

The Columbus Journal.

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COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1880.

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Prescriptions filled with accuracy and dispatch. Call and get prices. COLUMBUS

OFFICE--COLUMBUS, NEB.

THE FLIGHT FROM A DEN OF MURDERERS. A Christmas Story.

BY A. HENRICH. The Schwartzwald (black forest) of Germany, formerly enjoyed a not very enjoyable reputation. It consists of a mountain range on the right shore of the upper Rhine about 100 miles long, at the upper or southern end about 35 or 45 miles, at the lower or northern end, only about 25 miles wide. During robberies were often committed on the highways crossing it, and some of the inns along the roads were considered dangerous places to stop overnight.

In the winter of 1830, on the 23d day of December at evening a front-mounted merchant stopped in front of one of these taverns. The landlord made his bow and received the orders of the stranger with the assurance that he would serve his guest to the best of his ability. He carried the heavy portmanteau into the house, followed by the merchant; then he went and took the horse to the stable. Soon supper was served to the stranger, but he felt less hungry than he had felt on the road. A certain sinister look in the eye of the landlord and a certain nervousness of the landlady acted upon his system and made him feel restless. While she was coming and going, setting the table, he once glanced toward the kitchen door and there espied a little girl looking through the open door at him with such an expression of pity and anxiety in her eyes that his restlessness was changed into fear. While he was trying to eat a little, the landlord brought him some wine, but after tasting of it, he became still more suspicious, and sitting near the fireplace he secretly poured the contents of the bottle into the ashes, and left but very little in the glass. When the landlord came again he lifted the empty bottle and with a pensive look asked his guest if he wished for some more? The merchant said: "No, thank you! but I am used to take a little walk after meals, and if you will show me your room, we will take my things there, and then I will walk a little up and down in front of the house or in the yard." "Certainly," said the landlord, shouldering the portmanteau, taking the light and leading the way up stairs. He showed his guest into a small room where everything seemed in pretty good condition. Then he left the room.

The merchant now set to examining the room, the bed, the wardrobe and every other piece of furniture; the walls, the ceiling, the floor of the little room, its windows, its door--in short everything, but nothing suspicious could be found. He observed that the window opened upon the roof of a shed, but it had a good spring lock, and the door was also well provided with lock and key. Getting out his pistols he examined them and found them in good trim. He now took the light, locked the door and went down into the bar-room, where he had eaten his supper. Here, to his surprise and consternation he found his host and his wife engaged with two very rough looking fellows in a game of cards. The landlord jumped up and offered him a chair, or if he should prefer he would accompany him in his walk. The merchant thanked him, remarking:

"I will only walk a few steps up and down the road, or in the yard, and aid digestion. But here, throwing a half a crown upon the table, you and lady as well as these gentlemen may drink my health meanwhile."

The wild looking fellows thanked him more politely than he had expected. Going out he walked around the house, all the while watching those within through the windows. The landlord brought the bottle of wine, they all drank, and then resumed their cards with eagerness. Our traveller now went to the stable to see to his horse. Coming out again, the little girl he had observed in the kitchen came to him and whispered with great eagerness and fear:

"For God's sake, sir, don't stay here, they will surely kill you!" Then she slipped away. He softly called after her: "Don't fear for me!" but she was gone. Pacing up and down in front of the house a few times, he resolved to take the risk, and stay. Going into the bar-room, he took his candle, and went up to his room.

There he thought the matter over, and his situation being anything but pleasant he thought of his wife and children, they expecting him home Christmas Eve. Would he ever see them again? Would he

have to die by the hands of robbers and murderers? If so, he would at least defend himself to the last moment. Commending himself to God in a fervent prayer, and examining his two pistols once more, looking and bolting the door and window, he extinguished the candle and lay down to--watch, not to sleep.

Perhaps an hour--a long hour--had passed when our merchant heard a noise on the roof--the foot end of the bed being toward the window. He could see the outline of a man crawling toward it on the roof. Soon he observed another, and still another. To put his assailants off their guard he now began to snore as loud as he could. A hoarse laugh was the answer from those outside.

"Your wine has done its work," said one, and the landlord answered:

"It never fails; he sleeps soundly, and we can finish him without trouble!"

Now a pane of glass was noiselessly and easily removed, and a hand reached in and opened the lock of the window. At that moment our merchant sent a well aimed bullet through the brains of the man at the window and right after it he aimed at the head of the next one. Jumping from the bed he had just time to see the third one run across the yard, and quickly reloading, he sent a third bullet after him. The first two shots had done effective work. On the roof lay the landlord and one of his companions dead. Everything being as still as the grave, our traveller re-lighted his candle, re-loaded his pistols and one of them in his girdle, one in his right hand with trigger pulled, ready to shoot, and in the left hand his candle, he went to reconnoitre, but could not find anybody. Yes, he found, in a little room, crouched in a corner, the little girl who had warned him. When she saw him with pistol in hand, she raised her hands and called out piteously:

"O, dear sir, don't kill me!" "No, my dear child, I will not harm you. I will take you away from this wicked place. Where is the landlady?"

"She has run away; she said you would kill her. I ran with her but I came back."

Soon our traveller had saddled and mounted his horse, the little girl in front of him and his portmanteau behind; he traveled as fast through the forest as his strong horse could carry him.

