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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XII.--NO. 39.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 611.

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OYSTERS in their season, by the case can or dish.

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NOTICE TO TEACHERS. J. E. Moncrief, Co. Supt., Columbus, Neb.

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. 567-y

DRS. MITCHELL & MARTIN, COLUMBUS MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE, Surgeons O. N. & B. H. R. R., Asst. Surgeons U. S. Army, COLUMBUS, - NEBRASKA.

TUTT'S PILLS

INDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE. THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER. Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, following after eating, with a distention to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with feeling of being neglected, Sourness of the stomach, Distention of the bowels, Headache, Dizziness, Flushing of the face, Dropsical swellings, Yellow skin, Redness of the eyes, and other signs of Biliousness.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE OVERLOOKED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and produce such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They loosen the bowels, and cause the body to take on flesh, thus the system is invigorated, and by their action on the liver, the bile is purified, and the blood is made pure. Price 25 cents. Beware of cheap imitations.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

Gray Hair or Whiskers changed to a silvery black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, and instantaneously restores the hair to its original condition. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of 50c. Office, 25 Murray St., New York.

567-y

THE DIAMOND EAR-RINGS.

If there was one person in the world more than another that Mrs. Templeton gazed at with eyes of curious regard, it was her husband's cousin, Mrs. Morris; and if she had one ambition eclipsing another, it was to eclipse Mrs. Morris in every direction. If Mrs. Morris set up a wall-basket, Mrs. Templeton compassed a hanging cabinet. If Mrs. Morris had a new ivory-pot, Mrs. Templeton would have nothing less than a window garden. A single vase on Mrs. Morris' piazza caused Mrs. Templeton's premises to break out with urns until they looked like a stone-cutter's yard. If Mrs. Morris gave a high tea, Mrs. Templeton had a dinner party out of hand; if Mrs. Morris had a luncheon, Mrs. Templeton had a ball, or what answered for one in the limited round of pleasures of their place of abode; and if Mrs. Morris indulged herself with a new silk, Mrs. Templeton always counted her founces, and made her own phylicians broader.

When one day, then, Mrs. Morris appeared at church—the usual place in the town of Carleton for ladies to exhibit their toilettes—with a pretty little pair of diamonds sparkling in her ears, you can imagine the state of disgust and wrath in which Mrs. Templeton walked home, and the very disagreeable time that Mr. Templeton had of it as he walked beside her, endeavoring to look like the happiest domestic man in Carleton. The sermon was criticised, the minister made out a time-server, the parish denounced collectively and personally, his own peculiar friends among the rest, and finally his cousin Hetty was reached, and her habits, her manners, and her dress were made the text on which to hang anathema maranatha or worldliness, affection, bad taste, low moral sense, irreligion, and last of all, extravagance—his dear little harmless Cousin Hetty, whose red curls lighted such a frank, child-like countenance, and whose two diamonds, he had been guilty of thinking, during the "Te Deum," just matched the limpid sparkle of the clear dew-drops of her gray eyes. But Mr. Templeton had far too much experience to say anything of the sort. "James Morris could not pay his debts if he were sold to-day," said his wife. "And look at his wife's dress!—Maria, how many times must I tell you to keep those children inside the curbstone?—his wife's dress just one glitter of satin and jet. And I declare it was impossible for me to fix my eyes on the lecturer for the way in which she kept those diamonds twinkling before me, with her head on the perpetual dance. A pretty place for diamonds—church! I know a woman who wore them to her father's funeral; I suppose she would. I should think, at any rate, she could have controlled her inclinations and waited till next Sabbath—diamonds on Palm-Sunday! But it's high time of day, I must say, warming up with her husband's silence, 'when I am without a single diamond in my name, and there is James Morris' wife—James Morris who owes you \$5,000 borrowed money—"

It was very weak in Mr. Templeton to interfere; but one can be always on one's guard. "I understand, Juliet, my love," said he, "that Hetty's Uncle Roberts sent her those earrings."

"Uncle Roberts, indeed! I should like to see Uncle Roberts for once, if he is not a mythical personage altogether," cried his wife, with the air of expecting Mr. Templeton to produce the alleged Uncle Roberts immediately. "Uncle Roberts! Uncle Roberts! It is always Uncle Roberts. And you understand, forsooth! Why didn't I understand? Why were the earrings concealed from me? For all I know you gave them to her yourself. Perhaps you are this Uncle Roberts who is always brought to the front at every bit piece of extravagance. For my part, I wish I had even a husband, not to speak of an Uncle Roberts, who would not see me trodden under foot by any little minx who chooses to toss her head above me!"

"My dear! my dear! just remember where you are; just remember the children," murmured Mr. Templeton, frowning in a little farther.

