This volume given St. Mt. Soc. by Rose & Jennie Carson, Oct. 10, 1935

Nebraska Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE.

VOLUME I. BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA COUNTY, N. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1856. NUMBER 1.

Nebraska Advertiser

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

P. W. FURNAS,

Second Street, bet. Main and Water,
(Lake's Block,)
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:

One year (invariably in advance), - $2,00
Six months, - - - - - 1,50

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, $1,00
Additional insertion, 0,50
One square, one month 2,50
" " three months, 6,00
" " six months, 6,00
" " one year, 10,00
Business Cards of six lines or less one year, 5,00
One column, one year, 60,00
Half Column, one year, 35,00
Fourth " " " 20,00
Eighth " " " 10,00
One Column, six months, 35,00
Half Column, six months, 20,00
Fourth " " " 10,00
Eighth " " " 8,00
One Column, three months, 20,00
Half Column, three months, 13,00
Fourth " " " 10,00
Eighth " " " 6,00
Announcing candidates for office, 5,00

Cash in advance will be required for all advertisements except where actual responsibility is known. Ten per cent for each change be added to the above rates.

Standing Business Cards of five lines or less, for a year, $5,00.

No advertisements will be considered by the year, unless specified on the manuscript, or previously agreed upon between the parties.

Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specified number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

All advertisements from strangers or transient persons to be paid in advance.

The privilege of yearly advertisers will be confined to their own business; and all advertisements containing thereto, to be paid for extra.

All leaded advertisements charged double the above rates.

Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

BOOK AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING!

Posters, Blanks,
Show Bills Bill Heads
Checks, Labels,
Catalogues Circulars,
Bills of Lading.

SHIPPING BILLS, BALL TICKETS,

and every other kind of work that may be called for. Having purchased this connection with the "Reflector" Office, an extensive and excellent variety of

JOB TYPE

of the latest styles, we are prepared to do any kind of work mentioned in the above Catalogue, with neatness and dispatch.

The Proprietor, who, having had an extensive experience, will give his personal attention to this branch of business, and hopes, in his endeavors to please, both in the excellence of his work, and reasonable charges, to receive a share of the public patronage.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BROWNVILLE.

THOMPSON & BUXTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LOT AND LAND AGENTS;
BROWNVILLE, N. T.,
Will attend the Courts of Northern Missouri, Nebraska and Western Iowa.

OSCAR F. LAKE & CO.,
GENERAL
LAND AND LOT AGENTS,
OFFICE on Main, bet. 1st and 2d Sts
Brownville, N. T.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.
SURGEON, PHYSICIAN
And Obstetrician.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.;
Solicits a share of public patronage, in the various branches of his profession, from the citizens of Brownville and vicinity.

B. B. & J. M. THOMPSON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Dry Goods
Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and Country Produce.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.,

W. HOBRITZELL & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Queensware, Hardware,
Stoves, Furniture,
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

MISS MARY W. TURNER,
MILLINER
And Dress Maker.
First Street, between Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Bonnets and Trimmings always on hand.

C. W. WHEELER,
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.
FIRST INT. MAIN AND WATER STS.
Brownville, N. T.

T. L. RICKETTS,
CARPENTER AND JOINER,
BROWNVILLE,
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

S. B. MILLER,
BLACKSMITH
AND WAGON MAKER.
First St., bet. Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Poetry.

THE PRESS.

BY G. W. CUTTER.

Soul of the world—the press, the press—
What wonders hast thou wrought?
Thou rainbow realm of mental bliss—
Thou starry sky of thought!
As the blessed light of heaven
And lovely as the mirror driven
The clouds and night
Yet, canst thou fame upon the earth,
Like the direful volcano's glow—
And tyrants trembled at thy birth,
As at an earthquake's throe.
Hast thou not lit the darkest land,
And broke the fellest chain—
The despot's rod accursed hand
Shall never forge again?

Another sun—thy brightness rose
O'er the dark benighted world,
And on thy panic striken foes,
Thy lightning flashes hurled.
Dark superstition crouched where'er
Thy thunder scathing fell,
And the murderous bigot quaked with fear,
As at the flames of hell!

