

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XI.—NO. 23.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1880.

WHOLE NO. 543.

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.

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F. J. SCHEG, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office—Corner of North and Eleventh Sts.

W. M. BURGESS, Dealer in REAL ESTATE, CONVEYANCE COLLECTOR, AND INSURANCE AGENT, GENERAL MANAGER CO., NEB.

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PICTURES! PICTURES! NOW IS THE TIME to secure a life-size picture of yourself and children at the New Art Rooms, east 11th street, south side railroad track, Columbus, Nebraska, as Mrs. Josselyn will close the establishment this Fall. Those having work to do should call soon.

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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.

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 Clothier House, Columbus, Neb.

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. 447-13

RESTAURANT AND SALOON! E. D. SHEEHAN, Proprietor, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Dublin Stout, Scotch and English Ales, Kentucky Whiskies a Specialty, OYSTERS in their season, by the case or on dish.

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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 longer a 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. 'But I was sure that I saw a tear trembling on her long, dark lashes, though she persistently bent her head and ruthlessly tore into pieces the petals of a rose she held. 'Do not be so severe upon that poor rose,' I continued, gathering courage. 'Must you always exercise your power? Are you not content with making one man miserable?' 'What do you mean?' she said, 'I mean that I love you, Queenie—that the thought of this long absence makes a coward of me, unless—unless, my darling, you will make me strong and brave by the promise that when I return you will be my wife.' The color flushed into her lovely face. Lower and lower dropped her head, but she spoke no word. 'May,' I went on, 'you have been very cruel to me, darling, and now you have so little time to be kind. Surely you will not begrudge it to me?' 'Frank! Frank!' she cried out, then, in her sweet innocence, throwing both arms about my neck, and sobbing as I pressed her to my heart. It was a moment of exquisite bliss. I kissed away her tears (they were not altogether unhappy ones), and soon brought back the dimples and the smiles. 'Why have you treated me so badly, Queenie?' I asked. 'Why did you not speak before, sir?' she retorted, saucily. 'Was I to place my hand in yours and say, 'Here I am. Why don't you ask me.' Indeed, no!' with a perverse toss of the pretty little head. 'Very well; but, my pet,' I replied—but the less said about a certain little girl's love of coquetry and conquest the better. Never mind; I can afford to be magnanimous, only don't arouse the green-eyed monster too seriously. He is only sleeping, May—he is not dead.' 'Ah, me! that he was destined so soon to such an awakening. The next week of my stay flew on wings. 'We are going to give you a surprise before you go, Frank,' said May; but of its nature I could glean nothing. Our engagement was not announced. 'I should have such a stupid time while you were away, Frank, besides the faint prospect of your 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 added, 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: 'Alone, 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;

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