

A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Beatrice. ALVIN SANDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha. F. J. MAHORS, Rep., Peru. E. K. VALENTE, Rep., West Point.

STATE DIRECTORY:

ALVIN SANDER, Governor, Lincoln. S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State. G. M. Eastell, Auditor, Lincoln.

LAND OFFICERS:

M. B. Hoxie, Register, Grand Island. Wm. Aysah, Receiver, Grand Island.

COUNTY DIRECTORY:

J. A. Higgins, County Judge. John Standley, County Clerk. J. W. Early, Treasurer.

CITY DIRECTORY:

J. P. Ecker, Mayor. H. J. Hudson, Clerk. C. A. Newman, Treasurer.

CONCELSMEN:

1st Ward—John Rieky. 2d Ward—Wm. Lamb. 3d Ward—G. W. Lother.

Columbus Post Office.

Open on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 12 M. and from 4:30 to 6 P. M. Business hours except Sunday 6 A. M. to 8 P. M.

F. P. Time Table.

Eastward Bound. Freight, No. 6, leaves at 6:25 A. M. Passenger, No. 4, leaves at 11:30 A. M.

B. & M. TIME TABLE.

Leaves Columbus at 8:20 A. M. Bellwood, 8:50. David Kirby, 9:15. Harrison, 9:31.

O. N. A. R. H. ROAD.

Bound north. Jackson 4:50 A. M. Norfolk 6:30 A. M. Last creek 7:50. Madison 7:45.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

IF YOU have any real estate for sale, if you wish to buy either in or out of the city, if you wish to trade city property for lands, or lands for city property, give us a call.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. THOMPSON, NOTARY PUBLIC. And General Collection Agent. St. Edwards, Boone Co., Neb.

NOTICE.

IF YOU have any real estate for sale, if you wish to buy either in or out of the city, if you wish to trade city property for lands, or lands for city property, give us a call.

WADSWORTH & JOSSELYN.

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

LOUIS SCHREIBER.

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to order, and all work guaranteed.

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XI.—NO. 41.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 561.

LUBKER & CRAMER, Booksellers & Stationers.

Sewing Machines, Organs, Small Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, Toys and Fancy Goods.

SINGER SEWING MACHINES at \$25. CORNER 15th and OLIVE STREETS.

CORNELLUS & SULLIVAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Upstairs in Gluck Building, 11th Street. Above the New Bank.

JOHN J. MAUGHAN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

PLATTE CENTER, NEB. H. J. HUDSON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, Columbus, Neb. 491-Y

D. M. D. THURSTON, RESIDENT DENTIST.

Office over corner of 11th and North-St. All operations first-class and warranted.

CHICAGO BARBER SHOP, HENRY WOODS, PROP'R.

Everything in first-class style. Also keep the best of cigars. 516-Y

McALLISTER BROS., ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Office up-stairs in McAllister's building, 11th St.

F. H. RUSCHIE, 11th St., nearly opp. Gluck's store.

Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Curry Combs, Brushes, etc., at the lowest possible prices.

J. SCHUG, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office—Corner of North and Eleventh St. Upstairs in Gluck's brick building.

W. M. BURGESS, Dealer in REAL ESTATE.

CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, AND INSURANCE AGENT. GENOA NANCE CO., NEB.

SLATTERY & PEARSALL, MAKE PREPARED, WITH FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS.

To remove houses at reasonable rates. Give them a call.

PICTURES! PICTURES! NOW IS THE TIME to secure a life-like picture of yourself and children at the New Art Rooms.

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.

LAW, REAL ESTATE AND GENERAL COLLECTION OFFICE.

W. S. GEER, MONEY TO LOAN in small lots on farm property, time one to three years.

COLUMBUS Restaurant and Saloon!

E. D. SHEEHAN, Proprietor. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

OYSTERS in their season, by the case or on dish.

NEBRASKA HOUSE, S. J. MARMOY, Prop'r.