And priestly craft and kingly power
Have striven to bind the down—
But ah, how low beneath thee cower,
The mitre and the crown.
Thy nod can lop the proudest head—
The world thy sceptre owns;
The path thou dost to glory tread—
That path is paved with thrones.

Yet, art thou gentle as the breeze—
The latest breath of day;
But chainless as the mighty seas,
In thy resistless sway.
At thy command the seals were broke,
That bound the mighty deep—
And liberty and truth awoke
From centuries of sleep.

When forth to every sinful shore,
That man in darkness trod—
Thy bright and speeding pinions bore
The beacon words of God.
The sage's lamp—the muse's lyre—
Thou brought's o'er ocean's foam;
The stellar light of vestal fire—
The eloquence of Rome.

Then music rose in Runic climes,
And the isics of barbarous sons
First heard Athenia's words sublime,
Thy words—Demosthenes!
And Plato's lore and Sappho's lay,
O'er other lands were borne—
Where late were heard the wild forey,
And the hunter's winding horn.

Flag of truth! Thy folds have streamed
O'er many a field of blood—
And o'er the wreck of empires gleamed,
Like the rainbow o'er the flood.
The patriot's eye still turns to thee,
And hails thee from afar—
As the wanderer of the trackless sea,
Hath hailed his guiding star.

Torch of hope! Thy blaze shall burn
O'er millions yet to be—
And flame above the funeral urn,
Of bonds and slavery.
The world already hails thy light,
As the Chaldean's of old,
When flashing o'er the clouds of night,
The star of Bethl'em roll'd.

Like the letters on the Persian wall,
But plainer to be read,
Is thy ever bright and burning scroll,
That tyrants mark with dread.
O'er sceptre, throne and diadem,
Hang thy portentous glare—
Like the sword o'er lost Jerusalem,
Suspended in the air.

While to the hearth-stone of the hall,
And to the cottage hearth,
Thou bring'st a daily festival,
Of nameless—priceless worth;
Thou lightest up the palid cheek
Of the deserted poor,
And to the captive, worn and weak,
Thou ope'st the prison door.

Oh, ever in thy banner bright,
Let truth and virtue blend—
Be ever—ever—in the right—
Be ever labor's friend:
His strong and honest arm shall be
Thy bulwark in distress;
God bless the land of Liberty—
God save our country's press.

A "FREE-LOVE" POETESS.

I ain't a doin' nothin' else
But walkin' paths what's thorny;
For him as meets my weary soul,
Is gone to Californie.
And now I'm left to bear the brunt
Of life with Hiram Moses,—
He's just as different from me
As poppies is from roses.

He eats and drinks, and works and sleeps,
And ain't a bad prowider;
But nectar's all the same to him
As so much beer and cider.
I hate this way of doin' life
In sums of vulgar fractions;
My spirit yearns for sympathy
And passional attractions.

My spiral nature's innard self
Has gone and been divided:
Of course I can't be nothin' else
But innardly lop-sided.
I keep a graspin after things
That's neither here nor yander,
But like a goose that's yoked for life
To him that ain't her gander.

BEAUTY ASLEEP.

Dark lay her eyelid's jetty fringe
Upon that cheek whose roseate tinge
Mixed with its shade, like evening's light
Just touching on the verge of night,
Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,
Seemed glowing through the ivory lid;
And, as I thought, a lustre threw
Upon her lips reflecting dew—
Such as a night-lamp, left to shrine,
May shed upon the votive wreath
Which pious hands have hung beneath.

[T. MOORE.

Select Tale.

TOO GOOD CREDIT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Let me show you one of the finest pieces of cloth I have seen for the last six months," said a smiling storekeeper to a young married man, whose income was reckoned at the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edwards," replied the young man, "the silk and buttons are all I want."

"Oh, no trouble at all, Mr. Jacobs,—no trouble at all. It is a pleasure for me to show my goods," said the storekeeper, drawing from a shelf the piece of cloth he had mentioned, and throwing it upon the counter. "There," he added, as he unfolded the glossy broadcloth, and clapped his hand upon it self-complacently, "there is something worth looking at, and it's cheap as dirt. Only four dollars a yard, and worth six every cent of it. I bought it at auction yesterday, at a great bargain."

