

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XII.—NO. 5.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 577.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for space, time, and rates.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HENRY LUERS, BLACKSMITH. Wagon Maker. Shops near Foundry, south of A. & S. Depot.

NEBRASKA HOUSE. S. J. MARMOY, Prop'r. Nebraska Ave., South of Depot.

STOVES, RANGES, NAILS, PUMPS, BARBED WIRE. Agricultural Implements!

MILLINERY! MILLINERY! MRS. M. S. DRAKE HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF

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

CITY Meat Market! One door north of Post-office, NEBRASKA AVE.—Columbus.

Fresh and Salt Meats, SAUSAGE, POULTRY, FRESH FISH.

H. B. MORSE IS STILL SELLING WM. SCHILZ'S OLD STOCK At Cost! At Cost!

A Line of Spring Goods WHICH HE IS SELLING AT EASTERN PRICES.

WM. SCHILZ Can still be found at the old stand, where he continues to do all kinds of Custom Work and Repairing.

BECKER & WELCH, PROPRIETORS OF SHELL CREEK MILLS.

MANUFACTURERS & WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FLOUR AND MEAL.

OFFICE.—COLUMBUS, NEB.

I HAVE RECENTLY PURCHASED THE STOCK OF HARDWARE, STOVES, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

MR. ROBERT UHLIG. And will continue the business at the old stand, where I will be pleased to see the old customers.

STOVES, RANGES, NAILS, PUMPS, BARBED WIRE.

Agricultural Implements! OF ALL KINDS.

The John Deere Goods a Specialty. PLOWS, HARROWS, RAKES.

Buckeye Cultivators, DRILLS AND SEEDERS.

ELWARD HARVESTERS AND CORD BINDERS. EUREKA MOWERS.

THE OLD RELIABLE Chicago Pitts Thresher, with Steam or Horse power.

The Iron Turbine Wind Mills, which will stand all the storms and is always ready for action.

THE BEST OF FLOUR ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.

GOOD GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY! END SPRINGS, PLATFORM SPRINGS, WHITNEY & BREWSTER SIDE SPRINGS.

Light Pleasure and Business Wagons of all Descriptions.

We are pleased to invite the attention of the public to the fact that we have just received a car load of Wagons and Buggies of all descriptions.

CORTLAND WAGON COMPY. of Cortland, New York, and that we are offering these wagons cheaper than any other wagon built of same material.

AMERICAN MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

Physicians and Surgeons. Consulting Physicians and Surgeons.

ANDERSON & ROEN, BANKERS. ELEVENTH ST., COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

Deposits received, and interest paid on time deposits. Prompt attention given to collections and proceeds remitted on day of payment.

REFERENCES AND CORRESPONDENTS: First National Bank, Decorah, Iowa. Allan & Co., Chicago.

Dr. A. HEINTZ, DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, WINES, LIQUORS.

Fine Soaps, Brushes, PERFUMERY, Etc., Etc.

Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. Eleventh street, near Foundry.

SPEICE & NORTH, General Agents for the Sale of Real Estate.

Union Pacific, and Midland Pacific R. R. Lands for sale at from \$3,000 to \$10,000 per acre for cash, or on five or ten years time.

HERMAN OEBLICH & BRO., WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS!

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, ETC., and Country Produce of all kinds.

WAGONS! BUGGIES! WAGONS!

PHIL. CAIN, Columbus, Neb.

LAW, REAL ESTATE AND GENERAL COLLECTION OFFICE.

W. S. GEER. MONEY PROPERTY 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. Dublins, Scotch and English Ales, etc.

BUSINESS CARDS. CORNELIUS & SULLIVAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

H. J. HUDSON, NOTARY PUBLIC. 12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House.

DR. M. D. THURSTON, RESIDENT DENTIST. Office over corner of 11th and North-st.

CHICAGO BARBER SHOP! HENRY WOODS, Prop'r.

McALLISTER BROS., ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office up-stairs in McAllister's building.

F. H. RUSCHE, 11th St., nearly opp. Clark's store.

M. J. THOMPSON, Notary Public. And General Collection Agent.

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.

LOUIS SCHREIBER, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER.

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

WM. BURGESS, Dealer in REAL ESTATE, CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, AND INSURANCE AGENT.

JAMES PEARSALL, IS PREPARED, WITH FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS. J. E. MONCRIEF, Co. Supt.

J. S. MURDOCK & SON, Carpenters and Contractors.

A GOOD FARM FOR SALE. 150 acres of good land, 30 acres under cultivation.

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

HENRY GANN, Manufacturer and Dealer in Wooden and Metallic Burial Caskets.

Smith's Hammock Reclining Chair, Cabinet Turning and scroll work.

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

HAFFLED. It was summer time—that bright season when the flowers wake up and nod their arch faces right in the face of the sun.

But in striking contrast to the glowing beauty all around was the pinched form of a poor little bare-footed girl who was walking up the garden path.