Nebraska Ave., South of Depot, COLUMBUS, NEB. A new house, newly furnished. Good accommodations. Board by day or week at reasonable rates.

F. SCHECK, Manufacturer and Dealer in CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

ALL KINDS OF SMOKING ARTICLES. Store on Olive St., near the old Post office.

HENRY LUERS, BLACKSMITH AND Wagon Maker.

Shops near Foundry, south of A. & S. Depot.

All kinds of wood and iron work on Wagons, Buggies, Farm Machinery, etc. Keeps on hand the

TIMPEN SPRING BUGGY, and other eastern buggies.

—ALSO, THE—First & Bradley Plows.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!

MRS. M. S. DRAKE HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF EVERYTHING BELONGING TO FIRST-CLASS MILLINERY STORE.

F. GERBER & CO., DEALERS IN FURNITURE, AND UNDERTAKERS.

Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus, TABLES, Etc., Etc.

GIVE HIM A CALL AT HIS PLACE ON SOUTH SIDE 11th ST.

CITY MEAT MARKET!

One door north of Post-office, NEBRASKA AVE., Columbus.

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, SAUSAGE, POULTRY, FRESH FISH.

—ALSO—CASH PAID FOR HIDES, LARD AND BACON.

NEW STORE!

HERMAN OELRICHE & BROS. (Successors to HENRY & BRO.)

GOOD GOODS For the Least Money.

Just In. A Large Stock of Fall and Winter DRY GOODS!

CLOTHING WINTER OVERCOATS.

Underwear, Hats and Caps, Mitts and Gloves, BOOTS AND SHOES.

—AT—PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

BECKER & WELCH, PROPRIETORS OF SHELL CREEK MILLS.

MANUFACTURERS & WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FLOUR AND MEAL.

—THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

I. NIEMOLLER'S, Platte Centre, Neb.

BOB JARVIS'S LOVE.

We were sojourning between Anselm and the sea. There was a sunshiny dullness about the place, like the smiles of a vapid woman.

Before the door an artesian well glittered in the sun like an inverted crystal bowl. Esculapius called the spot Evzon, and gradually became to think the well a fountain, and the sunburst waste about us a stretch of yellow sand.

'Did you ever see such placid, bright, ethereal stillness?' I asked. Esculapius took his cigar from his lips and looked at me pensively.

'It may be my misfortune, I hope it is not my fault, but I do not remember to have seen stillness of any sort.'

Esculapius has but one short-coming. He is not a poet. I never would him by appearing to notice this defect, so I sat down on the dry burr-clover and made no reply.

My host was singing far down in the corn. He was a minister, a deep-toned Methodist, brimming over with vocal pieties.

The fern-like branches above us stirred softly against the blue. Little aromatic whiffs came from the grove of pale eucalyptus trees near the house.

Esculapius called me to a corner of the piazza, and spoke in low, hurried tones: 'Something has happened,' he said; 'the well has stopped. I thought it might relieve our feelings to get off that quotation about the golden bowl, and the wheel, and the fountain, etc.; then, if it is safe to leave you, I would go hunting.'

'I have forgotten the quotation,' I said; 'but I think it begins, "The grinders shall cease because they are few." Perhaps you had better take your gun, and don't forget your overcoat.'

Then I took a pitcher and went down to the digorified well. I filled the pitcher, and turned to go. A tall form separated itself from the group of workmen and came forward.

'Madam,' said a rich, hearty voice, 'if you will allow me, I'll tackle that pitcher and tote it in for you. Jarvis is my name—Col. Bob Jarvis, well-borner. We struck a ten-inch flow down at Scranton's, last week, that rather knocked the bottom out of things around here.'

'But the pitcher isn't at all heavy, Col. Jarvis.' 'Oh, never mind that; anything's too heavy for a lady; that's my sentiments. You see, I'm a ladies' man—born and brought up to it. Nursed my mother and two sunts and a grandmother through consumption, and never let one of 'em lift a finger.'

