THE JOURNAL.

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The Columbus Journal.

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CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

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

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S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State.
F. W. Liedtke, Auditor, Lincoln.
G. M. Bartlett, Treasurer, Lincoln.
C. J. Dilworth, Attorney-General.
S. R. Thompson, Supt. Public Instruc.
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W. W. Abbey, C. H. Gould, } Prison Inspectors.
Dr. J. G. Davis, Prison Physician.
H. P. Mathewson, Supt. Insane Asylum.

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George B. Lake, Amasa Cobb, } Associate Judges.

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M. B. Reese, District Attorney, Wahoo.

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Wm. Abyan, Receiver, Grand Island.

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J. W. Early, Treasurer.
Benj. Spielman, Sheriff.
R. L. Rossiter, Surveyor.
John Walker, John Wise, M. Maher, } County Commissioners.
Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner.
S. L. Barrett, Supt. of Schools.
G. B. Bailey, Byron Millett, } Justices of the Peace.
Charles Wake, Constable.

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3d Ward—G. W. Clother. Phil. Cain.

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Eastern mails close at 11 A. M.
Western mails close at 4:15 P. M.
Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives at 6 P. M.
For Monroe, Genoa, Waterville and Albion, daily except Sunday 6 A. M. Arrive, same, 6 P. M.
For Postville, Farral, Oakdale and Newman's Grove, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 6 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 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, 1 P. M. Arrives at 12 M.
For St. Anthony, Prairie Hill and St. Bernard, Fridays, 9 A. M. Arrives Saturdays, 3 P. M.

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:

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	6:20 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	10:30 "

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

SOCIETY NOTICES.

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

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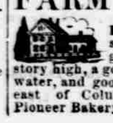
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NUMBER 21.

You ask why I don't let you have the bay window room. My dear, if you have time this evening to sit down a bit, I'll tell you. Why, I wouldn't put a young lady like you there for nothing; not that I'm a believer in the supernatural, but all the strange things that have happened since I first took this house, eighteen years ago, have taken place in No. 21. Strange, isn't it; but tragic people all seem to enjoy pleasant things around them, and it's a pretty room, with the large windows and the view up Eagle street and the hills beyond.

Well, as to the history, I had been here four or five years when the first event took place. One day a carriage drove up, and a nice-looking gentleman and lady stepped out and came into the house. He said he wanted a nice place to keep his wife, and a friend had recommended my house as the pleasantest place he knew, 'so cosy and home-like.' That's what they all say, Miss Gray. So I showed him the vacant rooms, but he wouldn't hear to anything but No. 21, although there was a couple of gents in it then. But they said they'd as lief take a third floor rear, seeing that they were gone all day and only wanted a good sleeping-place. So Mr. and Mrs. Morton, the new folks, settled themselves in there.

He might have been anywhere from 25 to 35, you couldn't tell; a dark, fine looking man, but with a look in his face that I never liked, not from the first. She was a little thing, near your height, Miss Gray, with a childlike face and such pretty, gentle ways that everybody took to her; even the day boarders noticed her. She had lived in the country, she said, and had been married only three days when she came there. She had married against her parents wishes, but she thought their objections to Mr. Morton were foolish. And it was plain to see that whatever others thought of him, in her eyes he was perfect. She fluttered around him, and petted him and waited on him, and looked her love so plain that it couldn't be mistaken, and at first he couldn't do enough for her, but it began to wane in a few months, and after a while she was positively neglected.

Among the boarders that took such an interest in her was the guest in No. 36, second floor, rear. He was the strangest creature I ever saw—a face as wrinkled and pale as if he were 60, and such young, eager eyes and mouth—looked as if he was just burnt up with some passion, I don't know what. He was lame, too, a little, weakly fellow, and kept books somewhere. But I never saw anything like the way those restless, burning eyes of his would follow Mrs. Morton, and her husband when he was there. 'Poor fellow!' tho't I, 'he's just the kind to go and fall in love with her, and break his heart about her. I'll give him a little talking to.' And I did, in a sort of roundabout way; but he just waved his hand and said my trouble was unnecessary. Then he seemed to take it back, for he came and asked me all about her, and when she was married, and I told him all I knew; and after that he only seemed to take a friendly notice of her, though he still watched her.

Mr. Morton was away more and more as the fall advanced, and she began to seem low-spirited, as I suppose was natural. She would come up to my room sometimes and sit with her bit of work in her little hand, puzzling about something, and never taking a stitch, and I used to step in and sit the evening with her sometimes, for she seemed so lonely. I was there once when he came home, and she started as if I'd struck her when he opened the door, and looked at him so piteously that I knew he wasn't good to her. But she never complained, poor thing.

After that time he was gone a month, I reckon, and she was so poorly that her meals had to be sent up a great part of the time. And young Mr. Welsh—that was the book-keeper—used to ask about her every day; about the only thing he ever did say.

