

**False Lights.**

Mock characters, like false lights, are worse than darkness. There are any number of skin-deep satires in the world at all times; and sheep's clothing and long robes are always in great demand in the market. Indeed we all use cosmetics of the moral kind to remove freckles or wrinkles. To meet the respectable, smooth-shaved, decorous, venerable ornaments of society we sometimes see, you would not suspect that any slanders could find birth against men so soft spoken, so frank and so confidential.

But they do. Raven black and dead eyes, and drawn down corners of the mouth, and an exceptional lie, don't always stand for godliness. *Cucullus non facit monachum*—The owl does not make the friar. That highly respectable board of directors, so hale, loud spoken, well fed, seem, every man of them, fit for prizes at an exhibition of commercial moralities; still they are in trouble about loans, contracts, or prospectuses. That manufacturer sings loud in his pew on Sundays, but makes thirty-five inches to the yard on Mondays; and that prosperous shopkeeper has strangely dark windows; and does that one believe his own puffs? The millennium is not come yet, and can hardly be hoped for, by appearances, at any very short date. Somehow, the bottles do not show the same straw-berries all the way down, in all cases; and jockeys sometimes forget to tell a horse's faults; and there have been books written on adulterations and tricks in trade; and men's words or writings are not always the unclouded expression of their thoughts. And yet to meet men, how nearly perfect they seem; in their suavity, innocence and sentiments. There are a good many Siberian crabs, and apples of Sodom, and huge pears that look like honey and eat like wood. We have our panics, and thousand liquidations, and a hundred millions of railway stock unproductive, bankruptcy court revelations. The crop of knaves and half knaves is by no means extinct. There is a dark side to a good many things besides the moon; and has not the sun its spots, not to speak of eclipses that happen pretty widely throughout the universe?

Be you, young man, a contrast to all this. Character that is only a mask beneath you, and mere conventional goodness is a life of the devil. Determine, from the first, to be transparent and truthful to God and your fellows, let Mephistopheles say what he likes. It is better, after all, to have the universe on your side than against you. Curses, like chickens, come home to roost; and so do fatalities, if not outwardly, yet in your soul. I pray you don't offer a prophet's chamber in your conscience to Satan. Life is sacred; keep it so. We are born for a purpose, and can serve it only as we serve God. Humanity is a whole, not a mere mob of generations, and has a destiny in which every one has a set part. The little moment of our being is great enough to live well in, and leave true work behind it. Play the man, not the trickster. Evelyn saw men at Leghorn staking their liberty for life in mad gambling, and, having lost it, presently led off into slavery. He who has to do with a lie stakes his soul and loses in any case. Character, pure and noble, shines in with the eternal harmonies; but falsehood is a hideous clangor, now and forever. What any life, however humble, can do is a secret with God; it may widen its influence through ages, or it may leave a trace seen only by the light of God's truth and laws, it is holy forever. The city of God slowly rises through the ages, and every true life is a living stone in some of its palaces. You were made for God, young man, from eternity, and no lie is born of Him, be it in trade or profession, in act or in word. Insincerities are marks on the devil's tally, and so are hypocrites and shams. Let your character be real, the shining warp and woof of each day working out the part God has set you in the great loom of time.—C. Geikie, D. D.

**Homesickness.**

Perhaps there is no sensation so disheartening or so demoralizing to the mental and physical system as homesickness. It is not necessary that one should be in a foreign land in order to experience the sensation. In fact, one may feel at home in the Arabian desert, or among the ruins of Baalbec. It is the uncongeniality of the surroundings which predisposes us to the malady rather than removal from familiar scenes and faces. The disease has no respect for persons; it more often seizes the idle than the busy. The king on the throne suffers, perhaps, from its qualms when he remembers the balcony days before the cares of state beleaguered him; the poor-house tenant may feel a sickening yearning for the home she has never known, which has never existed for her; the little child droops away from his mother; the withered crone has moments of unutterable pain when she recalls the hearth-stone where the embers have been ashes for half a century; the old are homesick for their youth, the days of their strength and their prime, when the world was all before them where to choose, when success was not so ac-