"It's cheap enough, certainly," remarked Jacobs, half indifferently, as he bent down to inspect the cloth; "but I have no money to spare just now."

"Don't want any money," replied Edwards. "At least from such men as you."

Jacobs looked up into the man's face in some doubt as to his meaning.

"Your credit is good," said Edwards smiling.

"Credit! I've no credit. I never asked a man to trust me in my life," returned the customer.

"I'll trust you to half that is in my store," was answered."

"Thank you," said Jacobs, feeling a little flattered by a compliment like this. "But I've no wants in the dry goods line to that extent. A skein of silk and a dozen buttons for my wife, are all that I require at present."

"You want a new coat," said the storekeeper, and laying his hand upon the sleeve of Jacobs' coat and examined it closely. "This one is getting rusty and threadbare. A man like you should have some regard for his appearance. Let me see. Two yards of this beautiful cloth will cost but eight dollars, and I won't send in your bill for six months. Eight dollars for a fine broadcloth coat! Think of that! Bargains of this sort don't grow on every tree."

While Edwards talked thus he was displaying the goods he wished to sell in a way to let the rich, glossy surface catch the best points of light, and his quick eye soon told him that his customer was begining to be tempted.

"I'll cut you off a coat pattern," said he, taking up his yard stick, "I know you want it. Don't hesitate about the matter."

Jacobs did not say no, although the word was on his tongue. While he yet hesitated, the coat pattern was measured off and severed from the peice.

"There it is," came in satisfied half triumphant tone from the storekeeper's lips. "And the greatest bargain you ever had. You will want trimmings, of course?"

As he spoke he turned to the shelves for padding, lining, silk, &c., and while Jacobs, half bewildered, stood looking on, cut from one peice and another, until the coat trimmings were all nicely laid out. This done, Mr. Edwards faced his customer again, rubbing his hands from an internal feeling of delight, and said—

"You must have a handsome vest to go with this of course."

"My vest is a little shabby," replied Jacobs, glancing downward at a garment which had seen pretty fair service.

"If that is the best one you have, it will never do to go with a new coat," said Edwards in a decided tone. "Let me show you a beautiful piece of black satin."

And so the storekeeper went on tempting his customer, until he sold him a vest and pair of pantaloons in addition to the coat. After that he found no difficulty in selling him a silk dress for his wife. Having indulged himself with an entire new suit, he could not, upon reflection, think of passing by his wife, who had been wishing for a new silk dress for more than six months.

"Can't you think of anything else?" enquired Edwards. "I shall be happy to supply whatever you may want in my line."

"Nothing more, I believe," answered Jacobs, whose bill was already thirty-five dollars; and he had yet to pay for making his coat, pantaloons and vest.

"But you will want various articles of dry goods. In a family there is something called for every day. Tell Mrs. Jacobs to send down for whatever she may need. Never mind the money. Your credit is good with me for any amount."

When Mr. Jacobs went home and told his wife what he had done, she, unreflecting woman, was delighted.

"I wish you had taken a piece of muslin," said she. "We want sheets and pillow cases badly."

"You can get a piece," replied Jacobs, "We won't have to pay for it now. Edwards will send the bill at the end of six months, and it will be easy enough to pay it then."

"Oh yes, easy enough," responded his wife confidently.

So a piece of muslin was procured on the credit account. But things did not stop there. A credit account is too often like a breach in a canal; the stream is small at first, but soon increases to a ruinous current. Now that want had found a supply source, want became more clamorous than before. Scarcely a day passed that Mr. or Mrs. Jacobs did not order something from the store, not dreaming, simple souls, that an alarmingly heavy debt was accumulating against them.

As to the income of Mr. Jacobs, it was not large. He was, as has been intimated a clerk in a wholesale store, and received a salary of seven hundred dollars a year. His family consisted of a wife and three children, and he had found it necessary to be prudent, in all his expenditures, in order to "make both ends meet." Somewhat independent in his feelings, he had never asked credit of any one with whom he dealt, and no one offering it, previous to the tempting inducement of Edwards, he had regulated his out-goes by his actual income. By this means he had managed to keep even with the world; though not to gain any advantages on the side of fortune. Let us see how it was with him at the end of six months, under the new system.—Let us see if his "good credit" has been of any real benefit to him.

