

THE JOURNAL.

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The Columbus Journal.

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COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1881.

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A new house, newly furnished. Good accommodations. Board by day or week at reasonable rates.

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OFFICE—COLUMBUS, NEB.

PATTY BRIGHT.

BY MRS. G. G. ATWOOD. Patty Bright sat by the kitchen table, her elbows resting upon it and her chin in her hands.

A huge white bowl of stoned raisins standing by her showed what she had been doing. But it could be very plainly seen that Patty's thoughts were resting on something very different.

The truth is, 'Hard Times' was staring Patty in the face, and, altho' he looked very ugly, Patty was staring back at him steadily and unflinchingly.

It was not at all necessary; for, as far as she was concerned, she had never known the meaning of poverty. Fortune had been very kind to Miss Patience Bright, Sr., Patty's only friend and protector.

Her barns were overflowing with plenty; her cellars stored with fruit and vegetables, and, better still, her money was so carefully put away that, if all the banks in the country were broken, and if all the railroads failed, it would make no possible difference to Miss Patience.

So, with a mind calm and serene, Patty, Sr., moved around her kitchen grinding her spices and mixing her mince meat. But with a mind anything but calm and serene, Patty, Jr., sat by the table thinking.

Miss Patience rattled the stove doors, poked down the ashes and banged the shovel and tongs. Still Patty never moved.

'Bring me the eggs, child,' she said. Still Patty didn't hear. So Miss Patience went to the cellar, brought out a basket of the pure white, chocolate-colored and speckled eggs; broke the whites in a big blue platter and dropped the yolks in a bowl; then, sitting down by the table, began to pile them up in white masses by her steady strokes.

Every little while she looked up at Patty's dreamy face and misty eyes.

'Come, child,' she said, at last, 'you have been there long enough. Beat up those yolks till they foam. There's enough to do.'

Patty took up the bowl and wooden spoon; but she moved languidly as if her heart was somewhere else.

'Why don't you hurry!' Miss Patience said, sharply. 'There's your Uncle Eben coming on the 5 o'clock train, and Aunt Maria in the morning, and all this cooking to be got out of the way.'

'What's the good of it all, auntie?' Patty asked. 'Don't they get enough to eat at home?'

Miss Patience reddened with indignation and dropped her fork in the midst of the white foam.

'The land sakes!' she exclaimed. 'I guess there never was a Bright yet but had all he could eat, and more too!'

'What do they do with the 'more too'? Give it away?' Patty asked.

Miss Patience looked at her suspiciously. 'What are you thinking about, child?' she said. 'Speak it out.'

Early in the morning Patty had gone out on an errand, and, while she was gone, she had seen something which had stirred her childish soul as nothing had ever done before, and ever since she came home she had been trying to think of the best way to present a petition to Aunt Patty, and, now the opportunity had come of its own will, her heart trembled and her spirit flared.

But Aunt Patty was waiting, with her fork in the air and her eyes on Patty.

So, with her cheeks burning and her voice tremulous from hope and fear, she said: 'Aunt Patty, do you remember the Brewers?'

'Shiftless set!' she said, setting her lips very firmly and beating her eggs more fiercely than ever.

'They may be shiftless, aunt; but I know they're hungry,' said Patty, waxing bold.

'Hungry, in this land of plenty!' said Aunt Patty, contemptuously. 'I'd like to know what put such nonsense in your head. How did you happen to see them, anyway?'

'I'll tell you all about it,' said Patty, feeling braver every minute. 'I was going by this morning to tell Mary Jane to come up in the morning and pick the turkeys, when Nannie Brewer knocked on the window and beckoned to me to come in. And auntie, if you'll believe it, she sat in the rocking chair, with an old bed quilt round her and hardly a speck of fire in the stove. I wanted to put some wood in, but she looked so nervous and said no. Then she asked me to go to the closet and bring her a glass of water. I couldn't help looking around, auntie; and there was only half a loaf of bread on a plate and the least little scrap of butter in a broken tea cup. I took her the water, but I felt every minute as if I should cry, she looked so white and hungry. Then she asked me to go

down the cellar and see if her kitten was there. It took me a good while to find the kitten; and Aunt Patty, there wasn't a thing in that cellar to eat but a few potatoes and beans and a little piece of pork—not one can of fruit or an apple. I couldn't say a word to Nannie when I came up. I had such a big lump in my throat. So I just put her kitten in her lap and ran. And I couldn't help thinking, Aunt Patty, that we might just as well send them enough to last 'em a week.'

Patty stopped, trembling and excited with her long speech, and, altho' she looked eagerly at Aunt Patty, she told her that all she had was also hers, and to take what she wanted for Nannie, she was greatly disappointed.

Aunt Patty did nothing of the kind. She only marched to the cellar with her platter of snowy foam, and marched back again with a pan of red apples, and set them down before Patty.

