

NEBRASKA.  
Old Scenes Revisited—The Platte Valley—An Effort in the Timber Line—The March of Improvement—A Few Words About the Crops, Etc., Etc.

[Cor. Ohio State Journal.]

COLUMBUS, NEB., Sept. 1, 1881.—After an absence of some twenty years, the writer revisits the scene of his former efforts as a pioneer of the great West—this flourishing and prosperous little city of 2,500 inhabitants named after the Capital City of Ohio, and destined some day to rival it as a railroad center. It is situated on the north bank of Loup river, four or five miles above its confluence with the Platte, on a high level plateau, and already makes quite an imposing appearance as you approach it from the east. Although this valley was originally a treeless plain, the town is well shaded with cottonwood, elm, box elder and other trees. The surrounding country is also putting on the appearance of a wooded country, as nearly every farmer has planted groves of timber, some of which are now quite large and look like our original Ohio forest. I prophesy that in one hundred years, or perhaps in fifty years from this time, Nebraska will be a better wooded country than Ohio or any of the Eastern States, for the reason that here the people are making every effort to produce timber, while in the East the effort is to destroy it, in order to make more fields. This country was originally all field, and the prime necessity and want now is trees to serve as shelter to both man and beast, and as a protection to fruit.

This part of the great West has made wonderful progress since my first visit of twenty years ago. At that time the number of farms between Columbus and Omaha could be counted on the fingers; now the farms are continuous all the way—a distance of ninety-five miles—and extend toward the west and north indefinitely. In spite of the very unpropitious season, the corn crop is going to be good. Corn that was planted early, and which has been well tended, will produce considerably more than the average Ohio crop. Some fields will run 75 to 80 bushels to the acre—100 bushels is not an unusual crop in good seasons. Wheat has not turned out as well as usual—perhaps not more than a half crop will be garnered this year. Potatoes are of an excellent quality, but not very great in quantity, owing to the extremely dry season. Other crops are fair, considering the season. What do you think of a 42-pound watermelon? Myself and some eight or ten friends devoured such a one, and it was all we could do. Melons of all kinds flourish here, the soil being something like that of the Pickaway plains near Circleville.

Columbus now has four railroads centering here—the Union Pacific, which passes through from Omaha to San Francisco; the B. & M., connecting Columbus with Lincoln, the Capital of the State; and two branches of the Union Pacific, the one running from this place to Madison, north some fifty miles, and the other up the Loup Valley to Albion. All the stations along these roads seem to be flourishing. The country north of here is very undulating in character, and is interspersed with numerous small streams, forming many charming little valleys. Land can be purchased anywhere within ten miles of a station at \$4 to \$10 per acre, either on long time or at a good reduction for cash. Cattle raising is yet the most productive business, as pasturage is abundant, and a good quality of hay for winter feeding can be made from the wild prairie grass. The meadow lands are generally situated in the valleys and depressions in the hills, although much hay is also cut on the uplands. It is all native grass, and very nutritious.

I find all of the pioneers of twenty years ago either well fixed on large farms in the country, or at the head of flourishing business houses in the city. They came here without capital and grew up with the country, and the result is they have attained to position and wealth which would have been entirely out of reach of many of them in the older States, and who came here with a combined capital not exceeding \$5,000, who to-day are worth from \$100,000 to \$300,000 each.

There are quite a number of Columbus boys here, who are prominent in business and in official stations, and all doing well. You meet Ohio people everywhere, and in the affairs of the Nation, they are generally found at the top of the heap.

PLATTE.

Gymnastics as a Cure of Disease.

Boerhaave, the great Dutch physician, inscribed on the wall of his lecture-room, "I gave the medicine, God cured the disease." He was far in advance of the doctors of his era, and promulgated ideas which were then novel, but which science has since made common-place.

In an age of dosing, when quantity was as much thought of as quality, he said:

"When I reflect on the immunity of hardworking people from the effects of wrong and overfeeding, I cannot help thinking that most of our fashionable diseases might be cured mechanically, instead of chem-

ically, by climbing a fitterwood tree, or chopping it down, if you like, rather than swallowing a decoction of its disgusting leaves."

