

Table with columns for advertising rates, including space, time, and cost.

Office, on 11th street, up stairs in Journal building.

TERMS—Per year, \$2 Six months, \$1. Three months, 50c. Single copies, 5c.

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ALVIN ANDREWS, U. S. Senator, Omaha, Neb.
E. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point, Neb.

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- ADMINISTRATIVE: Governor, Lincoln.
Attorney-General, Lincoln.
Judge of Probate, Lincoln.
Recorder of Deeds, Lincoln.

JUDICIARY.

- Supreme Court: Chief Justice, Lincoln.
Justices: Lincoln, Kearney, and Phelps counties.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

- County Clerk: John Steffen, Lincoln.
County Treasurer: J. W. Early, Lincoln.
County Auditor: John Walker, Lincoln.

Columbus Post Office.

Open on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1:30 to 4 P. M. Business hours except Sunday 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

E. P. TIME TABLE.

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If you have any real estate for sale, 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.

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MILLET & SON, Attorneys at Law, Columbus, Nebraska.

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All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to order, and all work guaranteed.

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Paper, Pens, Pencils, Inks, SEWING MACHINES, Musical Instruments and Music, TOYS, NOTIONS, BASE BALLS AND BATS, ARCHERY AND CROQUET, &c., LUBKER & CRAMER'S, Corner 13th and Olive Sts., COLUMBUS, NEB.

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

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

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, Proprietor, Everything in first-class style. Also keep the best of cigars, 516-7.

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SLATTERY & PEARSALL, ARE PREPARED WITH FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS, To remove houses at reasonable rates. Give them a call.

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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., 493-2.

DOCTOR BOSTEEL, 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., 493-11.

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. Farm with some improvements bought and sold. Office for the present at the Clither House, Columbus, Neb., 475-3.

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A GOOD FARM FOR SALE, 150 acres of good land, 80 acres under cultivation, a good house one and a half story high, a good stock range, plenty of water, and good hay land. Two miles east of Columbus. Inquire at the Pioneer Bakery, 473-2m.

A LITTLE MYSTERY.

'Yes, Will, she is the prettiest little woman you ever set your eyes on,' said Dave Redburn to his friend, William Norton. 'I have been happier since my marriage than at any other period during my past life. In fact, I feel contented with myself and all the world into the bargain.'

'Of course she's young? Though it's needless for me to ask such a question; for you surely would not marry an elderly person, that is to say, one as old as yourself, for you are on the shady side of forty, you know.'

'Well, Will, she is only 25, and a widow.' 'What, you have married a widow, Dave? Oh, have you forgot the advice the elder Weller gave to his son Samuel? Oh, Dave, that you should have reached years of discretion to be taken in in that manner! You have tied yourself to some designing creature, who will either lead you a nice life, or put a few soothing drops in your coffee some fine morning.'

'Now, Will, if I didn't know that your remarks were made out of pure sport, I should blacken those two mischief-making, twinkling eyes of yours for casting aspersions upon the character of my dear little wife. If all the widows were like the one you shall be introduced to to-morrow evening, then it would be well for all men to take old Weller's advice, for she is enough to turn any man's head, however unimpressionable he may be.'

The friends parted. At the appointed hour on the following evening, Will Norton made his appearance at Dave's house. On being introduced to his friend's wife, Will exclaimed: 'Surely I have seen you before, Mrs. Redburn; but where, I can't recollect at the present time.'

She blushed when he made the remark—unnecessarily, Will thought. 'I say, Dave, what was your wife's name before she married you?' asked Will, when Mrs. Redburn had withdrawn, and left them to talk over their wine and cigars.

'Mrs. Tilton,' he replied. 'She must have married again since I saw her last—which was a year ago—and then her name was Dale. I'm positive it's the same person.'

'Now, Will, I'm sure you are mistaken. She was never married but once before I met her, she assured me. It must be one of those strange resemblances now and then met with. Yes, I repeat, you are mistaken for once in your life. I believe every word that comes from her lips.'

As soon as they had finished their wine and cigars, they adjourned to the parlor, where they were entertained by Mrs. Redburn, whose voice was finely cultivated, and who was a skillful performer upon the piano.

With conversation and music—both vocal and instrumental—the evening passed pleasantly, and Will Norton confessed to his friend that Mrs. Redburn's powers of fascination were very great indeed—in fact that she was perfectly irresistible.

But in his own mind he was certain that he had met Mrs. Redburn under the name of Dale. Nothing more was said about the resemblance.

Some few weeks passed away and found Dave just as much in love with his wife as when they were first married, when, one evening, he took a gentleman home to dine with him.

'Pray pardon what you may think boldness on my part; but what was your wife's name when you married her?' Dave had informed him that she was a widow before he married her. 'Mrs. Tilton,' he replied.

'It seems to me that I met her under a different name—Mrs. Waldon—though I must be mistaken.' 'I hardly know what to think of this,' murmured Dave to himself when his guest had departed.

Garfield to Young Men.

