The 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, NOVEMBER 29, 1856. NUMBER 24.

Nebraska Advertiser

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

R. W. FURNAS,

Second Street, bet. Main and Water, (Lake's Block,)

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:

For one year (invariably in advance), - $2,00
" six months, - - - 1,50

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square, (12 lines or less,) one insertion,	$1,00
Each additional insertion,	0,50
One square, one month	2,50
" " three months,	4,00
" " 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
One-half Column, one year,	35,00
" fourth " " "	15,00
One-eighth " " "	10,00
" Column, six months,	35,00
" half Column, six months,	20,00
" fourth " " "	10,00
" eighth " " "	8,00
" 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 one year, $3,00.

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 rigidly to their own business; and all advertisements not pertaining 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, in 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.

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

A. S. HOLLIDAY, 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.

W. HOBLITZELL & 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 BET. MAIN AND WATER STS.
Brownville, N. T.

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

JOHN S. HOYT,
County Surveyor and Land Agent,
OF Richardson county, N. T., will attend promptly to all business in his profession, when called on: such as Paying Taxes, Recording Claims, Subdividing Land, Laying out Town Lots, Drafting City Plats &c.
Residence and address
ARCHER, Richardson co., N. T.

J. HART & SON
SADDLE & HARNESS
MAKERS,
Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.
Keep constantly on hand all description of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, &c., &c.
N. B. Every article in our shop is manufactured by ourselves, and warranted to give satisfaction.

SHAW, BUEL & BARBOUR,
IMPORTERS & JOBBERS OF
Dry Goods
55 Pearl Street, Cincinnati.
L. BARBOUR, C. G. SHAW, L. C. BUEL, G. H. BARBOUR

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

E. M. M'COMAS,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON
AND OBSTETRICIAN,
NEMAHA CITY, N. T.
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Nemaha county.

R. E. HARDING. G. C. KIMBOUGH R. P. TOOMBS.
HARDING, KIMBOUGH & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
HATS, CAPS & STRAW GOODS,
No 49 Main street, bet. Olive and Pine,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Particular attention paid to manufacturing our finest Mole Hats.

JAMES W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH
Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

C. V. SNOW,
SURGEON, PHYSICIAN
And Accoucheur,
ROCKPORT, MO,

NUCKOLLS, RUSSELL, & CO.
Rockport, Mo.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
Medicines, Dye Stuffs,
Saddlery, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,
QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, TINWARE,
IRON, NAILS, STOVES, PLOWS &c.
Also Furniture of all kinds, Window Sash, &c

A. D. KIRK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Land Agent and Notary Public,
Archer, Richardson county, N. T.
Will practice in the Courts of Nebraska, assisted by Harding and Bennett, Nebraska City.

JACOB SAFFORD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
GENERAL INSURANCE AND LAND AGENT.
And Notary Public.
Nebraska City, Nebraska Territory.
WILL attend promptly to all buisness entrusted to his care, in Nebraska Territory and Western Iowa.
September 12, 1856. v1n15-1y

SPRIGMAN & BROWN,
RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT
AGENTS.
And General Commission Merchants.
No. 46, Public Landing.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A. A. BRADFORD, WM. MCLENNAN, Nebraska City, N. T. D. L. McGARY, Brownville, N. T.
BRADFORD, McLENNAN & McGARY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITERS IN CHANCERY.
Brownville and Nebraska City,
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.
BEING permanently located in the Territory, we will give our entire time and attention to the practice of our profession, in all its branches. Matters in Litigation, Collections of Debts, Sales and Purchases of Real Estate, Selections of Lands, Locating of Land Warrants, and all other business entrusted to our management, will receive prompt and faithful attention.

REFERENCES.

S. F. Nuckolls,	Nebraska City,
Richard Brown,	Brownville,
Wm. Hoblitzell & Co.,	"
Hon. James Craig,	St. Joseph, Mo.,
Hon. James M. Hughes,	St. Louis, Mo.,
Hon. John R. Shepley,	" " "
Messrs. Crow, McCreary & Co.	" " "
Messrs. S. G. Hubbard & Co.,	Cincinnati O.
Hon. J. M. Love,	Keokuk, Iowa.
v1-n1	June 7, 1856.

A. MUDD, H. T. MUDD, G. L. HUGHES, S. O. GRUBB, J. J. MUDD,
MUDD & HUGHES.
PRODUCE & COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
No. 33 Levee and 66 Commercial Street
ST. LOUIS, MO.

