Wild Land and Hay Land.

In years past it has been the prevailing custom for persons requiring hay to cut on almost any piece of land regardless of ownership. There has been such large tracts of wild and uncultivated land that thus far the custom has been the means of working little or no injustice. Now, however, that putting up hay has developed into a business of no small magnitude and the further fact that the country has rapidly added to its live stock interests, the hay question has become one of considerable importance. The Supreme Court in a case carried up from Dodge county held substantially that stock could graze with impunity upon wild and uncultivated lands. No matter that the owner may have required the land for the use of his own cattle, so long as the land was wild and uncultivated he had no protection under the law. It would appear from this that if a man would be protected in grazing his cattle upon another's land, he would also be protected in cutting the grass and converting it to his own use. This decision has been severely criticised and we might add, ridiculed, by eminent members of the Nebraska bar. It certainly does appear unjust that a man sho'd be deprived of his property, simply because that property is the product of wild and uncultivated land. A grove of trees may be the product of uncultivated land, yet no one would argue the right of another to fell the trees and convert them to his own use. And yet, in fact, there is no difference whatever, except in the value of the product. Perhaps a man desires to keep his land uncultivated, its product in that state being more valuable to him than in any other and yet by this decision of the Supreme Court, he has no protection. The last legislature to meet this decision passed a law which reads as follows:

Cultivated lands within the meaning of this act shall include all forest trees, fruit trees and hedge rows planted on said land, also all land surrounded by a plowed strip not less than one rod in width, which strip shall be plowed once a year.

This is somewhat of an improvement, but yet not enough to do exact justice. It saves to the farmer the difference between plowing the required strip of land each year and enclosing the land with a fence. Now the law protects the cultivated land proper and other land that comes within the meaning of the law. No fences are required. What is there in reason or common sense that will justify the protection of a tract of land with a narrow strip plowed around it and one without? What is that strip for? It isn't required to convince others that the land does not belong to them, and it is of no value as an enclosure. On the presumption that grazing cattle and cutting hay on another's land would be viewed alike under the law, there are several interesting questions which arise. A piece of land is unprotected by any plowed strip. A. commences cutting hay and is warned by B. to desist, exhibiting a bill of sale for the hay product of the land for that year from C., the owner. Now under the law and in view of the decision of the Supreme Court, could A. be prevented from cutting and if he persisted could he be punished? B. has paid for the hay product and has neither the hay nor money; C. refuses to refund, what recourse has B? Again, suppose that A. cuts on B's. land which is unprotected as provided by law. After the hay is cut and stacked B. plows the required strip, who does the hay belong to? Can A. take the hay without committing trespass? There are a great many of these perplexing questions which will arise in the next few years as the tracts of grazing lands are narrowed down and even now are well worth thinking of.—*Schuyler Sun.*

Too Many Lawyers and too Many Fees.

The following is from the Albany *Law Journal*. If a professional paper condemns these practices, is there any wonder that the general public have so much to say? The subject is well worthy the attention of the profession:

The rock that the legal profession are in most danger of coming to wreck on is that of excessive charges. There is a continual low growling in the community on this subject. The following, in an English newspaper, does not exaggerate the matter: "There are certain well known firms of solicitors who can never be got to render a statement; they are perpetually applying for checks on account, and generally have the faculty of asking for these at some critical time in the procedure, when they know that the litigant cannot help paying, in order that his case may go on. Other solicitors punish the inquisitiveness of any who may wish for a detailed bill of costs by making it out to an extent vastly in excess of the round sum originally demanded." It is notorious that the charges are altogether out of proportion to the time given, the work given or the consideration received, and all kinds of vexatious obstacles are thrown in the way of any who seek to effect a reform in this respect. The fact is, that the ranks of the legal profession are overcrowded, and are being added to year by year to an extent which the public interests by no means require. Yet the exclusiveness that obtains with regard to methods of procedure, and the stringent rules imposed upon all the members of the craft, prevent that wholesome competition which exists in all other trades. The consequence is that the public are robbed, and that a comparative few of the members of the legal profession obtain for themselves the chief portion of the spoil, while the great bulk of them struggle on as best they can. Our legal exchanges are filled with discussions on lawyers' costs. The community are bound to have cheaper justice if they can.

How a Story Grows.

