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OLD STOCK  
At Cost! At Cost!  
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WHICH HE IS SELLING AT  
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Can still be found at the old stand,  
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SALE DEALERS IN  
FLOUR AND MEAL.

OFFICE, —COLUMBUS, NEB.

# The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XII.—NO. 42.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 614.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, Etc.,  
DOWTY, WEAVER & CO.,  
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Columbus Drug Store,  
Have the pleasure of offering to their  
customers, in connection with  
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A list of Proprietary articles not ex-  
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Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla  
A powerful alterative and  
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The most wonderful remedy  
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OUR EQUINE POWDERS,  
For stock, are without an  
equal in the market, and  
many others not here  
mentioned.

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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF  
FAMILY GROCERIES!  
I KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND  
a well selected stock.

Teas, Coffees, Sugar, Syrups,  
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and other Staples a  
Specialty.

Goods Delivered Free to any  
part of the City.

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are the sole agents for the counties of  
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CORTLAND WAGON COMPANY,  
of Cortland, New York, and that we are  
offering these wagons cheaper than any  
other wagon built of same material,  
style and finish can be sold for in this  
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Send for Catalogue and Price-list.

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BANKERS,  
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ALSO DEALERS IN  
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all Kinds.  
THE BEST OF FLOUR AL-  
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GOOD GOODS FOR THE  
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Goods delivered free of charge to  
any part of the city. Terms cash.  
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Manufacturer and dealer in  
Wooden and Metallic Burial Caskets  
All kinds and sizes of Boxes, also  
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Cabinet Turning and Scroll work, Pic-  
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Looking-glass Plates, Walnut Lumber,  
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On Eleventh Street,  
Where meats are almost given away  
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Best beef, per lb., from 3 @ 10 cts.  
Best steak, per lb., from 10 @ 10  
Mutton, per lb., from 6 @ 10  
Sausage, per lb., from 8 @ 10  
Special prices to hotels. 662-1y

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MONEY TO LOAN in small lots on  
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473-x

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Por-  
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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. 618-y

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Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips,  
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the lowest possible prices. Repairs  
promptly attended to.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbus  
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close attention to all business entrusted  
to him. 248.

LOUIS SCHREIBER,  
BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER.  
All kinds of repairing done on short  
notice. Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to  
order, and all work guaranteed.  
Shop opposite the "Tattersall,"  
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man and English.

JAMES PEARSELL  
IS PREPARED, WITH  
FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS,  
To remove houses 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. 667-y

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

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

SYMPTOMS OF A  
TORPID LIVER.  
Loss of appetite, Headache, Dizziness, Consti-  
pation, Pain in the back, with a dull, aching  
pain in the liver, with a fullness in the  
back part, Pain under the shoulder-  
blades, Fullness after eating, with a dis-  
tention to exertion of body or mind,  
Fetor of the tongue, Low spirits, Loss  
of memory, with a feeling of having neg-  
lected duty, Irritability, Discom-  
fort in the chest, Drops before the  
eyes, Yellow skin, Headache, Restless-  
ness at night, Highly colored urine, &c.  
IF THESE WARNING ARE UNHEeded,  
SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.  
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to  
such cases, and does effects such a change  
of feeling as to awaken the sufferer.  
They are a simple application of the Dr. J. C.  
TUTT'S PILLS, or will be given on receipt of 5c.  
Send for a copy. Price 25 Cents. No. 100  
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TUTT'S PILLS, or will be given on receipt of 5c.  
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TUTT'S HAIR DYE.  
Only a hair or two on the head, and the  
rest is a natural color, soon becomes  
gray, and is a sign of old age. It is  
not a disease, but a natural process, and  
can be cured by the use of TUTT'S HAIR  
DYE. Price 25 Cents. No. 100

ON A BLACKBOARD.  
Mildred Farmer sat in the little  
parlor, beating her feet impatiently on  
the striped rug carpet. Two  
neighbors had dropped in to see her  
aunt, and the three ladies, with their  
knitting-work and occasional resort  
to their black paper-mache snuff-  
boxes, were discussing the probable  
fate of a disagreeable farmer in the  
vicinity, whose theft of 'a yearling'  
was the chief topic of conversation in  
all the farm houses within a  
radius of a dozen miles.  
Miss Mildred caught up her hat  
and sauntered out of the front door.  
Only a few rods away were the pine  
woods—cool, still and fragrant.  
A wagon came rattling along the  
crooked, sandy road. Her uncle  
was returning from a trip to the vil-  
lage, and, as he drove into the shed,  
he called out to her:  
'Latters, darter.'

