

The Columbus Journal.

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AMERICAN MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE. It was a lovely evening in June, when, as I stepped into a summer-house, sweet with the scent of roses, which clustered so thickly about it as to shut out the outside world, I found it already occupied by her. 'Queenie,' I said, 'you here?' 'Is not the evidence of your senses sufficient, sir,' she answered, 'without putting the question?' 'Not where you are concerned,' I replied. 'Besides, I did not think fortune could be so kind to me. Queenie, do you know that in a fortnight I sail on a three years' cruise?' 'Yes, I know it,' she replied.

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MY QUEEN. I do not know when I began to love my little May. I think it dated back from the time that I was an awkward college lad, and she a golden-haired little fairy, in short frocks. She had an imperious, willful way with her then, which made me call her Queenie, and, as I had named her sovereign, of course I had to bow my knee as the most humble of her subjects—and right royally she exercised her power. As I grew older, I gave no name to the feeling which was growing with my growth, until, having graduated from the naval academy, and returned from my first cruise, I discovered May to be no first child, but a young lady, with a legion of adorers, who taught me my passion by the consuming fires of jealousy they awakened in my bosom. Years had but made my darling more beautiful. Her eyes were bluer than the sea on which I sailed, her hair more golden than the sun-flecked clouds; but she, who had been all 'May,' was now more than an April day—alternate smiles and frowns. There were moments when, for me, her voice grew tender—as from a glance from her azure eyes would bring me, delirious with happiness, to her side; but there were days as well when she noticed me as little as the dust beneath her pretty feet—days when others basked in the sunshine, and I shivered in the cold. It was during one of these periods of torture, made doubly excruciating because my leave of absence was drawing rapidly to a close, that I conceived the noble resolution not only to acknowledge the truth to myself, but to May as well, and to ask her to put an end to my suffering, or at least to my suspense. The opportunity came at last, just when I had almost despaired of attaining it. It was a lovely evening in June, when, as I stepped into a summer-house, sweet with the scent of roses, which clustered so thickly about it as to shut out the outside world, I found it already occupied by her. 'Queenie,' I said, 'you here?' 'Is not the evidence of your senses sufficient, sir,' she answered, 'without putting the question?' 'Not where you are concerned,' I replied. 'Besides, I did not think fortune could be so kind to me. Queenie, do you know that in a fortnight I sail on a three years' cruise?' 'Yes, I know it,' she replied.

finding some preferable sweetheart, in some other port.' So Queenie argued, and I was fain to give in, though I insisted upon monopolizing the little which was as much as possible, and letting some of the other fellows suffer a little of my previous agony. But three days more remained to me, when one afternoon, looking for May, I heard voices in the library, and stole up to the window to surprise my darling. There I stood spell-bound. A mirror opposite me reflected the figures I could not see from where I was, but every word spoken reached my ear. May was leaning back in a large arm-chair, her lovely lips parted, a faint flush on her beautiful cheeks, and at her feet knelt Dick Armstrong, his handsome face alight with feeling and his voice full of emotion, as he leaned over and pressed his moustached lips to her hand in ardent fervor. 'You must not do that!' May laughed. 'That's not in the play.' 'Why not?' he answered. 'It is to be my future right, is it not?' 'Yes,' she said; 'but the future is not the present. Come, go on, sir! What were you saying?' 'My love—my life! I cannot live without you!' rang out his impassioned tones. 'I was about to spring into the room, livid with passion, when May's answer reached me. 'Nor would I ask you, dear,' she said, in low, murmuring accents. 'Life would, indeed, be dark without the sunshine of your smile! You are sure you love me?' Say it again! The story never grows old, and but gains in sweetness with the telling. 'What is that?' she asked, with sudden change of voice. 'I knew that I had groaned, and sprang from the window that I might not be discovered. So stunned that my sense of suffering was almost paralyzed, I listened to my room. Of girlish coquetry, of girlish trifling, I had believed May capable; but perjury and base falsehood I had deemed her as far above as the angels in heaven. Mad with passion, determined she should not know the truth, I sat down to my desk and dashed off the following lines: 'Alten, fair trifler! You claimed to have a surprise for me. I have already received a sufficient inkling of its nature not to wish to be overwhelmed by it. Of course you know the face we have been playing has but preceded the tragically. In search of the sweetheart you have destined for me in some other port. Do not fear—I shall ride the storm. Yours, FRANK.'