'Robert,' my mother used to say, in her thin, sickly voice, 'Robert, be true to God and the women, and, by Godfrey, I mean to be so.'

Refringed the pitcher instantly. Esculapius was right; something had happened. The well was gone, but in its place I had found something a thousand times more refreshing. When my husband returned, he found me sitting, breathless and absorbed, under the acacias.

'Hush!' I said, with upraised finger, 'listen!' Our host and the Colonel were talking as they worked at the well. 'We've had glorious meetings this week over at Gospel Swamp, Jarvis,' the minister was saying. 'I looked for you every night. If you could just come over and hear the singing, and have some of the good broths and sisters pray with you, don't you think?'

'Why, man alive, that church is in my mind day and night. I want to get about forty good pious Presbyterian families to settle around here, and I'll bore wells for 'em, and talk up the church business between times. You saw me carrying that pitcher for her this morning, didn't you? Well, by the way, that was a religious move entirely. I took her man for a Presbyterian preacher the minute I struck the ranch; but his poor health gives him that calaverous look, but you can't most always tell. More likely it's religion. At any rate—'

Esculapius retreated in wild disorder, and did not appear again until supper time. When the meal was finished Col. Jarvis followed me as I walked to the piazza.

'If it ain't presuming, madam,' he said, confidentially, 'I'd like to ask your advice. I take it you're from the city, now?'

'Yes,' I answered, with preternatural gravity; 'what makes you think so?'

'Well, I knew it by your gait, mostly. A woman that's raised in the country walks as if she was used to having the road to herself; city women are generally good stppers. But that ain't the point. I am engaged to be married!'

'My composure under this announcement was a good deal heightened by the fact that Esculapius, who sauntered out after us, humming an air from "Piafior," became suddenly quiet, and disappeared tumultuously.'

'Engaged to be married!' I said. 'Let me congratulate you, Colonel. May I hope to see the fortunate young lady?'

'That depends. You see I'm in a row—the biggest kind of a row, by a good deal—and I thought you might give me a lift. She is a "Frisco" body, you know, one of your regular high-flyers; black eyes, bangs, no end of spirit. I bought this 'tumbler in his pocket and producing the most astounding combination of red glass and pinchbeck; and, by Godfrey, she sent it back. Now, I don't see anything wrong about that ring, do you?'

'It is certainly a little—well, peculiar, at least, for an engagement ring; perhaps she would like something a trifle less showy.'

'Exactly. That is just what I reflected. So I went and got this (triumphantly displaying a narrow gold band); now, that's what I call genteel; don't you? Well, if you'll believe it, she sent that back, too, by—returna mail. I wish I'd tetch you the letter she wrote; it is wasn't the spiciest piece of literature I ever read by—anybody. She'd have understood she wasn't a bar-maid nor a Quaker, and if I didn't know what was due to a lady in her position, I'd better find it out before I aspired to her hand, 'et cetera. Now, if you'll help me through, and get me into sand and gravel again, and your man decides to settle in these parts, I'll guarantee you a No. 1 well, good, even two-inch flow, and no expense but pipe and boardin' hands. I'll do it by—some means.'

'Oh, no, Colonel,' I said, struggling with a laugh, 'I couldn't allow that. It gives me great pleasure to advise you, only it is a very delicate matter, you know—and—really I was casting about wildly for an inspiration—wouldn't it be better to go on to the city, as you intended, and ask the lady to go with you and exercise her own taste in selecting a ring?'

My companion took a step backward, folded his arms, and looked at me admiringly. 'Well, if it don't beat all how a woman walks through a mill-stone! Now, that's what I call neat. Why, God bless you, Madame, I've been borin' at that thing for a week steady, night and day, by—myself, and making no headway.'

Esculapius laughed rather unnecessarily when I repeated this conversation to him. 'I am willing to allow that it is funny,' I said; 'but after all there is a rude pathos in the man, an untutored chivalry. Nearly every man loves and reverences a woman; but this man loves and reverences women. It is old-fashioned, I know, but it has a rare sweetness of its own, like the lavender and rosemary of our grandmothers; don't you think so?'