OLIVER BENNET. JAMES P. FISKE. WM. B. GARRIT. AUGUSTUS KNIGHT.
OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Whalesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
NO. 87 MAIN STREET,
(FORMERLY, No. 101, CORNER OF MAIN AND LOCUST.)
ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. J. POPPLETON. WM. N. BYERS.
POPPLETON & BYERS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
And General Land Agents,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Land Warrants Bought and Sold.
LAND ENTERED ON TIME.
SPECIAL attention given to the selection and entry of Lands for Settlers, and all others desiring choice locations.
Land Claims, Town Lots and all kinds of Real Estate, bought and sold and investments made for distant Dealers.

H. D. JOHNSON, J. P. CASSADY, J. D. TEST.
JOHNSON, CASSADY & TEST,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
And General Land Agents,
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.
WILL promptly attend to Land Agencies, Investing Money, Locating and selling Land Warrants, and all other business pertaining to their profession, in Western Iowa and Nebraska.

Miscellaneous.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

A traveling correspondent of the *New York Post*, writing from of Cape Clear, Ireland, thus gives his impressions of crossing the ocean:

We had the usual quantity of seasickness; the same repeated setting of tables, with plates and victuals upon it, but with few eaters; the same set of men, who eternally drink; again a set, who are ever gambling; another, forever reading; another, who never move out of their births; and another, who seem never to go to bed. We had men always pleased, and again those that were never pleased; we had those who had seen all countries—for instance, Bayard Taylor; and again, those who were for the first time abroad; we had, in short, a motley group of all nationalities, with varied religions, politics, morals, ages, sentiments, feelings, country language, and condition.

You read in the papers of "the splendid tables they set on ocean steamers." Do not believe it, kind reader. The tables and the fastenings are well enough, so are the plates, but the cooking is of the grossest character—rich in grease and spices, but poor, very poor eating to a stomach just recovering from seasickness. The fresh meats and poultry—though why call them fresh I know not—are packed tightly in ice, and thereby downright deadened in all that makes them fit for life. After the steamer is out a week they are tainted, and hams are the only reliable resource, and a very good resource they are. Folks wonder at being sicker on steamers than on packet ships. Pass the meat-house and your nose will explain the cause. Packets used to carry live stock, and their fresh meats were fresh—their poultry and pigs were good.

Another illusion is "the comfortable state-rooms and cabins." What is there comfortable about them? They are narrow, not over clean, and one of the two occupants must always rise late and descend early at the risk of life and limb.

"*An experienced surgeon always on board.*"—So reads the advertisement, and so believed an elderly Connecticut lady. The had looked for him, and mistaken several doctor-like gentlemen for him. The, at last, to make perfectly sure, applied to that "useful gentleman," always present on steamers, by land and sea, who knows every thing, who has been along before, who talks with the officers on navigation, and whom every body intuitively consults for information, and he pointed out to her, as the doctor, a young gentleman, just from college, whom she had long observed as a most expert shuffleboard player, and whom she had marked out as a nice specimen of a "middy," but whose surgical and medical experience was happily not needed, seasickness excepted, and for that nobody takes a doctor. She eyed the doctor well, and came to the conclusion that Seidlitz Powders, Congress, and Soda Water, were the physicians whose experience were the best.

"*Attentive waiters.*"—Well, they are so just now: for in a few hours they expect the passenger's hand to approach theirs, and a gold piece to slip from one to the other. But at the commencement of the voyage, unless you fee like a prince, they do not attend to you. I saw one attentive waiter, however, for he regularly attended to slipping nice bits from the kitchen to certain quarters, whence they went into general consumption, saving only the passengers. I watched the fellow, and forgot my seasickness over his pilfering abilities, for I was glad to have found the solution of a question asked by a fellow passenger: "What becomes of victuals prepared and not eaten by the passengers?" He was much pleased to learn "that they were not spoiled."

The Union Saving Committee.—I do not mean to say that we had actually members of that committte on board, but it is a fact that we had some men who were afraid the Union would not last till they got back. I endeavored to reason it out of them, but failed, and they were determined to fill every Englishman and other foreigner on board with food for running down the Union. Now this is decidedly bad policy. Such fears make seasickness worse, and prolong it, for they add to that swimming sensation of the head which makes men and women afraid to go on deck and look about them.—In fact, Union saving is a sort of seasickness, which those get who are not used to the motion of the vessel of state as it is moved by the free winds upon the billows of a free popular movement. An old gentleman remarked, "That all this bobbling [and he emphasized the word] about the dissolution of the Union was too stale for him."

"Why, sir! babbling geese saved Rome," said a Union-saver.

"That's no reason why every goose should trouble itself about saving the Union!" was the curt reply, which cured one babbling Union-saver, for the voyage, at least.