sure, or failure not so certain—the days when children hung about their knees, and daily anxieties environed them; homesick, perhaps, for the very worries which they have outgrown, for the little trials which belonged to the hours of their activity, for the hopes that time has dispelled, for the carcases of dear dead hands, 'the sound of a voice that is still.' To-day seems alien and sunless to the homesick heart which lives in the yesterdays. But if age is sometimes smitten, neither is youth exempt. The young sicken for the future may bring—for the fame that is so long in coming; for the recognition, the happiness, the romance, its promises. That longing, baffled feeling which haunts us when some good that has been promised or paid is squandered or withheld is a form of the disease familiar to most of us, which comes to us upon some strain of music which the incense of the 'meanest flower that blows' may revive. Who has not been touched by it in revisiting scenes that were once a part of our every-day look-out—the old homestead that has passed to strangers, the orchard where we learned the sweetness of stolen fruit, the church where we repeated our little prayers, the school-house where we made acquaintance with fractions and the ferule, or the garden gate where we parted with our first lover? It may be that the masculine mind is less susceptible than the feminine to this sentiment of homesickness. Man is oftener master of the situation. If his conditions displease him, he has the power to rearrange them—to give the kaleidoscope of life another turn; if the 'maddening crowd' offends him, he can pack his valise, and go on a rauch, where 'the sound of the church-gong bell the valleys and rocks never heard;' and if country life grows distasteful, he may seek his fortune abroad and medicine homesickness with the infinite variety of the universe.—Harper's Bazar.

**Study of English Literature.**

The thing we want to save for our children is the habit of intense, patient reading of the world's few good books, or of the best that fall in the way of any particular child. Such books are still rare, and the boy who has climbed a few of them need not tire his legs tramping through the vast realms of foot-hills overlooked from their summits. There is but one way now in which this can be accomplished. If a child, at a proper age, can be thoroughly introduced to one real author, led through his books and brought into vital communion with the 'hiding place of his power,' he will not be tempted to fill himself with husks; but will go on making the acquaintance of other books and authors of the same sort. It seems to us that a good deal of the instruction in English literature falls at this point. A pupil is not committing to memory a compendious history of English literature, even a weekly exercise in repeating poetical 'gems.' On the contrary, this sort of instruction lays the foundation of that hop-skip-and-jump style of going through authors which leaves the mind of the reader flippant, shallow and dry; trifling with the surface of culture, untouched by the influence of the noblest minds. It may be well to give a high-school or academic class a chart of English authorship, with a few light-houses and buoys indicating the great channels of thought that fertilize the different periods of English and American history. But this is properly the work of the history class; and nothing is really done for the student in literature till some author of commanding power is taken in hand and read thoroughly by teacher and class, till the dullest soul in it comes to know, in some measure, the power of a great book. If but one thing can be done, let it be this. Better give your whole school one session a week with your most accomplished teacher, in the thorough reading of one great author suitable for the class, than fill their minds with a senseless catalogue of authors and titles relieved by a few extracts; like a dull suit of linsy-wolsley illuminated by the dreary glimmer of an occasional brass button sewed upon the homely suit of melancholy gray.

General Garfield said to a delegation from Indiana that wanted a cabinet position for that State: "I am under obligations to my district for sending me to the State Senate; I am under obligations to the people of my Congressional district for sending me to Congress so often; I am under obligations to the State of Ohio for electing me to represent them in the Senate of the United States; and I am under obligations to the four million Republican voters of the United States for electing me to the Presidency. I have more obligations than I can pay. Gentlemen, I am a bankrupt, with more obligations than assets."

Boston Post: Americans are of a practical nature. When an Illinois farmer who had got rich was visiting Switzerland, they dilated to him of the beauty of the surrounding scenery. "Yes," he replied, "as scenery it's very good. But it strikes me the Lord has wasted a lot of space on scenery that might have been level and good farming land." They wanted to lynch him. Make not thy friend too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend.

**Romance of an Advertisement.**

The Springfield (Mass.) correspondent of the Boston Herald writes: A sewing-girl in this city has had a romantic experience which is worth telling. Several months ago a man at Dubuque, Iowa, advertised in an Eastern Massachusetts paper for a wife. Among a swarm of answers which he received were two from two girls in this city, who replied just for the fun of the thing. One of them represented herself as a young widow, and her lively account of herself and her circumstances was very largely fictitious, especially that which told (very incidentally, as if it was of no consequence) of the snug sum of money left her by the dear departed. She never expected to hear of the matter again, but that was the one letter out of all the advertiser received which struck his fancy. He wrote to the supposed "widow" (who, in fact, had never been married, and who was then earning her living with her needle); photographs were exchanged; the letters grew more and more affectionate, and the young woman, realizing that the affair was no longer a joke, wrote to her new-found admirer and told him frankly of her humble circumstances.