I had added these last words in a spirit of bravado; but, once penned, I leaned my head down on the table and sobbed like a baby—the first tears I had shed since childhood—the last, pray God, I said, I may shed till old age! But all my faith, and hope, and happiness had gone in one fell blow. However, they seemed to make me stronger, and, quickly packing my valise, and handing my note to a faithful messenger, that it should reach May, I left the house, meeting no one. A week later, I was out of sight of land. There were times in the months that followed when, pacing up and down the narrow confines of the ship, I thought I should go mad, and almost prayed I might. May's face haunted me not in its bright, girlish beauty, but sad and heavy-eyed, as though she had wept long and bitterly. The years dragged slowly by. No news reached me of her—not even of her marriage! Perhaps she had proved false to him, too. And yet I loved her still—loved her with so mad a love that she was ever present in my thoughts to torture me. One summer night (we were on our homeward way) I sat alone on deck, thinking how soon we would sight our native land, and how little joy the thought brought me. 'What should I do? What could I do but ask to be again transferred to sea duty? I would not even go to the place where May lived. To catch one fleeting glimpse of her would be to shatter all my hard won calm. Just as I reached this decision, floating above me in the ether there seemed to be a ball of liquid fire. Dreamily I watched it, wondering what it might be, when I heard a voice. 'Frank! Frank!' it said; and the tones were full of an imploring sadness. I sprang to my feet, and rubbed my eyes. It was Queenie's voice that I had heard. Had I been sleeping or waking? The ball of fire had vanished—all was darkness; and by my new-born resolution had taken wings. I must see May once more, face to face, and ask her: 'Why did you do this thing?' The ship seemed to crawl now;

but all things come to an end, and at last we heard the welcome cry of 'Land!' I was one of the first to leap on shore, and then I traveled night and day to reach the house I had left three years before in such wrath. It was almost evening when I arrived, and stole through the lodge-gates like a thief. I could not yet enter the house. From the garden, the scent of roses again greeted me, and I made my way to the summer-house, which seemed to smile a welcome on me. On its threshold, I stood transfixed. As once before, I found it occupied. A girl sat at its furthest end, her head buried in her hands, and sobs convulsing her frame. It was Queenie! Softly I spoke her name. She sprang to her feet, and dashed away her tears. Spite of the twilight, I saw that she was pale and thin. 'How dare you, sir,' she cried, in hot passion—'how dare you come here to gloat over my misery, and to witness my petty triumph?' 'Then the woman in her conquered, and once more she burst into bitter weeping. 'Is it for you to reproach me?' I said. 'Had I not the evidence of my own senses of your falsehood?' 'My falsehood?' she repeated. 'You dare speak such a word to me?' And then I told her all that I had seen and heard. Oh, heaven, the fool that I had been! She had been rehearsing a portion of a little play they were to act in my honor, on the night following the day I had seen them. When Dick had asked if it was not his future right to kiss her hand, he had meant only during the real progress of the play; and my darling, loyal as she was, would not permit him even that privilege in rehearsal. My note had seemed to her the cruellest mockery. She had been very ill after I left, and all these years had believed me untrue and unkind. It was dark night when our explanations were given, but for us the day was just dawning. 'May,' I said, throwing myself at her feet, and telling her the story of my strange vision, 'can you ever forgive me? May I not let my whole future life atone?' 'Darling!' she whispered, as her soft little hand toyed with my hair, it was my heart's voice that called you. Do you think, now you have come, I can shut its doors against you? And so I won my Queen!