"Where I am! I suppose you don't want all Carleton to hear how I am outraged. You'd like to keep it a secret. You'd like to have me endure in silence. Of course you don't want the children to hear their mother tell the plain story of your neglect, your outrage—"

Here Mr. Templeton took off his hat and made a low bow with a glittering smile to a gentleman and lady passing in an opposite direction.

"What in the world is the matter with Mrs. Templeton?" asked the gentleman. "She looks like a thunder-cloud full of lightnings."

"Hetty Morris' earrings, I guess,"

was the answer. "She has probably seen them at church to-day. Poor Mr. Templeton! What a life that vixen leads him!"

"I don't know about that. He is tremendously in love with her."

"How can he be?"

"Force of habit, may be. And she is a beauty, you know. And when she is good-natured there's nobody like her."

"Well, by Easter you'll see her with a pair of solitaires, I'll wager another pair. Take me up."

"Not I. I shouldn't have any use for them if I won, except to give them back to you; and I couldn't afford to lose. Besides, I don't bet on a certainty," said the careful Mr. Bowman. And just then Hetty Morris coming up, they stopped to admire her precious acquisitions; and Hetty heard of the wager, and shamed Mr. Bowman into taking it, and there they parted and went their opposite ways, more merrily than was their Sunday wont.

Not so Mr. Templeton. As soon as his wife had banged the door behind her she tore off her bonnet and threw herself on a sofa, and called for Jane to bring the ammonia, and her husband to drop the shades, and Maria to take the children where she could not hear them, for her head was splitting with pain, as any one would be, treated as she was. And she would not go up stairs to bed, and Mr. Templeton's Sunday romp with the children was abrogated, and his dinner was made an act of silent and solitary penance; and if he told his wife he was going to afternoon service, and did go over to his cousin Hetty's, she, at least, had no right to blame him.

But woe for Mr. Templeton when he came home that evening! Mrs. Templeton had been removed to her own room, which reeked with steam of camphor and alcohol; she lay there in her white night-gown, with her black hair steaming over the pillow, with her great black eyes rolled up and fixed on a remote point of the ceiling, and with the stiff and immovable. It made no odds to Mr. Templeton—I mean Templeton—that he had seen her fifty times before; in fact, always when she wanted something she could not have. Cold terror struck to his soul lest he should lose his torment; all her virtues swelled into the hosts of heaven, all her faults were wiped out as with a sponge. He was down on his knees beside her in a moment. "Oh my darling! my Juliet! my love! speak to me! Tell me you know me!" he cried.

"Run for the doctor, Jane. Where is Dr. Harvey? Why haven't you had him here already? Get him at once. Give me the brandy. Heat those soap-stones. Where are the hot-water-bags? And he was bathing her lips and rubbing her hands, and kissing her forehead, and adoring her to give any sign of life. But it was not till the doctor's step was heard that Mrs. Templeton vouchsafed the least indication, and then her breast began to heave, her hands to tremble, her low supple body, that had been stiffly resting on its head and heels only, began to sway and subside, her feet to twitch, and presently those feet were beating a tattoo on the footboard, and the lips parted in shrieks and the shrieks turned to sobs, and the doctor was pouring chloral between the teeth, and the sobs sank away into sleep and the hysterics were over.

"What could have excited you so, my dearest, and throw you into such a terrible convulsion? Mr. Templeton was saying next morning. (Hysterics was a forbidden word. Mrs. Templeton would have had another attack at the sound of it.) "It must have been the heat of the church; it was overpowering. Thurlow has never learned to regulate that furnace."

"The heat," sighed Mrs. Templeton, faintly, and the glister of those diamonds. They kept dancing so before my eyes with their bright spots that they dazzled the brain. O, I'm afraid I was very cross yesterday, Jarius. I didn't know what I was saying. O, I never want to see any diamonds again."

"You shall have a pair of your own before I am a week older," exclaimed the feeble husband.

"O, no, no, no! I should be so ashamed. I don't deserve them. I—I couldn't think of it. Indeed, indeed, I wouldn't have you, Jarius darling; I should feel just as if I had begged for them." But when Mr. Templeton returned from the city that night, as pretty a pair of solitaire earrings as he could buy with the bond he sold, glittered in a velvet case marked with her name.

As he opened the case and held it before her, Mrs. Templeton shuddered, and turned her glance away from the beautiful white sparkle, and said they looked at her with two great eyes of reproach; and she

ought not to have them, and they were as heavenly as twin stars. And presently they were glittering in her ears, and all the faintness and languor were gone, and she was running to the glass and holding her head on this side and on that, and admiring herself and turning to her husband for admiration, looking, with her large liquid dark eyes, her pale face, her perfect features, her dazzling smile, all illumined by the shining drops, as beautiful as the most beautiful Juliet that was ever loved. And her husband felt twice and a hundred times repaid for the sacrifice of his little savings in the only bond he had yet been able to buy and lay by for the future by the vision of her and by the delighted kisses she showered upon his lips and the warm embraces of the long white arms.