Of course he admired her all the more, and at last he came from Dubuque to this city to claim her for his bride. Instead of the sleek and intelligent-looking and manly individual whom she had expected from his letter and his photograph, what was her vexation to see a person of decidedly seedy appearance, wearing an old slouch hat and appearing altogether unattractive. Well, she refused him, and he, chiding her bitterly for so doing after all the pains he had taken to win her, returned alone to Iowa. I suppose he hasn't left the home before she was sorry—such is the flexible character of female affection—and it is certainly true that she was very sorry, indeed, before he had put a thousand miles between them. He wrote no more, but the distressed young woman wrote, or got friends to write, to the pastor of the church he attended and to various persons in Dubuque to find out what sort of a man this was—something she ought to have thought of in the first place. The replies were uniformly complimentary, and every one only increased her regret that she, a poor sewing-girl, had refused a "good match."

Never a word came from him, and at last she swallowed her pride, reopened the correspondence herself, and told him how she had misjudged him and how sorry she was that she had. Promptly came a manly reply, from which she discovered that when he visited her here he had intentionally made himself as unattractive as possible from a romantic notion that she ought to take him for what he was, and not for what he wore. Of course they were married, and the poor sewing-girl has for her husband one of the leading citizens of Dubuque, and for her home one of the finest mansions in Iowa. This true story ought to have a moral of the negative sort—namely, that young girls are not to infer from it that it is safe for them to answer matrimonial advertisements, for, where one case of this sort has, like this, a happy issue, there are ten which lead to unhappiness or something a good deal worse.

**London Fogs.**

Fifty years ago, when we first became acquainted with them, London fogs were bad enough; but they were on a comparatively limited scale. They have since attained marvellously grand dimensions and intensity, according to the increase of houses and population. What we ordinarily call London, but is more directly styled the metropolis, has spread and spread till it covers a space of about 120 square miles. In the winter months every house has a coal fire, some of them two, three or four, and there are numerous manufactories and public works with furnaces and tall chimneys, all of which less or more emit quantities of smoke. This smoke mingles with what fog there happens to be, and produces a curious mixture, that is now only beginning to be rightly understood. Like every other mist, the fog which rises and is wafted along the valley of the Thames is composed of small particles of water that ought properly to be dissipated by the sun's heat. Only one difficulty, is the sun able to undertake the duty. The smoke poured out from hundreds of thousands of chimneys, does not merely mix with the fog; it carries each watery particle with a torty, oily film, giving it an unnatural character, and preserving it, so to speak, from immediate dispersion. A genuine London fog, therefore, is something more than a fog. It is a prodigious large volume of mist, held in a kind of thralldom by oleaginous, we, for convenience, take the readiest word to express a condition that would involve some chemical explanations which need not be gone into. Every one will understand that the smoke from the coal fires somewhat unites inextricably with the particles of mist, and keeps the whole thing hovering in a dense cloud over the metropolis. Not only so; the dingy cloud darkens and pollutes the air, fills the streets, and to a certain extent the houses and lungs of the inhabitants. On such occasions the darkness, even at noon, is so great

that dwellings and places of business have to be lit with gas as at night. As the London gas is more remarkable for its volume than its purity, it aids in deteriorating the atmosphere during fogs, already sufficiently tainted with the exhalations of domestic sewage. At times it is as difficult to get a breath of fresh air as it is to procure a good drink of palatable water.