It was always his name for her—  
she was so like a daughter he had  
lost. She waited for the letters, and  
very impatiently. There were only  
two of them. The one from her sis-  
ter she opened first.  
'And Mr. Elson came yesterday,'  
ran one of the paragraphs. 'We  
told him of your fancy to bury your-  
self all summer in the rural districts,  
but assured him you would join him  
for a week, at least, before we re-  
turned to New York. Of course  
that is the only thing that prevents  
him from leaving the Springs at  
once. By the way, he heard before  
he came up that it is all over be-  
tween you and Oscar, who is engaged  
to that cousin of his, Ella Hunt,  
who was always held up as a model  
of all the virtues. I don't doubt that  
she is exactly suited to him. Mamma  
is delighted that Mr. Elson is going  
to stay with us. You know, Milly,  
what she has set her heart on, and of  
course you won't disappoint us all!'  
Yes, Mildred reflected, she was  
altogether the proper person for  
Oscar Brant, and with a queer little  
laugh she thought of the hopeless  
difference between herself and this  
most admirable woman. But the  
laugh was so near akin to a sob that  
she dared not trust herself to go on  
thinking. She caught up the other  
letter, from a young lady sojourning  
at Saratoga. It was addressed in a  
large, dashing hand, covering the  
whole envelope. 'Why will she use  
violet ink?' was Mildred's thought  
as she opened it. It was as dashing  
inside as out.  
'You are certainly a gay deceiver,  
my dear. To think that your health  
required rest and mountain air, so  
that you could neither give your  
family nor me the pleasure of your  
society. I understand it all now,  
and really I can't blame you. Oscar  
Brant is more entertaining than a  
hotel full of people and handsomer  
than ever. I saw him for just a  
moment en route for Champlain  
with his party. Camping out must  
be such fun. And to think you have  
an uncle so conveniently near. Of  
course you see Oscar every day or  
two.'

'More news!' How little her  
Saratoga friend guessed at the truth  
in the case. And Oscar Brant was  
only four miles away. She could  
not help it now if she tears came.  
Why could they not let her alone,  
she thought. She had come up to  
the New England hills to gain some  
of the strength and peace she had  
lost after she and Oscar Brant had  
parted. She must try for it harder  
than ever now that the time drew  
near for her return to the city.  
Her mother and sisters would  
wait for her at the Springs. Mr.  
Elson would wait, too—Mr. Elson,  
worth half a million, 60 years old,  
his head bald and shiny; a short, fat,  
fussy man, who had 'grown a little  
stouter.' Ugh! They would all go  
home together, to the fall fashions  
and dinner parties and formal calls.  
She went back to the house pres-  
ently. She would conquer this fool-  
ishness, so she told herself, as she  
had kept saying over and over again  
the whole summer long. She would  
conquer her temper, too; grow hum-  
ble and docile and patient.  
Supper was nearly ready when  
she came in; a beautiful appeal to an  
artistic eye, with its heap of snow-  
white biscuits, deep golden butter  
and purple grape jelly, but the flow-  
ers with which she always decked  
the table she had forgotten that  
afternoon. She went at once into  
the garden, meeting her uncle as he  
passed by with the foaming milk  
pail.  
'Don't forget my hollyhock, darter,'  
he called out as he passed along.  
Hollyhocks were a standing joke  
between them.  
When she came again her uncle  
was carrying on a spasmodic con-  
versation with his wife, who, out of  
sight in the buttry, was straining  
the milk.  
'An' if they can't find some one to  
take the school,' he was saying, 'it'll  
be to shut up awhile.'  
'What school?' Mildred asked,

