

The Columbus Journal.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for Space, Line, and Rate. Includes rates for Business and professional cards, local notices, and general advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

Wagon Maker. Shops near Foundry, south of A. & N. Depot.

ALL kinds of wood and iron work on Wagons, Horses, Farm Machinery, &c. Keeps on hand the

TIMKEN SPRING BUGGY, and other eastern buggies.

First & Bradley Plows.

NEBRASKA HOUSE, S. J. MARMOY, 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.

Meats, 5c. Lodgings, 25c. Cts 25-30

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!

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

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF EVERYTHING BELONGING TO FIRST-CLASS MILLINERY STORE.

17th St., two doors east State Bank.

F. GERBER & CO., DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, AND UNDERTAKERS.

Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus, TABLES, Etc., Etc.

GIVE HIM A CALL AT HIS PLACE ON SOUTH SIDE 11th ST.

One door east of Heintz's drug store.

CITY Meat Market!

One door north of Post-office, NEBRASKA AVE., Columbus.

KEEP ALL KINDS OF Fresh and Salt Meats,

SAUSAGE, POULTRY, FRESH FISH, Etc., in their season.

Cash paid for Hides, Lard and Bacon.

WILL T. RICKLY.

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

At Cost! At Cost!

AND HAS ADDED 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

AND—

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!

MR. ROBERT UHLIG.

And will continue the business at the old stand, where I will be pleased to see the old customers—no objection to a few new ones. I have on hand a large stock of

STOVES

AND—

RANGES,

ALL STYLES, SIZES AND PRICES. BOUGHT VERY LOW!

NAILS, PUMPS,

Rope, Glass, Paint, Putty,

BARBED WIRE, (bought before the monopoly price)

Agricultural Implements!!

OF ALL KINDS.

The John Deere Goods a Specialty.

PLOWS,

HARROWS,

RAKES.

THE CELEBRATED

Buckeye Cultivators,

DRILLS AND SEEDERS.

CLIMAX MOWERS

ELWARD HARVESTERS AND CORD BINDERS.

EUREKA MOWERS,

wide cut and lightest draft machine made. Come and see this machine if you don't look at any thing else.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Chicago Pitts Thresher,

with Steam or Horse power.

The Iron Turbine Wind Mills,

The mill that stands all the storms and is always ready for action. Agent for

DAVIS, GOULD CO'S

Buggies, Carriages, and Platform Spring Wagons,

which I can sell cheaper than you can get on foot. No trouble to show goods or talk prices.

If square deal and "give and let live" prices will secure a share of your patronage. I shall be pleased to receive it.

GEO. D. FOSTER, Successor to R. Uhlig.

COLUMBUS STATE BANK,

Successors to Gerard & Bond and Turner & Wadell.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

CASH CAPITAL, \$50,000

DIRECTORS: LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't.

GEO. W. HULST Vice Pres't.

JULIUS A. REED.

EDWARD A. GERRARD.

ABNER TURNER, Cashier.

Bank of Deposit, Discount and Exchange.

Collections Promptly Made on all Points.

Pay Interest on Time Deposits.

AMERICAN MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

COLUMBUS, NEB.

Physicians and Surgeons.

Consulting Physicians and Surgeons.

For the treatment of all classes of Surgical and deformities; acute and chronic diseases, diseases of the eye and ear, etc., etc.

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.

Passage tickets to or from European points by first lines at lowest rates.

Drafts on principal points in Europe.

REFERENCES AND CORRESPONDENTS: First National Bank, Decorah, Iowa. Allan & Co., Chicago. Omaha National Bank, Omaha. First National Bank, Chicago. Kuntze Bros., N. Y.

Dr. A. HEINTZ, DEALER IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS

WINE, LIQUORS,

Fine Soaps, Brushes,

PERFUMERY, Etc., Etc.,

And all articles usually kept on hand by Druggists.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Eleventh street, near Foundry, COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA

Speice & North, Real Estate.

