

The Columbus Journal.

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WHOLE NO. 582.

Space.	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1000	\$12.00	\$10.00	\$8.00	\$6.00	\$5.00	\$4.00	\$3.00	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00
500	8.00	6.00	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.75	.50	.30
250	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.75	.50	.30	.20	.10
100	2.00	1.50	1.00	.75	.50	.30	.20	.10	.05	.02

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—AND—
Wagon Maker,
Shops near Foundry, south of A. & S. Depot.

All kinds of wood and iron work on
Wagons, Buggies, Farm Machinery, etc.
Keeps on hand the
TIMPKEN SPRING BUGGY,
and other eastern buggies.
—ALSO, THE—
Furst & 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.

Sees a First-Class Table.
Meals, 25 Cents. Lodgings, 25 Cts
per day.

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MRS. M. S. DRAKE
HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE
STOCK OF
**SPRING AND SUMMER
MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.**

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF EVERY
THING BELONGING TO
FIRST-CLASS MILLINERY.
ERY STORE.
Twelfth 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,
—ALSO—
SAUSAGE, POULTRY, FRESH FISH,
Etc., in their season.

Cash paid for Hides, Lard
and Bacon.
WILL T. RICKLY.

H. B. MORSE
IS STILL SELLING W. M. 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 & WHOLE-
SALE 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 customer—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,
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 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
go on foot. No trouble to show goods
or talk prices.
If square dealer and "live and let
live" prices will secure a share of your
patronage, I shall be pleased to re-
ceive it.

GEO. D. FOSTER,
Successor to R. Uhlig.
**COLUMBUS
STATE BANK,**
Successors to Gerhard & Reed and Turner & Smith.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.
CASH CAPITAL, \$50,000

DIRECTORS:
LEANDER GERHARD, Pres't.
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**Bank of Deposit, Discount
and Exchange.**
Collections Promptly Made on
all Points.
Pay Interest on Time Depos-
its.

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MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.**



Physicians and Surgeons.
C. D. MERRICK, M. D., J. C. DENNIS, M. D., of Omaha.

Consulting Physicians and Surgeons.
For the treatment of all classes of Sur-
gery 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 collec-
tions and proceeds remitted on day of
payment.
Passage tickets to or from European
points by best lines at lowest rates.
Drafts on principal points in Eu-
rope.

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First National Bank, Decorah, Iowa.
Allan & Co., Chicago.
First National Bank, Omaha.
First National Bank, Chicago.
Kountze Bros., N. Y.

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

Union Pacific, and Midland Pacific
R. R. Lands for sale at from \$3.00 to \$10.00
per acre for cash, or on five or ten year
time, in annual payments to suit pur-
chasers. 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 es-
tate in Platte County.

**HERMAN OEBLICH & BROS.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
GROCERS!**
ALSO DEALERS IN
Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Etc.,
and Country Produce of
all kinds.

**THE BEST OF FLOUR ALL
WAYS KEPT ON HAND.**

**GOOD GOODS
FOR THE
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 Wag-
ons 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 celebration.

CORTLAND WAGON COMPY,
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 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.
475-x

**COLUMBUS
Restaurant and Saloon!**
E. D. SHEEHAN, Proprietor.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in For-
eign Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Dub-
lin Stout, Scotch and English Ales.
Kentucky Whiskies a Specialty.

OYSTERS in their season, by the case
or on dish.
11th Street, South of Depot

**BUSINESS CARDS.
CORNELIUS & SULLIVAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Up-stairs in Glueck Building, 11th street,
Above the New bank.**

**JOHN J. MAUGHAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
PLATTE CENTER, NEB.**

**H. J. HUDSON,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House,
Columbus, Neb. 491-y**

**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. 616-y**

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

**F. H. RUSCHE,
11th St., nearly opp. Glueck'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
Nebraska, N. B. — He will give
close attention to all business entrusted
to him. 248.**

**LOUIS SCHRIEBER,
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's,"
Olive Street. 255**

**F. J. SCHUG, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Columbus, Neb.
Office—Corner of North and Eleventh
Streets, upstairs in Glueck'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 the office of teacher, and
for the transaction of any other business
pertaining to schools. 267-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 oppor-
tunity to estimate for you. Shop on
11th St., one door west of Friedhof &
Co's. store, Columbus, Nebr. 483-y**

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

**TUTT'S
PILLS**
INDORSED BY
PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND
THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.

**THE GREATEST MEDICAL
TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.**
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORDIP LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels constive,
Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in
the back part, Pain under the shoulder-
blade, Fullness after eating, with a dis-
tention to exertion of body or mind,
Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss
of memory, with a feeling of having de-
lected some duty, weariness, Distress,
Fluttering of the Heart, Dizziness before
the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restless-
ness at night, highly colored Urine.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OF WHATEVER COLOR, OR
GRAY BY A SINGLE APPLICATION OF THIS DYE. It
restores the natural color, acts instantaneously,
is sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.
Office, 35 Murray St., New York.
(Each bottle will be mailed FREE on application.)

