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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:

B. & M. TIME TABLE.

Leaves Columbus,	8:20	A. M.
" Bellwood	8:50	"
" David City,	9.15	"
" Garrison,	9:31	"
" Ulysses,	9:55	"
" Staplehurst,	10:12	"
" Seward,	10:30	"
" Ruby,	10:46	"
" Milford.	11:00	"
" Pleasant Dale,	11:18	"
" Emerald,	11:37	"
Arrives at Lincoln,	12:00	M.

Leaves Lincoln at 12:50 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 4:10 P. M.

O., N. & B. H. ROAD.

Bound north.			*Bound south.*		
Jackson	4:54	P. M.	Norfolk	6:30	A. M.
LostCreek	5:30	"	Munson	6:57	"
Pl. Centre	5:57	"	Madison	7:45	"
Humphrey	6:31	"	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.

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The Columbus Journal.

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BEHIND TIME.

In '32 there wasn't a likelier fellow on the line than George Kirke. He was the son of a poor man and his mother was dead. His father was a confirmed invalid of the rheumatic order, and George played the dutiful son to him in a way that would astonish the young men of to-day.

Somehow, nobody knew exactly how, George had managed to pick up a good education, and he had polished it off, so to speak, by a two years' course at a commercial college.

Kirke began on Sandy Hill railroad when he was about twenty-one or two years old. First he was a brakeman. This railroad business is a regular succession, and, generally speaking, a man has to work his way up. It ain't often that he gets right up to the dignity of a conductor at one step, with a chance to pocket stray ten cent script, and the privilege of helping all the good looking and well-dressed ladies out of the cars, and letting the homely ones, with babies and bandboxes in their arms, stumble out as best they may, while he is engaged in talking to a man.

George did his duty so well that he was soon promoted to fireman, and after he had learned the workings of the machine he was made engineer and given an engine. The engine was one of the newest and best on the line, and was called the Flyaway, and George was very proud of it, you may well believe. I tell you now, sir, your true engineer, one as is out-and-out for the business, and feels his responsibility, takes as much pride in his engine as the jockey does in his favorite race horse, and would sit up nights, or neglect his sweetheart, to keep the brasses and filagrees of his machine so's you could see your face in 'em.

There was another man who wanted George's chance. There's generally more than one after a paying job. Jack Haliday had been waiting some time to be engineer of the Flyaway, and when he lost it he was mad enough to pull his hair. He was a brakeman, likewise, and had been on the road full two years longer than Kirke, and it would seem that the chance really belonged to him but he was a quarrelsome, disagreeable fellow, with impudence enough to have set an emperor up in business, and still have some left.

When Jack realized that George had got the inside track of him, his anger was at a white heat. He curse Kirke and cursed the company and old Whately, the superintendent, and things generally, until it seemed to be a pity that there was not something else to curse, he was in such a fine cursing order.

There was more than one thing which made Jack Haliday down on George Kirke. George had been his rival in many respects, and particularly where the fairer part of creation was concerned. George was a great favorite with the girls, for he was handsome and generous, and good natured, and Jack was sarcastic, and always on the contrary side, and the girls avoided him as they always should such a man.

Well, all expected that ill would come to George from Jack's bad blood against him and we warned him more than once, but he always laughed and reminded us of the old saying that 'barking dogs never bite,' which is true in the main.

And, as the time went on, until two, three, four months had passed since Kirke's promotion, and nothing had occurred, we forgot all about our apprehensions of evil, and if we thought of the matter at all, we concluded we had wronged Haliday by our suspicions.

It was a dark night in November, with considerable fog in the air, and strong appearance of rain. I was at Golosha, the northern terminus of our road, looking after some repairs on a defective boiler, and I was coming down to New York on the 7:30 train—Kirke's train.

About seven there came a telegram from old Whately, whose summer residence was nearly midway between Golosha and New York, and the old heathen had not yet forsaken it for the city. The telegraph operator came into the engine house where Kirke was at work and read it to him. Kirke made a note of it in his pocket-book.

Pay train on the line, will meet you just west of Leeds, at 10:15. Spurt on the siding at Deering's Cut, and well. WHATELY.

Kirke's watch hung on a nail beside the clock. It was a fancy of his always to hang it there when he was off a train so that he could make no mistake in the time.

He glanced at the clock and from it to his watch. Both indicated the same hour, 7:15.

'7:15,' said Kirke, meditatively, 'and we leave at 7:50, and the pay train meets us at Deering's Cut at 10:15. Scant time to make the run in this thick weather, but it must be managed.' And he turned away to give some orders to his fireman.

Jack Haliday was there, he had been strolling in and out for the last half hour, smoking a cigar, and swearing at the bad weather.

The train did not leave until near midnight, so he had plenty of time to swear.

We all went to the door and took a look at the weather and unanimously voted it duced bad, and then we walked up and down the platform, and smoked our after supper cigars, and by the time we were through it was time for the train hands to be getting into their places.

