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The Columbus Journal.

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Table with columns: Space, 1w, 2w, 3w, 4w, 5w, 6w, 7w, 8w, 9w, 10w. Rows: 1/2 inch, 3/4 inch, 1 inch, 1 1/2 inch, 2 inch.

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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 teachers' certificates, and for the transaction of any other business pertaining to schools. 467-y

DRS. MITCHELL & MARTYR, COLUMBUS MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE, Surgeons O. N. & B. H. R. R., Asst. Surgeons U. P. R. R., COLUMBUS, - NEBRASKA.

UNDER THE ASH-BOX. 'Tell us about it, Uncle Zim, tell us!' cried voices one could see were used to making themselves heard above the clatter, rattle and clank of the locomotive.

'Well, well! I'll do it,' he replied, as he slowly undid his tobacco-pouch and began to fill his short pipe, 'though I don't like to go over the story. To this day there's always something turns over under the third rib here when I think of it.'

'You see, boys, the hands that worked this pouch in those days came near being the hands of a widow then, and my Carl and Julia weren't born yet, though you might even then have called me Stout Franz.'

'It was upon New Year's eve, in the year 1845, thirty good years ago, and a heavy thunder-storm, driving snow and sleet mixed together. I was a young fellow; I'd been married about a year. You know the station is a horrible place for service. Let a storm come which way it will, it always sweeps clean across the square, that's as open and level as the top of this table. In toward the town, there is a little cut with two tracks, one or the other of which always chokes up in the first hour of a drifting snow. Just as you got through the cut, in the third house on Garden street, behind the old mills that we often cursed for a nuisance, because we always had to shut off steam going by for fear of the sparks from the chimney catching on the shingle roof, just born, who is Superintendent now over at Rudrick's.'

'So, on Sylvester eve, 1845, I came into the station with a heavy freight-train from Gristhal, after standing for fourteen hours on the engine in a storm at six below. I was frozen stiff as an icicle, and glad enough, you bet, to get hold of the Sylvester-punch. It was getting dusk already as I came in, and through the whirl of glistering flakes, saw the station with its hundreds on hundreds of lights, like a huge Christmas-box. A poor Christmas-box for me! There were collected through the holidays a regular town of cars, something like 500 of them, and they'd got to be all made up so that everything could be off directly after New Year's. Hardly had I got off my engine in the engine-house, when up comes the station-master, and says to me: 'Hanser is taken sick, and you will have to take No. 3 in his place.'

'Ten thousand thunders!' said I; 'but I hope it won't last till midnight, Mr. Station-master, for then I must be at home, or there's ill luck for the New Year.'

'Fiddlesticks!' said he; 'only you be sure you're on hand, and away he was gone in the driving snow.'

'I thought I'd taken the matter more to heart than it was worth, and laid the cold shiver that crept over my skin to the uncanny blast that came snorting at me as I came out with the engine. The whole air was full of fine snow, and, as the wreaths of it drove like white ghosts across the engine, I could hardly see the smoke-stack.'

'Of the light-signals one caught only now and then a glimpse, red, white or green; of the horn and pipe signals, what with the howling of the wind about the cars and car-wheels, and its singing in the telegraph wires, and the rumbling of the cars and the whistling of the engines, one heard only just enough to be sure one had not understood them. Of the shouts of the men one could make just nothing but that they shouted.'

'Then there were a couple of hundred cars being shunted about in all directions at the same time; on all sides they came looming like great shadows out of the darkness and thick snow, and straight vanished in it again. The poor switch-tenders, wet to the skin, up to their knees in snow, sprang this way and that between the rolling cars. You know how a distributing-station looks of a winter night. God only knows how 'tis were not all made mine-meat of in the course of it; and I've all my life long been surprised when the next morning I haven't heard that this one or that one was killed on the spot. And if anything does happen, then the strict gentleman at the green table in their warm office up there out with the rules out of their pockets. To be sure, it's the only way. But if they would only just for once in their lives take the trouble to look on themselves outside!

'That night, then, it was right bad, and the Sylvester-punch, too, may have touched the men's heads a little before-hand, for the raging went at a rate as if Satan himself was giving the orders. The cars flew so this way and that, and the lights went by like flashes, and every where

one heard the groaning and clinking of the buffers crashing together, and the men crept about under and between the cars as if the wheels were gingerbread and the buffers downy pillows. But before all there was a wretched little assistant station-master—I could not bear the man, because he once came very much in my way in a certain matter—but I could not help looking in amazement as I saw his signal-lantern everywhere, swinging in an inch, swinging horizontally, swinging crosswise, up, down, behind, before, and heard his shrill voice through all the storm. And see, I'd just called to the man, as I saw him slip through between two buffers, that he ought not to be so very reckless in a storm where one could neither see nor hear a thing, and might slip down into the bargain. But he had laughed at me, and called out: 'You attend to your own work, Zimmermann, and never mind me; we must be through before midnight—forward, forward!' and away he was gone. I had called after him with a good will: 'To the dickens with you, then!' and that I shall not forget my life long, but shall think of it with sorrow on my death-bed.' Here the old engineer made a pause, wiped his forehead, took a draught from his glass of punch, and went on:

'I heard him still giving the order "Forward!" yonder among my comrades, and heard the car-chains clink, and then a sound—what like was it? Have you ever heard a butcher crack through a thick bone with his ax?—and then a dull cry, and then, again, only the cling and clang of the buffers crashing together. A cold shudder ran over me; then I got the signal to go ahead—there was no stopping. "Forward, forward!" In a moment I was far away at the other end of the yard, where no one could know what had happened.'