UNCLE BENT'S GREAT BOWLER.
'Good-morning, Uncle Bent! I've
come over to see if you can give me
a job.'
Uncle Bent stood looking at a
huge bowler in a field beside the
house. He was something of a
bowler himself; well-rounded,
massy, haird, with a jaw as set and
firm as if it had been modeled out
of the granite hills.

He turned and looked at his neph-
ew, and a grim smile flickered like
April sunshine over the compact,
gray visage.
Wallace Bent was as little like his
uncle as a boy of the same name and
race could well be. There was nothing
of the bowler about him. He was
small and rather delicate, yet with
a certain decision and strength in
his plain, honest face.

He saw the slightly derisive smile,
and was conscious of looking very
puny indeed in the eyes of his stern
relative. He blushed, and aware
that such evidence of weakness
would not tend at all to raise him in
the old man's estimation, blushed
redder still.

'Want a job, do you? I declare!
Uncle Bent. "What do you
think you can do?"
'I should think there might be a
good many things about your place,
or your mill, or your store, that I
might do,' Wallace replied, with
awkward diffidence. 'Any way,
mother said I ought to apply to you
before going to any one else. I've
got to do something now, you know;
I'm not going to let her support me,
now I can support myself.'

'Yes, I thought both of you ought
to come to that conclusion long ago,'
said the old man. 'A poor boy like
you ought to have been put to earn-
ing his living sooner.'

'I suppose so,' Wallace answered.
'But mother wanted to keep me in
school as long as possible.'

'You're a pretty good scholar, I
hear,' said Uncle Bent; 'but what
good will that ever do you? You
that haven't the means to go thro'
college and take a profession.'

'That's true; but I believe a little
education will be good for me, what-
ever I do for a living,' said Wallace,
with a firm and intelligent look,
quite forgetting his blushes. 'That
may be a mistake. And I mean to
go to work now. And I thought I
would please mother by calling on
you.'

Uncle Bent was greatly annoyed,
for he said to himself, 'If I hire a
nephew and a poor widow's son, I
shall have to favor him, and pay him
wages, or folks will talk. Boys that
work for me must be tough! I don't
want anything to do with him!'

Then he said aloud, 'But you are
kind of weakly! You ain't stubbin'
enough to take hold and do real
work! You always have been puny!
It was Wallace's turn to smile.
'You blame me for not having gone
to work before; and now you say I
am not able to work.'

Uncle Bent wasn't pleased to be
convicted of inconsistency in this
easy, off-hand way by a school-boy
nephew.
'There may be some things you
can do,' he said; 'but my work is
man's work. I have man's work
enough, if you could do that.'

'I am sure I can do something at
it, and I don't expect more pay than
I can earn.'

Uncle Bent was afraid he had
already said too much. 'I shall
have the family on my hands if I
give him the least encouragement;
that's what the widow wants!' tho'
he. So he hastened to reply to the
boy's last remark.

'Here's a man's job, right here. I
want to build a barn; and I've been
wondering how I should get rid of
this bowler. If you want to tackle
that, you can!'

As the rock was large, and Wal-
lace looked quite small beside it, the
old man smiled again at the grotes-
queness of the proposal.

'Very well,' Wallace replied, 'I'll
take hold if you'll pay me by the
week.'

'No, no!' cried Uncle Bent, grow-
ing good-natured over what he
considered a capital joke. 'Take it
by the job, and then you can be as
long as you please about it. Lift a
little in the forenoon, sit down in
the shadow of it and eat your dinner,
then lift a little more in the after-
noon.'

'What shall I do with it when I
take it away?' Wallace asked.
'I don't care; only get it off from
my place.'

'And what do you propose to give
for the job?'
'Ten dollars,' said the old man,
promptly, for he had already calcu-
lated that it would cost much more
than that to drill the rock and break
it up with blasting powder.
'I'll think about it,' said Wallace,
after a little hesitation.
Uncle Bent laughed. But there
was something in the boy's face he

didn't understand.
'He can't be in earnest,' he said to
himself, and he thought it wise to
add, 'I'll give you six weeks to do it
in; say, till the first of June.'

'All right,' said the boy. 'Mean-
while isn't there some other little
job you'd like to have me try my
hand at? There's all that brush
back there which the woodchoppers
have left; wouldn't you like to have
me take that away?'
'Yes.'

'What will you give me?'
'Nothing,' said the old man, shortly.
'That isn't very large pay,' the boy
replied.

'I know it,' said his uncle. 'The
brush can be burnt right where it is,
and the ashes are worth something
on the land. Besides, some of the
large limbs will cut up into good
wood.'

'Well,' Wallace replied, after a
little meditation, 'I'll take the bow-
ler, and I'll burn the brush-heaps on
your land, and leave you the ashes.
You shall give me ten dollars for
the rock, and what wood I choose to
cut out of the brush. Is that fair?'
'Well, fair enough,' the old man
was obliged to admit. 'But if you
are in earnest, I must say you are a
blamed fool!'