Both the clock in the engine room and Kirke's watch indicated 7:40 Kirke was putting his watch in his pocket as he said:

'Garth, are you going with me on the Flyaway?'

'No, thank ye,' said I, 'I get enough of that sort of thing in my every day life; I am to do a little swell business to-night and take passage in a palace car. Want to rest my back. Good night to ye, and hold her in well round Rocky Bottom curve. The road is a little shaky.'

'Aye, aye, sir!' responded Kirke, and he swung himself into position on the Flyaway.

The bell rang; I scrambled into my compartment on the Pullman, and felt horribly out of place among the silks and broadcloths and smell of musk; but I was in for a first-class ride and made the best of it so effectually that five minutes after, Gibson, who now fancies he owns all creation because he has got a silver coffin plate on his breast, with conductor on it, had shouted 'all aboard!' I was sound asleep.

What occurred in other quarters to affect the fate of Kirke's train I learned afterward.

Old Whately, the superintendent of the road, as I guess I have already said, had a country residence in Leeds on a mountain spur, which commanded a view of the surrounding country for more than a score of miles. The line of the railway could be distinctly seen in each direction for fifteen miles, and Whately was wont to say that his lookout was worth more to the safety of trains than all the telegraph wires on the road.

Whately was a rich old buffer, kind enough in his way, but sharp as a ferret in looking after the road hands, and determined that every man should do his duty.

He had but one child, a daughter; and Floss Whately was the belle of the country. She was brave, beautiful and spirited, and more than once when her father had been away, had she assumed the responsibility of directing the trains and she had always acquitted herself with credit.

Old Whately was very proud of her as he had a right to be, and kept all the young fellows at a distance, until it was said that he intended keeping his daughter single till the Czar of all the Russians came on to marry her.

This night in November old Whately and Floss were out on the piazza of their country home, peering through the gloom and fog for the signal lights of the Golosha train, which was nearly due.

'It's devilish strange it does't come in sight!' said Whately, laying down his night glass in disgust. 'It is hard on to ten now! They ought to show their light round Spruce Pond by this time!'

'You telegraphed them, father? let them know the pay train was on the road?' asked Floss.

'To be sure. And good heavens! there is the head-light on the pay train now! See! not ten miles away and running like the devil, as it always does!

He pointed with trembling finger down the valley forge, where, far away, a mere speck in the gloom, could be seen a bright light, scarcely moving, it seemed, but those anxious watchers knew it was approaching at lightning speed. Father and daughter looked at each other. The truth was evident.

For some reason the train from Golosha was ten minutes behind time, and it would not reach the siding at Deering's Cut until the pay train had passed beyond on the signal track. And then? Why, there would be another item for the morning papers to read under the head of 'Appalling Railway Disaster!' and a few more homes would be made to mourn. Father and daughter looked at each other in dismay.

'Selim can do it,' said Floss, quickly.

'If I can reach Leeds five minutes before the train—yes, two minutes—all will be well. Do not stop me, father!' she said as he laid his hand on her arm. 'But you must not go! It is dark and dismally lonely! No, Floss!'

'Shall I go, father? Selim knows only me, and you could not ride him. I have ridden darker nights. And he is the only horse in the stable. Don't you remember? The others were sent to town yesterday.'

Before old Whately could stop her she had ordered the hostler to saddle Selim, and she was already buttoning on her riding habit with rapid, nervous fingers.

The horse came pawing to the door, Floss sprang into the saddle, leaned down and kissed her father's forehead.

'Pray Heaven to spare me!' she cried hoarsely, and touching her horse with her whip, he bounded swiftly down the sharp declivity.

It was raining steadily now and the gloom was intense, but Selim was used to the road, and the rider was courageous. She urged him on at the top of his speed up hill and down through Pine Valley, over Pulpit Hill, and then she struck upon the smooth road which stretched away to the Leeds, some two miles, and straight as an arrow.

She could see the headlight on the pay train far down in the valley distinctly now, and to her excited fancy it seemed but a stone's throw away. She even thought for a moment that she heard the grind of the wheels on the track, but it was only the sighing of the wind in the pines.

On and still on she went. Selim seemed to fly. One might have fancied that he knew his mistress was on an errand of life or death. The lights of the station were in view—nay, she even saw the station master's white lantern as he rolled up and down the platform—the white lantern which was to signal the approaching train—to tell them to go on, for all was well! On to their doom! She dashed across the track, flung the line to an amazed by-stander, and striking the white lantern from the hand of the astonished official, she seized the ominous red lantern from its hook, and springing upon the track, waved it in the very teeth of the coming train. Two sharp short whistles told her that her signal was seen, and a moment later the train came to a stop, and officers rushed forward to confer with the train from Golosha, which had not yet been telegraphed from the next station beyond.

The man waited fifteen minutes before Kirke's train slid on the siding, and it was then known that but for the decision of one young girl, the two trains must have collided four miles beyond Deering Cut. When told the whole story Kirke looked at his watch. The man from the station looked at his.