Well, Christmas passed and the holidays, and still there was nothing heard from Mr. Morton. Their board was back, and they had my bed-room, but still I couldn't say a word to her. But the middle of January he came striding in one morning, as good as you please, and kissed his wife, who was in my room, and shook hands with me, and paid the board for a month in advance, and gave us Christmas presents all round, and then picked up his wife and said, 'Come, Pussy, let's go home; I'm quite a stranger, you know, and I want to see you,' and away they went off, arm in arm.

It was a happy day for her, poor child; he couldn't be tender enough to her, and they decorated the room with evergreens, and hung new pictures he had brought her, and in the evening I carried them up a little supper to have by their own fire, and he would have me sit down and eat with them.

'You've been good to my chick while I was gone; I want to thank you,' says he.

'No,' says I, 'it's thanks enough to see her so happy, with your coming, she's been lonely enough without you,' and I made bold to say, 'she needs petting and good care now, Mr. Morton.'

'Yes,' says he, 'and I guess she gets it, don't she, sweet?'

'Oh, yes, indeed, I am very happy,' she says.

Next morning he was gone before I knew it, and she came into my room, happy and yet troubled. 'Men are strange things, aren't they?' she said. 'I wonder if women ever do understand their husbands; did you, Mrs. Compton?'

'Oh, yes, but mine was such a plain man; he wasn't like yours,' says I; and with that she began to cry. 'Mrs. Compton,' she says, 'something terrible is going to happen; I feel it. I think I am going to die.'

I tried to comfort her, but she sat so sad all day, and all the trifling things worried her so. That night I heard a scream from her room. I jumped up and rushed to the door. She was sitting up in bed, and when she saw me she said: 'Somebody was trying to kill me, Mrs. Compton.'

'Nonsense,' said I. 'You've had a dream. Turn over and try it again.'

'Not until you come and sleep with me,' she said.

I fastened my door and went back to her, and it was well I did, for when I got back she was dreadful sick, and by morning her baby was born—a fine little boy, but it only lived an hour. Poor thing! how she grieved for it.

'My poor little boy!' she says, 'I can't give it up when I have longed for it so, and I shall always hear that little cry—poor, poor little darling!'

But she was doing nicely herself, the nurse said, and so I told Mr. Welsh when he asked me in the hall.

'And the child?' says he.

'Died,' says I.

And with that he turned and limped away.

That night I called to see Mrs. Morton about 9 o'clock, and she looked well and bright, and hoped her husband would come in the morning. At midnight I heard a scream, and of course I ran to No. 21. The door was half open, and a low fire burning in the grate. The nurse was standing by the bedside, and when she saw me she screamed again.

'What's the matter?' says I.

'She's dead!' says she.

You have no idea, Miss Gray, of the shock it was!

Why my knees shook and my head turned light, till I thought I should faint. But soon I went to the bedside, and sure enough there she lay, white as marble, and dead. And when we got a light we found that she had been murdered! Do you wonder that I won't let you have that room now?

It was a cut in her breast, clean through the heart, made with a long, slender, sharp knife, perhaps a dagger like they have in the play. Well, I declare, we were all so upset that we didn't know what to do. If her husband would only come, we tho't, it would be such a relief. But, there we had the 'quest and laid her out, and I gave orders for the funeral. I could do no less, I thought.

And when the day for the funeral came, here came Mr. Morton, and he was a great deal more grieved than I thought he could be. But who ever did it was a mystery, and we couldn't even guess at any person's motive. Such a sweet, pretty little thing, and her dead body still in the house; it was the most awful thing that I ever heard of; and we were so bothered with policemen and reporters and artists to photograph everything.

But the funeral came off, and I never shall forget the way that Mr. Welsh glared at Mr. Morton all through it. I should have thought his eyes would have burned wherever they fell. I thought then he suspected Mr. Morton of having a hand in it. But I changed my mind after a while.

Within two weeks Mr. Morton was arrested for being engaged in a bank robbery, and Mr. Welsh left for California. But this you must never tell; sit nearer so that I can talk low. A few months after this I went into a corset store on 4th street, and a young lady came to wait on me. She looked so familiar that I asked her if I had ever known her, and she said, 'O no, she was a stranger in the city.'

But while she was doing up the purchase I noticed her hands, and they suddenly reminded me of Mr. Welsh; and then I looked up at her face, and it, too, was his—changed a great deal, but with his eyes and mouth. And when I reached to take the parcel she said: 'Never mind; the boy will take it; he is going up Eagle street now.' And she wrote out my name and address without a word from me. And I firmly believe, and always shall, that she was that man's real wife, and the murderess of that pretty girl. Little things that I didn't notice at the time came up to me afterwards, until I was as much convinced as that I live.—*Cleveland Press.*

Old Maids.