It was so very pleasant to have things comfortable for a little display, without feeling that the indulgence drained the purse too heavily. And [illegible] of Jacobs was gratified by the flattering opinions of honesty entertained by Edwards, the storekeeper. His credit was "good" and he was proud of the fact. But the day of reckoning was approaching and it came at last.

Notwithstanding the credit at the dry good store, there was no more money in the young clerk's purse at the end of six months than at the beginning. The cash that would have gone for clothing, when necessity called for additions to the family wardrobe, had been spent for things, the purchase of which would have been omitted, but for the fact that the dollars were in the purse instead of the storekeeper's hands and tempted needless expenditure.

As at the end of six months' credit approached, the mind of Jacobs began to rest upon the dry goods dealer's bill, and to be disturbed by a feeling of anxiety. As to the amount of this bill he was in some uncertainty; but he thought that it could not be less than forty dollars. That was a large sum for him to owe, particularly as he had nothing ahead, and his current expenses were fully up to his income. It was now, for the first time in his life, that Jacobs felt the nightmare pressure of debt, and it seemed at times as if it would almost suffocate him.

One evening he came home feeling more sober than usual. He had thought of little else all day, besides his bill at the store. On meeting his wife he saw that something was wrong.

"What ails you, Jane?" said he kindly. "Are you sick?"

"No," was the simple reply. But her eyes dropped as she said it, and her husband saw that her lips slightly quivered.

"Something is wrong, Jane," said the husband.

Tears stole to the wife's cheeks from beneath her half-closed lids—the bosom labored with the weight of some pressure.

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected, of course," said Jacobs with forced calmness. "The credit was for only six months. But how much is the bill?"

His voice was unsteady as he asked the question.

"A hundred and twenty dollars."—And poor Mrs. Jacobs burst into tears.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the startled husband. "Impossible! A hundred and twenty dollars? Never?"

"There is the bill." And Mrs. Jacobs drew it from her bosom.

Jacobs glanced eagerly at the footing up of the long column of figures, where were numerals to the value of one hundred and twenty.

"It can't be," said he in a troubled voice. "Edwards has made some mistake."

"So I thought, when I first looked at the bill," replied Mrs. Jacobs, recovering herself, yet speaking in a sad voice. "But I am sorry to say, that it is all right. I have been over it, and over it again, and cannot find a single error. Oh, dear! how foolish I have been. It was so easy to get things when no money was to be paid down. But I never thought of a bill like this. Never."

Jacobs sat for some moments with his eyes upon the floor. He was thinking rapidly.

"So much for a good credit," he said at length, taking a long breath. "What a fool I have been! That cunning fellow, Edwards, has gone to the windward of me completely. He knew that if he got me on his books he would secure three dollars to one of my money, beyond what he would get by the cash down system. One hundred and twenty dollars in six months! Ah, me! Are we any happier for the extra dry goods we have procured? Not a whit! Our bodies have been a little better clothed, and our love of display gratified to some extent. But has all that wrought a compensation for the pain of this day of reckoning?"

Poor Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly was she repenting of her part in the folly they had committed.

Tea time came, but neather husband nor wife could do much more than taste food. That bill for a hundred and twenty dollars had taken away their appetite. The night that followed brought to neither of them a very refreshing slumber: and in the morning they awoke sober-minded and little inclined for conversation. But one thought was in the mind of Jacobs—the bill of Edwards; and but one feeling in the mind of his wife—self-reproach for her part in the work of embarrassment.

"What will you do?" said Mrs. Jacobs in a voice that was unsteady, looking into her husband's face with glistening eyes, as she laid her hand upon his arm, causing him to pause as he was leaving the house.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the young man gloomily. "I shall have to see Edwards, I suppose, and ask him to wait. But I'm sure I'd rather take a horse whipping. Good credit! He'll sing a different song now."

For a moment or two longer the husband and wife stood looking at one another. Then as each sighed heavily, the former turned away and left the house. His road to business lay directly past the store of Mr. Edwards,—but now he avoided the street in which he lived, and went a whole block out of his way to do so.