careless for the answer than for  
the effect of a great palsy she was  
setting among the china-esters.  
'Here in our own district. Teach-  
er's sick, an' they can't seem to find  
no one to take her place.'  
'How many scholars are there?'  
she asked, a sudden impulse taking  
possession of her.  
'Not more'n twenty, I reckon. It's  
a summer school, 'tain't never very  
large.'  
'Uncle, would they let me take it?'  
'You, darter?'  
'Yes, I believe I should enjoy it  
and it would do me good, beside  
giving the teacher a little help. She  
looks as if she needed help.'  
So it came about that Mildred  
Farmer, meeting the children in  
the road early next morning, intro-  
duced herself to them as the lady  
who would take care of them till  
their teacher got well.  
It was a queer little log school-  
house to which they went, one of the  
primitive sort. From all the win-  
dows were magnificent views of the  
mountains, but Mildred improved  
even on that advantage by occasion-  
ally having recitations out of doors,  
a departure from the orthodox fash-  
ion very gratifying to the youthful  
mind. She had little contact with  
the country people, and the peculiar  
dialect, the homely simplicity of life  
and marked characteristics of her  
pupils continually amused her.  
Bobby Whitman, her youngest  
scholar, had a strong propensity for  
chewing gum, a habit which serious-  
ly interfered with a naturally defect-  
ive articulation, but one which he  
sacrificed for the good grades of his  
teacher.  
With Maggie W. Terce, one of the  
oldest pupils, she formed almost an  
intimacy, listening with interest to  
the long confidences twanged thro'  
a very pretty nose about the trials in  
tending the baby, picking the 'gar-  
den sass' and laying down pickles.  
Poor Maggie, she learned, was  
also the victim of an ardent attach-  
ment, severely disapproved at home,  
for a 'hand' employed during haying  
on her father's farm. Between these  
two extremes in age, she found al-  
most every variety of taste and dis-  
position, realizing that she had en-  
tered on a fertile field of usefulness  
and enjoyment.  
She wrote to her sister a very  
comical account of her experiment,  
laughing loud as she pictured the  
digest of her lady mother, indulged  
in the wildest dreams of an inde-  
pendent career, and in a few weeks  
had become convinced that there  
was really a great deal in life worth  
living for.  
It was little Harley Jones' turn  
that week to 'rid up' the school  
house, as he termed it, and Mildred  
wondered for two successive days at  
the cluster of flowers which she  
found on her desk. The great  
double geraniums seemed to flash  
their scarlet glory all over the room;  
and the heliotrope, too, her favorite  
flower, in masses of purple beauty,  
filled the air with its fragrance.  
A spray of it, with a few delicate  
ferns, another of her delights, was  
laid upon the Bible opened at the  
chapter with which she began the  
day's exercises. Harley Jones had  
certainly a taste and appreciation for  
which she had never given him  
credit.  
He was vigorously cleaning the  
blackboard one morning, and she  
came in just in time to see the last  
few words as he erased them. The  
writing struck her peculiarly.  
'What did you rub out, Harley?'  
she asked, hanging up her hat in the  
corner.  
'Something you writ yesterday,  
Miss Carpenter. I was writin' it  
over.'  
She smiled at the name. He never  
could get it right, but she corrected  
the other slips in his speech.  
'You mean something, Harley, and  
you should say I wrote it. Can you  
remember?'  
'He just done it himself,' piped up  
a voice behind them. 'I seen him  
when I come in.'  
'O, Johnnie Mack!' was the teach-  
er's exclamation, 'after I have told  
you so many times.' Yet no possi-  
ble mutilation of verbs seemed to  
affect her love for the offenders, or  
to diminish her patience with them,  
and in the course of the day she  
noticed that Harley Jones had really  
made vast improvements in his  
copy-book. But she had occasion to  
reprove Maggie Wetherbee as they  
walked home together that night.  
'I saw you talking with a man this  
morning, Maggie, when I came  
across the lot. Is it possible that  
you meet anyone in that way out-  
side your father's house?'  
'But it wasn't him,' stammered  
Maggie, growing red.  
'Him! Who?'  
'Why, Bill, that I told you about.  
I didn't expect to meet him, he  
added, growing redder under the  
consciousness of how easily the  
stranger could make her false to