General Agents for the Sale of

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, in annual payments to suit purchasers. We have also a large and choice lot of other lands, improved and unimproved, for sale at low price and on reasonable terms. Also business and residence lots in the city. We keep a complete abstract of title to all real estate in Platte County.

COLUMBUS, NEB.

HERMAN OEHLEICH & BRO., WHOLESALE & RETAIL

GROCERS!

ALSO DEALERS IN

Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Etc., and Country Produce of all kinds.

THE BEST OF FLOUR ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.

FOR THE GOOD GOODS LEAST MONEY!

Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the city. Terms cash.

Corner Eleventh and Olive Streets, Columbus, Neb.

WAGONS! BUGGIES! WAGONS!

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

CORTLAND WAGON COMPANY, of Cortland, New York, and that we are offering these wagons cheaper than any other wagon built of same material, style and finish can be sold for in this county.

Send for Catalogue and Price-list.

PHIL. CAIN, Columbus, Neb.

LAW, 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 Clothier House, Columbus, Neb. 473-x

COLUMBUS Restaurant and Saloon!

E. D. SHEEHAN, Proprietor.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Dub. In Stout, Scotch and English Ales. Kentucky Whiskies a Specialty.

BY THEIR SEASON, by the case can or dish.

11th Street, South of Depot

BUSINESS CARDS.

CORNELIUS & SULLIVAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Up-stairs in Gluck Building, 11th street, Above the New Bank.

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

H. J. HUDSON, NOTARY PUBLIC, 1218 Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, Columbus, Neb. 491-3

DR. M. D. THURSTON, RESIDENT DENTIST, Office over corner of 11th and North-st. All operations first-class and warranted.

CHICAGO BARBER SHOP! HENRY WOODS, Prop'r. Everything in first-class style. Also keep the best of cigars. 516-y

McALLISTER BROS., ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office up-stairs in McAllister's building, 11th St. W. A. McAllister, Notary Public.

F. H. RESCHE, 11th St., nearly opp. Gluck's store, Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Curry Combs, Brushes, etc., at the lowest possible prices. Repairs promptly attended to.

M. J. THOMPSON, NOTARY PUBLIC, And General Collection Agent, St. Edwards, Boone Co., Neb.

BYRON MILLETT, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.

BYRON MILLETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbus, Neb. He will give close attention to all business entrusted to him. 248.

LOUIS SCHREIBER, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to order, and all work guaranteed.

Shop opposite the "Tattersall," Olive Street. 125

F. J. SCHUEG, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Columbus, Neb. Office—corner of North and Eleventh Sts., up-stairs in Gluck's brick building. Consultation in German and English.

JAMES PEARSALL, IS PREPARED, WITH FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS, To remove houses at reasonable rates. Give him a call.

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

Will be in his office at the Court House on the first and last Saturdays of each month for the purpose of examining applicants for teacher's certificates, and for the transaction of any other business pertaining to schools. 567-y

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 opportunity to estimate for you. Shop on 13th St., one door west of Friedhof & Co's. store, Columbus, Nebr. 483-y

WILLIAM RYAN, DEALER IN KENTUCKY WHISKIES, Wines, Ales, Cigars and Tobacco.

Schilz's Milwaukee Beer constantly on hand. ELEVENTH ST., COLUMBUS, NEB.

TUTT'S PILLS, INDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE. THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER. Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, followed after eating, with a disposition to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of being neglected some duty, weariness, Distress, Fluctuating of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE SYMPTOMS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

Gray's Hair Dye is a perfect hair restorer, and will restore the hair to its natural color, and prevent its falling out. It is a perfect hair restorer, and will restore the hair to its natural color, and prevent its falling out. It is a perfect hair restorer, and will restore the hair to its natural color, and prevent its falling out.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York. (Send 5c to get a sample box on application.)

ONE DEBT'S PAYMENT.

It was the dusk of evening, and night's shadows were quickly gathering in the little German village through whose outskirts two lovers strolled.

They had left behind them the cottages, and had wandered off among the green fields and under the shade of the trees, behind which the sun had almost sunk to rest.