**Brain Farming.**

Some people imagine that farming requires but little outlay of brain power to make it successful. But as some one has truthfully said—"Brains make the best fertilizer a man can use." Take two men, one of them with half the physical strength of the other, the weaker of the two will accomplish more than the other if he exceeds the latter in brain power. We have known large, stout, healthy men, who were hard workers, and yet always on a "stern chase" with their work; they were always in hot water, always poor, from the simple fact that their bodies were better than their brains. Such a man, if he is doing as simple work as picking up stones on a hill-side, will get his stoneboat on the upper side of a large boulder, and then by stress of mind and muscle roll it on the drag, while the weaker, but wiser man, would place the boat on the lower side of the stone, unlash his team, place the chain above it, and in a twinkling have it loaded, and save his own strength for some more important occasion. And so it goes to the end of the chapter with the man who does not "think;" and this law applies to indoor as well as outdoor work. If men and women would take time to plan their work they would secure better results than to hurry and scurry about without thought or system. We honestly believe that if every farmer would have a study and library, like a "professional" man, with a few good agricultural papers, and spend an hour or two each day in reading and planning his work, he would secure better results than to spend twice that amount of active labor on the farm. This is the time and the hour for labor-saving inventions in every direction, and no farmer can entirely ignore this increased knowledge, and compete with those who have their eyes and ears open.—Eastern Chronicle.

**Too Neat.**

Men can seldom be accused of being over neat; but the over-neat woman is to be found everywhere. She makes her husband exchange his boots for his slippers on a rainy day. Promptly came a manly reply, from which she discovered that when he visited her here he had intentionally made himself as unattractive as possible from a romantic notion that she ought to take him for what he was, and not for what he wore. Of course they were married, and the poor sewing-girl has for her husband one of the leading citizens of Dubuque, and for her home one of the finest mansions in Iowa. This true story ought to have a moral of the negative sort—namely, that young girls are not to infer from it that it is safe for them to answer matrimonial advertisements, for, where one case of this sort has, like this, a happy issue, there are ten which lead to unhappiness or something a good deal worse.

**The Irish News-Boy.**

Charles O'Connor, a distinguished New York lawyer, when eight years old was an office-boy and newspaper carrier, and would often spend all Saturday night serving his route. It is said that he never missed a subscriber. When seven years old he became an errand boy in a lawyer's office. He borrowed law books, took them home and read by the light of a candle far into the night. When twenty-four he was admitted to the bar. His industry and perseverance have won him renown. A boy will succeed who makes circumstances bend to him, rather than bend himself to circumstances.

The editor of a Red Bank (N. J.) paper replies to an attack upon him in another Red Bank paper by saying that "when an idiot, pen, ink and paper get together, the result should not be published."

To grow wealthy: Earn money fairly, spend less than you earn, and hold on the difference. The first takes muscle, the second self-control, and the third brains.

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.

**WILLIAM RYAN,**  
DEALER IN  
**KENTUCKY WHISKIES**  
Wines, Ales, Cigars and Tobacco.  
Schill's Milwaukee Beer constantly on hand.  
ELEVENTH ST., COLUMBUS, NEB.

**CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.**

G. H. VAN WYCK, U. S. Senator, Nebraska City.  
ALVIN SANDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.  
F. H. BRIDGES, Rep., West Point.  
E. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point.

**STATE DIRECTORY:**  
ALBINO SANCHEZ, Governor, Lincoln.  
S. J. ALEXANDER, Secretary of State.  
JOHN WALLACE, Auditor, Lincoln.  
G. M. BARTLETT, Treasurer, Lincoln.  
C. L. DILLWORTH, Attorney-General.  
W. W. JONES, Supt. Public Instruction.  
C. J. NOBES, Warden of Penitentiary.  
W. W. ABBEY, Prison Inspectors.  
C. H. GIBBELL, Attorney-General.  
J. O. CARTER, Prison Physician.  
H. P. MATHEWSON, Supt. Insane Asylum.

**JUDICIARY:**  
S. Maxwell, Chief Justice.  
George B. Lake, Associate Judges.  
Amasa Cobb.

**LAND OFFICERS:**  
M. B. HOXIE, Register, Grand Island.  
Wm. ANYAN, Receiver, Grand Island.

**COUNTY DIRECTORY:**  
J. G. Higgins, County Judge.  
John Stauffer, County Clerk.  
J. W. Early, Treasurer.  
Benj. Spielman, Sheriff.  
R. B. HOSKINS, Surveyor.  
John Wise.

**CITY DIRECTORY:**  
J. R. Meagher, Mayor.  
H. J. Hudson, Clerk.  
For John F. Wernuth, Treasurer.  
Geo. G. Bowman, Police Judge.  
L. J. Cramer, Engineer.

**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. Eastern mails close at 11 A. M. Western mails close at 4:25 P. M. Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives at 6 P. M. For Genoa, Waterville and Albion, daily except Sunday 6 A. M. Arrives same, 9 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.  
Passenger, " 4, " " 11:06 a. m.  
Freight, " 8, " " 2:15 p. m.  
Freight, " 10, " " 4:30 a. m.