"How am I to pay this bill?" murmured the unhappy Jacobs, pausing in his work for the twentieth time, as he sat by his desk, and giving his mind up to troubled thoughts.

Just at this moment the senior partner in the establishment came up and stood beside him.

"Well, my young friend," said he, kindly, "how are you getting along?"

Jacobs tried to smile, and look cheerful as he replied—

"Pretty well, sir." But his voice had in it a touch of despondency.

"Let me see," remarked the employer after a pause; "your regular year is up to day, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jacobs, his heart sinking in his bosom, for the question suggested a discharge from his place—business having been dull for sometime.

"I was looking at your account, yesterday," resumed his employer, "and I find that it is drawn up close. Have you nothing ahead?"

"Not a dollar, I am sorry to say," returned Jacobs. "Living is expensive, and I have six mouths to feed."

"That being the case," said the employer, "as you have been faithful to us, and your servies are valuable, we must add something to your salary.—You now receive seven hundred dollars."

"Yes, Sir."

"We will call it eight hundred and fifty."

A sudden light flashed into the face of the unhappy clerk; seeing which, the employer, already blessed in blessing another added—

"And it shall be for the last as well as for the coming year. I will fill you up a check for a hundred and fifty dollars, as the ballance due up to this day."

The feelings of Jacobs were too much agitated to trust himself with oral thanks, as he received the check, which the employer immediately filled up; but his countenance expressed his grateful emotions.

A little while afterwards the young man entered the store of Edwards, who met him with a smiling face.

"I've come to settle that bill of yours," said Jacobs.

"You needn't have trouble yourself about that," replied the shopkeeper, "although money is always acceptable."

The money was paid and the bill receipted, when Edwards rubbing his hands, an action peculiar to him when in a happy frame of mind, said—

"And now, what shall I show you?"

"Nothing," was the young man's reply.

"Nothing! Don't say that," replied Edwards. "I've just got in a beautiful lot of spring goods."

"I've no more money to spare," answered Jacobs.

"That's of no consequence. Your credit is good for any amount."

"A world too good, I find," said Jacobs, beginning to button up his coat with the air of a man who had lost his pocket-book, and feels disposed to look well that his purse don't follow in the same unprofitable direction.

"How so? What do you mean?" asked the storekeeper.

"My good credit has taken a hundred and twenty dollars out of my pocket," replied Jacobs.

"I don't understand you," replied Edwards, looking serious.

"It's a very plain case," answered Jacobs. "This credit account at your store has induced myself and wife to purchase twice as many goods as we would otherwise have bought. That has taken sixty dollars out of my pocket; and sixty dollars more have been spent under temptation, because the money was in the purse instead of being paid out for goods credited to us on your books. Now do you understand me?"

The storekeeper was silent.

"Good morning, Mr. Edwards," said Jacobs. "When I have cash to spare, I shall be happy to spend it with you; but no more book acounts for me."

Wise will they be who profit by the experience of Mr. Jacobs. Those credit accounts are a curse to people with moderate means and should never, under any pretence, be opened.

Miscellaneous.

SHE IS DYING!

She is dying! Hush! she is dying! The sunlight streams through the plate-glass windows—the room is fragrant with the sweet breath of the southern flowers—large milk-white African lilies, roses a nightingale would stoop to worship; Cape jasmins, and camellias, with their glossy leaves.

Through the open casement steals the music of playing fountains; and the light, tempered pleasantly by rose curtains of embroidered satin, kindles up gorgeous old paintings with a halo bright as a rainbow. It is as if fresher sunshine were falling earthward on the bower of beauty. The canary sings in his gilded cage—*her* canary; and and the lark raises his note higher and higher on the perfumed air. Why do you clinch your hands till the nails draw the rich, rosy blood through the thin, quivering skin? Why do you shut your teeth together, and hiss between that one word—"Hush?" It's a beautiful home, I'm sure; and that lady, with her head upon your bosom, is fair as any dream-vision of the painter. Surely nothing could be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than those golden curls.

And she loves you, too! Ah! yes, any one can read that in the deep violet eyes, raised so tenderly to your own. Ah! that is it; your young wife loves you.

She linked to yours the existence of an angel, when she kneeled beside you at the marriage altar, and placed her hand in yours.