It was an old story, the story of their loving. They had been betrothed since the girl was 14. It was well-nigh five years now, and on her 19th birthday they were to be married.

She was an orphan, and her sung down, lying so safely nestled away in the village bank, she had accumulated by the labor of her own hands. But a shadow was on her lover's face to-night, and even in the shadow her quick eye discerned it.

"Sing to me, Hans," she whispered, knowing that in song Hans Welter forgot all else.

After a moment's silence, he obeyed her, and the sleepy birds woke in their nests and almost indignantly drew their heads from beneath the soft shelter of their wing, to listen to this strange, wonderful rival to the sweetness of their notes. The air was filled with the exquisite melody. It rang full and clear and sweet. It sank down to the violets, as they stirred in the listening wind, they soared to the stars.

Poor little Marguerite! Hans' music always brought the moisture to her blue eyes, but to-night it seemed filled with something she had never heard before, and her little hands were tightly interlaced and her red lips parted in a sort of painful ecstasy.

But at the close she was all unprepared to see him end that last note in a dry sob, then fling himself down on the sward and bury his face in his hands.

"Hans, what is it?" she cried, sinking herself down beside him, and trying to raise his head upon her breast.

Was he weeping? She had never in all these years seen him thus moved. His powerful frame seemed shaken to its innermost center by the torrent of emotion that swept over it.

Almost rudely, in his unconsciousness to all but his own suffering, he repulsed her, only the next moment to be filled with remorse.

Conquering himself by a mighty effort, he drew her to him with gentle force.

"Forgive me dear," he said softly, "but never ask me to sing again, Marguerite. It only teaches me what I might have been, and what I am. Think what I would be if I had the money to reach Italy! I could have the world at my feet, Marguerite—I could be great and famous. I know it—I feel it. But I am chained here, tending my herds and feeding my cattle, powerless to break the chains. I need so much money—so much—and I have so little. Though I sold all I have in the world, it would not bring me to my journey's end. No, no! I must give it all up; but never—never ask me to sing again."

The girl answered him nothing, as she stroked the hot brow with the little, cool hand, which all browned and hardened as it was, fell very softly, very lovingly.

In her eyes he was a king, this shepherd lad. Instinctively she knew that silence is oftentimes more healing than speech, and, besides, a wonderful, dazzling thought had crept into her own busy brain, and driven all lighter thought away.

Still silently she rose, and walked silently home. At the door of her little cottage, she stooped and kissed her on the brow, as they stood beneath the stars.

In two more months he was to share her cottage—the home left her by her dead parents—so they both had thought scarce an hour ago. To-night Marguerite knew differently.

How much would it bring, the sale of this humble little shelter? It was this problem which banished slumber through the long night hours. It was solved three days later, when the sun for its possession by strangers lay in her hands, and, added to it the nest-egg from the bank, made in the child's eye a fortune.

What mattered it that she had begged? It was for Hans' sake! It was now her turn to be silent, as, hand-in-hand, they walked beneath the gold-studded sky.

She felt, for the first time, timid, almost afraid, in his presence. That she had performed an act of almost heroism, she never dreamed. He was a hero; she was but a little humble maiden, whose proudest duty was to serve him.

"Hans," she said at last, very softly, "I have been thinking, dear, since the other night, and—Hans, we

won't be married yet awhile. A wife would only pull you down, instead of helping you soar to the birds, where you belong. I don't want you to think of me. I want you to go away and study to be a great singer."

In the gloom, the man could see the pallor on the speaker's face, as it grew reflected on his own.

"Are you mad, Marguerite?" he questioned, at last. "I've crushed the dream, child! Don't float it again before my fancy."

"You couldn't crush it, Hans, for it is no dream, but a very part of yourself, and that is the highest, noblest part! Nor is it madness, Hans. See here!" and she unloosed the string of a little bag she held tightly clutched in her trembling hands, and showed to his dazzled eyes the glittering gold pieces lying on a snug little pile of notes. "It's enough, Hans!" she said, in answer to his gaze of utter bewilderment. "It's more than what I heard you once say would let you be taught for a whole year. And it's yours, Hans—all yours."