It was not once but twenty times that Mrs. Templeton looked at the flash of her new splendors in the mirror, took them out of her ears, and put them back again, tangled her hair in them so that her husband might loosen them and be struck afresh, as he did so, with the pink seashell of the ear, the curve of the throat, the exquisite oval of the cheek; and she went at last to the window and shielded the pane with her hands while looking out and up at the stars. "I declare," she said, "the glistening of Orion's belt is no more splendid than my diamonds. I never thought I should have diamonds, Jarius."

Nor did she have diamonds after that one evening of ecstasy. The little borough of Carleton was no better than other places, and while she stood at the window comparing her gems with Orion's, a pair of enterprising burglars, who at that moment were not 'burgling,' chanced to obtain a view of their opportunities and they went through the house that night, and the diamonds went through their fingers the next day.

As for Mrs. Templeton! I would have been idle for her to have another convulsion. Her husband had not another bond for another pair of stones. And so the mother of the Gracchi could not have played a more magnanimous part than she did.

"O, what do I care for jewels!" she cried, when Hetty ran over to survey her with her big pitying eyes—eyes much more beautiful than the sparkle in her ears—the scene of rain, where the burglars had left their matches, and eaten their cakes and cold coffee—"what do I care for jewels? They might have taken the children. O, Hetty, how thankful I am they didn't take the children!"

"As if," said Hetty for her own husband afterward, "any burglar under heaven would want those horrid Templeton children, the worst imperver horn of hysterics and temper! Now if it had been our children, Louis!"

"I think you had better tell her, though, that your diamonds are only Alaska crystals," said Louis. "Pretty bits of glass, but only genuine glass, that Uncle Roberts sent for mischief."

"Well, I don't know but I will. But I think I'll lend them to her to wear to church on Easter first, for I do want Clara Bowman to win her earrings—they'll be the only genuine diamonds among us all. And she brought him money enough for Mr. Bowman to afford her whatever she wants; and I heard her lay the wager with him myself that Mrs. Templeton would wear a pair of solitaires to church on Easter!"

"Harper's Bazar."

The Vigilantes.

A correspondent of the Omaha Bee, writing from Montana, under date of Jan. 24, among other things, says:

"But the roughs of the western border began deprecations on society; the fortunate miner or merchant who had accumulated the glittering metal desired to see his loved ones left behind, or business called him to visit old haunts and old scenes. His journey to the states through desert wastes and mountain defiles awakened the cupidity of the desperado, and he was waylaid and shot for his money. This created the necessity of forming men of all classes uniting in forming the vigilante committee, whose rule was omnipotent, and almost omnipresent, there being no other law or officers of the law at that time; and to their credit, be it said, during the time of their reign no fatal mistakes were made. Many were executed and others banished for crimes against the peace and order of society; not one was unjustly dealt by. To all even-handed justice was meted. No technical law quibbles or delays were known or regarded. The leading thought, which ran with great precision without circumlocution, was to get at

Table with 10 columns: Space, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th. Rows for 100 lines, 1/4 inch, 1/2 inch, 3/4 inch, 1 inch, 1 1/2 inch, 2 inch.

Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dollars. Legal advertisements at statute rates. "Editorial local notices" fifteen cents a line each insertion. "Local notices" five cents a line each insertion. Advertisements classified as "Special notices" five cents a line first insertion, three cents a line each subsequent insertion.

bottom facts and award justice. And I hazard the assertion without the fear of contradiction that no where on "God's green earth," during the reign of the vigilantes could you find a place or country where the rights of property or life were more highly regarded, and their claims more duly respected than in Montana. Under this rule life and property were absolutely secure, and lawlessness was on its good behavior. Would you ask how was this brought about? so wild, so rude and adventurous a region? The answer is simple. The detection, conviction and punishment of crime followed swiftly, surely and unerringly. No technicalities, no quibbles or delays defeated the demands of justice.

And when the United States government sent judges to Montana in 1856 or '58 the first to greet those judges and give them welcome and co-operation were the vigilante committee. The old settlers of Montana to-day sigh for the peace, order and justice which was so fully developed during the reign of the vigilantes in their palmy days. In these later days the true inwardness of the thief and scoundrel are beginning to develop and the technicalities of law and the gabble of lawyers defeat the ends of justice and rob the code of its penal force. A new order of civilization is beginning to develop and crime goes unwhipped of justice. But which of the two civilizations is the greater promoter of good society? I leave that to the wise men who are conducting the trial of Giteau. Had Giteau's crime been committed in Montana during the reign of the vigilantes on the 23 of July, on the 4th of July, 1881, he would have been hung higher than Haman at a cost of seventy-five cents for a rope. Nor would the world have been disgraced by the rant and ravings