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The Columbus Journal.

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WHOLE NO. 600.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for Space, Time, and Rate. Includes rates for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th days.

Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dollars. Local advertisements at special rates. Editorial local notices fifteen cents a line each insertion.

The Demoralization of Riches.

Said an aged politician and editor to me. "I like to read your off-hand social sermons, because they seem to be confessions. Now let me make a confession to you! I don't believe, although I have a large summer house at the most successful resort in the country, that the dissipations and broken habits of the long season do me any good or give me any rest, or that I am as well insured for length of days in the idle summer as in the severe winter. And can you tell me, then Diogenes of Broadway I say every body is—'Waiting the summer resorts and at such an increase of board bills and family expenses?' 'It is the rise of wealth,' said I, 'resulting from the development and speculation in a new country, giving an unrest to young and old, and making the most forward our leaders whether in physics or morals. None dare be independent where all can be rich. When George the Fourth was ruling a successful empire that had just finished thirty years of war and was trading with the whole world, Beau Brummel, who could starch his collars and neckties the nicest, was the next man to the King, though a sharper and a parasite, and the King, without a single virtue, was called the 'first gentleman of Europe!'"

"Alas!" said the political sage, "there is too much wealth, I fear, to make us as happy as we have been. I am sure people are not as happy as in the day of small incomes and quiet habits. I know most of our rich men, and as men they are not the social equals of the moderately rich men of forty years ago. Rufus King was then my neighbor at Albany, considered the richest man north of New York, and the leading banker. He told me that it cost him only \$3,000 a year for his whole expenses and family, and no other man lived as well in Albany. Yet his expenses would not now pay his children's school bills. When I was Collector of the Port of Albany, at a salary of \$4 a day, I felt as if I had got a lift that would make me independent, and when I saved \$750 a year I felt that I was on the high road to success. No man in those days had \$1,000,000, or, if he had, he was considered to have vast responsibilities to his country and his God. Now \$1,000,000 excites no admiration, and I do not think it brings much compensation. It only goods the man to push-out for more. His relations to his faculties and his health are worse. His career is really more contracted, because he is sitting down by the million like a pin by a loadstone, unable to get away from its influence upon his mentality."—Guth, in New York Tribune.

A Sensible Girl. The other day a girl of our acquaintance, who is pursuing a select course of study in one of the collegiate institutions of the city, examined the printed curriculum with reference to deciding what study she would take up in the next term. While consulting about the matter, she read over the long list of textbooks on science, language, literature and mathematics, when she exclaimed: "If I tell you what I would like to study—I would like to study medicine. I don't mean that I want to be a physician, and practice, but only know what to do at home when anything happens. I am sure it will be more useful to me than—and she turned to the prescribed course of study—than spherical trigonometry, navigation, etc. We cannot run for a doctor every time anybody sneezes or coughs, and I would like to know what to do for one who is a little sick." Here is a matter concerning which young women need some simple but careful instruction. But who gives them any? As daughters in the family, they can repeat the dates of Grecian and Roman wars, work out the intricate problems of algebra, and give the technical names of all the bones in the body; but if the baby brother left in their charge burns his hand or is seized with the croup, how many of them know the best thing to do while waiting for the doctor? And when, as wives and mothers, the duties of life increase, how many of them have any practical knowledge which will help them to meet calmly and intelligently the every-day experiences of accidents and illness which are inevitable in every family.

A couple of cow boys undertook to run North Platte a few days ago, riding their ponies into the business places, shooting off their revolvers and raising Cain generally. The consequence was that the officers, while attempting their arrest, in self-defence found it necessary to shoot one of them through the body, and the chances are against his recovery. The wounded man's name is Mowry.—G. I. Independent.

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

TIMPEN SPRING BUGGY, and other eastern buggies. 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.

MILLS! MILLS! MILLS! MRS. M. S. DRAKE HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

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.

CITY Meat Market! One door north of Post-office, NEBRASKA AVE., - Columbus.