There was no reply. So I went on musingly. 'With such natures love is an instinct; and it is to instinct, after all, that we must look for everything that is fresh and poetic in humanity. We have all made this sacrifice to culture—a sacrifice of force to expression. Isn't it so, my love?'

'Still no reply. 'I like to picture to myself the affection of which such a man is capable—for no doubt he loves his girl of whom he speaks; not, of course, as you— as you ought to love me, but with a rude, wild sincerity, a sort of rugged grandeur. Imagine him betrayed by her. A man of the world might grow white about the lips and sick at heart, but he would find relief in cynicism and bitter words.'

Two weeks later the Colonel brought his wife to call upon me. She was a showy, loud-voiced blonde, repudiously overdressed. At the first opportunity her husband motioned me aside.

'Isn't she about the gayest piece of calico you ever saw?' he asked, with a proud confidence. 'Doesn't she lay over anything around here by a large majority?'

'She is certainly a very striking woman,' I said gravely, 'and one who does you great credit. But I am a little surprised, Colonel. No doubt it was a mistake, but I got the impression in some way that the lady was a brunette.'

The Colonel's countenance fell. 'Now, look here,' he said, after a little reflection, 'I don't mind telling you, because you're up to city ways, and you'll understand. The fact is, this isn't the one. You see I went on to Frisco, as you advised, and planked down a check for \$500 the minute I got there. Now, said I, "Bob Jarvis, don't do things by halves; just you take that money, my girl, and get yourself a ring that's equal to the occasion. I don't care if it's a cluster of solitary diamonds as big as a section of well-pipe! Now I call that square, don't you? Well, God bless your soul, madam, if she didn't take that money and slip out with another fellow. Some white-livered city sneak, begging your husband's pardon, who'd been hanging around for a year or more. Of course, I was struck when I heard of it. It was this one told me. She's her sister. I could see that she felt about it. It was a nasty dirty trick," she said, and I'll be demoralized if I don't think so myself, and said so at the time. But, after all, it turned out a lucky thing for me. Now look at that, will you?'

'Isn't she a nosegay? But don't you be jealous, madam; she's just wrapped up in me; and constant,' he added, shaking his head reflectively—'why, bless your soul, she's as constant as sin.'

An Independent Elector.

It was the intention of the founders of the constitution that Presidential electors should be untrammelled in voting for a President. But custom has long since made them but registers of their party's nomination. Only one case is known in which an elector, elected to vote for a certain candidate for the Presidency, voted for another. It was William Pummer, formerly Governor of New Hampshire. In 1820, he was chosen a Presidential elector, and his course as described in his son's biography of him as follows:

His name had been placed at the head of the list, without his being consulted as to whether he would serve or how he would vote. It was on the occasion of Mr. Monroe's second election. Gov. Pummer did not regard himself in this more than in other acts of his life as the tool of a party, or the mere exponent of other men's opinions.

By the provisions of the constitution the people choose the electors; and it is the duty of these electors to choose the President. In the exercise of this duty he voted for John Quincy Adams instead of James Monroe, who received every other electoral vote in the Union.

This single vote against Monroe (for it was regarded chiefly in that light) excited much wonder and some censure at the time. It, however, created no surprise to those who knew him, as it was the natural result of his general rule of independent action, combined with his avowed opinions respecting some of the leading measures of Monroe's administration.

HABITS.—Boys did you ever think much about habits, good habits, bad habits, and every other kind of habits? If not, now is the time to commence. Habit grows just as it is cultivated, let it be good or bad, with the exception that evil habits are more easily nurtured from the fact that the disposition is more inclined to evil than to good. The root of habit is found making its way through the disposition of the true and noble boy and girl, little at the time, seemingly in fear of losing its footing—inch by inch it feels its way, while the innocent boy or girl is unsuspecting no harm—finally it secures a strong footing, and then through the taste or appetite whippers, I have you, you are mine, extract yourself if you can. Thus the lives of many true and noble men and women have been destroyed. Look at it boys and girls for there is no doubt that evil habits are managed by a wise and deep process that needs careful watching to avoid.

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. Legal advertisements at statutory 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.

Remarkable Case of Premotion of Death.

A singular case of premonition of death is reported from Orange, N. J., involving an entire family—that of James M. Beede, assistant principal of the high school at that place. The daughter, Clara, was a bright, active child of ten years. On Friday preceding Christmas the school closed for the holiday vacation. Christmas was enjoyed to the utmost. On Sunday morning little Clara was unusually sober and serious, and on being questioned by her mother related a dream she had. "I dreamt, mother," she said, "that I died and went to heaven. When I got up there an angel met me at the door. He led me by the hand toward a lake of clear water. I asked for a drink. It was handed me. Oh, mother, how delicious it was! I could feel it go through my veins. Then, mother, I saw you by my side. I was glad at that, for I saw you drink, too." Mrs. Beede bade her child pay no attention to the dream. They were both in good health. The same afternoon the little girl showed symptoms of diphtheria. On New Year's morning she died. The father did not assume his duties in the high school on Monday, for he was suffering from the disease which had caused the little girl's death. His wife, too, was attacked. On Friday Mr. Beede died. The news was kept from his wife, as her death was momentarily expected, and on Saturday evening she died also, ignorant, until she passed the dark river, that her husband, as well as little Clara, had come before; and thus was the little girl's premonition strikingly verified.—Syracuse Journal.

How Truth Spoils History.

Mr. Wendell Phillips, in taking the other day upon the truth and falsity of history, said: "An amusing instance occurred to me once, showing the way in which truth may spoil a good history. Years ago, when I spoke at the opera house in Chicago, upon slavery, the crowd became very much excited and threw various unavailing missiles at the stage and speaker. Fortunately, nobody was hurt, or so far as I remember, hit; but the drop curtain was streaked and discolored so as to be fairly ruined. Some time ago I met a western man who recalled the circumstance, and he told me that the owner of the opera house had through all these years kept that curtain as a testimony against the people, refusing to have it changed. Now, there, you see, was a beautiful incident, and I thought of using it in one of my lectures; very foolishly I took the precaution to inquire about the truth of it, and I found that in reality the curtain had been replaced on the very day after it was spoiled!"

A Pin in a Girl's Tongue for Eleven Years.

Miss Harvey, of Canby, when 11 or 12 years of age, was one evening making hurried preparations to attend a party. She had a pin between her lips, which passed into her mouth, and was supposed to be swallowed. Dr. Miller assumed such to be the fact, but the girl insisted that it was under her tongue. The physician made search for it there, but failed to discover it, and treated her protestations as the work of imagination. Recently Miss Harvey had a large lump or swelling come upon one side of her tongue, increasing in painfulness. Dr. L. D. Farnham opened the swelling. The next day, after eleven years of hiding, the pin came out of the opening. It was two-thirds covered with a lime formation, and was much corroded.—Ithaca Journal.

Every little while our exchanges are filled with rumors of the discovery of gold in various parts of the State, but the rumors are so vague that capital does not become interested enough to pursue the investigation and develop the discovery. There is no doubt in our mind that coal in paying quantities can be found right here in the Middle Loup Valley, in fact it has been discovered cropping out in several places along the Loup River and on Clear Creek. Let some of our leading citizens correspond with Prof. Aughey and see if he can not be induced to make a Geological survey of our Valley. To develop a well paying coal mine in our midst would bring us immigration, wealth and railroads. Is not the prize worth trying for?—Sherman Times.

Fond parent to his son. "Yes, San Francisco is the place to get on in. Look at James, he started with not a penny, and has lately failed for \$100,000. Of course that's an extreme case. I don't expect you to do so well as that. Still, with honesty and industry, I see no reason why you should not, in a few years, fail for \$50,000."