And as she spoke, she strove to thrust the bag within his grasp.

"Marguerite!"—she shrank from the sternness of his tone—"how did you get the gold?"

"Honestly!" she answered, proudly. "The gold was to have been my dowry; the notes—I sold the cottage for those."

"You did this for me, and you think so mealy of me as that I would accept such a sacrifice?"

His voice quivered as he spoke.

"Hans! I was to have been your wife," she whispered. "Who had the right, if not I? Oh, I shall be so proud—so proud, some day, when you come back for your little Marguerite and I shall be the wife of the great singer! They will point to me and say, 'Yes he married this little nobody, this little Marguerite, but they say he loves her,' and they will think it strange that you should love me from your great height. But you won't forget to do that, Hans—ever, ever—will you, my love?"

"Never, until my voice forgets its music. I would pray God to still it forever, could my heart prove so false. Something within me, Marguerite, conquers myself. It is hope springing within my breast. I will take your money, little one, a sacred debt. Wait for me two years, frankly. Then I will return to give you the richest payment. I swear it, and I seal it with this kiss."

Hans had gone, and Marguerite was left alone. She lived now in one little room, high up many stairs—up which she toiled wearily in the evening's gloom. There were no more restful walks under the stars now. She might have had lovers, like other girls; but no—Hans must find her without reproach on his return. All day she had to labor from early dawn, even for the humble shelter now hers. Sometimes she was hungry, sometimes cold, but all mattered not to her. It was for Hans' sake.

The winter's icy breath but hastened the spring's blossoms, and their first fragrance would herald the incoming summer, which would make the year complete since Hans had left, and then there would only be another year to wait.

At long distances apart, letters came. Oh, how eagerly Marguerite spelled them out! She slept with them under her pillow by night, and they sank and rose with every pulsation of her heart with day. Labor grew light. She even forgot her loneliness, for they told her that step by step Hans was nearing his goal.

Then there were weeks—aye, months—when she heard nothing, and the child's figure grew thin and her cheeks pale, while every night she would run breathlessly up to her room, only to find the table vacant and that the postman had no errand for her.

But one evening, when she had almost given up hope—when the great dread lest Hans should be ill, dying or way—the silent messenger smiled her a welcome. She burst into a passion of tears ere she broke the seal. It seemed as though the joy must kill her.

But at last she unfolded the sheet, when something white and fluttering fell to the ground. She stooped to pick it up.

What did it mean? It was a little slip, with some figures in one corner. They represented the exact amount she had given Hans. Bewildered, she turned to the letter. Its first words explained:

I pay you my debt. Think, my little love, what it cost us, yet I earned it, Marguerite, on the very night of my debut. I have sung, and people have listened. I looked about among all the faces—on all the young and beautiful women, with their eyes fixed upon me—but nothing inspired me. Then I thought of you, and, looking straight into space,

I forgot them all, darling. There was your sweet, pale face floating in the air, your blue eyes looking, not as theirs looked, but down into my soul, and I sang to you, darling—to you. The flowers rained at my feet. Great ladies tore the roses from their breasts; but I would have given them all, darling, for one little wild blossom your hand had plucked. They say I will be rich and famous. I cannot tell—the world is fickle. The village banker will cash your order. But you need not buy back the little home. I am coming for you, mountain-bird.

Again and again Marguerite read and re-read the precious words. What cared she for the money? It had made Hans great.

"Going back to your native village—you, who have the world at your feet!" sighed one of Florence's most famous beauties, as she looked into the young singer's eyes.

Six months had passed since he had paid his debt to Marguerite, and still he lingered. He had spent thrice the amount since then on a trinket to clasp some fair lady's arm. Did he, in holding it so lightly, forget that once it had been a girl's all?

Why, then, did the sigh the lady uttered find a response in his own breast?

"It is duty which calls me."

"Duty!" she murmured. "Are you sure it is not mistaken duty