Josh Billings' Philosophy. There is a grade deal of fastidiousness that is merely cultivated, a very low order of hypocrisy, at best. Piety is the only thing about religion that amounts to anything, but the world are too apt to rate a man's religion by his creed, and the price he pays for his piety in the church. Whenever you see a man hanging around a Wiggins' Rites Conventions, anxious to run the concern, you will find either a kussid phool, or a plain deal beat. There is lots of people who call themselves Christians, who are never so happy and religious as when they are passing around the hat. Man is a strange critter, an enigma, a kouadrum, made in the image of God, and still full of oddities that would puzzle a monkey, and weaknesses that would look ridiculous in a kokroch or a grasshopper. The happiest condition of married life is where the parties each have strong and decided tastes, and staidly to make those tastes agreeable to each other. Mi sweet youth, if you have envy on the monkey in yure nature be kerpball how yu cultivate it. Frustrate monkeys even are a doubtful blessing, but the other grades are but little better off than ideots. The power of a sentence consists in the strength of the idea, and the simplicity of the language. In the matter of bringing up children, I notice that those people who never had any kan tell yu all about how the thing should be done.

Mr. Hancock's open letter in regard to Southern war claims came none too soon. It will gain him a few votes in the North, where he most needs them, and lose him many in the South, where a few thousand can be spared as well as not. It was all reasoned out, no doubt, before hand. Such things always are.—State Journal. An exchange says: "We are in receipt of a little song entitled, 'Will My Darling Come Again?'" Without knowing the exact circumstances of the case, we should say that he probably will, in case you can get the old man to tie up the dog."

The State of the Country. A party of commercial travelers from Indiana, with their wives numbering seventy-five called on Gen. Garfield at his residence in Ohio. After leaving the cars they assembled on the lawn in front of the house, when the General appeared at the door, when Mr. G. C. Wenster one of the party was introduced, and addressed Gen. Garfield on behalf of his associates, as follows: GENERAL GARFIELD—I have been delegated by these friends, who have journeyed so far to see you, to say a word of explanation of our presence here. Let me express the hope that you will not consider us trespassers. We do not come here as the followers of any particular political party, nor do we come to testify for your services to the country, as that would be both presumptuous and needless, for we believe that not only the living nation, but the nation yet unborn will testify of those things; but we came as commercial men, representing many business interests of the state of Indiana. Many of us are yet young men, having but fairly begun the great battle of life and we are here to-day to pay our respects to you as one who, by his own efforts, has raised himself from the poor and lowly boy to the proudest position in the land; one, in the history of whose life we recognize many grand lessons for ourselves, and a constant source of encouragement to the thousands of young men in the land who, beset by adverse circumstances, are struggling against those circumstances, up out of the depths of poverty, towards a better manhood. As Americans we do not believe the Almighty created one man better or greater than another, but we do believe and know that men are born who take their destiny in the hollow of their own hands, and with God's aid pursue the right and shape that destiny to great ends, and as such we greet you to-day. And now, with your permission, I will introduce the commercial travelers of Indianapolis, their wives and their sweethearts. Gen. Garfield responded as follows: "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I can hardly say that you have taken me by surprise, for I was informed some days ago that a party of commercial gentlemen from Indiana would call upon me to-day, but I am very pleasantly surprised at the large number of ladies and gentlemen who have honored me by this visit. I have listened with deep interest to the address of your chairman, and I give you, one and all, my thanks for the compliment which this visit implies. Your chairman informs me that you represent nearly all the leading branches of commercial industry in the state of Indiana, and some of our neighboring states. Few of our people understand how vast are the enterprises represented by our international trade. Almost every form of human labor contributes its products to the trade that fills our thoroughfares and supplies our country with the necessities of life, and are all moved by the great mainspring of labor. Permit me to illustrate its magical power. Eighty-four years ago a company of forty-two surveyors landed at the mouth of Connecticut creek, a little stream that marks the boundary between Pennsylvania and Ohio. They landed on the fourth day of July, 1796, and commenced their work by celebrating our national independence. There are many now living who were boys in their teens when this company of surveyors began their work at that time. From the Pennsylvania line to Detroit hardly a snake ascended from a white man's cabin. The western reserve was an unbroken wilderness. Three millions of acres had just been purchased from the state of Connecticut for forty cents per acre. To-day, the Western Reserve furnishes happy and comfortable homes to more than three-fourths of a million of intelligent people. Excepting a few French settlements, the state of Indiana was itself an unbroken wilderness, but is now a great and prosperous community. Thousands of miles beyond you, prairies, wildernesses and mountain slopes smile with peace, prosperity and the attendant blessings of civilization. What has wrought this wonderful transformation? The magical power of human labor. Through manifold struggles and dangers, through suffering and blood, these blessings have been secured to us, and I trust will be continued to our children's children. [Applause.] I ask you to notice another fact. Every stroke of the axe, every blow of the hammer, every turn of a wheel, every purchase and every sale, in short, every effort of labor is measured by the standard value fixed and declared by national law.