Although the caption is a term used by nobody of good-breeding, or with any self-respect, the words have, nevertheless, come to a stand as a reproachful title for a large class of women who shrink from all reproach—a class to whom the whole class of humanity are under indebtedness as faithful elder sisters and devoted aunts and self-forgetful drudges, as nurses, as servants, as watchers with the sick, as those who lay out the dead, as comforters of the afflicted.

How few families are there without the maiden aunt among, that epitome of unselfishness, of uncomplaining effort, finding all her life in waiting on a parcel of dear tyrants, taking a mother's place, and perhaps at last receiving not even a small share of a mother's love! And of how much is a family deprived that does not possess that invaluable article. But the maiden aunt is at hand to put down her work and help solve the distracting problem; to praise in good report to others, as mothers are ashamed to praise their own; to teach the "piece" which is to be spoken before the assembled school, and to hear it recited first; to help, to encourage, to shield; to be up in the morning and see the urchins off to school; to share every triumph, to side in every quarrel; to make the path smooth as may be for the venturesome young feet—the path, that after all, she herself has not found so smooth.

Perhaps to those of us who, although not hard of heart, yet, owing to circumstances that have shaped our ways as much as to anything else, only live in self and its indulgences, this life of self-forgetfulness seems very sad. But, to those that live it, it unusually seems to wear a brighter view. In fact, nowhere are happier faces seen than those of the majority of these maiden women. Generally, if they have plenty of smaller, they are shielded from the greater cares, and spending their lives for others, they have the perpetual gratification of seeing themselves indispensable. Whether or not love and gratitude, in the measure their usefulness demands, by-and-by fail them, they have them in plenty for a time, and their expectations are so small that it takes but little to make them happy.

Few of these single women desire marriage; most of them have had the opportunity, all of them preferred their condition to union with one not after their own minds, and some of them are shrouded in the great grief of widowed brides. Perhaps these good women gossip, as it is alleged, but so do the married; perhaps, as the years pass, some of them grow crabbed, but so again do some of the married; perhaps their lives revolve in small orbits, but who shall say in ultimate results what is large and what is small? If they walk humbly and deal justly, who is any better than they?

And since the very instance of the general reproach of the title, in its cruel use, implies that happiness and all that is desirable and blest can be found in marriage, does it not seem that terms of pity rather than of reproach should be given to those who are denied the happy, cared-for life of marriage, and who, while sharing in all its cares, share in but few of its comforts and honors.

It is announced by the Democrats that the Republicans have resolved on a sectional campaign. The honor of originating that kind of a campaign belongs to the Democrats. They declared their purpose to make it when they claimed the 138 electoral votes of the South solid for their ticket, and the 75,000 bogus majority in Alabama is the first fruit of the plan. The Republicans have merely accepted the challenge to stand up once more against the infamous principles which Wade Hampton declares are the same as those for which the South fought for four years. It is the Democratic party which has raised the sectional flag, and it is that party which is destined to go down in defeat under it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The cheapest way to settle back rents is to buy an ulster.

Garfield's Influence.

No man in public life has placed a higher estimate on the influences of the home and home life than General Garfield. No man has ever exerted a greater influence in keeping boys and young men in the wholesome atmosphere of vigorous and aspiring manhood than he. No man has received more heartfelt tributes from the representative and intellectual women of the country than the presidential candidate of the republican party.

There is scarcely a speech of his in which there is not a reference to call up the picture of home and to fix attention upon it as a factor in solving our governmental problem. On that memorable Saturday night in June when he rose in the national republican convention to present the name of John Sherman as a presidential candidate there was wild tumult all about him. Facing that great crowd of 15,000 excited people, his first words were not of candidates. Dwelling a moment on the extraordinary scene before him, he said:

"Not here in this brilliant circle, where 15,000 men and women are assembled, is the destiny of the republican party to be decreed. Not here where I see the enthusiastic faces of 756 delegates waiting to cast their votes into the urn and determine the choice of the republic; but by 4,000,000 republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and love of country; with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and the knowledge of the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by—there, God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night."

Garfield looked beyond the delegates to the homes of earnest Republicans. He knew that in those homes were women as much interested in the success of the republican party as the men who had fought its battles, and he turned the thoughts of the convention toward that love of home and country that has made the people of the great republican states the bulwark of the nation.

The question is to be determined at the fireside and by the thoughtful voters. There is in the career and character of Garfield everything to appeal to the family. Some of the ardent woman suffragists propose to use their influence to defeat him, but they can hardly make headway in the homes of the land. The mother, marking out a path in life for her son, can point to the republican candidate for president as a model and as a living example of the possibilities of American boyhood. There is nothing in Garfield's open life to excite a women's distrust or suspicion. He is absolutely clear of the vices that pure women abhor, and no man has been a more constant friend to women than he, and no man has spoken warmer or more eloquent words in the cause of women. During his career in congress his attitude toward women has been characterized by such a kindly courtesy as to call out unstinted praise even from pungent writers like Mary Clemmer, and in every movement looking to the better education and wider usefulness of women, Garfield has been a leader.