'But I did my duty still, only as if I was dreaming, and when, a half-hour later, we had got through and I entered the engine house again, the boss said to me, "Have you heard, Zimmermann, Assistant Station-master Porges has been killed on the spot, crushed to death between the buffers?"

'I didn't ask many questions; my very heart shuddered, and I don't know how I took care of my engine and got on the way home. As I passed by the stairs, I saw a group with lanterns standing there, and something covered with a cloak lying on the snow. I didn't stop; I shivered all over; and I can tell you, boys, I'd have given, Heaven knows what, if I hadn't wished him to the dickens half an hour before. I tried hard to get that out of my head. I meant nothing particular by it; 'twas a way of talking common enough with us. Among you young chaps it's worse yet, and it would cure you if you once felt the crawling inside of you that I have. Well, at last I made out to get thinking of the warm room at home there with the felt slippers all ready, and Louise and the youngster, and the flask of arrack and the sugar and the lemons on the table, and the cat and the teakettle singing, and by degrees I began to feel a little lighter.'

'Now, with all this thinking of this and that, you'll readily believe I hadn't paid much heed to wind and weather, road or pathway; and all I knew was, it was whirling and howling yet in the air as I entered the cut by the old oil-mill through which I might have seen the windows of my house, if one could have seen anything at all ten paces off. I went ahead on the right-hand track of the two in the cut because that was freer from snow, and from that side I could see my house sooner.'

'And, in truth, I went along quite carelessly, for I was going from the yard, and that was the in-track, so no train could come on me from behind at that hour none was to be expected in front. Besides, I must have heard it coming.'

'Just as I was in the middle of the cut, which lies, you know, in the curve, and where, that night, one could not see a car-length off, I heard a whistle behind me, and right after it the clip and clap of the approaching train. I noticed, too, that the engine was purring the train before it, because the stroke of the engine was much farther behind than the rolling of the wheels. I thought, 'Ah, that is the reserve train of some twenty pair of wheels that stood yonder ahead on the track, and that they are shunting over to the freight house.' But all this passed only vaguely through my mind, as one always thinks mechanically of his work, even when his head and heart are full of other things. I say vaguely; in reality I didn't feel the slightest interest in it, for the train must directly pass me on the other track. But when the ping and pang of the wheels on the hard-frozen track had got quite close up, and I

already heard the coupling-chain on the foremost car clinking back and forth, and saw the light of its signal lantern begin to glide by me on the snow, I partly turned my head to call out a 'Happy New Year!' to the fellows up on the train.

'But there was no train on the track; and at the same instant I got a violent blow in the back. The sparks danced before my eyes—slap!—I lay flat on my face on the track, and, pung! pung! the cars began to pass over me.'

Here the old engineer made another pause. It was as still as death in the room, and faces breathless and riveted leaned forward round the table. He filled the glasses again, pressed down the tobacco in his pipe, and went on:

'You see, boys, when we sit here this way round the table, or stand on the engine, or even, like poor Hornig here to-day, have to go through a squeeze by those examiners, our ideas come along one after the other, slowly and in some sort of order, so that one can take a good look at 'em. They even say we engineers are slower than other men, because all the quickness is gone out of us into our engines. But, boys, in the second or so between the blow and my lying flat on the ground, I did more thinking than ever I did before or since from Easter to Whitsuntide.'

'First about home, the warm room and everything in it, and the New Year's chimes and the going to church in the morning; then the assistant station-master as he lay there under the cloak on the snow; and then I began reckoning as distinctly as if I was giving the orders for making up all the trains, about the train that was passing over me. How was it it was on the wrong track, the one I'd been on, coming out on the in-track? And then all at once I thought, what before in the midst of my cogitating I had forgotten—the outward track I had seen as early as noon already deep buried in snow, and that was why they were coming out on the in-track. Then I saw plain enough the train just as it stood; there couldn't be more than ten or eleven freight-cars, all our own cars, they all went high above the rails—they would do me no harm. I lay flat enough between the rails. But the engines—the ash-boxes of the engines! I knew all three engines that still stood fired up at the station as well as my tobacco-pouch. The "Wittekind" would go harmless enough over me, even though I was being stouter than I was; the "Hermann," too, might be merciful to me, at any rate if it was carrying little water and fire, and the sleepers under me didn't stand up too much; but under the "Sirius," one of the new, low-built elephants, I was a dead man. Ay! dead? That wouldn't be the worst. I should be slowly crushed and torn into shreds. Which engine was it, then, coming there?