Toward morning he reached the first village. Here he took time to rest, eat and drink, and report to the magistrate. Soon a detachment of well mounted and armed Gendarmes, accompanied by the necessary civil officers, went to the tavern in the Schwartzwald. They found everything as our traveller had left it. The landlady's corpse and that of one of his accomplices were found on the roof of the shed. The third man had been wounded and drops of blood on the snow led the officers to a small farm not far from the inn. The dead comrade of the landlord was also a small farmer from the neighborhood. Two of the murderers had received their just due by the hand of our merchant, the third one was, after the process of law, and after confessing many other murders, publicly beheaded. The landlady was also apprehended and imprisoned, but she was, chiefly on the testimony of the little girl, released.

But how about that little girl? On the way she told her story to her deliverer and she had to repeat it often afterward, and this is her story:

About four years ago her father returning with her from a visit to her aunt had stopped with her at the self-same tavern over night. Sleeping with him in the same room which our merchant had occupied, she saw him murdered by the same men, two of whom would have killed her too, but the landlord told them that his wife would plague him all his lifetime if he did not save her. One of the men took her along and she was hid for a long time, until investigations about her father's and her own disappearance had ceased. She was then taken back to the inn. The landlady was kind to her, and often entreated her husband with tears to lead a better life, but he swore and told her, that if she ever betrayed him, he or his friends would kill her. The same he told the little girl.

When the kind merchant heard her father's name he at once recollected the fact of their disappearance. He knew her mother well, she having since moved into his own town. Here she supported herself by sewing. She had a singular way of celebrating Christmas Eve. She would every year fix up a Christmas tree for a few very poor children.

This she did, because she had done it for her own little girl, and sometimes she would say:

"May be the dear God will give me my little girl back."

In the afternoon our traveller reached home. He soon had told his story to his wife. Having refreshed himself and his little charge, and having dressed her up from the wardrobe of his own little daughter, the good couple prepared to visit the widow, and bring her the present of the Christmas child they had for her.

At the door the merchant waited with his little charge while his wife went in to prepare the mother for her surprise.

"I suppose you often think of your little girl when you have these poor children around you?"

"Yes, I do, and I know the dear God will give her back to me some time. Don't you think so?"

"Certainly, I know He will, and that very soon."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes, I have seen her."

"When? Where?"

"To-day, this evening."

"O, where is she?"

"I am going to bring her to you," opening the door, her husband led the little girl in and the widow clasped her in her arms. They had a very happy Christmas.

Senator Paddock.

A Washington correspondent, referring to the adjournment of the Senate, has this to say: "Before they did adjourn, however, Senator Paddock, of Nebraska, who seemed to have scented the adjournment in the air, determined to at least get in his work in time and that the charge of idleness should not be laid at his door. The Senator called up and succeeded in passing, after running the fire of a protracted debate, a bill of much importance to his State and of general interest to his people. I refer to the bill for the sale and disposal of the Otoe and Missouri Indian reservation in Kansas and Nebraska. This bill about closes out all the Indian reservations in those States. The land is to be sold to actual settlers only, in quantities not to exceed one hundred and sixty acres, at an appraised price, but not less than two hundred and fifty cents per acre, cash; or the Secretary may, with the consent of the Indians, sell the same as above, only that instead of all cash there may be deferred payments--one fourth paid down and the balance in one, two, and three years, the latter to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. The passage of this bill adds but another feather to the plume of Senator Paddock; he has since his election to the Senate been conspicuous as a hard working practical man, who has spared neither time nor labor to secure such legislation as would advance the prosperity of his State and the welfare of his constituents; he has ever been identified with the passage of all those laws that have promoted the interests of the homestead and the actual settler; a man of the people, he has held steadily to the idea that legislation should be in their interests. Nebraska has in Senator Paddock a true type of her hard working, energetic people.

Every Family, without Exception, in City, Village, and Country, will find it highly useful to constantly read the American Agriculturist. It abounds in plain, practical, reliable information, most valuable for in-door as well as Out-door work and comfort, and its \$60 to 1,000 Original Engravings in every volume are both pleasing and instructive. In this respect it is pre-eminent and stands alone, and it should have a place in every Household, no matter how many other journals are taken. Its Illustrated Department for Youth and Children contains much information as well as amusement. Its Humbug exposures are invaluable to all classes. The cost is very low, only \$1.50 from now to the end of 1881, or four copies for \$5. Single numbers, 15 cents. One specimen, 6 cents. Take our advice and subscribe now for volume 49 (1881). Orange Judd Company, Publishers, 245 Broadway, New York. COLUMBUS JOURNAL and Agriculturist one year, post-paid, \$3.00.

It is not necessary to threaten a bad man, for his own misdeeds threaten him with a worse punishment than you can inflict.

He that lets the sin go down upon his wrath, and goes angry to bed, is likely to have the devil for his bed-fellow.

A dog which won't run from an elephant will break his back to get away from an oyster can.

Philanthropy of Common Life. There are those who, with a kind of noble but mistaken aspiration, are asking for a life which shall, in its form and outward course, be more spiritual and divine than that which they are obliged to live. They think they could devote themselves entirely to what are called the labors of philanthropy, to visiting the poor and sick, that would be well and worthy--and so it would be. They think that if it could be inscribed on their tombstone that they had visited a million couches of disease, and carried balm and soothing to them, that would be a glorious record--and so it would be. But let me tell you that the million occasions will come--in the ordinary path of life, in your houses and by your firesides wherein you may act as nobly as if all your life long you visited beds of sickness and pain. Yes, I say the million occasions will come,