'Pare 'em and slice 'em,' she said. Patty's heart sank way down, and a great tear dropped off from her eyelashes as she took up the knife and began to cut off the rosy skins.

Miss Patience saw the tear, but she did not say anything, and, if she felt anything, she kept it to herself. All day long she kept Patty flying. When there was no more eggs to be beaten or fruit to be picked over, there was silver to clean, mirrors to brighten, pillows to beat up and pitchers to fill up with fresh water.

But Patty had 'budded better than she knew,' for, after the last little cousin had been tucked up in bed, and she herself had gone to sleep, tired out, but not too tired and sleepy to have an ache in her heart for Nannie. Aunt Patience sat up alone, grim and silent before the open fire, thinking, thinking.

Remember the Brewers? I should think she did remember the Brewers. Away back, before Patty's brown eyes or Nannie's blue ones had opened upon this world, when Aunt Patty's angles and wrinkles had been curves and dimples, and the gray of her hair had been golden, Nannie Brewer's father had been Aunt Patience's lover.

Handsome and gentle, but always unstable, or, as Aunt Patty called it now, 'Shiftless,' he had strayed away from his allegiance at sight of the first pretty face that came in his way; and Aunt Patty shook him off with sharp and bitter words, and never looked upon his face again.

Not even when he lay dying and sent for her would she go near him. So he said, as he had said so many times in his life, 'It is just as well,' and, with a gentle smile, turned his face to the wall and died.

Since then there had been hard struggles for Nannie and her mother. To be sure there had been struggles before, but they were together. But Miss Patience had never so much as spoken to either of them.

But now Patty's simple story had stirred Miss Patience's wrinkled heart strangely.

Dick Brewer's child starving! She sat before the fire till the log broke in two and the coals scattered over the bricks. Then she arose, put out her candle, and lay down by Patty's side.

The next morning was clear and bright, and Patty waked to find the sun streaming through the frosty panes on her bed and the place by her side vacant.

'Oh, dear!' she said, springing out of bed and hurrying on her clothes. 'I'm late again, and Aunt Patty will be so provoked.'

But Aunt Patty seemed unusually gentle as she bade her good morning, and that and the sunshine made Patty feel very light-hearted, as she danced around setting the table.

But when she went into the cellar to skim the cream for breakfast, and saw the two great turkeys, with their wings folded on their breasts; and the tiny pig, with the ear of corn in his mouth, all ready for the oven; the hanging shelves loaded with flaky pies; and the huge stone crocks full of pound cake and fruit cake, she thought again of Nannie Brewer's empty shelves and barren cellar, and she drew a long sigh, as she came back where her Aunt Patty was.

She saw the change in Patty's face; but she didn't ask any questions or make any allusions to the conversation of the day before, until after the breakfast had been cleared away and Patty was putting on her cloak and hat to go to church.

Then she put her hand on her shoulder and said: 'Patty, what makes you look so unhappy?'

'I feel so sorry about Nannie,' said Patty, choking a sob down in her throat. 'Well,' said Aunt Patty, 'you stop

there on your way home from church and perhaps you'll feel better.'

'Oh! Aunt Patty,' she shouted, throwing her arms around her neck. 'What have you been doing?'

'There, go along, child. You've crushed my clean collar and knocked your hat sideways.'

And Miss Patience gave her a gentle push toward the door.

Patty ran off, feeling exhilarated and expectant. She could hardly sit still through the sermon, altho' she tried very hard to be attentive; and even the beautiful anthems made very little impression on her. And, when the service was all over, she ran down to the road to Nannie's.

When she knocked at the door and Nannie called 'Come in,' Patty knew by the change in her voice that something very pleasant had happened. Still she was not quite prepared for the revelations which were made when she opened the door.

There Nannie sat, dressed in a blue flannel wrapper, which Aunt Patience had intended to make over for Patty, Aunt Patience's own gray worsted shawl around her shoulders, and a warm home-made rug at her feet.

There was a grand fire in the stove and a most delicious smell came from the oven and the hissing and bubbling steam pans.

Mrs. Brewer was flying around with a clean white apron around her waist and a bright flush on her cheeks.

The table was set for dinner with some of Aunt Patience's crisp white-celery in the centre and a saucer of Aunt Patience's green pickles on one corner, and a tumbler of Aunt Patience's crab-apple jelly on another.

Patty sat it all in one glance, and then turned to Nannie, who caught hold of her hand and was thanking her and laughing and crying all at once.

'Don't thank me!' said Patty. 'I'm awfully glad, but I haven't done anything.'

'Yes, you have,' Nannie insisted. 'The man said they come from you, and it isn't all here, either. There's wood in the wood-house, and flour and tea in the pantry, and potatoes, and apples, and pork, and a lovely little crock of butter in the cellar.'

'I want you to tell your Aunt Patty that I hope she will have a great many happy days, and as happy as the one she has given us.'

