For the Journal.

OLD FOLKS.

BY N. D. HOWE.

One Saturday eve, warm and bright,
I stepped over to see
If the dear old folks were "all right,"
Who were neighbors to me.

"We're glad that you've come, yes, indeed,"
The old lady exclaimed;
"To-night we are sorely in need
Of our grief to be tamed.

We are lonely; our girls and boys
Have left us one by one,
Like many other earthly joys;
Lost, almost soon as won.

Yes, all our boys have gone away;
Some of them have a home;
But all, do seem from day to day,
Content from us to roam.

Our daughters, too, all gone away;
Some married, others not:
But they care not to be our stay,—
The old folks are forgot.

We loved them as no others could,
And watched them night and day
When they were sick; and cross or good,
We could not from them stay.

We're old and weak, our eyes are dim;
We *think*, then tears do fall.
Our prayers for them ascend to Him
Who watches over all."

To every one, in every land,
I'd like to speak and say
To rich and poor, to low, and grand,
Care for the old, to-day.

WISE SAWS.

Familiar Precepts and Maxims of Famous Authors.

Franklin was the American master of aphoristic wisdom. His precepts and maxims have been sometimes objected to as on a low plane of selfish thrift, and savoring rather of political economy than of the golden rule. But Franklin was a true sage, in the old Greek sense of the word, and after the manner of the seven wise men, who each of them is represented as having uttered some memorable saying which became a proverb. The most famous of these sayings was the injunction of Thales, "Know thyself." The writer, whether of prose or poetry, whose works most abound in passages which have become proverbial and current in the everyday speech of everybody, has achieved a lasting and genuine fame. The two English writers who have achieved this sort of fame beyond any others are Shakespeare and Pope. Gray wrote but little, but that little has become, almost all of it, proverbial. Eastern wise men, from the days of Solomon down, and long before, were always fond of expressing their wisdom sententiously. Every reader of "Don Quixote" is aware that the Spanish language is peculiarly rich in proverbs. Sancho Panza profusely seasons his remarks and conversations with his master of the rueful countenance with proverbial spice. But most nations of any account, whether ancient or modern, had and have a copious literature of proverbs, or brief, pregnant sayings, which go directly to the mark, and compress a great deal of truth in regard to men and things in the smallest possible verbal compass, furnishing a sort of portable philosophy of life, or small change of wisdom for daily use. Proverbs are ordinarily as blunt as they are pithy. The Latin poet Horace, had a faculty of offering himself in a sententious way, and wrote many lines which still circulate among scholars, at least, as proverbs. Of course, the proverbs of the various nations are racy of their soils. Multitudes of them are blunt and homely, with the bluntness and homeliness of common life. Bacon was not only a collector of proverbs, but the author of a great number of sententious sayings full of significance. He observes that "he that goes into a foreign country before he knows its language goes to school and not to travel." Whenever we dip into a collection of proverbs we are sure of finding wit and wisdom both. Here are four sayings about success: "Successful guilt is the bane of society." "Success consecrates the foulest crimes." "Success makes a fool seem wise." "Success is never blamed." Many a lonely, friendless man in a throng has felt that a great city is a great solitude, more depressing with its social contrasts than even a great forest. He who has good health is young, whatever his age may be. He who serves the public has but a scurvy master. Here is a proverb which has the note of Scotland about it: "A dog winna yowl if ye fell him wi' a bane." Impatient social reformers, who cannot tolerate the world as it is, are taught patience by the Persian proverb: "The most high God sees and hears; my neighbor knows, and is always finding fault." One of the oldest Greek proverbs asserts that those whom the gods love die young, or as it has been finely put by an English poet: "To die young is heaven's divinest gift." An older proverb which has come down from the far past, is to the effect that the voice of the people is the voice of God. A hand book of the proverbial sayings of all ages and nations may be called the judgment of all the grand men, of humanity on every conceivable subject delivered in terse, epigrammatic sentences. Fools and weeds grow without watering. The proverbs of all nations are very full on the subject of fools. Gray comes to the rescue of the fool with one of his lines, which asserts, "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." The ancients had a good deal to say about fortune, and even made a divinity of her, for Fortune personified was of the feminine gender, as her proverbial fickleness sufficiently indicated. She was a dreaded power among the Romans. She was and is said to favor the brave, and also to favor fools, as the saying, "a fool for luck," indicates. The Italians have a proverb that a little of the fool is necessary to the composition of a thoroughly successful man. There is no saying indicating a profounder knowledge of human nature than Pope's line, that "man never is, but always to be, blest." Gifts from enemies are pronounced dangerous ever since the affair of the Trojan horse. The primitive sages were principally famous for their powers of condensing much wisdom in a single sentence which would fly forever through the mouths of men. An old Egyptian king undertook to perplex an old Greek sage by propounding to him several conundrums, answers to which were requested at the earliest convenience of the sage. The last of the Egyptian majesty's questions was: "What is the wisest of things?" The sage's reply was: "Time, for it has found out many mysteries already, and in the long run will solve all." This reply which became a proverbial saying among the ancient Greeks, was proof positive that he who uttered it was indeed a wise man. It was Thales. The aphorism was uttered nearly 3,000 years ago.—*New York Times.*