Fresh and Salt Meats, SAUSAGE, POULTRY, FRESH FISH, Etc., in their season.

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

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 SALE DEALERS IN FLOUR AND MEAL. OFFICE—COLUMBUS, NEB.

DOWTY, WEAVER & CO., PROPRIETORS OF THE Columbus Drug Store, Successors to A. W. DOLAND.

The Leading Drug House IN THE WEST. A full and complete line of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, &c., Painters' Supplies, Window Glass, Wall Paper.

LAMPS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. When you need anything in our line we will make it to your interest to call on us.

WM. BECKER, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF FAMILY GROCERIES!

I KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND a well selected stock. Teas, Coffees, Sugar, Syrups, Dried and Canned Fruits, and other Staples a Specialty.

COQUILLARD Farm and Spring Wagons, of which I keep a constant supply on hand, but few their equal. In style and quality, second to none.

COLUMBUS STATE BANK, Successors to Deane, A. Reed and Turner & Bist.

GOOD GOODS LEAST MONEY! Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the city. Terms cash.

HENRY GANN, Manufacturer and dealer in Wooden and Metalic Burial Caskets.

WEEBER & KNOBEL, AT THE COLUMBUS MEAT MARKET! On Eleventh Street.

LAW, REAL ESTATE AND GENERAL COLLECTION OFFICE BY W. S. GEER.

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

ANDERSON & ROEN, BANKERS, ELEVENTH ST., COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

Dr. A. HEINTZ, DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, WINES, LIQUORS, Fine Soaps, Brushes, PERFUMERY, Etc., Etc.

Real Estate. Union Pacific, and Midland Pacific R. R. Lands for sale at from \$3,000 to \$10,000 per acre for cash, or on 5 or 10 years time, in annual payments to suit purchasers.

HERMAN OEBERICH & BRO., WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS!

THE BEST OF FLOUR ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND. FOR THE GOOD GOODS LEAST MONEY!

DR. MITCHELL & MARTIN, COLUMBUS MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

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

TUTT'S HAIR DYE, Gray Hair of Whomsoever changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this Dye.

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, 12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, Columbus, Neb.

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

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

JOHN M. MACFARLAND, R. R. COWDERY, Attorney and Notary Public, LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE

F. H. RUSCHE, 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.

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

F. J. SCHUG, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Columbus, Neb.

JAMES PEARSELL, IS PREPARED, WITH FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS, To remove hoarses 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.

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THE TWIN BRACELETS. 'I will not threaten you, Hilton. Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I shall not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to do my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, may defy my wishes in every way, and lose all my love and respect, but the money will still be yours.'

'The quick, indignant flush on Hilton Graeme's face, the sudden erectness of his figure, told that his uncle had well calculated the effect of his words; truly, with his frank brown eyes, his sensitive mouth, his broad white brow, he looked little like a man to be bribed, but it was as easy to read that he could be ruled by his affections. When he spoke his voice was low and his tone pleading. 'Do you mean, Uncle George, that I shall lose your love and respect if I marry Ada Willet?'

'Or any other woman who is absolutely nobody. What do you know of her?' 'Only that she is the loveliest, noblest woman I ever saw. If you knew her you would love her.'

'Yes—yes; but I mean, what do you know of her family?' 'Only what she told me herself; that her mother died of poverty, after struggling to support herself by her needle. They were miserably poor for a long time, and then Mrs. Willet began to give work to Ada's mother. When she died Mrs. Willet took Ada to her own home, and after giving her every advantage her own children could have enjoyed, adopted her.'

'What was her own name?' 'Smith.'

'Bab!' said Mr. Hilton, with every expression of deep disgust. 'Well, marry her, if you will. Your present allowance shall be doubled, but you need not bring her here; and with a sudden fierceness he added: 'I want no woman here to remind me of a past hope I had forgotten.'

Never, in all his recollection of his grave, quiet uncle, had Hilton seen him so moved. His voice was sharp as with the pang of some sudden memory, his eyes flashed, and his whole frame trembled with emotion. 'You are a man now,' he said, with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seizes the most reserved of men, 'a man seeking a wife. I will tell you what has never before passed my lips to any living being. I have a wife somewhere, and a child, it may be.'

