

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XII.—NO. 36.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 608.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for Space, Line, and various rates for different durations and types of advertising.

Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dollars. Local advertisements at statutory rates. "Editorial 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.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

TIMPKEN 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.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY! MRS. M. S. DRAKE HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS. A FULL ASSORTMENT OF EVERYTHING BELONGING TO FIRST-CLASS MILLINERY STORE.

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. One door east of Heintz's drug store.

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.

W.M. 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 DEALERS IN FLOUR AND MEAL.

OFFICE, -COLUMBUS, NEB.

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

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.

Mr. A. A. Smith retains his position as Prescription Clerk, which is a positive guarantee against mistakes, and with our facilities everything in the prescription line is PERFECT.

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 for their equal, in style and quality, second to none.

COLUMBUS STATE BANK, Successors to Overland & Read and Turner & Heintz.

CASH CAPITAL, - \$50,000. DIRECTORS: LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't. GEO. W. HULST Vice Pres't. JULIUS A. REED. EDWARD A. GERRARD. ABNER TURNER, Cashier.

WAGONS! BUGGIES! WAGONS! END SPRINGS, PLATFORM SPRINGS, WHITNEY & BREWSTER SIDE SPRINGS.

Light Pleasure and Business Wagons of all Descriptions.

We are pleased to invite the attention of the public to the fact that we have just received a car load of Wagons and Buggies of all descriptions, and that we are the sole agents for the counties of Platte, Butler, Boone, Madison, Merrick, Polk and York, for the celebrated

CORTLAND WAGON COMPY, 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 county.

PHIL. CAIN, Columbus, Neb. WILLIAM RYAN, DEALER IN KENTUCKY WHISKIES

Wines, Ales, Cigars and Tobacco. Schilz's Milwaukee Beer constantly on hand.

Eleventh St., -COLUMBUS, NEB.

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

Deposits received, and interest paid on time deposits. Prompt attention given to collections and proceeds remitted on day of payment.

Dr. A. HEINTZ, DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, WINES, LIQUORS, PERFUMERY, Etc., Etc., And all articles usually kept on hand by Druggists.

Fine Soaps, Brushes, PERPUMERY, Etc., Etc., And all articles usually kept on hand by Druggists.

SPEICE & NORTH, General Agents for the Sale of Real Estate.

Union Pacific, and Midland Pacific. R. R. Lands for sale at from \$2,000 to \$10,000 per acre for cash, or on five or ten year terms, in annual payments to suit purchasers. We have also a large and choice lot of other lands, improved and unimproved, for sale at low price and on reasonable terms.

HERMAN OEBLICH & BRO., WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS!

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

Corner Eleventh and Olive Streets Columbus, Neb.

HENRY GASS, Manufacturer and dealer in Wooden and Metallic Burial Caskets.

Smith's Hammock Reclining Chair. Cabinet Turning and Scroll work, Pictures, Picture Frames and Mountings, Looking-glass Plates, Walnut Lumber, etc., etc.

W. S. GEER, MONEY TO LOAN in small lots on farm property, time one to three years. Farms with some improvements bought and sold.

W. S. GEER, Restaurant and Saloon! E. D. SHEEHAN, Proprietor.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Dublin Stout, Scotch and English Ales.

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

11th Street, So. Et of Depot

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, 121st Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, Columbus, Neb. 491-y.

DR. N. 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.

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

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE JOHN M. MACFARLAND, St. Edwards, Boone Co., Neb.

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. BYRON MILLETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbus, N. B. - He will give close attention to all business entrusted to him.

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. Office - Nebraska Avenue, opposite the Clothier House, three doors north of Bank, up-stairs. Consultation in German and English.

JAMES PEARSELL IS PREPARED, WITH FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS, To remove houses at reasonable rates. Give him a call.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS. J. B. 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.

DR. MITCHELL & MARTIN, COLUMBUS, MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE. Surgeons G., N. & B. H. R. R., Asst. Surgeons U. S. A., COLUMBUS, - - NEBRASKA.

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

THE SORREL HORSE. In the village of Saybrook, within the confines of the Pine Tree State, lived Deacon Aaron Adamson. He was not only a deacon, but he was also an esquire, having been appointed Justice of the Peace by Governor Hubbard at a time when men were not plenty who would accept the office, and pay the fee—at least they had not been plenty in Saybrook. But, he he deacon, or he he esquire, no glittering title, or high-sounding refrain could cover up the man—and the man was only a skin-flint, as we shall see.