'All this, you see, boys, I had tho't between the blow and the lying flat; but when I was once down all calculation ceased; and it was just by instinct I stretched myself out and held my breath and made myself thin as an ether that's trying to get out from a trap, and counted the axles that passed on over me. Every ping and pang spoke distinctly out in syllables, 'A wretched death, a wretched death!' And now something heavy catching hold of me! No, it is nothing yet—it only grazes me, and glides clinking its length along over me and off, striking a chill to my marrow—it is a chain hanging down. But now it comes! the ground begins, at first gently, then stronger and stronger, to tremble under me; it comes very slowly. Then I saw at the side that the rails and the snow and the rolling wheel-shadows over me grew ever redder, redder. It was the engine-fire shining at that hour none was to be expected in front. Besides, I must have heard it coming.'

'The sleepers yielded under me; the rails groaned and bent; the ground shook violently; it is on me. It strikes me violently in the back, presses forward—God have mercy on me! Then rip, crack! something on me gave way. Pang! pang! rolling! thundering! stamping!—the engine had passed over me and off. From the free heaven once more the snow-cloud plunged down upon me.'

'How I got on my legs I don't know. I stood there. I shook myself, and saw the red lights of the engine disappear round the curve. They looked to me like the eyes of a veritable bodily death. Then I felt myself to see what the engine had torn loose; and, behold, the regulation buttons were gone from my coat behind.'

'I went to the nearest switch-tender and got a lantern and looked for the buttons in the snow; but when we were sitting round the bowl at home, and I was putting in first too

much rum and then too much sugar, Louise, wondering, asked: 'Husband, what's the matter with you? You tremble so, and don't speak a word.'

'Then my senses and speech came to me again, and I showed Louise the buttons, and told her the story, and, holding up a button 'twixt finger and thumb, said: 'See, within so much of a horrible death has your husband been tonight!'

'Look! I have the buttons yet, and mean to carry them till death comes in reality!'

The old man opened his coat and drew out two buttons, stamped with the King's arms, which he wore secured by a string about his neck. - Appleton's Journal.

Another Opinion of Gen. Kilpatrick. General Kilpatrick, who died the other day at Santiago, Chili, where for the second time he represented the United States, was peculiar in his character. He was a Jersey farmer, patterned upon the Horace Greeley plan of granger. He had a great pride in his costly pigs and his model cows. He would have been unable to support them in luxury but for the aid secured by revenue from the rostrum, which he haunted. He was a dashing, but not discreet, general at 24, and since then an active, but not politic political campaigner. It was he who from the stump of Indiana told Hayes in 1876 that nothing would win but a bloody-shirt campaign, with plenty of money in it. At his Jersey farm, a biographer says, he lived somewhat pretentiously; kept a colored waiter in full dress in his dining-room, served dinners of many courses, with various kinds of wines, and a house full of curious and costly things that he had bro't from Chili. His most marked characteristics were those of the traditional soldier. He was quick-tempered, wanting in business judgment, prodigal in his means, and not always guarded in his speech. Living in clover in his master's stable, a year or more ago, was "Spot," the General's war horse, that carried the soldier through all the battles in which he took part under Grant, and again under Sherman. He was not a useful diplomatic agent for the government, for he was anything but diplomatic. - Chicago Times.

"Home, Sweet Home." In the spring of 1863 two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue and the other in grey. As twilight fell the bands on the Union side began to play "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag," and that challenge of music was taken up by those on the other side and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was born in the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music to begin a sweeter and more tender air and slowly as he played it they joined in a sort of chorus of all the instruments upon the Union side, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army—"Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon that further shore had taken up the lovely air so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two great hosts went up to God; and when they had finished, from the boys in grey came a challenge, "Three cheers for home!" and as they went resounding thro' the skies from both sides of the river, "something upon the soldiers' cheeks washed off the stains of powder." - N. Y. Methodist.

A former president of a New England college after getting a seat in a horse car noticed one of the freshmen of his college curled up in front of him, and exhibiting obvious signs of vinous exhilaration. A close inspection revealed the fact that the state of inebriety was not hastily put on (like a hat), but had been worn closely (like an undershirt) for several days. For a few moments the president surveyed the undergraduate with an expression of mingled commiseration and disgust, and finally he exclaimed, "Been on a drunk!" The half-conscious student rallied his straying senses, and with a gleam of good fellowship in his eye, somewhat unexpectedly ejaculated, "So—hic—have I!"

How depraved is the literary taste of youth. Take a hundred boys, aged about fourteen each, and it may be safely wagered that ninety-nine of them would rather read a story called "Red-Headed Jim, the Assassin of Cabeza Alley," than to peruse Prof. Goldwin Smith's "Moral Interregnum."

Acorn on the tree is worth two on the toe.