'Come back, my dear; you look as if you were hungry.' As if fascinated the child drew near to the kind, motherly speaker.

'Oh, ma'am, please say it again!' 'Say what? Do you mean my dear?'

'Yes; that's what the pretty lady called her little girl when she came to our house. She said it ever so often, and oh! it sounded so nice.'

'I don't live anywhere now. I ran away from the poor house, and—oh—here she almost cried as she cast a longing look toward the brightly spread table—'I'm so hungry!'

The eagerness with which the almost starved child devoured the food set before her brought tears to quick Mrs. Halstead's eyes, and a good thought sprang suddenly into her mind.

When the little one had finished eating she drew her to her, and pushing the tangled hair back from the broad forehead, the kind woman said: 'What is your name?'

'Margaret.' 'Margaret, you are alone and unhappy; I have no children; would you like to live with me?'

'Yes, if you wish. I had a little girl once, but she was taken away, and the father has always wanted me to adopt one in her place. So if you will be a good child you shall stay.'

Little Margaret nestled close to Mrs. Halstead and looked up, her beautiful eyes full of the gratitude she could not express.

'Perhaps, wife, the Lord has sent her to make up for little Bessie.' And thus it came to pass that the little waif that came to the farm house that summer day became known as sweet Margaret Halstead, the fairest maiden in all the country around.

Years passed, and each one had brought more trouble to good Farmer Halstead; and one afternoon, as his wife met him at the door, she noticed with alarm his white-pained face.

'It is no use, wife—the farm must go. Downy has lent us all the money he can spare, and there is no other friend who can help me.'

The tears sprang to his wife's eyes; it was hard to think of giving up the old home, but she said: 'Dear husband, don't despair; God's ways are not our ways.'

Just then a light form bounded into the room. It was Margaret, tall and graceful, her cheeks glowing with eyes, great luminous wells of hazel light; out of their depths beamed forth the pure, maiden soul, which could stoop to no mean act, and was strong to do and dare for those she loved.

'Why, father, mother, what is it?' she asked, as she saw their emotion. All was soon told.

That evening Margaret sat very silently by the window looking sadly out over the familiar scene she feared they must leave before long, when a tap on the door broke the silence.

A flush tinged Margaret's fair cheek with a deeper rose as she acknowledged his bow. His errand was soon told.

'I have heard,' he said to Mr. Halstead; 'that you wished to borrow a certain sum of money to-day and failed to do so, and having an amount of money I want to invest, I have concluded to offer you the loan of it for two years.'

'I will accept your kind offer, Mr. Egerton; and if things go as I hope with me, I shall thank you, sir, to the end of my days.'

'Very well; I am glad to help you Mr. Halstead. I will have the papers made out as soon as possible for you to sign. Good evening.'

'Margaret, dear, are you not glad with us?' asked her mother, as she noticed her daughter's silence.

'Mother, I wish it had been any one but Mr. Egerton that had done us this kindness.'

'Why, my daughter? Surely he is a very nice young man.'

Margaret did not reply, and was soon moving quickly about her duties; but the flush that had arisen to her face at Mr. Egerton's entrance did not entirely die away.

Hugh Egerton was the son of the wealthiest gentleman in the village, and although Margaret had never spoken much about him to her parents, she had seen a good deal of him, and whenever she had met him he had been markedly attentive.

Miss Halstead, it may be sudden—for we have not known each other long—but I must tell you that I love you, with the love a man gives but once in a lifetime. Can I hope it is not in vain?'

Then Margaret told him that the girl he was asking to be his wife had been taken from an almshouse out of charity, and knew not even her parents were.

Her face blanched as she spoke, for she remembered Hugh Egerton's tone of contempt when he had alluded to her early life, and she had heard of Ralph Elting's pride of family and name.

When she paused Ralph drew her close to him, and in tender, ardent tones exclaimed: 'Margaret, what is a name? In giving me your sweet self you make me a king among men.'

They were betrothed, and Margaret wrote of her happiness to her parents; but she still kept her position, until one bright summer day she spoke the last good bye to her fellow teachers, and the evening saw her hence more with her dear parents in the old farm house.

Then she told them for the first time of Hugh Egerton's offer, and the penalty he had fixed for not complying with it.

'The cowardly rascal!' exclaimed Mr. Halstead. 'Now I see why he was so willing to lend me the money. But Margaret, I hate to take your earnings in this way—' His mouth was playfully stopped by a small hand, while Margaret said: 'You took me, a poor, neglected little child into your home, and now you begrudge me the happiness of partly paying the debt I owe you and my dear mother.'

The next Wednesday was the day that after time had been so dreaded, and after helping her mother with the morning duties Margaret ran out into the garden to gather a few of its floral treasures.

She was singing merrily all to herself when she felt a touch on her arm. Looking up she met Hugh Egerton face to face.

'Good morning, Miss Margaret. You seem very happy, if your morning song is a true sign.'