Utter astonishment kept Hilton still. 'It's my own fault,' Mr. Hilton continued, 'that I'm a lonely, miserable man, instead of a happy husband and father. Twenty years ago, when I was past forty years old, I fell in love. Fell in love, for I was fairly insane over Myra Delano when I had seen her but three times. I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery, every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at forty. I had traveled extensively, had been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer, and commanding large wealth. Myra was twenty-five, superbly handsome, accomplished and graceful.'

'I thought she loved me. I thought there was only trust and devotion in the lovelight of her large blue eyes, the varying color upon her cheek. We were married, traveled two years on the Continent, and then returned to this house and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home, and what love I could spare from Myra I gave to baby Anna.'

'We were very popular, being hospitable and generous, gathering around us refined people, and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were traveling, all in all to each other, there was sleeping in my heart a demon who stirred to life when we returned.'

'Strong as my love I found my jealousy. I was an idiot—a mad, jealous idiot—for I stung a proud, sensitive woman to contempt of my opinions, defiance of my unworthy suspicions. Now I can see that Myra was but filling her proper place in society as hostess or guest; but then, blinded by my jealousy, I grudged any other man a pleasant look or a cheery word. I cannot tell you now of every scene that turned her love to fear and dislike. She became pale and miserable, often silent and defiant. Finally she left me.'

'Left you?' 'I came home one afternoon, after conducting an intricate criminal case, and found a note upon my table, telling me Myra could no longer endure the life of constant quarrelling and reproach. She had taken her child and would never return to me.'

'Did she not go to her relatives?' 'She had but few. Her father died while we were abroad, and having been considered a rich man, was found to have left less than his funeral expenses. She had an aunt and some cousins, to all of whom I went, but who denied all knowledge of her. After searching with the eagerness of penitence deep and sincere, and love most profound, I finally advertised, and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain. I never found wife or child.'

'Yet you think they live?' 'I cannot tell. I remained here for five years, and then, as you know, went to see my only sister, dying of consumption.'

'And to become my second father.' 'Yes, my boy. I found you, my little namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve, heart broken over your mother's illness and death. You know the rest of my life-history. I retired from the pursuit of my profession, traveled with you, made you my own interest in life. You filled my empty house and heart, for I loved you Hilton, as dearly as I loved my baby daughter whose childhood is a closed, sealed book.'

'But, Uncle George, can nothing be done now?' 'We have been in London three years, and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers. I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy, it is hopeless now. If in the future you ever know my wife and child, I trust them to your care and generosity.'

It seemed as if, in the excitement of his recital, Mr. Hilton had forgotten the conversation that had immediately suggested it. He rose from his seat, and opening a cabinet in the room, brought back a small box. It contained a bracelet of hair with an inexpensive clasp, and a locket.

'When we were in Paris,' he said, 'I had this bracelet made of Myra's hair and mine woven together; she has the companion one. This tiny coil of gold in the clasp was cut from the baby's head, our little darling, then but three months old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hilton? You are as white as death.'

'Nothing. Is your wife's picture in the locket?' 'Yes. You see how beautiful she was?' 'I see more than that,' said Hilton; 'and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me one little hour to see it?'

'If what?' 'Only one hour—I will be back then.'

'Stop!' Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement. But his nephew was gone.

Hoping, fearing, not knowing what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock till the hour was over. He walked up and down, he tried to read, he lived over again that past whose remorseful memories had been so vividly recalled. With Myra's picture before him, he thought again of that wild, fierce love that had been his happiness and his blight.

'Why was I not calm, reasonable as became my years and position?' he asked himself, bitterly. 'Why did I give a boy's love to a woman who had lived in society, and respected all its requirements? I lived an ideal life—Myra the actual one around us. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only three minutes gone, and it seems a day since he was here.'