Bill. 'He's boarding somewhere  
round, and just asked how soon  
school would be out. He's drawing  
a picture of our school-house—and  
that's all. He had lots of pictures in  
a big fat book.'  
A strolling artist, Mildred tho't.  
She knew nothing about artists, but  
had an idea they were rather inof-  
fensive people. Still she determind  
to watch Maggie. She must not  
drift into any danger.  
Mildred went earlier to school the  
next morning, earlier even than  
Harley Jones. Fresh flowers were  
on the desk again, but with a great  
start she saw the figure of a man at  
the blackboard writing. 'I am here,'  
were the words he was rapidly trac-  
ing with the chalk, 'and must see  
you if—'  
Just then he turned, conscious of  
a presence, but not before she had  
recovered her self-possession.  
'Good morning,' she said, quietly,  
extending her hand, and, with a  
smile, glanced from his face to the  
blackboard.  
'He caught her hand and held it.  
'Mildred, are you ready to forgive  
me yet?'  
She drew her hand away and  
stepped back. 'I have nothing to  
forgive in you, Oscar. I was angry  
when I saw you last, but I was the  
one to blame. Forgive me.'  
He looked at her in astonishment;  
she seemed so utterly unlike herself.  
'And have you got over your love  
as well as your anger, Mildred?'  
The quick color flashed all over  
her face. She looked like herself  
once more as she answered:  
'That question is in poor taste,  
Oscar Brant. I have not congrat-  
ulated you on your engagement to  
your cousin Ella. I do so heartily,'  
she went on, plunging along into a  
chaos of words lest she should break  
down utterly; 'she is good and gen-  
tle and—and everything that I am  
not. She—' her voice failed her  
after all.  
'Why, Mildred, what in the world  
are you talking about? His arms  
were around her. She was sobbing  
on his shoulder. 'Where did you  
hear such a ridiculous story?'  
Maggie Wetherbee entered breath-  
lessly, 'Miss Farmerer—' then stop-  
ped, bewildered at the sight before  
her eyes. Bobby Whitman and Har-  
ley Jones had been quarreling. They  
came up behind Maggie, each eager  
to exonerate himself. But the wet  
eyes and flushed face of their teach-  
er made friends of them instantly.  
'Is it her beau?' whispered Harley,  
as he nudged Bobby; but Maggie  
hustled them both out of the room  
without ceremony, hurrying after  
herself, and before the teacher re-  
called them the question appeared to  
have been satisfactorily answered.

It was well that the regular teach-  
er could resume her duties the next  
week, for by that time Mildred was  
abundantly willing to give them up.  
Yet she always declared that teach-  
ing was the most delightful work in  
the world, and that she found the  
happiness of her life on a blackboard.

The Wit of Words.  
A pun to be perfect in its kind,  
should contain two distinct mean-  
ings—the one common and obvious;  
the other more remote; and in the  
notice which the mind takes of the  
relation between these two sets of  
words, and in the surprise which  
that relation excites, the pleasure of  
a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in  
her book on education, mentions the  
instance of a boy so very neglectful  
that he could never be brought to  
read the word patriarch; but when-  
ever he met with it he called it patri-  
rides. It could hardly be consid-  
ered as a mere piece of negligence,  
for it appeared to her that the boy,  
in calling them patri-rides, was ask-  
ing game of the patriarchs. Now,  
here are two distinct meanings con-  
tained in the same phrase; for to  
make game of the patriarchs is to  
laugh at them, or to make game of  
them, is by a very extravagant and  
laughable ignorance of words, to rank  
them among pheasants, partridges  
and other such delicacies which the  
law takes under its protection and  
calls game, and the whole pleasure  
derived from the pun consists in the  
discovery that two such different  
meanings are referable to one form  
of expression. I have very little to  
say about puns; they are in very  
bad repute, and so they ought to be.  
The wit of language is so miserably  
inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is  
very deservedly driven out of good  
company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun  
makes its appearance which seems  
for a moment to redeem its species;  
but we must not be deceived by  
them; it is a radically bad race of  
wit. By un-mit-tin, per-cu-tion it  
has at last been got under and  
driven into cloisters from whence it  
must never again be suffered to  
emerge into the light of the world,  
Sidney Smith.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Space.	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1col/lin	\$12.00	\$10.00	\$8.00	\$6.00	\$5.00	\$4.00	\$3.00	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00
1/2col/lin	8.00	6.00	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.75	.50	.30
1/4col/lin	6.00	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.75	.50	.30	.20
1/8col/lin	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.75	.50	.30	.20	.15
1/16col/lin	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.75	.50	.30	.20	.15	.10

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.