Each schoolboy now knows that physical vigor is the basis of bodily health, and may only be retained by exercise. But in those days few physicians cared to utter the truth, even if they themselves knew it.

The ancient Greeks, knowing that an effeminate man is half sick, provided gymnastic exercises. They used these to promote health and prevent disease. An Old Greek doctor, Aesclepiades, is quoted as an authority by Dr. Oswald to enforce the idea that gymnastics will cure disease.

The philosopher had found that health could be preserved, and if lost, restored by physical exercise alone, and not only discarded the use of internal remedies, but made public declaration that he would forfeit all claim to the title of physician if he should ever fall sick or die but by violence or extreme old age.

Aesclepiades kept his word, for he lived upward of a century, and died from the effects of an accident. He used to prescribe a course of gymnastics for every form of bodily ailment.

TAKING A LONG JOURNEY.

"We've a Long Journey to go, and Grandpa's Baby Mustn't Get Tired."

When one of the trains of this city came in at midnight a few nights ago, an old man was found sleeping in one of the seats; the conductor flashed his lantern in his face; the brakeman stirred him up, and one or two passengers looked at him curiously, but no person seemed to belong to him. He was neat and clean, but thin and wasted by old age or privation. All sorts of troubles were mapped out on his clean, withered face, but the main thing just then was to get him awake and on his feet and out of the car.

"I say, old man," yelled the conductor, in a seven-league voice, "get out of this; do you hear? This is Detroit. If you've got any friends they'll be looking for you."

He opened his eyes so wide and sudden that the brakeman and conductor and the curious passengers fell back on each other in a heap, but only his lips moved.

"Where's Gracie?"

"Who?" asked the conductor, recovering his official voice.

"Little Gracie—grandpa's little pet! I brought her with me. Is she—where's she?"

"I guess he is not wide awake yet," said the curious passenger.

"Suppose you help him to his feet?"

Conductors are expert in helping people to their feet, and this one was no exception. He took the old man by the coat collar and stood him up, but he sank down again the next moment limp and motionless. Just then a depot hand came in.

"The baggage master wants to know what you're going to do with that rife of a deal box over there. He don't want any of that kind left over, and there ain't no direction on it but 'Gracie!'"

"That's her!" said the old man, and he stood up feebly. "Take me there. We're going a long journey—Gracie and me; a long, long journey, but it don't seem as if I knew the way right clear."

They took him into the depot and laid him on one of the benches, and put his old carpet-bag under his head, but he still stilled for his "little Gracie—pet," and at last they consoled him by telling him she was resting, she was asleep and must not be disturbed.

"We've a long, long journey to go," he kept saying to himself; "and grandpa's baby mustn't get tired. It's a long way, a long way."

"The little box," with Gracie written upon it in lead pencil, was safe enough with the other "freight," and the old man slept peacefully at last. Some kind soul threw a rug over him near morning, and asked him what train he was waiting for, but all the answer he made was a feeble "Thank'ee; call me at sunrise. We're going a long journey, Gracie and me."

He was called at sunrise by a voice that none may refuse, and when a flood of rosy light shone into the dreary room he was up and away—gone on his long journey. Only the worn out body was there, and yesterday it was laid away with "little Gracie" in the strangers' lot at Mount Elliott, alone, unknown, yet possibly in as "sure hope of a gracious resurrection" as if marked by ninety feet of monumental clay.

—Detroit Post and Tribune.

"You are fond of the British poets, Miss C.?" "Awfully so." Have you read Lamb?" "Yes, and with such pleasure!" "Are you fond of Hogg?" "Yes, but I do so dread trichinosis!"

"Where would you put me when I come to see you in your castle in the air?" asked a gentleman of a witty girl. "In a brown study," she replied.

A passenger on an ocean steamer, seeing a fellow voyager looking rather crest-fallen asked him what was up. "My dinner," was the laconic reply.

When passengers talk too much to the captain he can always find relief by shouting, "Mau over-board!"