A farmer was once told that his turnip field had been robbed, and that the robbery had been committed by a poor, inoffensive man, of the name of Palmer, who, many of the people of the village said, had taken away a wagon load of turnips. Farmer Brown, much exasperated by the loss of his turnips, determined to prosecute poor Palmer with all the severity of the law. With this intention he went to Molly Sanders, the washerwoman, who had been busy in spreading the report, to know the whole truth; but Molly denied ever having said anything about a wagon load of turnips. It was but a cart load that Palmer had taken, and Dame Hodson, the huckster, had told her so, over and over again. The farmer, hearing this, went to Dame Hodson, who said that Molly Sanders was always making things worse than they really were; that Palmer had taken only a wheelbarrow full of turnips, and that she had her account from Jenkins, the tailor, who stoutly denied the account altogether; he had only told Dame Hodson that Palmer had pulled up several turnips, but how many he could not tell, as he did not see, himself, but was told by Tom Slack, the plowman. Wondering where this would end, farmer Brown next questioned Tom Slack, who, in his turn said that he never said a word about seeing Palmer pull up several turnips; he only said that he had heard say that Palmer had pulled up a turnip, and that Barnes, the barber, was the person who had told him about it. The farmer, almost out of patience at this account, hurried off to Barnes, the barber, who wondered much that people should find pleasure in spreading idle tales which had no truth in them. He assured the farmer all he had said about the matter, while he took off the beard of Tom Slack, was that for all he knew, Palmer was as likely a man to pull up a turnip as his neighbors.

There is one patient worker who does not expect and is not expected to "take a vacation." The housemother's needs are forgotten. It has often been pointed out—how to the men comes a change of scene in going out to business, how they get at least an hour or more of fresh air every day, and lubricate the machinery of life by contact with acquaintances and friends; while the women suffer from the very quiet of their home life, not to mention the never-weaving anxiety, cares and labors. The wife-mother should be gently forced out of the home ruts. Just because she thinks she doesn't want to go is no sign that she does not need to go. A treadmill is one of the hardest things to get out of gear, and the patient plodder therein at last comes to think that there is no other round for her in the world. Therefore, husbands, sons and daughters, take our admonition, and help mother off. Enter into an amiable conspiracy to convince her that she can go. Persuade her that home is not the best place to travel in, nor the best place for some kinds of rest. And don't wait too long, nor mistake resignation for contentment. Minister to her while you have a chance.—*Lincoln Times.*

The following is the latest parody on "Mary had a little lamb:"

Mollie had a little ram, fleece black as rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went, he emigrated to. He went with her to church one day—the folks hi-larious grew to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew. The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passion rise, and gave it an unchristian kick between the sad brown eyes. This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again, but ah! that first kick was his last! For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back about a rod, 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his head. The congregation then arose and went for that ere sheep, but several well directed butts just piled them in a heap. Then rushed they straightway for the door with curses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindmost man and shot him through the crowd.

When General Joshua was fighting the Philistines he was all right as long as he could hold up Moses arms, but just as soon as Moses got tired his arms weakened and the Philistines got in their work. When Van Wyck was fighting the battles of McBride, he couldn't make any headway as long as Bob Ingersoll held up the arm of General Funke, but just as soon as Bob weakened the Philisites got in their work; captured the Lincoln post-office, and marched off with Funke's baggage. —*Omaha Bee.*

A TERRIBLE RIOT.

The Cavalry and Police Severely Hurt Thirty Irishmen.

Two of their own Number are Killed and Others Injured.

A London cablegram thus tells the story of the origin and progress of the agrarian riots at Clonmel: When Goddard, agent of the emergency commission, was leaving court, he was received with groans and hisses. A priest was passing out of the building when the crowd made a rush to enter. A policeman in the confusion laid his hand upon the priest. The alarm at once went up, "Father Mahara has been arrested." The crowd became terribly excited, and the authorities at once concentrated the whole force of the military and constabulary before the court house. Bottles, stones and brickbats poured in on the police and soldiers. Capt. Slack, resident magistrate, threatened to read the riot act, and at that moment a policeman was knocked senseless at his side with a stone. Several priests at once rushed to the magistrate and implored him not to read it, as if he did the consequences would be terrible. The stone-throwing did not cease, and as the captain, after reading the riot act, pronounced the words, "God save the Queen," a stone smashed the skull of another policeman standing behind him, and the unfortunate man died to-day. The police charged on the citizens with fixed bayonets, and at the same time the cavalry dashed into the crowd. A scene of frightful confusion followed. The charge of the cavalry down the short street was so impetuous that several horses and riders dashed through shop windows at the end of the street. The air was filled with stones and bricks, and the frightened shopkeepers who were endeavoring to put up their shutters were hurled to the ground and ridden over. Several hussars were unhorsed by the crowd and tramped on by the horses of their comrades behind them. The charge through the streets lasted fully half an hour. A portion of the crowd fled, while others fired on the charging horsemen, and battered in their helmets with stones. The hussars used the flat of their swords freely, the point and edge being strictly forbidden. One hussar in charging around a corner met with a serious mishap. His horse stumbled and fell. Five or six of his comrades, following swiftly over the prostrate horse and rider. Before the men could recover themselves, their horses had galloped up the street, and the men had to defend themselves from the mob until they were rescued. Owing to the exertions of the priests, several of whom received many hard knocks, the people were induced finally to disperse. A soldier of the Fourth regiment was so seriously injured that his life is despaired of. The doctor states that the man, if he recovers, will be insane. About thirty citizens were seriously wounded.

