tell you that my course of wickedness is run, and from this moment I am—'

Here he stopped. He hesitated a moment, and then his feelings overcame him and bowing his head he burst into tears, and sobs, loud and deep, broke from his lips. The merchant was deeply affected, and with the warm tears gathering quickly in his own eyes, he started forward and placed his hand upon the youth's head.

'Charles,' he uttered in a tremulous eager voice, 'have you resolved to be a man?'

'With God's help I will be a man again!' was the youth's reply.

'Is your money all gone?'

'Yes sir. This morning I had one solitary sixpence left, and that I gave to a poor old woman who bade me come here.'

'Ay, I know her. She is an unfortunate creature, and has suffered much. I bade her if she saw you, and you were cast down and repentent, to send you here, for I heard yesterday that you were at the foot of the precipice. Now if you are determined, you shall not want for help.'

In eager, broken, sobbing sentences, Charles poured out his thanks and stated the resolution he had taken.

'And now,' said Mr. Williams, after the matter had been talked over some, 'we must find a place where you can recruit your strength a little before you try to work. There is my brother who owns a farm at M——. He would be glad to have you come there and stop awhile; and when you wholly recover your wasted strength you shall have a place here.'

At first the youth refused to accept so much, for he knew his unworthiness; but the merchant simply answered him:

'You can pay me for all this if you choose, so you need not be delicate about it; and as for your unworthiness—when the lost ones of earth are not worth redeeming, then some other standard of worth must be regarded than that simple one which Jesus of Nazareth gave to his followers.'

So it was settled that Charles should go out into the country and remain a while. He found Mr. Williams, the brother, ready and and happy to receive him, and there he soon began to regain his health and spirits. In two weeks he was as strong as ever, and at the end of a month the marks of dissipation had all left his face. Then he returned to town and entered the store. Amos Williams gave him a lucrative station, and bade him remember nothing of the past save the one great lesson he had learned.

'Charles,' he said, 'you know the widow Swan.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, I have engaged board for you there. I hope the arrangement will suit you.'

'Yes, sir,' returned the youth, with emotion.

From that time Charles Aubrey went on nobly and truly in the path he had marked out.

Little did Charles Aubrey know how closely he had been watched. Mr. Williams knew his every movement, even to his prayers which he poured forth in the privacy of his own apartment. Thus passed away three months, and at the end of that time Mr. Williams called the young man into the counting-room one evening, after the rest of the people had gone.

'Well, Charles,' the merchant commenced 'how would you like to change your boarding-place?'

There was something in the look and tone of the man as he spoke these words that made the youth start. The blood rushed to his face and anon he turned pale.

'If you would like,' the merchant resumed, in the same low, strange tone, you may come and board with me. I will not deceive you, Charles. Until I could know that you would entirely reform, I dared not carry you to my house. But I am satisfied now. I have not doubted you, but I would prove you. And now, if you please, you may inform Mrs. Swan that you shall board with her no more. She will not be disappointed, for I have spoken with her on the subject.'

With these words Mr. Williams left the store, and as soon as Charles could recover from the strange emotions that had almost overpowered him, he called for the porter to come and lock up, and then having locked up the great safe, he took his departure.

On the next morning he came to the store, and when his employer came, he informed him that he had given his notice to Mrs. Swan.

'Very well, returned the merchant. This evening, then, you will go home with me.'

Evening came, and Charles Aubrey accompanied his old friend home. Tea was ready, the rest of the family having eaten an hour before. After tea Charles was conducted to the sitting-room, where lamps were burning, and where Mr. Williams informed him he could amuse himself by reading.

Charles sat down there, and his employer went out, but he could not read. Thus he sat, when the door was slowly opened, and a female appeared within the apartment. With a quick step he sprang forward, and without a word he caught the fair girl to his bosom.

'Mary,' he uttered, as he gazed into the sparkling eyes of the fair being who still clung fondly to him, 'you still love me—you forgive me all—and trust me once more?'

'Yes,' she murmured; and ere she could speak further her father entered the room.

'A-ha—so you've found him, have you, Mary?' he cried, in a happy, joyous tone.

'Mr. Williams,' uttered Charles, still holding Mary by the hand and speaking with difficulty. 'I hope I'm not deceived. O, you have not brought me here to kill me! You cannot have passed this cup to my lips only to dash it away again!'

'Of course not,' returned the merchant. 'But you must now know the whole truth, and for fear my child may not tell you all, I'll tell you myself. This noble girl has never ceased to love you, and when you were the lowest down, she loved you the most. She came to me and asked me if she might save you if she could. I could not tell her nay, and she went at the work. She has suffered much, and, Charles, it remains with you to decide whether her future shall be one of happiness or not. She knew that you were down, that your money was all gone and that your false friends had forsaken you. Then her love for you grew bold and strong. She wondered if you would repulse her. She knew not what might be your feelings, and to save herself the pain of a direct repulse from you, she assumed a disguise, so that she might approach you without being known, and yet gain some idea of your feelings and save you if she could. I think she has done well. At any rate she has regained you to herself, and it must now be your own fault if the silken tie is loosed again.'

With these words the father left the apartment.

'You Mary? You in disguise?' he queried, as soon as he could speak.

'Ay, dear Charles; and you know why I did it. Here—do you not remember it?' And as she spoke she drew from her bosom a small silken purse and took therefrom a sixpence.

The youth recognized it in an instant.

'Oh!' he cried, as he strained the noble girl to his bosom, 'What can I say? Mary—Mary—my own heart's truest love—let my life in the years to come tell my gratitude. O, my all of life is yours, and my last breath shall bear your name in gratitude to God!'

And Charles Aubrey never forgot his promise. With this noble companion by his side he traveled up the hill, and in his path the flowers of life grew thick and fragrant.

Upon the wall of his sitting-room hangs a picture. It is a splendid painting of the Prodigal Son's return. Upon the face of a heavy gilt frame visitors notice a small blemish but which upon closer examination, proves to be a small silver coin. Our readers need not be told why that bit of metal is thus carefully preserved.

Nebraska's congressman is the subject of the following pleasant paragraph in the last week's letter of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat's* Washington correspondent:

Judge Valentine, of Nebraska, has won the everlasting esteem of the printers by a bill which he introduced and put through to pay the employees of the printing and engraving bureau of the treasury for Decoration Day. All other employees of the government receive pay for legal holidays excepting the printers, and they, the poorest paid and hardest worked force here, are cut short each month that has a holiday. The printers who profuse in their thanks to him, and the ladies of the bureau sent him flowers, which the gallant Nebraskan blushingly accepted, while insisting that he had only done the duty of one old printer to another.

The passage of this bill was characterized by the Washington *Post* as "the fastest time on record." It became a law, by the signature of the president, in less than two and a half hours after Mr. Valentine introduced it in the house.—*Sidney Plaindealer.*

A young lady surprised the "gentlemanly clerk" at one of our stores recently by offering him fifty cents in payment for a dollar purchase. "It amounts to a dollar, if you please," said the gentlemanly clerk. "I know it does," was the answer, "but papa is only paying fifty cents on the dollar now."

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

A Sketch of the Life of the Republican Candidate for Vice-President.

Doubtless many of the persons who lived at Fifth Avenue hotel in the fall of 1879 noticed frequently passing through its chief corridor a tall, robust man, whose face beamed with good humor. This was Chester A. Arthur, chairman of the Republican State committee, then occupying rooms in the hotel as their headquarters. If they had inquired about the man's history they would have learned that he came of good religious stock—that might guard him during his wanderings among politicians.

His father was a Baptist clergyman of Troy, where, it is said, some fifty years ago he was born. He received an excellent education. Union college was near by, at Schenectady, and it was natural therefore that young Arthur, after completing his preparations for college, should enter its doors. Here, in the year 1848, he was graduated. While in college he was a diligent and popular student. He stood high in his classes, and was recognized as a man of ability and promise. He was welcomed into the Psi Upsilon fraternity, and ever after has taken a deep interest in its welfare. Upon leaving college he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1850. He came to this city and formed a law partnership with Erastus D. Culver, afterwards minister to one of the South American States, and a judge also of the civil court of Brooklyn. Almost at the beginning of his practice, Mr. Arthur was successful in winning cases. After Mr. Culver accepted the judgeship Mr. Arthur formed a new partnership with a Mr. Gardner. This firm existed for some ten years, and had a large business. Upon the death of Mr. Gardner, in 1865, the business was continued by Mr. Arthur alone. In the year 1871, in company with Benjamin K. Phelps, the district attorney, he formed the firm of Arthur, Phelps, Knevals & Ransom.

Mr. Arthur's first great case was the well-known suit of Jonathan Lemmon, of Virginia, to recover possession of eight slaves that had been declared free by Judge Paine, of the superior court of this city. Lemmon had incantiously been passing through New York with his slaves, intending to ship them to Texas, when they were discovered and freed by order of Judge Paine. The Judge was of the opinion that the fugitive slave law did not hold the slaves. The State of Virginia directed its attorney-general to appeal from Judge Paine's decision. The legislature of this State responded to the challenge by requesting the Governor to employ counsel to defend the case. E. D. Culver and Joseph Blunt were appointed. Afterwards they withdrew and Mr. Arthur was appointed. He associated himself with William M. Evarts and argued the case before the Supreme Court. That court sustained Judge Paine's decision. The case was then appealed to the Court of Appeals. There also the judgment of Judge Paine was affirmed—and henceforth no slave-holder dare venture into New York state with his slaves. This was not the sole case in which Mr. Arthur busied himself in behalf of the slaves.