**Westward Bound.**

Emigrant, No. 5, leaves at 2:00 p. m.  
Passenger, " 3, " " 4:27 p. m.  
Freight, " 9, " " 6:50 p. m.  
Emigrant, " 7, " " 11:30 p. 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: 8:50 A. M.  
" Bellwood " 9:30 " "  
" David City " 9:15 " "  
" Garrison " 9:31 " "  
" Ulysses " 9:55 " "  
" Staplehurst " 10:12 " "  
" Seward " 10:30 " "  
" Ruby " 10:46 " "  
" Milford " 11:50 " "  
" Pleasant Dale " 11:18 " "  
" Emerald " 11:37 " "  
Arrives at Lincoln: 12:30 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 4:10 P. M.

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

**Bound north.** Norfolk, 6:30 A. M. Lost Creek 5:30 " Madison 7:45 " Humphrey 5:51 " Madison 6:40 " Munson 8:28 " Lost Creek 9:35 " Norfolk 8:55 " Jackson 10:20 "

**SOCIETY NOTICES.**

Cards under this heading will be inserted for \$3 a year.

**FARMERS,**

YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE

**Grand Opening!**

**ELLIOTT & LUERS'**

**MAMMOTH IMPLEMENT HOUSE**

(Morrissey & Klock's old stand on Olive Street.)

Where you find one of the largest and best stocks of Farming Implements kept in Columbus. We handle nothing but the best machinery in the market, such as the following:

**Buckeye Harvesters**

**REAPERS AND MOWERS,**

**Tacon Suggies and Spring Wagons,**

**FARM WAGONS,**

**SULKY PLOWS,**

**STIRRING PLOWS,**

**HARROWS,**

**CULTIVATORS,**

**CORN PLANTERS,**

**SEEDERS,**

**Corn Planters, Cultivators**

AND ALL OTHER KINDS OF FARM IMPLEMENTS, OF THE BEST MAKES AND AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

We guarantee all work. We are bound not to be undersold by any one in Central Nebraska. We pay the highest cash price for wheat and all kinds of grain.

**ELLIOTT & LUERS,**  
Successors to J. C. Elliott.

**JOHN WIGGINS,**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**HARDWARE,**

STOVES, IRON, TINWARE.

**NAILS, ROPE,**

**Wagon Material**

GLASS, PAINT, ETC., ETC.

Corner 11th and Olive Sts.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

**GO EAST!**

**NORTH-EAST OR SOUTH-EAST**

**VIA THE**

**B. & M. R. R.**

This Road together with the C. B. & Q. which is called

**The BURLINGTON ROUTE!**

Forms the most complete line between Nebraska points and all points East of Missouri River. Passengers taking this line cross the Mo. River at Plattsmouth over the

**Plattsmouth Steel Bridge,**

Which has lately been completed.

**Through Day Coaches,**

**Pullman Sleeping Cars**

ARE RUN TO—

**Burlington, Peoria, Chicago and St. Louis,**

Where close connections are made in Union Depots for all points North, East and South. Trains by this route start in Nebraska and are therefore free from the various accidents which so frequently delay trains coming through from the mountains, and passage is as sure as of making good connections when they take the B. & M. route east.

**THROUGH TICKETS**

Lowest Rates.

in force in the State, as well as full and reliable information required, can be had upon application to B. & M. R. R. Agents at any of the principal stations, or to

**PERCEVAL LOWELL,**

General Ticket Agent, OMAHA, NEB.

**SCHMITZ BROS.,**

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**Five Hundred Dollars Reward**

OVER A MILLION OF

**PROF. GUILMETTE'S**

**FRENCH KIDNEY PADS**

Have already been sold in this country and in France; every one of which has given perfect satisfaction, and has performed cures every time when used according to directions. We never saw to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of LAME BACK.

That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will POSITIVELY and PERMANENTLY cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and Retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs whether contracted by private diseases or otherwise.

**LADIES,** if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs, YOU CAN BE CURED! Without swallowing nauseous medicines by simply wearing

**PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD,**

Which cures by absorption. Ask your druggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, and take no other. If he has not got it, send \$2.00 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.