"Mixed Husbandry" by a Nebraska Lady.

[Cor. Rural Nebraska.]

BELLWOOD, Butler Co., February 23, 1881.—*Editor Rural Nebraska:* Now that the wheat and corn fields begin to loom up, and as they are assuming prodigious proportions, might a humble (not as "umble," however, as Uriah Heep) individual come to the front and whisper a word of caution against the overdoing of the same. While my mind revolts at the thought of the happy-go-lucky species it also abhors the genus homo who carries on work of any kind on the hit-and-miss plan. Some farmers talk and act as though the main chance was to get the crops in the ground; but if they will contemplate the pleasing and instructive picture of Horace Greeley in the furrow up to his knees, and trying, with might and main, to have Patrick and the oxen go down still further, they may arrive at the golden mean, and plow deep enough for the corn to come up strong in constitution and healthy in color, thereby putting something in the pocket that would be considered as good, if not better, than the "golden mean." After plowing as deep as your conscience will allow, harrow, and roll and sift it, if you will; then if your wife and daughter can be induced to take turns in planting you will be certain of a famous crop. I speak advisedly on this latter point as it has been tried repeatedly in this country and never known to fail. It is infallible as fate and twice as handy. Having thus secured independence for the "guide wife" and daughters, they will assert their rights and join the farmers' alliance and become a power in the land.

As to the sowing of wheat, if everybody is as disgusted with it as they sho'd be, they will let the smallest modicum be sufficient. Let the Dalrymples sow and reap, to their heart's content, but for the small farmers the cost exceeds the profit. Give wheat the go-by and plant corn and potatoes and a few artichokes for the hogs; and while you're about it don't forget rye for the cows. They might also worry down a few turnips with advantage to themselves and owners.

But slack! slack! I'm afraid it will be many a day before our cows receive the care and attention they should have. In the meantime they will be treated to an occasional currying with the milking stool. For shame! For shame! Why will men and boys who are endowed with reason act like brutes who have only instinct? That would be a good subject for debate in lyceums. Let us have it. Wasn't that a grand awakening for three hundred farmers to assemble at the capital? I once heard a person say that what our legislators needed was to have a man stand with a drawn club (a farmers' club I think he meant) over the head of every mother's son of them, and now they've done so, as it were. Let us hope the result will be a wholesome regard for those who cater to the whole world.

MRS. MARY B. FINCH.

It has been discovered that the addition of a teaspoonful of borax to each pint of starch used in starching shirts, linen, etc., will render muslin and all kinds of fabrics, even the most gauzy and inflammable textures uninflammable, to such an extent that they could not be made to take fire and burn with a blaze. Dr. Kedzie, of the state board of health, of Michigan, in an address remarked that if cotton dresses and underclothing of women and children were prepared by this simple method, many distressing accidents and frequent loss of life from the accidental ignition of clothing might be prevented.

A cattle owner of Custer county writes as follows to the *Tidal Wave* concerning the loss of cattle upon some of the ranches: "Our loss was 16 out of 100. Some of the ranches lost very heavy. The loss of Cable's ranch was 150 out of 300. Olive's 7,000 out of 16,000, and one ranch about ten miles from ours, lost 75 per cent. of the whole herd."

His Solemn Warning.

"Yaas, there's money made in stocks, no doubt," said the old man, as he removed his hat and ran his fingers through his gray locks, "but it's a reesky bizness; it's suthin' like betting on whar lightning's going to strike, with the odds in favor of hitting the tree you stand under."

"Then you never speculate?"