Ocean steamers compared.—Having crossed in all the several steamer lines, I feel myself justified in forming and giving a correct opinion. The Collins line is certainly the fastest, and the most commodious for passengers in its arrangements. In machinery the Cunarders are the strongest and most reliable, and I regard them as safer in every respect in which strength is concerned. There is a sort of "English" preponderance in the Cunard steamers, which does not let an American feel at home in them. There is more hard eating and drinking on these ships than I ever witnessed before.

The Bremen line has, or had, all the faults of the other steamers, but their first cabin and saloon arrangements are certainly superior to all. For families, the Bremen line possesses advantages which none of the others can equal. Would that more attention were paid in them to cleanliness! The Bremen lines keep the poorest order, the Cunarders the best; and let me add, that all these steamer lines fail in guarding properly against accidents by fire. I do not mean the boiler, machine and engine-room by this, but rather the pantry and the state-rooms, etc.

Their eating arrangements are universally bad. They have but one good quality—if it be a good quality—profusion without taste. The cooking is steam-cooking, which I can not describe, except by comparing it to the worst specimens of English hotel cooking.

CORONATION OF ALEXANDER.

The following paragraph, descriptive of the actual crowning, is from the letter of the correspondent of the *Daily News;* dated Moscow, Sept. 8.

The emperor and empress being seated in the ancient throne of the czars in the Church of the Assumption, the regalia was properly arranged, and another burst of devout harmony came from the invisible choir. The Metropolitan then presented a profession of faith, which his majesty must read, and which he did read on this occasion with due emphasis and discretion.—The documents, which was exceedingly lengthy, took upwards of ten minutes in the reading during which profound silence reigned in the church.—Immediately after, the emperor was invested with the state mantle, and here followed the most interesting feature in the day's proceedings.—Taking the crown, an immense one—blazing all over with diamonds—up with his two hands, he placed it on his head, thereby intimating that from no earthly power, priestly or law, did he receive sovereignty. Then making a sign to the empress, who knelt submissive before him on a golden cushion, he just touched her forehead with it, and immediately replaced it on his own head. This was a moment of intense interest. The empress mother, who had borne up with immense fortitude, burst into tears; and the whole of the congregation, as they fell on their knees in honor of the rite, sobbed and cried like children. What a history did not those tears of the empress mother recall?

More than a quarter of a century before she had received a similar honor from the greatest sovereign of his time; had long after shared his thoughts, his joys, and his sorrows; and now she stood alone—the great man had passed away, and to another hand was about to be confided the powerful scepter which it had been so long her happiness to share in wielding. This was the culminating point of the ceremonial. Then came the anointing: the administration of the sacrament to the Emperor in both forms, the Empress in one; the mass, and other ceremonials purely religious; and finally, the congratulations, which the Emperor received with great dignity and self-possssession. At the same time his countenance wore a care-worn and saddened look, and he seemed like one who felt oppressed with the sense of an awful responsibility. Now came the moment for which 70,000 people outside had been waiting with exemplary patience. A gorgeous procession issued from the church door. In front was a splendid canopy, under which walked the emperor, with the imperial mantle. There were the standard, the seal, and the sword of the empire, the great functionaries at a respectful distance behind, and the dismounted *guardes a cheval* in their golden cuirosses, lining the way. From a hundred bands pealed out at once the national anthem—"God save the Czar," and the shouts of the people formed a tremendous accompaniment to the music. The countenance of his majesty was most solemn: he bowed repeatedly but never smiled, and the cheers seemed to die away for the want of the imperial sympathy. It was a striking oriential spectacle—the pargoda-like canopy, the great Czar with his immense crown of diamonds blazing in the sun, the many oriental costumes, and the bearded mujiks, all formed a picture which I shall not soon forget."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

If ever a city had reason to erect a statue, Boston is justified in the present homage to Franklin. To him we owe more of what we value in life than to any other one man who ever lived.—In any early age of the world he would have been worshipped as a demigod—some Prometheus or Hercules. He has given this age its impress, its image, and superscription. He melted down the old theological bigotry, saved the humane principles at the bottom of it, inspired strong, practical common sense, a thirst for knowledge, an ambition to subdue, a love of labor, order, equality, justice. Whether he moulded candles or constitutions, he did it earnestly and with his whole mind and soul. When he set type, or inked a form, he did it with a sublime sense of the results, and the working of brains always dignified the working of his hands. Hence, instead of allowing the physical to drag him down to the reign of slavery, he made it the staging by which the spirit mounted to freedom and power. By ruling himself, he came to rule kings—more than that, to extort the secrets of nature and shape the destinies of all future generations. He was a mechanic, terrestrial and celestial, and through him, more than any other one mechauic, it has come to pass, that all men in this age, except a few under the shadow of the old remants of barbarism, honor mechanical skill and inventive power as skin divinity, and exalted far above all the glories of idleness.