A Lady Lawyer's Retort.

Judge Tyler, of San Francisco, is well known to the bar of that city as a most formidable opponent, both forensically and physically, as many a "learned counsel" upon the other side has found out to his sorrow.

The Judge, who is so used to dominating his brethren of the bar, recently met his match in the lady lawyer of San Francisco, Clara S. Foltz, who clipped his wind in a manner that well-nigh suffocated him. The story is too good to be lost.

The case of Tyler vs. The Hibernia Savings Bank was pending before one of the city courts, involving the right to a certain deposit of funds in said bank. Tyler was his own attorney, and Mrs. Foltz was attorney for the bank. It seems that Tyler, by a little bit of sharp practice, was trying to ring in a "cold deck" in the shape of a default that had been erroneously dated, the admission of which by the Judge upon the bench would have sent the defendant out of Court. Mrs. Foltz showed up the matter satisfactorily to the Court and the default was promptly set aside. This nettled Judge Tyler considerably, and turning to the lady counsel he said sharply, in a manner intended to be intensely impressive, that "counsel had better be engaged in other business," that "a woman's place was at home raising her children."

The words were scarcely uttered before Mrs. Foltz rose in her queenly way, and, flashing her blue eyes straight into the Judge's florid face, she quietly remarked: "A woman had better be engaged in almost any business than in raising such men as you are, sir."

The Court commanded order, but in a tone that seemed to appreciate the justice of the retort, while a number of lawyers in court, some of whose heads Judge Tyler has held in "chancery" on former occasions, came near exploding with suppressed laughter.

The counsel turned white with anger and groaned in spirit, but concluded that it was better to drop the subject then and there.—*San Jose Mercury.*

A Buffalo Sunday school teacher is in trouble because she gave her pupils Concert tickets instead of the ordinary merit cards.

Which Cow?

Major Pearman, who is the Lincoln *Globe's* Washington correspondent, has this to say concerning the absorbing topic:

Nine-tenths of those who are now lauding Garfield to the skies, are damning Conkling and his friends for all that is out, would about-face all at once, should Garfield die or resign, and Vice-President Arthur become the dispenser of public patronage.

It makes all the difference in the world, which cow gives down the most milk, with a great many people, and whenever the cow begins to "dry-up," she is sent to the butcher.

The surest and about the only way to build up a community, is for those who have surplus capital, to employ it in some business enterprise from which others, as well as themselves, will derive some benefit; and for each member of the community to do what he can to improve and render it attractive. Almost any community can be made prosperous and happy if all will work together for the common good. —*Wilber Opposition.*

Barb wire may be a good article for fencing purposes, but it is also a dangerous one. Last week Charles Tate, residing in Vesta precinct, started a man to town for a doctor, and the night being dark, the man ran the animal, a fine mare valued at $250,—against a barb wire fence, cutting her shoulder in a shocking manner, and throwing the rider against the wire, and injuring him severely.—*Tecumseh Journal.*

The people of a New Hampshire town are so fearfully lazy that, when the wife of a minister who had just settled in that town asked a prominent citizen if the inhabitants generally respected the Sabbath and refrained from business, he replied: "Confound it, ma'am, they don't do enough work in the whole week to break the Sabbath, if it was all done on that day."

Spirits of turpentine is given as a sure cure for snake-bites on the human body as well as on beasts. Apply by placing the mouth of the bottle on the wound, holding it there a reasonable time, and bathe the parts nearest the wound with the turpentine. It does its work better, with less deleterious effects, than whisky as an antidote.—*Seward Reporter.*

The Lincoln *Journal* was in error when it stated that J. C. Roberts had received the appointment of consul to Vera Cruz. E. H. Rogers, of Fremont, was the party intended. The climate of Vera Cruz is very unhealthy and the good people of Butler county would never consent to the removal of their own Roberts to a region of danger.—*Schuyler Sun.*

Disraeli is said to have once made the following reply to Daniel O'Connell's satire on the Jewish race: "It ill becomes Christianity to sneer at a Jew. One great branch of that faith worships a Jew as the Son of God, and another great sect has risen a Jewess to the rank of Goddess."