"Never. I dig along the old farm, takin' one crop with another, and pulling out stumps when I've nothing else to do; and if I don't make any great shakes, I haven't anything to worry over. I hed a purty solemn warning during the coal ile excitement, and it cured me o' speculatin'."

"How was that?"

"Waal, I was a widower then; wife fell down the well and was drawed out stiff as a poker. I had a big farm, lots of stock, and was called purty solid. We all got excited about ile, and all of us dug more or less holes in search of the stuff. All of a sudden a widder living about two miles from me found ile in a dozen places on her farm. She was a widder with a bad nose, freckles all over her face, eyes on the squint, and built up like a camel. But when she struck ile that was a different thing. Old Deacon Spooner, who was a widower, got mashed right away. Our preacher, who had lost his third wife, saw the spec. I tho't it over and concluded she was an angel. I guess some six or seven of us begun courtin' that widder within sixteen hours after the first sight of ile. I know the procession reached from the gate to the house."

"And you got her?"

"Not much I didn't, and that's what I'm thankful for. Somehow or other I couldn't work up the p'int. That nose kinder stood in the way every time I was ready to pop the question. She acted like she wanted me, but Deacon Spooner got the best of all of us and they made a hitch."

"And what?"

"Nothing, except she had dosed that farm with a barrel of ile, and thus got a husband for herself and a home for her five children. When the news came out I was so cold along the backbone that they had to kiver me up with a hoss blanket, and since that time I haven't had the nerve to buy eggs at seven cents a dozen and hold 'em for a rise."—*Wall Street Daily News.*

It has been wisely said that there is such a thing as a moral taste—in dress. Women who wear too much hair, too many ornaments, a tasteless combination of gaudy colors with poor materials, who dress either in too youthful or too plain a style, may be said to be without the moral sense. If taste is the instantaneous appreciation of the fitness of things, which is perhaps its best explanation, then a woman should blossom out of her clothes like a flower from its calyx. We are reminded of this in looking at the photograph, taken by the instantaneous process on the sympathetic retina of the eye, of the ball-room, in which there was a lack of color. For whilst women should guard against black and too pale dresses in a ball-room; both are inappropriate. Crimson satins, a proud dress, a full tone of color, velvets of rich hues, the color of a damask rose, deep golden yellows and that purple which looks well by gaslight, recalling a Roman triumph,—these are dresses which light up a ball-room, and if well made and softened by fine, delicate laces, they are not vulgar; they are becoming, beautiful and appropriate as a white dress always is to a woman. The fashion has been carried too far, and a ball in which all the women are in white, and all the men are in black, is too apt to be like one of Whistler's "Nocturnes in black and white," original, but gloomy.

A new plow and harrow combined has been invented by a Mr. Sacket, of Pennsylvania. It is thought to be of importance enough to devote over half a page of Harper's *Weekly* to cuts and a description of it. It consists of a complete iron beam plow similar to others only mounted on wheels one of which runs in the furrow and is armed with sharp knives which pulverize the dirt as it is thrown off from the mould-board, thus harrowing the ground at once and saving an extra trip and the tramping and packing of after teams upon the land. It has been tested at various fairs east, and is pronounced a success. Three horses work it and it saves an immense amount of time and labor and leaves the land more thoroughly pulverized.—*Plattsmouth Herald.*

What we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life. True wisdom thanks death for what he takes, and still more for what he brings. Let us, then, like sentinels, be ready, because we are uncertain, and calm because we are prepared. There is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is short if it do not.

There is a woman in Wisconsin who has been married fifty-eight years, and who has never missed kindling the kitchen fire. Her husband is probably the oldest fire escape on record.

About Economy.

One of the hardest lessons in life to learn is to properly practise economy. A business man must make more effort to accumulate his first thousand dollars than to subsequently acquire ten thousand dollars. To get a start in the world a man must be economical. It is one of the most important duties to save sufficient in his days of strength and prosperity to provide for himself and those who are, or who may be, dependent upon him, or to meet his expenses if by any misfortune, sickness or adversity should overtake him.

A man can be economical without any exhibition of meanness, for true economy is never parsimoniousness; it is not turning a deaf ear to every genuine appeal of charity; it is not shutting one's eyes as if deeply absorbed in religious contemplation when the contribution box comes around. Real economy consists in practicing self-denial with regard to things which only please the fancy and which can be put to no useful purpose, when acquired by the possessor, articles which are only used for display, and the exhibition of which betray a mind full of vanity and conceit. There are many industrious people who remain in poverty all their lives by reason of foolish and expensive habits they have acquired, of tastes for possessing worthless trinkets,—a passion for foolishly spending money is as unfortunate as actual idleness or intemperance.