Gen. Garfield delivered a speech at Cleveland last October, in the course of which he said: 'Now, fellow-citizens, a word before I leave you on the eve of the holy day of God—a fit moment to consecrate ourselves fully to the great work of next Tuesday morning. I see in this great audience to-night a great many young men, young men who are about to cast their first vote.'

'I want to give you a word of suggestion and advice. I heard a very brilliant thing said by a boy the other day up in one of our northwestern counties. He said to me, "General, I have a great mind to vote the democratic ticket." That was not the brilliant thing. [Laughter.] I said to him, "Why?" "Why," said he, "my father is a republican, and my brothers are republicans, and I am a republican all over, but I want to be an independent man, and I don't want anybody to say, "That fellow votes the republican ticket just because his dad does," and I have half a mind to vote the democratic ticket just to prove my independence.' I did not like the thing the boy suggested, but I did admire the spirit of the boy that wanted to have some independence of his own.'

'Now, I tell you, young man, don't vote the republican ticket just because your father votes it. Don't vote the democratic ticket, even if he does vote it. [Laughter.] But let me give you one word of advice, you are about to pitch your tent in one of the great political camps. Your life is full and buoyant with hope now, and I beg you, when you pitch your tent, pitch it among the living and not among the dead. [Applause.] If you are at all inclined to pitch it among the democratic people and with that party, let me go with you for a moment while we survey the ground where I hope you will not shortly lie. It is a sad place, young man, for you to put your young life into it. It is to me far more like a graveyard than like a camp for the living. Look at it! It is billowed all over with the graves of dead issues, of buried opinions, of exploded theories, of disgraced doctrines. You cannot live in comfort in such a place. [Laughter.] Why, look here! Here is a little double mound. I look down on it and I read, "Sacred to the memory of Squatter Sovereignty and the Dred Scott decision." A million and a half of democrats voted for that, but it has been dead fifteen years—died by the hand of Abraham Lincoln, and here it lies. [Applause.] Young man, that is not the place for you.'

'But look a little farther. Here is another monument—a black tomb—beside it, as our distinguished friend said, there towers to the sky a monument of four millions pairs of human fetters, taken from the arms of slaves, and I read on its headstone this: "Sacred to the memory of human slavery." For forty years of its infamous life the democratic party taught that it was divine—God's institution. They defended it, they stood around it, they followed it to its grave as a mourner. But here it lies dead by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. [Applause.] Dead by the justice of Almighty God. [Great applause and cheers.] Don't camp there, young man.'

'But here is another—a little primrose tomb [laughter]—and I read across its yellow face in lurid, bloody lines, these words, "Sacred to the memory of State Sovereignty and Secession." Twelve million of democrats mustered around it in arms to keep it alive; but here it lies, shot to death by the million guns of the republic. [Applause.] Here it lies, its shrine burnt to ashes under the blazing rafters of the burning confederacy. [Applause.] It is dead! I would not have you stay in there a minute, even in this balmy air, to look at such a place, [Laughter.]

'But just before I leave it I discover a new-made grave, a little mound—short. The grass has hardly sprouted over it, and I see torn pieces of paper with the word "flat" on them—[laughter]—and I look down in curiosity, wondering what the little grave is, and I read on it: "Sacred to the memory of the Rag Baby"—[laughter]—buried in the brain of all the fanaticism of the world—[laughter]—rocked by Thos. Ewing, George H. Pendleton, and a few others throughout the land. But it died on the 1st of January, 1879, and the one hundred and forty millions of gold that God made, and not flat power, lie upon its little carcass to keep it down forever.—[Prolonged applause.]

'Oh, young man, come out of that! [Laughter.] That is no place in which to put your young life. Come out and come over into this camp of liberty, of order, of law, of justice, of freedom [Amen], of all that is glorious under these night stars.'

'Is there any death here in our camp? Yes! Yes! Three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, the noblest band that ever trod the earth, died to make this camp a camp of glory and of liberty forever. [Tremendous applause.]

'But there are no dead issues here. Hang out your banner under the blue sky this night until it shall sweep the green turf under your feet! It hangs over our camp. Read away up under the stars the inscription we have written on it, lo! these twenty-five years. "Twenty-five years ago the Republican party was married to liberty, and this is our silver wedding. [Great applause.] A worthy married pair love each other better on the day of their first espousals; and we are truer to liberty to-day, and dearer to God than we were when we spoke our first word of liberty. Read away up under the sky across our starry banner that first word we uttered twenty-five years ago! What is it? "Slavery shall never extend over another foot of the Territories of the great West." [Applause.] Is that dead or alive? Alive, thank God, forevermore! And truer to-night than the hour it was written! [Applause.] Then it was a hope, a promise, a purpose. To-night it is equal with the stars—immortal history and immortal truth. [Applause.]

'Come down the glorious steps of our banner. Every great record we have made we have vindicated with our blood and our truth. It sweeps the ground and it touches the stars. Come there young man and put in your young life where all is living, and where nothing is dead but the heroes who defended it! [Applause.] I think these young men will do that. [Of course they will!]