None knew this so well as those women who, while in sympathy with him politically, have found an under-current of sentiment in his speeches shading his most effective arguments with the warmth of personal appeal, and who, because of this, have been led to study his purposes and appreciate his motives. There is no danger that such women will not in their own way do their utmost for Gen. Garfield. The sons of such women honoring their mothers as a part of their worship of men like Garfield will not need the urging of the veterans to do their full duty in November.

There is work for all to do. The leaders and the leaders of leaders are preparing to do their best. It will be a memorable campaign in the field and should be as memorable for the influences that are exerted through home life.

It has been said that the nomination of Garfield at Chicago was "the most perfect instance of the resistless strength of a man developed by all the best and purest impulses, forces, and influences of American institutions, becoming their most thorough and ablest embodiment in organic and personal activity, aspirations and character."

But when the result had been reached Garfield thought most of his party. In responding to the speech of Senator Hoar, announcing his nomination, Garfield said: "I have felt with you great solicitude concerning the situation of our party during the struggle; but, believing that you are correct in assuring me that substantial unity has been reached in the conclusion, it gives me gratification far greater than any personal pleasure your announcement can bring."

Because the nomination came to him as it did, and because he accepted it in the spirit indicated above, he has been enabled to exercise a great influence on the party. This influence, extending beyond the ordinary party lines to the "four million firesides," becomes a curious element in the canvass, which will show in results in November.

Extemporaneous Utterances.

We see that at the school commencement a favorite selection is Ingersoll's "The past rises before me like a dream." It is credited to his address to the soldiers at Indianapolis. The first time he delivered it was in this city at the unveiling of the soldiers' monument, several years before the celebration at Indianapolis was thought of. It was recognized then as a very fine effort, but the celebration was a local affair, and, although it was reported in the papers here and the speech given pretty fully, it attracted no special attention and in a short time was forgotten. When he delivered it in Indianapolis some of the Peoria people thought they recognized their old friend, and they went to the files of the papers, and there, sure enough, was "The past rises before me like a dream" in pretty much of its old coloring. He had brushed it up some, trimmed it down and made some verbal changes; but to all intents and purposes it was the same speech. Those who listened to him in Indianapolis thought it was the sudden inspiration of the moment. The fact of it is, the inspiration of the moment is quite as likely to make a fool of a man as it is to put him on his mettle. A man does his best work when he has the time to prepare it, and the better he prepares the better he does it as a general thing. A friend of Ingersoll in this city relates that four years ago before he went to Cincinnati to nominate Blaine, he went into Bob's office one afternoon and found Ingersoll walking the floor. As the other approached Bob turned around and said: "Like a plumed knight he entered the lists and tore the tongue of slander from the throat of treason." The friend did not know what he meant, but when Bob went to Cincinnati and nominated Blaine he saw that even then he was coming over in his mind what he should say. Those who saw him then fancied that he went up in the heat of the moment and uttered the first thing that came into his head. The fact was that on the top of all his study, the night before, E. C. Ingersoll, his brother, and R. H. Whiting insisted that he should carefully prepare himself. He sat down at a table in their room in the Burnett House. Then he wrote the speech that is now historical, gathered up the sheets, read them over and left them. The late John T. Harper, who was present, put them in a place by themselves, intending to preserve them as a souvenir. While they were gone to the convention, however, the ubiquitous hired girl came into the room and "put it to right," and carried the papers away. This is about the way with all extemporaneous speeches altho' Bob is a man who needs as little preparation as any one.—*Peoria Journal.*

Gen. Grant's Campaign Speech

A Galena special says Hon. Phil. A. Orton, in a speech to a republican mass meeting, gave his reasons for leaving the democratic party, with which he had acted for twenty years. He introduced Gen. Grant, who, alluding to Judge Orton's speech, spoke as follows: "I did not intend to speak when I came here to-night. I am very much like Judge Orton; I have never made a republican speech in my life, or any kind of a political speech. I am sure it would require some time and much preparation to make one of any length. I can of course go a little further than Judge Orton, and say that I never voted a republican presidential ticket in my life, and but one democratic ticket, and that was many years ago, when I was quite a young man; but I pledge you my word that if I am spared, although I shall be at some distance from you, on the second of November I shall return to Galena to cast one republican vote for president of the United States, and I hope the city of Galena will cast a round republican vote, such as it has never cast before."

"My umbrella is getting decidedly shabby," said a young man about town one evening last week. "I believe I will have to strike another prayer-meeting the first rainy night."

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
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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.