RELIEF FROM CONSUMPTION.  
A New Remedy Suggested by a Minnesota Physician.

In a letter from Minneapolis, Minn., to the Chicago Tribune, in which he declares that no cough mixture can reach the lungs, Dr. R. D'Unger says:

I need not describe the symptoms of consumption, as they are so well known and so frequently beheld that even the most unintelligent can diagnose the disease from the hectic spots in the cheeks, the terrible exhausting cough, the purulent expectoration, and wasting body; nor will I here put down the thousand and one opinions already printed as to its causation. It will be enough to say that, when it is once seated, strenuous efforts to check its progress must be made. Nature herself always tries to do this, and with slight aid, she usually succeeds. Be hopeful, then, ye afflicted ones.

Let us compare life to a burning lamp. If we supply oil as rapidly as the flame consumes it, the lamp remains unburnt, and the lamp throws out its given light; but if we fail to supply the oil needed to produce the flame, it is a foregone conclusion; the wick becomes consumed, the light grows dim, flickers, and finally goes out altogether. In other words, the light dies because there is too much oxygen and not enough carbon. So it is with a consumptive's life. The disease he suffers from is a wasting one, an internal fever which consumes the carbon in his blood more rapidly than the food he eats can supply it. If carbon was furnished as fast as the disease exhausted it, the body would not waste; if it was put into the blood in excess of what the disease required, there would be an increase in the strength and bulk of the body, instead of a decrease. Like the lamp, the supply of oil in the body must be equivalent to the demand or in excess of it. If this be not so, the life, like the wick, will be consumed.

Some months ago the little daughter (aged fourteen) of a trunkmaker in this city, one Mr. Garden—I am permitted to use his name—was pronounced a hopeless consumptive; and to have seen her at that time one would have supposed there was good ground for the decision, as she was a mere skeleton, had a terrible cough, expectorated over half a pint a day of greenish, blood-streaked tuberculous matter, and was so exceedingly nervous that she could scarcely sleep at all, night or day. She had been doctored a long time with cough and consumption specifics, and one or two physicians had tried their skill on her, but without avail, her life gradually drawing to its close. Meeting her father—who was almost heart-broken at the thought of soon losing her—one day, I gave him this prescription:

One half pound finely cut up beef-steak (fresh).

One drachm pulverized charcoal.

Four ounces pulverized sugar.

Four ounces rye whiskey.

One pint boiling water.

Mix all together, let it stand in a cool place over night, and give from one to two teaspoonful liquid and meat—before each meal.

This was tried, and in four or five weeks this little girl was so rosy and healthy, free from all cough and other symptoms of disease, that it was considered almost a miracle in the neighborhood in which she lived.

What caused this great change? Simply the supplying of her system with more carbon than the disease could exhaust, thereby giving nature the upper hand in the conflict.

I have used this preparation very frequently, and have never found it to act otherwise than beneficially. The dose should be small at first, until the stomach becomes used to it, and then gradually increased.

Let all consumptives try it who read this, weighing themselves before they commence, and again after they have taken it for a week or ten days. To their astonishment they will discover that, instead of their wasting away, they will gain in strength and flesh. And then let them be kind enough to report the result to the Chicago Tribune for the benefit of that timid class of lung-sick people who are afraid to try any remedy unless they pay one dollar a bottle for it or double that sum for a prescription.

Why He Comes.

Mr. Wood has spent the best part of his days in the swamps and agree districts of Indiana, but hereafter proposes to live in a better climate and pursue the calling of agriculture in a state where life is more endurable and the reward of the husbandman attended with greater certainty.