Kirk was ten minutes behind time.

You want to know how it happened? Certainly you could have guessed Haliday did it. A man was found next day who confessed to having seen Jack tampering with the time piece in the engine house that night, but he had not thought of it, he said. Jack? Oh, he left town, and was next heard of in Australia. His game was not a success. And Kirke married Miss Floss Whately, else this story would not have been told, because what would a story be worth that did not end in a wedding?

Cunning and Playful.

The morality of an elephant is even a more curious study than his sagacity. A gentleman in Rangoon bought three young elephants to send to England. They are said to be very tame, cunning and playful. They know it is wrong to steal paddy (unhusked rice), and, though they know where it is kept, they will not touch it themselves, but when the boys come to see them they will come up and coil their little trunks around a boy's arm and pull him along to the stable and up to the paddy bag, and make a cat's paw of the boy's hand until he takes up a handful of paddy. Then he lets go the arm, and turns up the end of the trunk, opens it like a cup, and most coaxingly invites the boy to drop in the paddy. If the boy puts it back into the bag, he instantly seizes his arm again and makes him try once more, until he gets the paddy in his trunk; then he doubles his trunk under, opens his mouth, and blows the paddy out into his mouth and scampers off, feeling as jolly as a boy does when he thinks he has done a funny thing.

A cute little five-year-old, whose parents were connected with the Presbyterian church, said: "Mamma was Christ a Jew?" "Yes, dear," replied the mother. "Well, that's strange, now isn't it, mamma, when his father, God, was a Presbyterian?"

No matter how deep a young man's pocket may be, a colored silk handkerchief will invariable float to the top and fall over, while a soiled linen rag will sink to the bottom like a brick thrown in a mud-puddle.

Subduing a Prince.

The late Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, was noted for character. An incident reveals what sort of a man he was, and how wisely he governed his family. Some years ago Miss Hillyard, the governess in the Royal family, seeing the Prince of Wales inattentive to his studies, said,—

"Your Royal Highness is not minding your business; will you be pleased to look at your book and learn your lesson?"

His Royal Highness replied that he would not.

"Then," said the governess, "I shall put you in the corner."

His Royal Highness again replied that he should not learn his lesson, neither should he go into any corner, for he was the Prince of Wales; and as if to show his authority, he kicked his little foot through a pane of glass.

Surprised at this act of bold defiance, Miss Hillyard, rising from her seat, said, "Sir, you must learn your lesson, and if you do not, though you are the Prince of Wales, I shall put you in the corner."

The threat was of no avail; the defiance was repeated, and that, too, in the same determined manner as before.

Miss Hillyard, seing her authority thus set at naught, rang the bell, and requested that Prince Albert might be sent for.

Shortly the Prince arrived, and having learned the reason why his presence was required, he pointed to a footstool or ottoman, and said to the Prince, "You will sit there, sir!"

He then went to his own room, and returning with a Bible in his hand, said to the Prince of Wales,—

"Now I want you to listen to what St. Paul says about people who are under tutors and governors."

Having read the passage to him, he added, "It is undoubtedly true that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct yourself properly, you may some day be a great man,—you may be King in the room of your mother; but now you are only a little boy. Though you are Prince of Wales, you are only a child under tutors and governors, who must be obeyed, and who must have those under them do as they are bid.

"Moreover," said Prince Albert, "I must tell you what Solomon says;" and he read to him the declaration that he who loveth his son chasteneth him betimes, and then, in order to show his child, he chastised him and put him in a corner, saying,—

"Now, sir, you will stand there until you have learned your lesson, and until Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out, and remember that you are under tutors and governors, and that they must be obeyed."

A Nice Point in Grammar.

The two young heirs, who had been taking their first lesson in grammar, disputed long and earnestly over a question, and at last agreed to decide it by arbitration, selecting the head of the family as arbitrator, with full power to send for persons and papers. The old man was greasing his boots before the kitchen stove.

'Father,' said the elder heir, 'is it proper to say we is rich, or we am rich.'

The old man worked carefully down into the hollow of his boot under the instep, remaining a long time in thoughtful meditation, and then slowly replied:

'Well, I should say it would come nigher to the truth to say we hain't rich.'

The young heirs, when they came to think what a hard time they had worrying pennies out of their paternal relative, thought it might be made that way, too. And the old man kept on annointing his boots with the extract of hog.

"My son," said a south end father, as he prepared to lather the lad with a clapboard, "I regret the necessity of punishing you. I had rather be whipped than punish you. I am sure it makes me feel a great deal worse than it does you." And the lad who felt mighty revengeful toward the old man, all the same, told a friend about it, and said that if he believed the old man that worthy would be kept thumping him all the time.

If life is only reflection, and the good and bad things done in life reflected back to God just as they occur here below, the work of judging the world at the final reckoning will not be so difficult after all. A bad word spoke here, will be a bad word there, an evil deed enacted here, will show up an evil deed there, and so on through life.