I congratulate you as commercial men, that your government has at last restored to its people the standard of specie value, and has made it possible for our people everywhere to secure the blessings which bountiful harvests and prosperous times have brought them, by placing our national finances on the solid basis of specie value. This fact forms no inconsiderable part of the security with which the great business transactions of the nation are conducted. You, as its representatives, as well as the laborers of the land, are sharers of these benefits and this security. [Applause.] Ladies and gentlemen, accept my most cordial thanks for your visit. I welcome you to my home and to the kind greeting of my family. [Applause.] The company was then introduced to the General and to his wife and mother. They were cordially and pleasantly received. They strolled through the orchard and grounds, and before taking their leave a gleeful club, which had extemporized on the way, sang several patriotic songs. At half past one they took leave and went down the farm lane to the railroad, where they took the train and returned to the west.

Gen. Hancock writes an average of two letters or telegrams per diem now for publication, but the card of yesterday will probably be a bombshell in the solid South. He not only promises to veto all bills for rebel war claims, but intimates that he will also consider the claims for damages preferred by loyal Southerners barred by lapse of time. In view of the history of the confederate congress, and of the record of the Southern Democrats who were actively instrumental in putting Hancock in nomination, the last literary effusion of their candidate is certainly of a highly revolutionary character, and will produce an excitement in the solid South of a much livelier character than that which followed a milder letter of the same character from Samny Tilden. It is evident that the letter was written for a desperate Democratic leader, who has persuaded Hancock to make a hopeless attempt to retrieve the blunder of the Platted dispatch, and endeavor to save New York for the Democratic party. The theory of course, is that the Southern brigadiers are too far committed in their pledges of one hundred and thirty-eight electoral votes, to retreat, that they will pocket the affront for the sake of getting into power, and that the North is the section that now needs a little "conciliation" by the Democratic party. But nothing can blot out the Platted dispatch, from the memory of the advocates of honest money, and the probability is that this letter will merely complicate and embarrass the party it was intended to extricate from the confusion into which the Maine affair has involved it. It will save Hancock some Northern Democratic votes. It will not convert to him any Republicans of 1876, and will not bring back the Republicans of 1872 who had temporarily acted with the Democratic party since that date.

The utterances of Wade Hampton, of Backburn, of Ben Hill, of Lamar, and a host of the old Confederate leaders in the flush of their victory in securing Congress, and since, will not be forgotten. The letter is too late to save the dying boom.—Chicago Journal. A Democratic organ before us accuses the republicans of "fomenting and perpetuating the spirit of sectionalism." Read the southern newspapers and cast your eye through the latest edition of southern "Histories of the United States," and southern "School Readers," if you want to see who is "perpetuating the spirit of sectionalism." These deliberately and maliciously garble the record of events, falsify the causes and incidents of the War of the Rebellion, scandalize the northern patriots and statesmen and glorify southern traitors. Republicans are in favor of peace and good-fellowship, but not at the sacrifice of northern honor or the principles of a popular government and the national integrity. The democrats are the sectionalists—the republican party is the national party of this country and always has been.—Chicago Journal.

Mrs. Glenn saw her friend, Mrs. James, take a fatal dose of laudanum, in Boston, and within a few days she attempted to kill herself in the same manner, though she had never before meditated suicide, nor had any cause to desire death.

Table with columns: Space, Per Line, Per Column, Per Page. Rates of Advertising.

Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dollars. Local advertisements at standard rates. Editorial local notices at 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.