After carefully examining the situation in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas, he finally halts in the valley of the Loup, purchases a large body of land and settles down to live and to draw around him many of his old neighbors in Hoosierdom. Mr. W. says no part of the large section of country traversed possesses such a deep and uniform soil as he has found in Nebraska, and nowhere has he discovered such crop prospects as are here presented. Nebraska's new settler from Indiana is but a specimen of the thousands who are finding homes in this state under similar circumstances, and who are at no distant day to occupy and cultivate

every foot of vacant land now awaiting settlement. They come here not because of a scarcity of land elsewhere, but because, having viewed the country, they are convinced that, taking all advantages into consideration, the inducements which Nebraska holds out for settlement are equalled by few states and territories and surpassed by none. Our market facilities, church and school advantages, excellent climate, rich soil and growing crops once seen are convincing proof that no better country for agricultural purposes exists anywhere. Within the next two months thousands of these home-seekers will visit this state, and if they but take the time and incur the expense of looking elsewhere first, no fear need be entertained of what their final decision with reference to location will be.—Omaha Republican.

Whence His Wealth.

One of the richest Chinamen in San Francisco is Mr. Chew Kow Yip, who came to this country a penniless Mongolian thief about seven years ago. All his wealth had been obtained by committing to memory four simple words, "You save me leper." The second night after his arrival he broke into a dry goods store, and was just carrying away his booty when a policeman collared him, prepared to march him down to the city hall. He made no resistance, but innocently remarked, "You save me leper," and the officer fled wildly toward North Beach, giving his prisoner the opportunity to steal seven more undershirts, of which he promptly availed himself. He was only once brought into court, being then charged with a wholesale diamond robbery, and when asked to plead guilty or not guilty, he simply repeated the words of his charm, in a voice at once plaintive and full of expression. The court was cleared in less than thirty seconds, two of the jury leaving their hats behind, and the judge his gold spectacles, all of which Mr. Chew Kow Yip appropriated, together with the loose change in the clerk's drawer. The wealthy heathen is entirely free from leprosy. He will sail for Hong Kong, with about \$90,000.

There is a very pretty story told how a lovely Jewess in a Russian town saved property and life during the recent attack upon the Jews. A great hulking ruffian entered her shop and bought a loaf of bread. After swallowing a couple of mouthfuls, he threw himself on the ground outside the shop door and began to howl piteously that he was poisoned—the Jews had poisoned him. Of course, an infuriated crowd instantly assembled, and it would have fared ill with our Jewess if she had not dashed out of the shop and snatched the bread out of the impostor's hands and began to eat it in sight of them all. The crowd stopped, thunder-struck; then a broad grin dawned on every countenance; to her one of them called out: "Aloha, lend me your knife, will you?" Then the impostor started to his feet and scudded off, pursued by a mischievous but no longer sanguinary crowd.

An ingenious farmer, sticking a few nails into a clothes line to keep his neighbor's cattle out of his pasture, went about his own business, thinking no more about the matter. A sharper came along, saw the rope, and began to think about it. He evolved the "barbed wire" fence, and the very farmer from whom the fellow got the idea has to pay the sharp a tribute for the article which he himself originally designed. And the income of the monopoly is estimated at \$100,000 per month.

What pleases only for the moment, whether poetry, oratory or policy, will die with the moment. What looks beyond the moment, will live beyond the moment. What speaks to the intelligent few will at last make a conquest of the unintelligent many. What speaks to the unintelligent many never reach the intelligent few, and will soon be forgotten by the unintelligent many also.—Dean Stanley

A New Hampshire farmer agreed to sell his farm for \$2,000, but when the day came he told the expectant purchaser that his wife was in hysterics about the trade, and he 'guessed' he'd have to back out. The purchaser complained, and finally asked how much more would induce him to sell. "Well," replied the thrifty son of the Granite State, "give me \$250 more, and we'll let her cry."

A little girl, about three years old, was crying one day, when her mother said: "Hush, my dear; you know you never got anything by crying." Quick as a flash, the little girl replied, "Yes, I have—a whipping, many a time."

A little boy was asked recently if he knew where the wicked finally went to. He answered: "They practice law here a spell and go to the Legislature." It was a painful operation for that boy to sit down for a few days.

Good books are the oat-meal of literature and the best food for thought, yet many parents permit their children to feast on the pasty of trashy stories, and then wonder on their mental dyspepsia.

Columbus Camp Meeting—Sept. 21st to 27th.