Even as late as 1856 colored people were not permitted to ride on the Fourth avenue street cars. Lizzie Jenkins, a colored woman of excellent character, superintendent of a Sunday school, was roughly expelled from a Fourth avenue car because she was black. She brought a suit against the railroad company and applied to Mr. Arthur for advice. He accepted charge of the case, and managed it before Judge Rockwell in a Brooklyn court. The jury gave a verdict of $500 damage in favor of the colored woman. The $500 was paid by the railroad company; and henceforth colored people ride without question on the cars of the street lines in New York. All these events led to the formation of the Republican party in this State, in which Mr. Arthur took a prominent part.

During the war great service for the government was rendered by Mr. Arthur.

On January 1, 1861, he was appointed engineer-in-chief by Governor Morgan of this State. In this office he did very valuable service in the equipment of the volunteers of this State for the war. Upon January 27, 1863, in honor of these services, he was appointed quarter-master-general on Governor Morgan's staff. Here he again worked with great energy to forward troops to the seat of war.

He took great interest in politics, and gradually became one of the leaders of the Republican party of this State. Upon November 20, 1871, he was appointed Collector of the port by President Grant to succeed Thos. Murphy. Upon the expiration of his four years' term, so acceptably had he filled the post that he was reappointed in December, 1875. The nomination this time was unanimously confirmed by the Senate without reference to a committee as usual. This was a high compliment, usually reserved for ex-Senators. On July 21, 1878, he was succeeded by Collector Merritt.

Upon September 18, 1879, he was elected chairman of the Republican State committee. It was largely due to his skillful management that the campaign was such a successful one—all the Republican candidates for State officers being elected. Mr. Arthur's wife, a very estimable woman—the daughter of Capt. Herndon, who was lost on the Central America—died in this city during the past winter. She had two children, who are both living.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Why Our Young Ladies Have Delicate Health.

Behold her at eleven. Her limbs unfettered by the long skirts of conventionality, she runs, she roams, she slides on the ice ponds, she rolls hoops, she climbs fences, she leaps, she kicks, she runs races and is as fleet of foot as the boys. Her appetite is good, her cheeks are rosy, and her movements unconsciously graceful. But all this must cease. Behold her again at twenty. No more does she run or jump or roll hoop, run races or slide on the ice. It is not "proper" now nor ladylike, and she couldn't if she would, for she is fettered by long skirts, tight shoes and tighter stays. Her movement has no longer the freedom and unconscious grace of childhood, for now when she walks abroad she walks to be looked at, which now in her estimation is the main object in walking. She is already in delicate health, and has a doctor who prescribes expensive advice and prescriptions for her, and ascribes her complaints to anything and everything but the real cause. That is simply the fettering of her body with fashionable clothes. Physically she is now a prisoner. At eleven she was free. The doctor advises travel, but he doesn't advise her to take off and keep off her fashionable fetters. She wouldn't do so if he did, and he wouldn't advise her if he knew it would bring relief, for she would no longer believe in a doctor who would make her dress like a guy; and being dressed like a "guy" is dressing differently from the style prescribed by a Paris modiste. Diana never could hunt in a trailing skirt, narrow, tight, high-heeled gaiters, and a pinched corseted waist, but Diana with a belted tunic and unfettered limbs would be bounced off Broadway by the nearest policeman. Dressing for health and freedom of limb and body is one thing, and dressing for fashion quite another. A man could endure the pinching and encumbrances peculiar to feminine attire for an hour, and a pretty spectacle he'd make rushing about in such during business hours. Yet the "weaker sex" wear double the encumbrances of the so-called stronger. To "dress" at all after the style takes up half a woman's time, and two-thirds of her strength.

Matured Women for Wives.

Youth and beauty are always sure of a hearing; but some writer comes out with a few words of admiration for maturer charms, in the following language: The man who meets and and loves the woman of 25 is truly fortunate in meeting and loving her. At that age she seldom deceives. She may not have—she is not likely to have then—her first sentimental experience, but such an experience at such an age is more than sentimental, and rarely ever fleeting. She looks at the youths she imagined she was enamored with between 16 or 18 or often 21, and they are more than indifferent or repellant to her—they are ridiculous, and she, as she then was, is ridiculous to herself. She cannot but be grateful to her destiny that her sympathies and affections have been reserved for a worthy object and a higher end. At 25, if ever, a woman knows and estimates herself. She is less liable to emotional or mental mistakes. She is far surer of her future, because she feels that her fate is, to a certain extent, within her own hands. Not only is she lovlier and more lovable, broader and stronger than she has been, but her wedded happiness and powers of endurance are in a manner guaranteed.

While a Leadville lawyer was cross-examining a woman who was on the witness stand last week, she exclaimed: "I'm a lady, and by thunder don't you forget it!"