The deacon had been in his day a noted breeder of horses; and he might have become wealthy from that source alone could he have contented himself with the honest returns for his ventures; but nothing would content him while there appeared a shadow of gain beyond the stated pound. The last penny he would pocket, and then fume, and storm, and huddle, and lie until he got another penny upon that. Yes—he had been a horse-dealer in his day, and what he did not know about horses was not worth knowing. Of late, however, he had kept little stock, choosing, he declared, to shelter one or two of the very best horses in the world rather than have his stable filled with common, every day trash.

But the truth was, he did not keep many horses because nobody who knew him dared to buy of him; and a horse known to have been bought of Deacon Adamson was very hard to sell.

One spring there moved into the town a young farmer, named Moses Midwell, who purchased the old Cummings place, believing he could bring it back to what it had been in the other years, when it had rated as the best farm in Cumberland county. Midwell had bought the farm, and paid for it—had bought all the tools of the former owner—and had bought, and paid cash for everything needed, save a horse. He had heard his father, in the years gone, speak of Deacon Adamson as the best judge of horse-flesh in the state, and having learned that the deacon was still alive, and living at the village, he concluded that he would apply to him for a horse.

'If you're going to trade with Deacon Adamson,' said one of his neighbors, 'do you just keep your eyes open. He's a dreadful cheat, and he's got so used to lying that he don't rationally know when he does let the truth slip out.'

However, Midwell knew something of horses, and was not afraid of being badly cheated. 'But,' said he to himself, 'if he does cheat me intentionally, I shall try to get even with him.'

So Mr. Moses Midwell called upon the deacon and made known his want. 'Ah! Midwell! son of my old friend! I declare, it does me good to see you. And you have come to live with us! Good! Your father and I were like brothers.'

And so the old man rattled on as they walked toward the stable. 'Upon my word, my dear boy, you have hit me in just the right moment, if you want the kind of a horse I should want, if I were in your place. Only the color—I don't know how that will suit you. Some folks don't like sorrel—and I can't say it's a favorite color with me.'

But Midwell did not object to that. They reached the stable and the deacon backed the horse from the stall. If he pinched the animal's nose, or twisted his tongue, or stuck a pin into his shoulder, we cannot say; but we can say that the horse came out lively, prancing and vigorous, with ears erect and nostrils distended. And it was certainly a handsome horse—standing proudly erect (though a pressure of the deacon's thumb and finger under the jaw may have had something to do with that), limbs well proportioned; smooth in every joint; with a coat fine and glossy.

'There, sir, there you have him. I was offered a hundred and a half for him yesterday and refused it point blank; but for old association's sake—as a token of pleasant remembrance of your good old father—I'll let you have him for just that figure. Mercy! if you can find fault with that, there'll be no use in my thinking to serve you.'

The deacon forgot to state that the offer to which he had alluded had been made by his own hopeful son. However, that didn't matter, for the horse, if perfect in every other respect, was worth every dollar. But was he perfect?

There you have him, just as he stands, Mr. Midwell. I can warrant him sound in wind and limb, because I know; but I can't warrant him free from things that no human being can see.'

'Mr. Adamson, I must trust to your word—to your honor. Of course you know that I would not wish to pay a hundred and fifty dollars for a horse that had a serious blemish.'

'And you don't object to the color?' 'No; I rather like it. Sorrel is a plain color, and stands well.'

'Then, my dear Moses,' said the deacon, standing by the horse's hind quarter and looking over the sweep of the haunch, 'I can give you my word that the horse hasn't got an out that I can see—not one. He's kind, and willing and strong, and sound-winded, and smooth-limbed, and tough-footed, and I never knew him to see anything that frightened or startled him. But, dear boy, don't you feel delicate about refusing the trade. If you don't want him at that price it's all right. P'raps I can help you to a trade somewhere else.'

But Midwell wanted the horse, and when he left the deacon's premises he had paid over to that good old man a hundred and fifty dollars, and he took the horse with him.

On his way home Moses was puzzled by several peculiar movements of the sorrel horse; and, arrived at his own quarters, the animal, in entering the stable, following his new owner at the end of a goodly length of halter-strap, ran his head—bump—against the door-post.

A strange thought came to the farmer's mind—a fancy that made him dizzy, and that caused his heart to bound. He led the horse to the middle of the barn floor and there flashed a white handkerchief suddenly before his eyes—dashed it once—twice—three—but not a muscle of the horse's eye quivered—not a nerve was startled. The sorrel horse was as blind as a stone!