The Seventh Day adventists of Nebraska hold their annual State camp-meeting as above. Elder Geo. I. Butler, President of the General Conference, and other able speakers will be present. The U. P. and B. & M. railroads have granted the usual reduction in fare, to one and one-fourth fare for the round trip. This includes all the roads centering at Columbus.

No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.—Abraham Lincoln.

The egotistical writer may not be much of a reader, but he runs his lover several columns every day.

If you are troubled with sleeplessness, imagine you have got to get up, and off you go.

The best of us are apt to be mealy mouthed three times a day.

If you act with a view to praise only you deserve none.

The strongest net ures are tenderest and most pitiful.

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

C. H. VAN DYCK, U. S. Senator, Nebraska.

ALVIN SANDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.

T. J. MAJORS, Rep., Peru.

K. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point.

STATE DIRECTORY:

ALBINO NANCE, Governor, Lincoln.

S. J. ALEXANDER, Secretary of State.

JOHN WALLACE, Auditor, Lincoln.

G. M. BARTLETT, Treasurer, Lincoln.

C. J. DILLWORTH, Attorney-General.

W. W. JONES, Supt. Public Instruction.

C. J. NILES, Warden of Prison.

W. W. ABBEY, Prison Inspectors.

C. H. GOULD, Prison Physician.

H. P. MATTHEWSON, Supt. Insane Asylum.

JUDICIARY:

S. Maxwell, Chief Justice.

George B. Lusk, Associate Judges.

AMASA COBB, Associate Judges.

FOURTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

J. 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.

John Spelman, Sheriff.

R. L. Rossiter, Surveyor.

John Maher, County Commissioners.

Joseph Reitz, Coroner.

J. C. Mouton, Supt. of Schools.

G. B. Bailey, Justices of the Peace.

Charles Wake, Constable.

CITY DIRECTORY:

J. R. Meagher, Mayor.

H. J. Hudson, Clerk.

John P. Wernuth, Treasurer.

Geo. G. Bowman, Police Judge.

L. J. Cramer, Engineer.

COUNCILMEN:

1st Ward—John Lickety.

G. A. Schroeder.

2d Ward—Wm. Lamb.

L. Gluck.

3d Ward—J. Rasmussen.

A. A. Smith.

Columbus Post Office.

Open 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 for Columbus for Lost Creek, Genoa, St. Edwards, Albion, Platte Center, Humphrey, Madison and Norfolk, every day (except Sundays) at 4:30 P. M. Arrives at 10:35. For Shell Creek and Creston, on Mondays and Fridays, 7 A. M., returning at 7 P. M., same days.

For Alexis, Patron and David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives at 11:15. For Council Bluffs, Mondays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives 6 P. M., same days.

U. P. Time Table.

Eastward Bound.

Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at 6:25 a. m. Passenger, " " " " 11:06 a. m. Freight, " " " " 2:15 p. m. Freight, " " " " 4:30 a. m.

Westward Bound.

Freight, No. 5, leaves at 2:00 p. m. Passenger, " " " " 4:25 p. m. Freight, " " " " 6:30 p. m. Emigrant, " " " " 1:30 a. m.

Every day except Saturday the three lines leading to Chicago connect with U. P. trains at Omaha. On Saturdays there will be but one train a day, as shown by the following schedule:

B. & M. TIME TABLE.

Leaves Columbus 5:45 a. m. " Bellwood 6:30 " " David City 7:30 " " Garrison 7:45 " " Ulm 8:25 " " Staplehurst 8:55 " " Seward 9:30 " " Milford 10:15 " " Pleasant Dale 10:45 " " Emerald 11:10 " " Arrives Lincoln at 12:50 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 7:00 P. M. Makes close connection at Lincoln for all points east, west and south.

O. N. & B. H. ROAD.

Time Schedule No. 4. To take effect June 2, 1881. For the government and information of employees only. The Company reserves the right to vary therefrom at pleasure. Trains daily, Sundays excepted.

Outward Bound.