How Long Should we Sleep.  
The vital processes of man, like those of all his fellow creatures, are partly controlled by automatic tendencies. Some functions of our internal economy are too important to be trusted to the caprices of a human volition; breathing, eating, drinking and even love are only semi-voluntary actions; and during a period varying from one-fourth to two-fifths of each solar day the conscious activity of the senses undergoes a complete suspension; the cerebral workshop is closed for repairs, and the abused or exhausted body commits its organism into the healing hands of nature. Under favorable conditions eight hours of undisturbed sleep would almost suffice to counteract the physiological mischief of the sixteen waking hours. During sleep the organ of consciousness is at rest, and the energies of the system seem to be concentrated on the functions of nutrition and the renewal of the vital energy in general; sleep promotes digestion, repairs the waste of the muscular tissue, favors the process of cutaneous excretion and renews the vigor of the mental faculties.  
The amount of sleep required by man is generally proportionate to waste of vital strength, whether by muscular exertion, mental activity (or emotion), or by the process of rapid assimilation, as during the first years of growth and during the recovery from an exhaustive disease. The weight of a new born child increases more rapidly than that of a supple adult, enjoying a liberal diet after a period of starvation, and though an infant is incapable of forming an abstract idea, we need not doubt that the variety of new and bewildering impressions must overtake its little sensorium in a few hours. Nurseries should therefore be permitted to sleep to their full satisfaction; weakly babies especially need sleep more than food, and it is the safest plan never to disturb a child's slumber while the regularity of his breathing indicates the healthfulness of his repose; there is little danger of his "over-sleeping" himself in a moderately warmed, well ventilated room. Never mind about meal-times; hunger will awaken him at the right moment or teach him to make up for lost time. Three or four nurslings in the twenty-four hours are enough. Dr. C. E. Page, who has made the problem of infant diet his special study, believes that fifty per cent. of the enormous number of children dying under two years of age are killed by being coaxed to guzzle till they are hopelessly diseased with fatty degeneration.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.

The other day we called the attention of the people to the fact that a number of large land holders of the county had been allowed to redeem their land for tax sale at a discount of fifty per cent, and made inquiries as to why it was done. In explanation the Commissioners state that in these cases the certificates held by the county were outlawed, and could not be collected, and that they considered it wise to accept one-half the face value of the certificate, rather than lose it all; which, of course, is true; but it occurs to us that there is something wrong somewhere that needs righting the very worst way. The county can buy land at tax sale, but cannot take a tax deed; the certificates issued to the county outlaw in two years, and all the wealthy land owner has to do is to let his land go unredeemed for that length of time, and then snap his fingers at the county and tell it to whistle for its pay. This is a very nice thing for the big land owner who desires to beat the county out of half of what he owes it by paying one-half less taxes than his poor neighbor, who owns but a quarter section. If we have such laws as these, they should be repealed as soon as possible, and if the county cannot acquire a title to land purchased by it at tax sale, we certainly think it would be well for the Commissioners not to buy it, and let the tax go on accumulating until the wealthy land owner sells it, when, as the tax is a lien on the land, he will have to pay up before he can make a good title.—Falls City Journal.

Soth P. Mobley, of the Grand Island Independent, writes to his paper from Washington, that H. A. Bruno, of Merrick county, is to succeed M. E. Hoxie as Register of the U. S. Land Office at Grand Island. But Soth don't mean a word of it—the long-haired genius is after the office himself, and if he gets it, it will only be when Mr. Hoxie retires of his own free will. The present Register has made too good and efficient an officer to be removed merely to make room for a chronic place-hunter.—Sherman Co. Times.