And then Moses called to mind how astutely the deacon had evaded and played around that one point. It had been a heartless swindle. He went away by himself and sat down and reflected.

'Well, well,' he said to himself, in the end, 'we'll see how this thing will come out. If we both live long enough, I may get square with him.'

On the following day Moses met Deacon Anderson at the village. The old man bowed and offered his hand, as though nothing unusual had happened. He would not have spoken of the horse had not the other introduced the subject.

'Of course,' said Moses 'you knew that the horse's eyes were not right?' 'Yes, Moses—I did. I never seek to deceive. We did not speak of his eyes. Ha, ha—you'll have to see for him.'

'So I have discovered; and, Mr. Adamson, as I do not like a blind horse, I will let you have him back for the amount I paid for him.'

'Are you in earnest, Moses?' 'I am.'

The deacon placed the end of his fore-finger beneath his eye, and pulled down the lower lid. 'There's nothing green there, dear boy?' 'No.'

'Then I guess we'll call a trade—a trade. You've got a good, strong, kind, serviceable horse, and a color that pleases you. But, really, Moses the lesson will do you good. Next time you'll look a little sharper with your own eyes.'

'The next time,' said Moses as he turned away, 'I shall seek to trade with an honest man.'

'Oh! don't be angry, Moses. Don't lay it up.'

From that time Moses Midwell met the deacon frequently, and always with a respectful salutation. He did not profess friendly feeling, nor did he display any feeling of ill-will.

The season passed, and Moses flourished on his farm. He had purchased a new and improved threshing machine, and he also owned a horse-power for sawing wood, and for those uses the sorrel horse worked in well and profitably.

Deacon Adamson had prepared for laying down a two-acre lot to grain and grass. During the season last passed he had raised upon that lot the largest crop of corn ever raised from the same territory in the county. He had applied dressing without stint, and having taken off the heaviest burden of grass upon those two acres ever cut from the same extent of surface. In laying it down he wanted a goodly quantity of red clover seed, and he had been informed that Moses Midwell had the best out several bushels of the very best clover seed to be found anywhere.

When he next met Moses he asked him if he had the seed to sell. 'Yes—I shall sell most of it. In fact, most of it is already engaged.'

'But you can spare me enough for my two-acre lot?' 'Yes—I shall have plenty left for that.'

'What shall you charge me for it?' 'Whatever it is going for at the stores. There'll be no trouble on that score.'

'And you'll warrant it to be pure red clover?' 'No sir; I'll warrant nothing of the kind. But I'll tell you this, sir: I have just three bushels of seed in my granary, and I can give you my word that every seed was threshed from as fine and pure clover as ever grew. There's nothing else of seed in my chests, save my wheat and barley and oats.'

'All right. I shall look to you for the seed.'

'And you shall have it.'

Moses Midwell went home, and that night after everybody else was abed and asleep, he went out to his barn where his threshing machine stood upon the great floor, and having led out the sorrel horse, and harnessed him in place, he brought forth from a far corner of one of the scaffolds a lot of material which had been carefully gathered upon his old sheep-pasture, and fed it to the maw of the threshing machine; and he then went to the work of winnowing a seed that, we firmly believe, had never been before and has never since threshed and winnowed intentionally.

Two days after that Deacon Adamson came up for his clover seed. 'This is all clear?' said the purchaser, as he handed over the money and took the bag of seed.

'I threshed and winnowed it myself,' answered Moses, and I can warrant it to be the seed of the *Crimson Orealis*, pure and unadulterated.'

The deacon's eyes sparkled. He was not a learned man himself, but it did him good to hear learned quotations and classical expressions.

And Deacon Adamson went home and laid down his two-acre lot to oats, herbs-grass and *Crimson Orealis* and then awaited the coming of events.

The oats grew and flourished, and an enormous crop blessed the husbandman. And above the stubble of the oats appeared the green blades of the grass crop—that which was to give forth its mighty growth in another year.

'Ah!' said the expectant man, 'wait till you see my crop of clover. If I ain't greatly disappointed I'll show you a lotta the biggest crop of red clover, you ever did see.'

And this he told to all who looked upon his field—told it so often and told it to so many, that never did a coming circus create more anxiety of anticipation in the bosoms of the village boys than did the coming of that red clover of Saybrook.

At length the warm spring days came, and the two-acre field put on its coat of green. The days of June came on apace, and the green blade grew rank and luxuriant; but—no like clover!—not like any clover which the people of Saybrook had ever seen before.