For twelve long, golden, sunny months an angel has walked or sat by your side, or slept in your bosom. You know it! No mortal woman ever made your heart bow before a purity so divine! No earthly embrace ever filled your soul with the glory from the stars; no earthly smiles ever shone so unchangingly above all such noisome things as your earth-worms call care and trouble. She is an angel; and other angels have been singing to her in the long days of the pleasant June time.

"Hush," you say; but you can not shut out the anthem notes of heaven from those unsealed ears! Louder, higher, swell the hymns of the seraphs; and brighter grows the smile on your wife's lips.

She whispers, "Dearest, I'm almost home, and you will come by and by, and I am going to ask God to bless you!" But you can not bear it—you turn away, and the big tears gather in the eyes.

You had held her there on your bosom all day—all night; are you tired? But you can not answer. Closer—closer you clasp the slight, fair figure; painfully you press your lips to the cold brow. She is dead!

What is it to you that the sunshine is bright? what that its cheerful rays fall on the broad land—*your* lands? What is it—now that she can walk on them no more? And what is death—*her* death? Few people knew her; no nation will raise a monument to her memory! But she was yours; yours all? No, yours and God's; and your year of joy is over, and she rests on his bosom now in heaven. They have dug a grave for her. Spring flowers brighten over it, and the green grass smiles with daisies and violets. You go there and sigh, and pray, and ask God if you, too, may come home? and when no answer comes, your proud heart rises up in bitterness, and with the bold, wicked words upon you tongue, you pause; for your guardian angel looks down from heaven, and whispers—"Hush!"

THE LIGHT-HOUSE AND THE MISSIONARY BOX.

About twenty-four years ago, a poor but pious widow, the keeper of a light-house on the Kentish coast, obtained a missionary box, and resolved to devote to the cause of Christ all the money that might be given to her before twelve every Monday morning.

On the next Monday morning a gentleman visited the light-house, and seeing her in the attire of a widow, gave her a sovereign.

The poor woman was perplexed; so large a sum would be of great service to her during her present pressing wants—the doctor's bill was unpaid too—she asked the advice of friends; one advised one way, another the contrary. At last she resolved to ask God in prayer what she ought to do with the sovereign. She rose from her knees convinced that it belonged to the missions, and she at once put it into the box. God, who is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, was not unmindful of her faithfulness.

In the course of the day a widow lady of high rank, with her daughter, and several attendants, called to inspect the light-house. Charitable sovereigns she left, put a piece of gold into the hand.

Two days afterward, one of the parties came with a letter from the lady, kindly stating that she felt much interested in the family, and begged the acceptance of £25 from herself and £5 from her little daughter, who was also much concerned for their welfare.

The kind lady was her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; and her little child, the Princess Victoria, now the Queen of England.

There is no greater instance of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments, and not dare to be what he thinks he ought to be.

Look upon vicious company as so many engines planted against you by the devil, and accordingly fly from them as you would from the mouth of a cannon.

The love of God and the world are two different things; if the love of the world dwell in you, the love of God forsakes you; renounce that, and receive this; it is fit the more noble love should have the best place and acceptance.

When is a man thinner than a shingle? When he is a shaving.

How should a husband speak to a scolding wife? My dear, I love you STILL.

The name of the man in Vermont who feeds his geese on iron filings, and gathers steel pens from their wings, is Sharp.

THOUGHTS FOR THE CLOSET.—"The soul is the life of the body. Faith is the life of the soul. Christ is the life of faith."

"Afflictions may buzz and hum about the believer, like bees that have lost their sting; but they can never hurt him."

"Prosperous providences are for the most part a dangerous state to the soul. The moon never suffers an eclipse but at the fall."

Mrs. Child once heard a young girl remark to her mother, "I should like of all things to be married, if I could be sure my husband would die in a fortnight; for then I should not have the disgrace of being an old maid, and be rid of the restraint and trouble of a married life." This young lady had a high opinion of married life.

THE POSITION OF MAN.—Man is the Patrician of the Universe, the sun, the moon, the stars, and all the works of nature are but the common People.—Man, though the latest born of creation's family, has entailed on him by a divine law of primogeniture an immortal inheritance.