Columbus 4:33 P. M. Norfolk 1:26 A. M. Lost Creek 5:21 " Munson 7:47 " Pl. Centre 5:42 " Madison 8:26 " Humphrey 6:25 " Humphrey 9:06 " Madison 7:04 " Pl. Centre 9:46 " 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. Albion 8:21 " St. Edwards 8:30 " Genoa 8:36 " John 9:14 " St. Edwards 7:30 " Lost Creek 9:30 " Albion 7:47 " Columbus 10:45 "

SOCIETY NOTICES.

Insert Cards under this heading will be inserted for \$3 a year.

G. A. B.—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, Adjt.

H. P. BOWER, Secy. Maj.

WILLIAM RYAN, DEALER IN KENTUCKY WHISKIES.

Wines, Ales, Cigars and Tobacco.

Schultz's Milwaukee Beer constantly on hand. \$2.

ELKENTON ST., COLUMBUS, NEB.

FARMERS, YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE Grand Opening!—OF—ELLIOTT & LUERS' MAMMOTH IMPLEMENT HOUSE (Morrissey & Klock's old stand on Olive Street.)

Where you find one of the largest and best stocks of Farming Implements kept in Columbus. We handle nothing but the best machinery in the market, such as the following:

Buckeye Harvesters REAPERS AND MOWERS, Tincon Buggies and Spring Wagons, FARM WAGONS, SULKY PLOWS, STEERING PLOWS, HARROWS, CULTIVATORS, CORN PLANTERS,

COB SHELLERS, FEED MILLS, Challenge Wind Mills, PUMPS, and every thing that is a Farming House.

WE guarantee all work. We are bound not to be undersold by any one in Central Nebraska. We pay the highest cash price for wheat and all kinds of grain.

ELLIOTT & LUERS, 564-6m Successors to J. C. Elliott.

LAND, FARMS, AND—CITY PROPERTY FOR SALE—AT THE—Union Pacific Land Office,

On Long Time and low rate of Interest.

All wishing to buy Rail Road Lands or Improved Farms will find it to their advantage to call at the U. P. Land Office before looking elsewhere as I make a specialty of buying and selling lands on commission; all persons wishing to sell farms or unimproved land will find it to their advantage to leave their lands with me for sale, as my facilities for affecting sales are unsurpassed. I am prepared to make final proof for all parties wishing to get a patent for their homesteads.

Henry Cordes, Clerk, writes and speaks German.

SAMUEL C. SMITH, Agt. U. P. Land Department, 555-y COLUMBUS, NEB.

BACKACHE QUICKLY CURED BY CARTER'S Smart Weed

—AND—Belladonna Backache Plasters!

These plasters contain Smart Weed and Belladonna—both powerful pain relievers—in addition to the usual gum, balsam, etc., used in other plasters, and are consequently superior to all others for the relief of Backache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Stiffness of the Joints, and for all Pains and Aches, and wherever a Plaster can be used. If you have any need for a Plaster used for Smart Weed, we know this one will please you. It is sure to give relief, and pain can be relieved in five minutes.

Ask your druggist for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 15 cents. CARTER'S MEDICINE CO., New York.

This Space is Reserved FOR—GREISEN BROS., Boot and Shoes.

This Road together with the C. B. & Q. which is called

The BURLINGTON ROUTE!

Forms the most complete line between Nebraska points and all points East of Missouri River. Passengers taking this line cross the Missouri River at Plattsmouth over the

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

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Store on Olive St., near the old Post-office Columbus Nebraska. 447-ly

FARMERS! BE OF GOOD CHEER! Let not the low prices of your products discourage you, but rather limit your expenses to your resources. You can do so by stopping at the new home of your fellow farmer, where you can find good accommodations cheap. For hay for team for one night and day, 25 cts. A room furnished with a cook stove and bunk, in connection with the stable free. Those wishing can be accommodated at the house of the undersigned at the following rates: Meals 25 cents beds 10 cents. J. B. BENJAMIN, 1/4 mile east of Gerrard's Corral

A GOOD FARM FOR SALE