And Mrs. Brewer wiped a tear from her cheek as she opened the oven door and basted her browning chickens.

'All right,' said Patty. 'I'll tell her, though Aunt Patty can't bear to be thanked. Good-bye, Nannie. I'll have a jolly time, now you're going to have one, too.'

Miss Patience wouldn't give Patty a chance to speak to her alone until after the grand dinner was over and cleared away.

When the other grown-up people were talking about 'Auld Lang Syne,' and Aunt Patience sat in front of the fire alone, Patty drew up her stool, put her head on her knee, and told her Mrs. Brewer's message.

Aunt Patty looked pleased, but she couldn't help saying: 'Cooked everything they had for one meal, I s'pose. Shiftless!'

Full Down that Vest.

Mr. Vest, the junior Senator from Missouri, was right when he said in the Senate Wednesday that John Brown 'deserved his fate.'

His fate has been glorious. He has a name. He has a place in history among the heroes who died for liberty. His name is the symbol of all that was noble, unselfish, and brave in the struggle for emancipation. It was his "fate" to have his deeds sung and celebrated by the greatest army that the sun ever shown upon. Of him only had it been declared by the American people that, though dead, "his soul is marching on." It still animates the American people, and fixes them in the resolve to see that the slaves they set free shall be protected and enjoy all the civil rights possessed by the proudest of their old oppressors. So Mr. Vest was right when he said that John Brown "deserved his fate." Whether he was right, or decent, or manly when he stigmatized the hero of Harper's Ferry as "an old scoundrel," is another question.—Chicago Tribune.

Ed. C. Brown brought all the way from Nebraska three mammoth ears of corn, just to make the agricultural editor open his eyes. The ears average fourteen inches in length and the grain is full and large. In Nebraska the people use this corn for fuel, being cheaper than coal and wood is so scarce that it cannot be obtained for that purpose. This corn is from the farms of Albert Clark, formerly of Harrison county, and John Freeman, of Bart county, Neb.—Staubsville (O.) Gazette.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for Space, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th.

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

A Courting in the Olden Days.

Thirty years ago Michigan people were a frank and truthful set. Strangers could come here and trade horses with their eyes shut, and broach of promise cases were unknown.

Folks meant what they said, and when they gave their word stuck to it.

Exactly thirty years this month a widower from New York State appeared in Lansing on business. That same business carried him to De Witt, eight miles away.

While on the way he stopped at a log farm house to warm his cold fingers. He was warmly welcomed by the pioneer and his wife, both of whom were well along in years, and after some general talk, the woman queried:

'Am I right in thinking you are a widower?'

'Yes.'

'Did you come out here for a wife?'

'Partly.'

'Did anybody tell you of our Susie?'

'No.'

'Well, we've got as bonny a girl of twenty-two as you ever set eyes on. She's good-looking, healthy and good-tempered, and I think she'll like you looks.'

'Where is she?'

'Over in the woods, here, chopping down a coon-tree. Shall I blow the horn for her?'

'No. If you'll keep an eye on my horse I'll find her.'

'Well, there's nothing stuck up or affected about Susie. She'll say yes or no as soon as she looks you over. If you want her don't be afraid to say so.'

The stranger heard the sound of her axe and followed it. He found her just as the tree was ready to fall. She was a stout good-looking girl, swinging the axe like a man, and in two minutes he had decided to say:

'Susie, I'm a widower from New York State; I'm thirty-nine years old, have one child, own a good farm, and I want a wife. Will you go home with me?'

She leaned on her axe and looked at him half a minute, and then replied:

'Can't say for certain. Just wait till I get these coons off my mind.'

She sent the tree crashing to the earth, and with his help killed five coons, which were stewed away in a hollow limb.

'Well, what do you say?' he asked, as the last coon stopped kicking.

'I'm your'n!' was the reply; 'and by the time you get back from De Witt I'll have these pelts off and tacked up and be ready for the preacher!'

He returned to the house, told the old folks that he should bring a preacher back with him, and at dusk that evening the twain were married. Hardly an hour had been wasted in courting, and yet he took home one of the best girls in the State of Michigan.—Detroit Free Press.

A Trifling Thing.

One has said that "It is hard telling what a trifle means." Everything in nature seems to be closely connected with everything else. An undue preponderance of one force sets in motion all other forces.

The edifying of a few particles of air may give rise to a tornado. A few drops of oil slowly leaking from a cask may seem of little account; but in due time the vessel will be empty.

A small pin, bolt or screw out of place may stop a powerful engine. A particle of dust may stop or render a chronometer useless as a time-keeper. The prick of a pin in a balloon may destroy it. Another writer has put the thought in a still stronger light: 'There is no such thing as a trifle.' Any person who has lived many years, and been engaged in the transactions of daily life, will certainly appreciate this quotation. A useless expense