'Mercy! how rank and how green!—and how thickly the strange growth covered the ground! But, it could not be clover. The deacon leaned upon the fence, and looked over into the field. The leaves of the luxuriant herbage were beginning to put on a strangely familiar look. His heart fluttered.

'Samuel,' he said to his son, 'what was it that Moses Midwell called that seed that he let me have?' 'He called it *Crimson Orealis*.'

An hour later the deacon met Prof. Dorem. 'Prof. what is *Crimson Orealis*?' 'Where does it grow and how?' 'In a field—thick.'

'In such a case it must be the common *Red Sorrel*.'

'And that's its honest name—*Crimson Orealis*?' 'Orealis is sorrel, certainly; and of course you know what *crimson* is.'

Two days later the deacon met Moses Midwell and called him aside. 'Now, Moses—look here; we ain't going to have any words unless I can prove that you've lied to me, which I think I can do. Didn't you swear to me that you hadn't a bit of other seed in your granary but pure clover, besides your common grain?' 'I didn't swear, deacon; but I told you so.'

'Then where did you get that seed that you let me have?' 'I went home and on that very night, after all save myself were abed and asleep I went to my barn and brought forth from a far scaffold a crop I had cut from the old sheep pasture, and then I hitched up the old sorrel horse, and threshed it out and winnowed it! I told you honestly what the seed was when I let you have it. If you have been deceived, it should be a lesson to you; and I can say to you as you once said to me—let—'

'Hold on! Never mind the lesson now. Moses Midwell, I'm afraid you've caught up with me. You offered once to let me have the sorrel horse back for the same price that you paid. I'll give you that price in full, with interest, if you'll put that two-acre field of *Red Sorrel* where no human being can ever see it more!'

'Really, Deacon, there's no need of that. I made use of the sorrel horse, and you may make use of that other sorrel. I'llough it in for dressing before it goes to seed.'

The deacon caught at the idea, and hurried away; and before another twenty-four hours had passed the two acres of sorrel had all been ploughed in out of sight. The cy-sore was removed, but the cutting fact remained. The story had leaked out—the story of the horse-trade, and of the return trade in *Crimson Orealis*; and to the latest day of his life Deacon Adamson was free to declare that his sale of the blind horse to Moses Midwell had proved the sorrest piece of business for himself that he ever did.

Mr. Gough and the Oxford Boys. John B. Gough, in the course of his lecturing life, has found himself in some tight places; but his wit never failed to bring him out safely.

An amusing story is told of him when he went to Oxford, England, to address the students on temperance. The students sent word to Mr. Gough that they "would not have temperance," and advised him not to persist in lecturing, but he went to the hall. For twenty minutes, he spoke in pantomime amid the deafening cat-calls of the boys.

Finally, he stepped forward, demanded British fair play, and offered to whip every one of the five hundred students singly. This offer was loudly cheered, and promptly accepted, and a big six-foot athlete was sent up on the stage. Gough, who is a little man, backed off as the big fellow approached him, and explained—

"My friends, you evidently misunderstood me. This is to be an intellectual contest, not a prize-fight."

The students cheered again at this evidence of American shrewdness, and ordered the debate to proceed. The college lad, was, therefore, obliged to discuss with the temperance champion. He was at a disadvantage, but he quoted Scripture, and reminded the plucky lecturer that it was one of the Apostles who wrote to Timothy—a young man, too, like themselves—to take a little wine for the stomach's sake, and for his other infirmities. The lad shouted vociferously at this.

Gough slowly examined the six-footer from top to toe, and then said: "My friends look at this athlete, this fellow with muscles like steel, who can wield the club of Hercules, who can bend an English yeoman's bow, who could knock down an ox with the blow of a hammer. He is the personification of health and strength but he thinks he needs a little wine for his stomach's sake!"

Gough's inimitable manner of saying this had a tremendous effect. The students fairly yelled with delight, and their defeated champion retreated.

Another was sent up. He was the intellectual giant of his class, in contradistinction to the six-footer. He, with much self-confidence, made a finished argument for liquor-drinking, based on Christ's changing the water into wine at the wedding feast. His comrades cheered him to the echo, and thought his argument unanswerable, and Gough was baffled for his defeat.

"Young men," said he solemnly, "I admit that your champion has forestalled me. He has said to me just what I came here to charge you to do—Drink all the wine you can find that is made entirely out of water."