But even before the hour was over Hilton returned. In his eagerness to question him, Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing-room to the library where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

'Where have you been?' Mr. Hilton asked. 'To procure this,' Hilton answered gravely, placing in his uncle's hand the duplicate of the bracelet upon the table. The same braid of sunny brown hair, with here and there some of raven black streaked with gray; the same small clasp with a wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering, too—Myra and George twined together with fantastic scrolls and twists. For several moments there was deep silence. The old man could not speak, and the young one would not break in upon what he felt to be a sacred emotion. At last, lifting up his head, George Hilton asked: 'Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?' 'It was years since she died,' Hilton answered, 'but surely, in heaven, she has forgiven you. She never spoke of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she

'My child! You know my child?' 'I know and love her. Do you not guess, Uncle George, where I recognized at once, whose face is a living copy of the one in your locket? Must I tell you that the child Mrs. Willet rescued from poverty, and adopted for her own, is my cousin, and your daughter?' 'Ada Smith?'

'Smith was the name her mother thought most probably would best conceal her identity, and Ada was the name of Mrs. Willet's only child, who died in infancy.'

'But why have you not brought her to me?' asked Mr. Hilton, with almost a sob in his voice. And as he spoke, the door Hilton had left ajar opened, and across the threshold stepped a tall, beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair, and large blue eyes, who waited timidly until her father came quickly to meet her.

'Anna!' he said, softly. 'Can this be my baby—my wee daughter? It must be, for it is my Myra, who has not grown old and gray, as I have, but lives in perpetual youth. My child, I once wronged your mother, but have sorrowed and repented for that wrong. Can you forgive me?' The tears were falling fast from Anna Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs, as she said: 'My dear father!'

That was all; but as George Hilton folded his child in his arms, he knew that he was forgiven, and for him at least there might be happiness in making others happy.

Good Mrs. Willet mourned and rejoiced at once over her loss and her adopted daughter's good fortune, but consoled herself with the thought that Ada must have let her to be Hilton's wife, and, after all, they would still be neighbors.

But she would not give her up until after a most brilliant wedding, and George Hilton only welcomed his daughter to her home when he also gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife.

Education of English Girls. English girls are taught—or were in my time—by a kind of system which tends to multiply "accomplishments" rather than useful knowledge. A certain routine of teaching is gone through, and you come out of the school-room with a society vantage intended to do duty until marriage, at which period custom allows you to dispense with surface accomplishments, and devote yourself to the realities of life-to-do. On the other hand, the moral atmosphere of the English home education is superior to that of American education in General. Girls are less forward and more respectful; they grow into women more slowly and ripen better; they are physically stronger, and therefore have simpler tastes; and as to society, they do not know what it means before at the age of seventeen or eighteen. American girls have certain advantages, however, which custom denies your English women of good position; they are not forced by an unwritten law to go into society and play their part in it, while the English girl has no choice. The "upper ten thousand" must marry or become "blue-stockings" before the world agrees to let them alone. A young married woman may, if she choose, plead home duties as an excuse for a quiet, useful, pleasant and studious life, uninterrupted by any but the necessary "country" civilities, which are not very burdensome; but young girls are not supposed to have such duties. Parents, even when sick themselves, are loth to let the chances of the London season pass by their daughters, and depute any safe chaperon, the nearest female relation if possible, to take their girls to all the balls and parties. The rudimentary education furnished to women of the higher classes has perhaps something to do with the prevalence of "fastness" among a part of them, while to others it becomes the base of a real, later self-education, and the growth of reading, observation, and thought.

The strict discipline enforced by some teachers in the classes occasionally gives rise to peculiar ideas in the young and over-obedient pupil. A few days since, as the little children were entering the room previous to the afternoon session to speak, she said: 'Please, may I wipe my nose this afternoon, two or three times?' 'Certainly,' was the amused reply; 'but why do you ask permission?' 'I wanted to wipe it this morning, but I looked round and didn't see any of the others wiping their noses so I thought perhaps we wasn't allowed to.'

Nothing vulgar about the miller, when he bolts his meal.