'Gentlemen, we are closing this memorable campaign. We have just got our enemies on the run everywhere. [Laughter.] And all you need to do in this noble old city, this capital of the Western Reserve, is to follow them up and finish it by snuffing the rebellion under once more. We stand on an isthmus. This year and next is the narrow isthmus between us and perpetual victory. If you can win now, and win in 1880, then the very stars in their courses will fight for us. [Applause.] The census will do the work, and give us thirty more freemen of the North in our Congress that will make up for the rebellion of the South. [Great applause.] We are posted here, and the Greeks were posted at Thermopylae, to meet this one great barbarian, Xerxes, of the isthmus. Stand in your places, men of Ohio! Fight this battle, win this victory, and then once more put you in safety forever!'

A Poor Woman's Gift.

A poor Irish woman went to a venerable priest in Boston, last week says the Pilot, and asked him to forward to Ireland her help for the famine sufferers.

'How much can you spare?' asked the priest. 'I have one hundred dollars saved,' she said, 'and I can spare that.'

The priest returned with her saying that her gift was too much for her means, but she was firm in her purpose. It would do her good to know that she had helped—she could rest happier thinking of the poor families she had saved from hunger and death. The priest received her money with moistened eyes.

'Now, what is your name?' he asked, 'that I may have it published.' 'My name,' said the brave soul, counting over her money; 'don't mind that, sir. Just send the help, and God will know my name.'

A Rough Translation.

A young lady moving in the most exalted social circles of Galveston, after much toil and practice at the piano, learned to play with considerable dexterity a piece entitled "Picnic Polka." It is something after the style of the celebrated "Battle of Prague." The listener can readily distinguish the roar of the artillery, the rattle of the musketry, the shouts of the soldiers, and the groans of the dying. In the "Picnic Polka" the noise of the wind among the trees and the joyous carols of the birds are reproduced, the finale being a thunder-shower which disturbs the sylvan revelers. It happens that a country cousin is in town just now, and the young lady thought she would play the piece to him and hear the comment. He is a plain, simple-minded youth, and although not very bright, is very appreciative. She told him what the piece was and then proceeded to give him the "Picnic Polka." The first notes are rather slow and hesitating, the idea sought to be conveyed being the solemn solitude of forest, through which the gentle zephyr (not heifer) sighs. After she got through with this preface, she asked him if he did not almost imagine himself in a lodge in some vast wilderness. He replied that he thought all that slowness meant the delay in getting off. Said he: "There is always some plaguy case who over-sleeps himself and keeps everybody else waiting."

She did not care to discuss the point with the ignorant fellow, so, to conceal her emotions, she once more let herself out on the piano. The words were filled with music. The mocking bird whistled as it his throat would split, the cuckoo filled the sylvan bowers with his repeated cry, while ever and anon the mournful cooing of the dove interrupted the mating-song of the lark.

"There, now, I guess you know what that sounds like?" she said, as she paused.

"You mean that 'tootle, tootle, tootle, chug, chug, chug?' You just bet I understand that. Many is the time at a picnic I've heard it from the mouth of a diminjon, or the hunchback of a beer-kog."

Her first impulse was to hurl the piano stool at him. But it passed off, and once more she went at the piano as if it was the young man's head and was insured for double its value. The thunder growled, the lightning flashed (from her eyes) and the first heavy drops are heard upon the leaves. She sang and manied the keys at a fearful rate; pest after pest of deafening thunder perturbed the atmosphere and re-echoed in still louder reverberations until it would upon in one appalling clap as a grand finale. Then, turning to the awe-struck youth, she said: "I suppose you have heard something like that before?"

"Yes, that's what the fellow with linen pants said when he sat down on the custard pie."

The audience found him self alone, but he picked up his hat and sauntered out into the street, densely unconscious that he had said anything out of the way.—Galveston News.

His Welcome from the Old Folks.

Ex-Governor Duval, Florida, was the son of a poor Virginian, a stern, strong, taciturn man. The boy was a long youth of fifteen. At the cabin in fire at bed-time, according to the custom of putting on a back-log, the old man said, between the whiffs of his silent pipe: "Tab, go out and bring in that gum back-log, and put it on the fire." Tab went out and surveyed the log. He knew it was no use explaining that it was too heavy, nor prudent for him to return without having it on his shoulder. His little sister, passing, was not surprised that he requested her to bring out the gum and powder-horn, as a 'possum or coon might have passed, or the brother might have seen bear signs. She brought the gum and Tab started. He found the way through the woods into Kentucky in 1791. After an absence of eighteen years he was elected to Congress. A man of immense size and strength, he started for Washington, going by the way of his old home to see the folks, who had long since given him up for dead. Entering the little cabin door near bed-time, he saw the identical gum log. He shouldered it, pulled the hatchet and with his hand stood before the old man, pipe in mouth quiet as usual. "Here is the gum log, father." "Well, you've been a long while getting it, put it on the fire and go to bed.—Florida Union.

"It's not the phiziky a man drinks that makes him dizzy," said O'Flaherty, "but it's lakin' in the bartender's diamond through the bottom iv the tumblers, he gorra!"