'I am, thank you. Did you enjoy your trip to Europe, Mr. Egerton?'

'Yes, but the time passed too slowly. I longed to return. Do you know, Miss Margaret, he continued eagerly, 'that to-day is the day I have had a final answer? He waited a little and as she did not speak, he went on: 'The hall is in splendid order now, and only needs a mistress, and I know you must have repented your hasty words.'

Drawing herself up haughtily, Margaret met his bold eyes. 'Mr. Egerton, I repeat what I once said—I will never become your wife.'

She did not meet Hugh Egerton, as before he had heard of her becoming a teacher he had started off on an European trip.

The principal of the high school was named Elting; he was a grave, scholarly man. After a time Margaret began to notice how his indifferent, rather haughty face always lighted up when in her society.

Ralph Elting was not a lady's man. Although polite and courteous, he always held himself aloof, and had gained the reputation of being entirely indifferent to the fair sex.

But before long even the teachers began to remark the change which had come over him. Margaret could not help seeing what was so patent to all, but the knowledge did not distress her as Hugh Egerton's love had, for she had recognized Mr. Elting's noble, kindly nature, and the more she knew him the more fervently she grew to love the proud, reserved man.

One afternoon after school hours, Mr. Elting invited Margaret to take a drive. He drove rapidly for awhile but once outside of the city's bounds he checked the speed of the horse and turning looked with tender meaning into the sweet face beside him. Then almost abruptly, he said: 'Miss Halstead, it may be sudden—'

—for we have not known each other long—but I must tell you that I love you, with the love a man gives but once in a lifetime. Can I hope it is not in vain?'

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With a fierce look he turned and entered the house. There, awaiting his approach, was Mr. Halstead.

'I have called,' said Egerton, in a tone of suppressed anger, 'for the payment of that mortgage.'

A Pair of Them. The Omaha Republican relates the following: Senator Van Wyck the other day related to us a conversation he had with Gen. Garfield, some points of which have interest in relation to the president's attitude toward senators in the present complications.

Senator Van Wyck called to urge the importance of expedition in the matter of certain Nebraska appointments in the case of offices in which the public interest was suffering through delay.

In the occasion which had been raised as to his competency to dictate one appointment in particular; and said he to the president, or in words to this effect: 'I think this thing has gone far enough, and it might be as well settled here as anywhere, whether I am senator from Nebraska or not. If I am, I assert the necessity of this appointment and insist on it being made; but if I am not senator, the sooner I throw up the commission the better.'

The president, while admitting in his reply the force and justice of the senator's demand, added, or in words to this effect: 'Senator, you see how it is yourself now. I am in the same general position that you are. I do not know, as yet, whether I am president or not. I am waiting, with what patience I can, to find out. With you, I think this question might be as well settled here (he referred to the contest over the appointment of Robertson) as anywhere. I can do nothing until I find out whether I am president, or whether the executive duties have been devolved on somebody else. If it turns out that this is the case, I don't see that I have any further business here, and we both might as well resign and go home.'

Each appeared to see the point in the other's situation, and it may be fairly presumed that the president will have the vote of the junior senator from Nebraska on any question involving the right and duty of the president to perform his constitutional executive duties according to his own judgment and conscience.

Getting Square with the Governor. Old Pungleup, the wholesale merchant, was very much annoyed at the manner in which his office, down on Front street, was invaded by his daughters, whose filial affection impelled them to drop in every time they were down town and wanted to buy something, which was six days in the week; so he at last posted a sign.

'No Admittance Except on Business,' on the door of his private sanctum, which had the effect of keeping out the feminine invasion to a considerable extent.

All three of the Pungleup girls had beaux, however, and as old P—made it a point to fuss round in the parlor a good deal in the evening much to the detriment of the festivities, they determined to get even on the old gentleman. And so the other evening, when Pungleup had got through reading his paper, and concluded to look in on the young people, he was astonished to behold on the parlor door a placard bearing the following inscription: 'No Admittance Except on Business.'

Old P—rubbed his spectacles, scratched his head, and repaired to the back parlor door, where the same legend stared him in the face. He rapped loudly, and, after striving to be heard over the rattle of voices inside, the door was opened a brief inch, and a sweet voice said: 'Private session of the Board. Come round in the morning.'

After which Mr. P—abstractedly took in the mat, turned down the hall gas, and went up to bed in a brown study.

For a month past the Express has been warning our readers to be prepared for the cloth peddler that have been 'working' this part of the state. One unlucky farmer, however, who takes no county paper, has been roped in, and called on Jones the clothier, Saturday, to learn the worth of a certain piece of cloth. He had paid \$57 for it, and had what was represented to be sufficient for 4 suits. He is much richer in wisdom just now, for he has learned that he can buy four suits made up of better material, for less money than the bare cloth cost him. We point a moral to adorn this tale, and it is this: Take your county paper and keep posted on Express and swindlers.—Redrifice Friends.

Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable.