

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XII--NO. 15.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 587.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for Space, Day, Week, Month, 3 Months, 6 Months, 1 Year.

ADVERTISEMENTS. HENRY LUERS, BLACKSMITH. Wagon Maker. NEBRASKA HOUSE. MILLINERY! MILLINERY! FURNTURE, AND UNDERTAKERS. CITY Meat Market! H. B. MORSE. SHELL CREEK MILLS. FLOUR AND MEAL.

HARDWARE, STOVES. AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. STOVES. RANGES. NAILS, PUMPS. BARBED WIRE. PLOWS, HARROWS, RAKES. CLIMAX MOWERS. EUREKA MOWERS. STATE BANK. AMERICAN MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

ANDERSON & ROEN, BANKERS. CORNELIUS & SULLIVAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. JOHN J. MAUGHAN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND NOTARY PUBLIC. DR. A. HEINTZ, DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS. SPEICE & NORTH, Real Estate.

BUSINESS CARDS. THE LEGEND OF THE LAMP. A Tale of the Lakes of Killarney. 'I cannot speak with certainty as to the exact period of time to which the story I am about to relate appertains, but it was in those days long gone by, when this fair land was divided among many rulers, and during a time when a dreadful pestilence made the stoutest heart quail with fear.

'Young warrior, you surely can not have the heart to enforce this terrible decree; you will not drive the old man forth to meet the vengeance of an angry tyrant?' 'The fair pleader never looked more beautiful than at this moment; her bosom heaving with contending emotions while from her full staggish eyes shot daring and determination. Scanlan, whose heart was not totally devoid of feeling, appeared to gaze with interest as he looked upon the lovely advocate, and was about to reply, when the harsh voice of one of his followers reminded him that he had yet other duties to perform, and that the orders of the MacCarthy must not be delayed by their intercession.

'Right,' said the young chief; 'come, fair maiden, prepare yourself for instant departure; we will conduct you safely through the mountain passes, and once beyond the district of Eoganach you will be free from further molestation.' 'He commanded his followers to execute their business with dispatch. In vain did the almost frantic Saova implore him to be merciful, and take her life rather than separate her from her aged father. He was deaf to all her entreaties, and, having rudely repulsed her, she sank senseless to the ground. After plundering the abode of all the wealth it contained, Scanlan and his followers forced the old man from his home. The tumult aroused Saova, and she stood, an altered being before the marauders.

'Father, farewell!' she said. 'The daughter of an Irish chieftain must preserve her life for a great and noble purpose.' 'Scanlan was at a loss to comprehend her words, and the sudden change which had taken place in her manner; but her father's eyes brightened as he read the characters of defiance and revenge in his daughter's face. They were, however, from that hour separated forever. Two months from that day the Chief of the Glen was seated at the feet of Eline, daughter of the MacCarthy Mor; she was listening with delight and attention to the recital of his adventures in her father's service, while his mother, the proud Gromlath, sat watching them with smiles of contentment. They formed a charming group; the fair, delicate girl, clothed in a robe of purest white, her slender waist encircled by a golden zone, was seated upon an ebony chair of curious workmanship; the handsome youth, who appeared almost on his knees before her, as if in deep devotion before some saint. Eline smiling and happy in his love, listened as he spoke. Scanlan thought only of the bliss that awaited him, and his happiness in contemplating the fair features of the maiden he should call his own on the morrow. At their side, and looking as their guardian angel, sat Gromlath, exulting in her success of having effected a union which would heal the breach which had for some time existed between her noble race and that of the MacCarthy Mor. Day was fast drawing to a close, the evening perfume of the sweet spring flowers embalmed the air, and all nature seemed hushed into a holy calm. The little party felt its influence, and silence for a while crept among them, as if they were afraid to break the repose of nature. The Chief of the Glen rested his head near the lap of his Eline, and at that moment they forgot all but themselves, even the dreadful pestilence which for some time past had, like a scythe, cut off so many of the chieftains and their followers, sparing in its dreadful march neither young nor old. At this hour of fancied security the large Gothic door of the apartment was cautiously opened, and a female figure, closely veiled, stood before the happy group. The youth started to his feet, displeased at being interrupted in the sweet, but serious, train of thought to which he had yielded, and somewhat rudely demanded the purport of her visit.

'Scanlan, Chief of the Glen,' she replied, with solemnity, 'is not that fair maiden Eline, the daughter of the great MacCarthy Mor, and your affianced bride?' 'At the sound of the woman's voice Eline started up from her seat and bent an inquiring look upon her lover. She fancied she foresaw that a disagreeable scene was about to be enacted by some trembling and forsaken girl, and, tearing for her own happiness, she burst into tears. 'Scanlan briefly replied: 'She is my affianced bride, the daughter of MacCarthy Mor.' 'It is well,' said the incognito, in a tone of exultation, and turning to the door by which she had entered carefully closed it. Then placing herself before Eline she scrutinized her for some time through her veil; then, as if thinking aloud, she murmured pausing between each word: 'Yes, yes; she is, indeed, handsome, even more beautiful than I had hoped to find her.' 'And what is that to thee?' demanded Scanlan, impatiently. 'What to me?' exultingly replied the unknown; 'why this, Scanlan of the Glen! I came to warn you of a danger that threatens you and your young bride; of a dreadful project to dash the cup of bliss forever from your lips; it has been well conceived, and will be executed by one who is your deadly enemy.'