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J. S. MURDOCK & SON, Carpenters and Contractors. Have had an extended experience, and will guarantee satisfaction in work. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Our motto is, "Good work and fair prices." Call and give us an opportunity to estimate for you. Shop on 11th St., one door west of Frindhof & Co.'s store, Columbus, Neb., 45-1

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THE JOURNAL

VOL. XIV.—NO. 13.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 689.

COLUMBUS STATE BANK!

Authorized Capital, \$250,000. Cash Capital, 50,000.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS: A. ANDERSON, Pres't. S. M. SMITH, Vice Pres't. O. T. ROEN, Cashier.

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Foreign and Inland Exchange, Passage Tickets, Real Estate, Loan and Savings.

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Insurance, Real Estate, Loan, etc.

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GROCERIES!

PROVISIONS, CROCKERY & GLASSWARE.

Pipes, Cigars and Tobacco.

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GIVE ME A CALL! JOHN HEITKEMPER.

LOUIS SCHREIBER, Blacksmith and Wagon Maker.

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Shop opposite the "Tattersall," 91-11th St., COLUMBUS, 26m-6

H. LUERS & CO., BLACKSMITHS

Wagon Builders, New Brick Shop opposite Heita's Drug Store.

ALL KINDS OF WOOD AND IRON WORK ON WAGONS DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

Eleventh Street, Columbus, Nebraska, 50

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.

Set a First-Class Table.

Meals, 25 Cts.; Lodgings, 25 Cts. 28-21

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to improve their condition, and to improve their condition, they must have money. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

SEEDS Our large GARDEN SEEDS, including Cole's Reliable Seed, is mailed free to all. We offer the Latest Novelties in SEED POTATOES, Corn, Oats and Wheat, and the Best Collection of Vegetable, Flower, Grass and Tree SEEDS. Everything is tested. Address COLE & BIRD, Seedsmen, P. O. Box 1, LA. HOWA. 45-cov-4p

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THE SKIN WE WIND.

If you and I, to-day, should stand the obvious truth, we would find that the skin we wind is not so thin as we think it is.

Our life-work down, and let our hands fall while we stand the obvious truth, we would find that the skin we wind is not so thin as we think it is.

Fall down to the quite still—And if some other hand should come and wrap it to the end.

The threads we carried so that it could wind, beginning where the obvious truth should come to keep.

Somehow we must do, true or false; some thread we would find purpose so exists.

Itself that we look up to, or down, To be before, and we weave threads.

Of different lengths and thickness—some more shreds—And wind them round.

Fill all the skin of life is bound, To be before, and we weave threads.

The value of the threads, or choose Strong stuff to use.

It can not stand quite still, till it is done, but when it spins, a little skin.

God made each hand for work—not to stain, but to be before, and we weave threads.

Stooping above when we are done, To find bright threads.

That we have seen, till we spin them longer—and but threads.

And when we are done, when touched, how cold. Sad, shivering, portions, the hands will be.

The broken strands and know Fresh cause for grief.

—George Kingle.

A BICYCLE STORY.

Fearful Ride Down a Mountain.

Our mine, the Spindulick, of Colorado, was the highest on the range. It was 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and nine miles distant from the village. From the works up to the mines there was a broad, hard, smooth road, used for carting ore down from the mine.

The average grade down the mountain was three hundred feet to the mile; in some places it was considerably steeper, and at intervals almost level. The road was made partly on the bare rock, and wound up a narrow gulch, presently it climbed outside the chasm, and here at several places the road-bed had been blasted out of the solid rock, or cut into the perpendicular side of the mountain, but everywhere the rock was almost as smooth and hard as a floor. Knowing that a loose stone might cost the lives of both teamster and team, we sometimes checked the descent of an ore-wagon, until one of the nearly-level places had been reached, the teamsters were careful to keep the surface of the road clean and smooth.

By constant practice I managed at last to ride my 52-inch "University" roadster up the whole slope to the Spindulick, of course resting at the level. Knowing that the road was to be a few seconds less than thirteen minutes. Allowing six and a quarter for the descent, I was left with only six and a half minutes for the ascent.

One evening an accident occurred to one of those engaged at the mine. Instantly got out my bicycle, and thinking that I could go swifter than a horse down the road. In a few minutes I had on my riding-suit and was off.

The night was clear, and the full moon shined in a few curves, shone directly into the gulch, lighting up the road. Leaning well back, with my legs over the handles, and a firm grip on the handle-bar, I started to slide down the first long slope at a speed which I never dared to venture before. Finding the motion safe, I allowed the machine to run faster, and still kept my feet on the pedals, and like an arrow. Down the next slope I seemed to glide on the rushing wind. I turned a curve and ran into the shadow of the mountain upon the next level. Knowing that the road was, however, I did not slacken speed except slightly.