Extravagance is one of the greatest evils of the present age. It is undermining many business houses; it is annually sending thousands of young men and women to ruin and misfortune. Cultivate sober and industrious habits; acquire the art of putting a little aside every day for your future necessities; avoid all unnecessary and foolish expenditures; spend your time in such a manner as shall bring you profit and genuine enjoyment, and your money for such things as you actually need; you will prosper in your business affairs if you are economical and thrifty, and you will further win and retain the respect of all worthy and substantial people.

Umbrella flirtation: To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over the woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool." To carry an open umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies "I am a woman."

"Yes, I knew him," the Texas sheriff remarked, when somebody asked him about Red Handed Bill: "I never met him but once; he came down here last February, riding another man's mule, and he came in and left the measure of his neck with me for a lariat." "Did you fit him?" asked the traveler. "Not very well," said the sheriff; "blamed thing was too tight, but he never said anything about it after he tried it on, so I didn't change it." And then the committee rose and reported the bill to the house, which shortly afterward took a recess until the evening session.

Teach a child that he is totally depraved, and you do all in your power to make him as depraved as he can possibly become; tell him he has a divine nature within him that only requires bringing to the front, and then he receives an inspiration through the confidence you encourage in his own possibilities that help to battle with all lower proclivities, and rise more nearly to the standard of the grand man who is a conquerer and not a slave or machine.

This winter will serve as a good lesson to many Nebraska farmers. The first verse runs something like this: "A little more hustling and bustling around in the cornfield, during the early part of fall and not quite so much monkeying." Procrastination is an evil characteristic of the average western farmer.—*Ex.*

A young lady was caressing a pretty spaniel and murmuring: "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah," sighed a dandy standing near, "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," retorted the lady, "you'll grow."

Riches may "take wings," says the proverb. But men in all conditions of life are anxious and eager to secure the riches and take their chances on the wings.

All things are admired either because they are new or because they are great.

When a man is wrong and won' admit it, he always gets angry.

The eyes and love pierce everywhere, and see everything.

Our worst misfortunes are those that never befall us.

Sudden impulses are not steadfast resolutions.

They that govern most make the least noise.

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ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
T. J. MAJORS, Rep., Peru.
E. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point.

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Dr. J. G. Davis, Prison Physician.
H. P. Mathewson, Supt. Insane Asylum.

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M. B. Reese, District Attorney, Wahoo.

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Wm. Anyan, Receiver, Grand Island.

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J. W. Early, Treasurer.
Benj. Spielman, Sheriff.
R. L. Rosssiter, Surveyor.
John Wise, M. Maher, Joseph Rivet, } County Commissioners.
Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner.
J. E. Montereif Supt. of Schools.
G. B. Bailey, Byron Millett, } Justices of the Peace.
Charles Wake, Constable.

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H. J. Hudson, Clerk.
C. A. Newman, Treasurer.
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J. G. Routson, Engineer.

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2d Ward—Wm. Lamb. S. S. McAllister.
3d Ward—G. W. Clother. Phil. Cain.

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Western mails close at 4:15 P. M.
Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives at 6 P. M.
For Monroe, Genoa, Waterville and Albion, daily except Sunday 6 A. M. Arrive, same, 6 P. M.
For Postville, Farral, Oakdale and Newman's Grove, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 6 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 6 P. M.
For Shell Creek, Creston and Stanton, on Mondays and Fridays at 6 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 6 P. M.
For Alexis, Patron and David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 P. M. Arrives at 12 M.
For St. Anthony, Prairie Hill and St. Bernard, Fridays, 9 A. M. Arrives Saturdays, 3 P. M.

U. P. Time Table.

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	4:55	P. M.	Norfolk	6:30	A. M.
LostCreek	5:30	"	Munson	6:57	"
Pl. Centre	5:57	"	Madison	7:45	"
Humphrey	6:51	"	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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☞Cards under this heading will be inserted for $3 a year.

G. A. R.—Baker Post No. 9, Department of Nebraska, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month in Knights of Honor Hall, Columbus.

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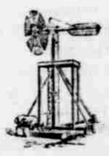
HALLADAY  STANDARD

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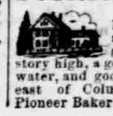

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