'That's my lookout,' laughed Wal-
lace, starting to walk toward the
brushheaps.
'And see here!' cried his uncle,
'you are not to damage the trees, or
endanger the corded wood by your
fires.'

'Of course not,' consented Wallace,
without looking back.
'He talks that way just to carry
out the joke,' thought Uncle Bent.
'He don't act like it, though. See
here!' he again called out, 'I suppose
you know there's only one way of
moving this rock?'

'You suggested lifting,' said Wal-
lace, smiling over his shoulder.
'It will take a quantity of powder,
and a good many days' work,' said
the old man, anxious to get at the
boy's real intentions.

'I haven't any money to buy pow-
der, or to hire men; so I shall have
to try other means,' Wallace replied.
'Do you mean it?' cried his uncle,
growing astonished.
'I am going to try,' said Wallace.
'But what—how—how are you
going to manage?'

'I can't say until I have studied
into the matter a little.' And again
Wallace walked on toward the
woods.

Uncle Bent was wroth, irritated
and puzzled. He was really inclined
to set the boy down for a fool; and
he was confirmed in this opinion, on
coming out again after dinner, and
finding what Wallace had been doing.

He had got another boy to help
him; a tall, gawky fellow, whom
Uncle Bent recognized as Simple
Jack—one of those weak-minded
youths who are to be found in almost
any village. He was dragging brush
from the land and placing it in piles
near the bowler.

'Go'n' to have some fun,' he said,
when the old man asked him what
he was about.
'What sort of fun?' Uncle Bent
inquired.

'Go'n' to make a big fire, an' burn
up the rock,' replied Simple Jack.
'Burn up the rock!' growled the
old man, with angry impatience.
'That nephew of mine is certainly a
fool, and he has taken another fool
into company!'

He walked off toward the woods,
where he saw Wallace disentangling
the brush-heaps.
The boy looked up from his work,
wiped his brow under his old hat,
and turned a red and sweaty
face toward his uncle.

'So you're going to burn up the
bowler, are you?' cried the old
man, with somewhat savage sar-
casm. 'That's a bright idee?'

'I didn't say I was going to burn
it up,' Wallace replied, embarrassed
and nettled.
'Simple Jack says so.'

'Simple Jack isn't the boss of this
job.'

Wallace gave a pull at a large
branch; and then added in a rather
dry, drawing tone, 'But I won't
dispute what he says. I've been
thinking about that bowler a good
deal, uncle. I can't tell yet what
I'm going to do, for I'm not sure my
experiment will succeed.'

built a raging fire of brush against
a broad side of the rock.
Nor, I must say, was Wallace at
all pleased to see his uncle approach-
ing. The critical moment of his
experiment had arrived; and, altho'
he felt reasonably certain of success,
the old man's presence made him
nervous.

But then he reflected, it would be
pleasant to have him there to wit-
ness his triumph.
Wallace was adding bits of dry
brush to the fire immediately beside
the rock, while Simple Jack was
bringing water from Uncle Bent's
well and filling tubs.

'What's the water for?' the old
man demanded of the tall, awkward
youth.
'To put out the rock when it burns
too fast,' replied Simple Jack, lug-
ging his pails. 'Go'n' to have great
fun!'

'So you're re'ly trying the fire?'
cried Uncle Bent, approaching the
scene of the experiment. 'I don't
see that the bowler has burnt up
much yet!'

'No, not yet. It is getting pretty
hot, though, and we have plenty
more brush, you see,' replied Wal-
lace.
'It will be some time before you
need the water if it is to put the
rock out when it burns too fast, as
Jack says,' observed the sarcastic
old man.

'Jack don't get things quite right,
though I've tried to explain them to
him,' replied Wallace. 'We shall
need the water pretty soon, I think.
That will do, Jack! Now stand by
that tub, and do just as I tell you.'

That was a tub on each side of
the fire, which was now rapidly
dying away. Instead of replenish-
ing the fire, Wallace hauled what was
left of it quickly away from the
rock with an iron rake.

'Now dash on!' he cried; and set
the example of throwing water from
one of the tubs upon the heated face
of the porous rock.

Jack hurried water from the other
tub. It was cold water from the
well. As it struck the bowler, it
hissed and steamed furiously.
Uncle Bent stepped back to avoid
getting splattered. He had hardly
stationed himself at a safe distance
when he was startled by a succession
of sharp reports. Crack—crack—
crack—crack!

'I van'!' he cried; 'the bowler is
flying to pieces!'

'Crack—crack—again. Then, after
a little while, the reports grew dull,
and ceased. But, in the meanwhile,
fisks and masses of the rock had
broken away and fallen; some light
fragments flying across the fire, and
lighting at his feet.

'Stop now!' cried Wallace. 'Save
the water, and put on the brush
again!'

He shoved what was left of the
fire back against the rock, and in a
short time there was another brave
blaze.