As I flew over the top of the next slope, a steep plunge of nearly half a mile, another curve followed, and I was on the moon, making the road almost as dark as a pocket. Here I put down the brake hard, and checked my speed materially. Still I knew the road so well that I had no fear. But just as I was upon the steepest plunge of the slope—

Click!

Something flew from the machine like a bullet. Instinctively I threw forward like the rush of a frightened bird, while the brake lever came home to the steering-bar under my finger. The brake had broken short off in the gulch.

There was nothing to check the machine, which was running away with me, with over five miles of mountain grade before me, and the chance of meeting a horse or a man in the dark. I might have leaped backward of the machine at the instant of the break, but five seconds afterwards it was too late. To attempt a dismount would be certain death. There was nothing to do but stick to the saddle and take my chances.

Within thirty seconds the machine had acquired a velocity never before experienced by me. It seemed to be flying like that of falling from the air. The rush of the atmosphere past me was like a fearful gale. The wheel no longer felt the inequalities of the road. It seemed to be on a perfect plane. I felt no sense of shocks from pebbles, or hollows, or protuberances. In fact, I believe that there were many places, especially where I was riding, in which the road incline, where the whole machine took a flying hop, or rather a long, skimming glide through the air, without touching the road.

It was lucky that I had practiced so much coasting down this very road, and that I knew every inch of it so thoroughly. Going at that amazing speed, I found far back in the saddle, the steering was somewhat novel and peculiar. The speed gave me a peculiar disposition to keep on a straight line that I could not have turned a short curve if I had tried. A very little too much turning of the steering-bar would have stretched it instead of from my hands, and smashed the wheels to fragments. But my practice had taught me the necessity of making my curves long and easy when coasting at great speed; and by instinct my grasp upon the steering-bar was kept as firm, yet flexible, as a spring steel.

When the accident happened, I was just entering a dark curve in the shadow of the mountain. The wall on my right appeared a dark, almost invisible brown, while the chasm on my left was of an inky blackness. As I rounded the hollow of the curve, I could see the moonlight shining far ahead from the point of the elbow which I must turn where the road was channeled into the wall. As I approached it I had the sense and nerve to run on the outer side of the road, close to the edge of the canyon, thus giving myself as broad a turn as possible. I found by the track of the wheel afterwards that at the

sharpest turn I had actually ridden within three inches of the extreme edge for several rods, where, if I had been going at a less fearful speed, the wheel would certainly have slipped over the edge and carried me down a fall of one thousand feet.

Safely past this, the worst point, the remaining curves were easy. Thus far there had been no time to think. My actions were most instinctive than reasoning. My mind was a wild, confused whirl of sensations and fears.

But now, as I shot down the last steep incline, suddenly I experienced a terrible mental shock. It was caused by hearing the tinkle of a bell far below, and seeing the spark of a lantern such as the mine teamsters carry in front of their wagons. There was a team, perhaps, about to descend the mountain road! In a few seconds I was in the middle of the road. If he was riding, the team would be kept near the mountain wall, and a safe distance from the drop. My mind was so full of the thought of my best chance was to pass on the outside. As I approached, therefore, I ran close to the outside edge of the track, and new by in safety, hearing the teamster shout, "I did so. Here it was lucky that I was going at such great speed, for the teamster saw the red light of my lantern when I was nearly a mile distant, and recognizing it, he started his team toward the outer edge of the road, so as to give me the safest passage on the inside; but I was upon and past him before the team could be driven over, otherwise I should have surely been killed."

And now the wheel ran along the level at the bottom of the mountain; still my frightful velocity did not perceptibly diminish. I ran out past the woods, and along the village street. Luckily the street was covered thinly with sand—not enough to make it bad riding, but sufficient to gradually stop a coasting wheel. My speed slackened perceptibly. The track ran nearly through the village, and then passed to turn a broad corner and run up the slope of a side street, which finally checked my speed so that I ventured to drop my feet, and take my bicycle down the street. My speed was so great that I had to check the machine.

So I finally stopped and leaped down the street, and took my bicycle down the street. My speed was so great that I had to check the machine.

On mounting at the mine-house I had looked at my watch after a habit I had; and, from the same habit, I had not taken my watch with me. I wished to find that I had made the nine miles from the mine to the doctor's in a few seconds less than thirteen minutes. Allowing six and a quarter for the descent, I was left with only six and a half minutes for the ascent.

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