An exchange says: 'When we see a clergyman kissing the male members of his flock as well as the female—the tobacco-chewing, pipe-smoking, beer drinking old sinners, as well as the young and pretty females—we begin to believe that his heart is in his work.'

The meanest thing was done at Keokuk, Iowa, the other day, by the heirs of the Magone estate, who got together and settled their differences. The estate is worth fully $75,000, and the lawyers had only got $14,500 of it. It is believed there has been trickery.

Persistance is as needful to the life of thought as to that of action Though often confounded with obstinacy, it is essentially different. The latter is a dogmatic and unreasoning inaction of the mind, the former is an earnest and continuous approach to truth.

Some citizens of Scotia built a ferry boat and launched it on the Loup. It was wrecked on the trial trip, and the crew, who disembarked on the wrong side of the stream, had to build another boat before they could return home.—*Blue Valley Blade.*

A lawyer once rushed up to Jerrold in the street and said, with flushed face: 'Mr. Jerrold, I've just met a scoundrelly barrister.' Jerrold looked at him with a bland smile, and simply answered: 'What a coincidence.'

Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man; without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society.

Woman is content to build happiness on any accidental basis that may be near on hand; man is for making a world to suit his happiness.

Love is lowliness; on the wedding-ring sparkles no jewel.

John Pierrepont was born in 1885.

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

C. H. VANWYCK, U. S. Senator, Nebraska City.
ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha
T. J. MAJORS, Rep., Peru.
E. K. VALESTINE, Rep., West Point.

STATE DIRECTORY:

ALBINUS NANCE, Governor, Lincoln.
S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State.
John Wallichs, Auditor, Lincoln.
G. M. Bartlett, Treasurer, Lincoln.
C. J. Dilworth, Attorney-General.
W. W. Jones, Supt. Public Instruc.
C. J. Nobes, Warden of Penitentiary.
W. W. Abbey, C. H. Gould, } Prison Inspectors.
J. O. Carter, Prison Physician.
H. P. Mathewson, Supt. Insane Asylum.

JUDICIARY:

S. Maxwell, Chief Justice,
George B. Lake, Amasa Cobb, } Associate Judges.

FOURTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

G. W. Post, Judge, York.
M. B. Reese, District Attorney, Wahoo.

LAND OFFICERS:

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

COUNTY DIRECTORY:

I. G. Higgins, County Judge.
John Stauffer, County Clerk.
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. Montcreif Supt. of Schools.
G. B. Bailey, Byron Millett, } Justices of the Peace.
Charles Wake, Constable.

CITY DIRECTORY:

J. R. Meagher, Mayor.
H. J. Hudson, Clerk.
John F. Wermuth. Treasurer.
Geo. G. Bowman, Police Judge.
L. J. Cramer, Engineer.

COUNCILMEN:

1st *Ward*—John Rickly. G. A. Schroeder.
2d *Ward*—Wm. Lamb. I. Gluck.
3d *Ward*—J. Rasmussen. A. A. Smith.

Columbus Post Office.

pen 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 4:15 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 fines leading to Chicago connect with U P. trains at Omaha. On Saturdays there will be but one train a day, as hown 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.

Time Schedule No. 4. To take effect June 2, '81. For the government and information of employees only. The Company reserves the right to vary therefrom at pleasure. Trains daily. Sundays excepted.

Outward Bound.		*Inward Bound.*	
Columbus	4:35 P. M.	Norfolk	7:26 A. M.
Lost Creek	5:21 "	Munson	7:47 "
Pl. Centre	5:42 "	Madison	8:26 "
Humphrey	6:25 "	Humphrey	9:05 "
Madison	7:04 "	Pl. Centre	9:48 "
Munson	7:43 "	Lost Creek	10,09 "
Norfolk	8:04 "	Columbus	10:55 "

ALBION BRANCH.

Columbus	4:45 P. M.	Albion	7:43 A. M.
Lost Creek	5:31 "	St. Edwards	8:30 "
Genoa	6:16 "	Genoa	9:14 "
St. Edward	7:00 "	Lost Creek	9:59 "
Albion	7:47 "	Columbus	10:45 "

SOCIETY NOTICES.

☞ 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.

JOHN HAMMOND, P. C.
D. D. WADSWORTH, Adj't.
H. P. BOWER, Searg. Maj.