

The Columbus Journal.

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COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 565.

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Buggies of all descriptions, and that we
are the sole agents for the counties of
Platte, Butler, Boone, Madison, Merrick,
Polk and York, for the celebrated

CORTLAND WAGON COMPY.

of Cortland, New York, and that we are
offering these wagons cheaper than any
other wagon built of same material,
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Opposite Spruce & North's land-office.
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ALL GOODS SOLD, ENGRAVED
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A complete assortment of Ladies' and Chil-
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All Work Warranted!!

Our Motto—Good stock, excellent
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Special Attention paid to Repairing

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SALE DEALERS IN

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All operations first-class and warranted.

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HENRY WOODS, Prop'r.

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

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Office upstairs in McAllister's build-
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Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips,
Blankets, Curry Combs, Brushes, etc.,
at the lowest possible prices. Repairs
promptly attended to.

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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.

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NELSON MILLETT, BYRON MILLETT,

Justices of the Peace and
Notary Public.

N. MILLETT & SON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbus,
Nebraska, N. B.—They will give
close attention to all business entrusted
to them.

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All kinds of repairing done on short
notice. Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to
order, and all work guaranteed.Shop opposite the "Tattersall,"
Olive Street.

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Office—Corner of North and Eleventh
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Consultation in German and English.

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Dealer in REAL ESTATE,

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AND INSURANCE AGENT.

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SLATTERY & PEARSON,

ARE PREPARED, WITH
FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS,To remove houses at reasonable
rates. Give them a call.

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 oppor-
tunity to estimate for you. Shop on
13th St., one door west of Friedrich &
Co's store, Columbus, Neb. 485-yLAW, 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 Cloth House, Columbus, Neb.
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Restaurant and Saloon!

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in For-
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lin Stout, Scotch and English Ales.
Kentucky Whiskies a Specialty.OYSTERS in their season, by the case
or on dish.

11th Street, South of Depot

NEBRASKA HOUSE,

S. J. MARMON, Prop'r.

Nebraska Ave., South of Depot,

COLUMBUS, NEB.

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

Sets a First-Class Table.

Meals, 25 Cents. Lodgings, 25 Cts
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A PYRAMID OF CABBAGES.

"Why, where are you going, Isabel
Eastman? Not into the farm-yard,
surely?""Yes, Miss Lottie Mayell, I am
going into the farm-yard, surely,"
replied Isabel, with a mischievous
light in her big gray eyes, and a
charming smile on her prettily curv-
ed lips, as she opened the gate lead-
ing to that place. "Nowhere else can
we be confidential without running
the risk of being overheard. The
farmer's family are in the orchard;
Charley and a half-dozen of his play-
mates are playing in the flower
garden; there's a young couple in the
parlor at the piano, he making love,
and she not making music, and a
still younger couple whispering and
giggling in the bay-window; auntie
is in my room enjoying 'Splendid
Misery'; and grandma is in auntie's
room darning stockings. And so, if
you really want to hear 'right away'
why I am here instead of at one of
my usual summer haunts, you must
follow me to the farm-yard. Be-
sides which—speaking with in-
creased animation—"I have lately
developed quite a passion for farm-
yards.""It doesn't seem at all strange to
me, my dear, for during our ten
years' friendship you've always been
developing some odd passion or
other. But I've never lost faith in
you. Lead on; I'll follow."And stepping daintily and grace-
fully, unimpeded by trains or dem-
onstrations, the young girl threaded their
way through the crowd of hens and
chickens holding a loud and lively
conversation preparatory to going to
roost; past the cows waiting to be
milked, and turning their heads to
look after the intruders with great
solemn brown eyes; and old Lou-
head, the white horse, slaking his
thirst at the water-trough; to the
extreme end of the yard, where a
pile of cabbages, neatly arranged in
the form of a pyramid, confronted
them."Behold," said Isabel, stopping be-
fore it, "how Nature lends herself to
Art! (That sounds well, though I
don't know as it means anything.)
This mighty structure, formed of the
green and succulent cabbage, is no
doubt the work of some humble
field-laborer, who, having read of
the Pyramids of Egypt—incited
thereto, no doubt, by the newspaper
paragraphs about our own dear
Obelisk—has sought to vary the
monotony of cabbage life by build-
ing as close an imitation as his
material would allow. Let us hope
that this flight of imagination may
lead to a higher one, and that the
cabbage man, like the butter woman,
may meet with public recognition,
and at last be crowned with a wreath
of laurel. Often from the humblest
sources spring the greatest works of
genius. Burns—Lottie!—breaking
off suddenly, and assuming a re-
proachful tone—"why do you break
in upon my eloquence with rude and
unseasonable laughter? I was about
to repeat to you Longfellow's last
poem; now I won't. See what your
frivolity has lost you! And take a
seat on the extreme base of the
pyramid (I prefer the mound of
sods in this secluded corner, sacred
to somebody's rake and hoe), while
I go back to the commonplace.""Thank you, Bell dear, I'll share
the sods with you, if you please. I
have an idea that a cabbage would
prove a very uncomfortable seat
under any circumstances. And do
go back to the commonplace, that's
a darling, for I'm dying to know
what has happened since we parted
an age ago.""An age ago! One year and a
half exactly. I was then engaged to
Claude Verner. Pretty name, isn't
it? And he was a pretty little fel-
low, with nice curly hair, and lovely
blue eyes, with lashes long enough
for a bang, small dimpled hands, and
not an idea in his little round head.
My mother—with all due deference
I say it—and his mother—to whom
I accord much less deference—made
the match when I was eighteen, and
I unmade it at twenty. I never
loved Claude. How could I? And
he never loved me. How could he?
We were the victims of circumstan-
ces and match-making mamas, and
two mortals more unlike it would
be hard to find. He was the most
conventional of men, and would
have nearly died if at one of those
dreary dinner parties in which his
soul delighted somebody had whis-
pered to him that his back hair
wasn't parted straight, while I have
often been strongly tempted to
shock the full-dressed guests, at the
very start, by asking for more soup.""Well, last June, at Newport, my
diminutive friend, Eds Smythe, with
a head the exact counterpart of
Claude's, appeared upon the scene,
and she and my betrothed fell in
love with each other at first sight.
Mamma fretted and fumed andscolded, and asked me, with tragic
emphasis, how I could look calmly
on and see so many thousands of
dollars being lost to the family, for
she was sure that artful mix would
persuade poor dear Claude to elope
or something; but I continued to
look calmly on, until one evening
Claude, with a deep sigh, kissed
Eds's hand as he bade her "Good-
night," when I turned suddenly upon
them and bade them follow me to
my room. There I forgave—quite
in the manner of a stage parent—the
infatuated midgets their base du-
plicity, gave them my blessing,
kissed them both; and as soon as
they, beaming with joy, had depart-
ed, I also, beaming with joy, and not
quite in the manner of a stage par-
ent, except perhaps in a "Pinafore"
one, executed a pirouette—a mad,
revolving pirouette, in honor of my
newly-acquired freedom. Mamma
was awfully angry, but they're
awfully happy, and they've named
the baby after me. My chains (they
were never very heavy, I must con-
fess) broken beyond repair, I flitted
more than ever, all the time growing
as weary as could be of hearing the
same compliments and making the
same replies, and doing this thing
in the morning, and that in the after-
noon, and the other in the evening,
and at last I fled from the old fam-
ily through precipitately one rainy
day, leaving my maid to pack my
wardrobe and follow. And I deter-
mined that this summer I would
try pastures entirely new. Auntie
had often told me of the pleasant,
old-fashioned farm-house which she
discovered years ago, and I coaxed
mamma—promising to take Charley,
our youngest, who is the 'worrit'
of her life, with me—to let me spend
three of my four out-of-the-city
months here. And, Lottie, I have
never been as happy before, and I
am firmly convinced that here I have
found the kind of life that would
suit me best. I was born to love
cows and chickens, to make butter,
to build pyramids of cabbages.""You!" laughed her friend. "I
think I see you in the dairy, in neat
cambric dress, with sleeves rolled to
the elbows, stamping the pats of
butter with your monogram—for
that's as near as you'd ever come to
churning; and in the henery, scatter-
ing corn to the chickens from a
dainty white apron, a curiously
shaped rustic hat meanwhile shading
your rose-and-cream complexion
from the sun. You born to love
cows and chickens!—you who have
reigned a city belle for four long
years!""And for three been most ready to
abdicate. By-the-by—with assumed
carelessness—have you seen the
young farmer, the only child of our
host and hostess?""Certainly not?" and Miss Mayell
glances at her watch. "I only arrived
two hours ago, and have seen no
one but you and your aunt. But I
can see him in 'my mind's eye'—tall,
ungainly, and speaks through his
nose; eats with his knife; says
'How?' and stares at you as though
you were a being from another
sphere.""Your mind's eye needs an eye-
glass, Miss Mayell. Its vision is
weak. Tall, broad-shouldered, and
gainly, if I may use the word as I
mean it. I saw him tossing hay
to-day, and he looked like an Apollo
who had exchanged his lyre for a
pitchfork, and profited by the
change. And his table manners are
as exquisite as your own, Miss
Mayell; and he has a deep, full voice,
and does not say 'How?' and has
scarcely looked, let alone stared, at
me. I have an idea that he regards
the girls of our ilk with a quiet scorn,
and thinks of us, if he thinks of us
at all, as hot-house flowers, not to be
compared with the daisies growing
wild in the meadows.""How long have you been here,
Isabel?"

"Six weeks."

"Quite long enough, I think. You'd
better go away. You are regarding
this young farmer, who never looks
at you—I don't believe that, how-
ever—too sentimentally. You might
come to believe that you had fallen
in love with him.""And if I did, what harm could re-
sult from that? He'll never come to
believe he has fallen in love with me.
He is so different from the soft-
voiced, perfumed darlings by whom
I have been surrounded all my life,
to use your own words, with a dif-
ferent application. I stare at him as
though he were a being from another
sphere. The young farmer reads,
Lottie, and reads books which, tho'
printed in our native language,
would be Greek to you and me; and
he numbers the poets among his
friends. I peeped into his room one
day, and saw them all, in blue and
gold, on his book-shelf. He is an
honest, manly fellow, with no false
pride about him. I was idiot enough
to fancy that he might be the leastbit confused when I first saw him at
work in his red shirt, and coarse
very broad-brimmed straw hat, but
he saluted me as calmly as though he
had been arrayed in the finest gar-
ments. And his name is Nathaniel
—not as pretty as Claude, but it
means 'the gift of God.' The gift of
God! The gift of God, indeed, his
old mother says he has been to her,
and so will he be to the woman he
marries. And that woman must be
a bee, not a butterfly. Lottie!—with
sudden fierceness—"if ever you tell
I'll kill you.""My dear, when I do, you may
Isabel, I begin to suspect that you
are really in love with Nathaniel—
another of your odd passions—and
that beneath your butterfly wings
lurks the spirit of the bee. And I
may live to see you helping the
pitchfork Apollo toss the hay, build
obelisks and pyramids of cabbages,
copy celebrated sculptures in bees,
and heap turnips in imitation of
classic old ruins.""I fear me not, Miss Mayell. For
though I would be proud to share in
each and every one of those occupa-
tions, as soon would I expect that
compact mass of green to suddenly
tremble to its base and then topple
over, separating one huge body into
a hundred or more heads, as dream
that Nathaniel Leigh would ever
care for me."The pyramid trembled to its base,
and its apex tumbled to the ground.
The girls rose quickly from their
throne of sods, and with little shrieks
fled to a safe distance, then turned
to look again. It toppled over, its
many heads rolling in every direc-
tion, and in the place it had occu-
pied stood the young farmer."I bless your brother for building
a pyramid to-day, Miss Eastman," he
said, though he did unload one of
the market wagons all ready for the
purpose. And I bless the happy
chance that kept me from the or-
chard, and sent me here to fall asleep
behind it, to waken at the sound of
your voice. Spell-bound I remained
concealed, half believing that I was
still dreaming, to prove the falsity of
the old proverb, 'Listeners never
hear any good of themselves.' But
can I dare I hope that grains of
earnest mingled with your jest, and
that the pats of butter in my dairy
may some day be stamped with your
monogram? Stand my friend, Miss
Mayell, and you shall not be forgot-
ten when we make the beet statues
and the turnip ruins.""Well, 'pon my word!" exclaimed
Miss Mayell, with a frank glance of
admiration at the handsome young
fellow, and a smile that threatened
to become a laugh in another mo-
ment.And 'of all things!' said Miss
Eastman, a lovely blush mantling
her face; and then youth and fun
conquered all three, and they laugh-
ed until the farmyard resounded
and Lion, the watchdog, came bounding
toward them, asking with loud
bow-wow's what was the matter.

A Strange Thing.

Some four years ago a negro man
died at Lauderdale Station, as was
supposed, of hydrophobia. The
day of his death he was a raving
maniac. It was thought best to con-
fine him, but there was trouble in
getting anyone to undertake the
dangerous and difficult task. At
last Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Webb and B.
T. Bush volunteered to undertake it.
The man's wife assisted them, and
with great difficulty they succeeded
in fastening handcuffs upon his
wrists. He died that day. The
wife soon after went raving and
died. Within the last six months
the three white men engaged in the
struggle with the negro to handcuff
him have gone crazy—two of them
sent to the lunatic asylum, and the
third, Dr. Webb, is on his way
there. There is much remark upon
the coincidence. And now we hear
for the first time that it was rather
a suspicion that the negro had been
bitten by a mad dog known to have
been prowling a month previous,
than a fact resting on certain proof.
The singular circumstances makes
food for reflection. It may be a
mere happen so, but could not hap-
pen so again once in ten thousand
millions of times.—Meridian (Miss)
Mercury.Among the replies to an advertise-
ment of a music committee for a
candidate for organist, music teach-
er, etc., a vacancy having occurred
by the resignation of the organist in
office, was the following: "Gentle-
men, I noticed your advertisement
for an organist and music teacher,
either lady or gentleman. Having
been both for a number of years, I
offer you my services."An inveterate wag seeing a heavy
door nearly off its hinges, in