This is the native city of the great mechanic, the printer who impressed upon the future of his country his own genius and glorious success. It was:

The Boston Boy who tamed that fastest horse,
Since ridden by our Boston mail-boy Morse,
And oft in less than no time, for a wonder,
Which kicks the space beneath his feet to thunder,
And, taught by Channing, quenches on our roofs,
The very fire struck from his dazzling hoofs,

and surely he ought to stand in the very heart of Boston for an everlasting pride, joy, and profit. No man can remember Franklin without bettering, first his own worldly estate, and then that of all others around him, who do not forbid themselves to be bettered. Such is the gospel according to Franklin.

This age is famous for mechanical improvemenents, wealth, temperance and anti-slavery. Of all these Franklin was the father. All these things are as good now as when the great practical philosopher first gave them the mighty impulse of his genius and consecrated them to eternal success.—His native city, in erecting his statue only does what should long ago have been done—acknowledges their goodness and commends them to posterity.—*Boston Ohronicle.*

HOW WOLVES CAJOLE AND CAPTURE WILD HORSES.

Wherever several of the larger wolves associate together for mischief, there are always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse and seldom more than two begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amusing to witness this ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling and frecking about until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity.

During this time, the gang, squatting on their hind quarters, look on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, and the other his tail, with a shyness peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack, their frolicsome approaches become very interesting—it is in right good earnest; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the ham-strings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one at the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, as they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled.

Instead of springing forward or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round without attempting a defence. The wolf before then springs behind to assist the other. The sinews are cut, and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. At this signal the lookers-on close in with a gallop; but the small fry of followers keep a respectable distance; until their superiers are gorged; and then they take their turn unmolested.

THE INQUISITIVE YANKEE.

The following "new edition with improvements," of an old anecdote, is exceedingly rich:

A gentleman riding in an Eastern railroad car, which was rather scarcely supplied with passengers, observed in a seat before him a lean, slab-sided Yankee; every feature of his face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a most 'inquiring mind.' Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady dressed in deep black, and, after shifting his position several times, and manœuvring to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye.

"In affliction?"

"Yes, sir," responded the lady.

"Pa-rant?—father or mother?"

"No, sir."

"Child, perhaps?—boy or girl?"

"No, sir, not a child—I have no children."

"Husband, then, I expect?"

"Yes," was the curt answer.

"Hum—cholery?—a tradin' man, mabe?"

"My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera; he was drowned."

"Oh! drowued, eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant.

"Save his *chist?*"

"Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow.

"*Was* they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up.

"*Pious* man?"

"He was a member of the Methodist Church."

The next question was a little delayed but it came.

"Don't you think you have great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and saved his chist?"

"I do," said the widow abruptly, and turned her head to look out of the window.

The indefatigable 'pump' changed his position, held the widow by his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query, in a little lower tone, with his head lightly inclined forward, over the back of the seat, "Was you calculatin' to get married again?"

"Sir," said the widow indignantly, "you are impertinent!" And took another, sea ton the other side of the car.

"Pears to be a little huffy!" said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator behind him; "she needn't be mad; I didn't want to hurt her feelings. What did they make you pay for that umbrel you've got in your hand? It's a real pooty one.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

With a view of demonstrating the possibility and feasibility of man navigating the air by flying, Mr. S. S. Richardson, of this city, who has devoted two years to the study and the expenditure of many thousand dollars, has built a machine which he contends with satisfactorily demonstrate this vexed question. On a frame work of bamboo rods, set transversely, consisting of five combinations, four rods in each, forming an x, and covering a space of twenty-four feet by six, he has laid an upper and lower covering of canvass in two rows—the upper rows covering the entire frame, the lower being in two parts, 9 feet by 6. These rows of canvass are stiffened with small pieces of bamboo, and are the only portions which resist the air, being intended to skim the air. The propelling power lays in two rows of gulls' wings, set on the front and rear parts of the machine, working in frames, six set in front and rear. In the front frames there are ten sets of wings, and on the rear eight. These wings work perpendicularly, describing the half of a circle, and are so affixed as to work as free from the bamboo sticks as they would on the bird. The motive power is given these wings by the operator,—is slung to the centre supports, and by means of working his hands and feet in proper pedals, gives the wings motion. To go directly forward all the wings are in use; to turn or steer, the right or left motive power ceases. The motive power is conducted to the wing by means of bright wires running through brass pulleys on the end of each transverse section. Each wing works on a bamboo rod, being connected in sets by wires; the sets working by means of two small triangular braces, top and bottom, revolving on light hinges.

It is not our purpose to question the practicability of this machine, which the inventor claims is destined to demonstrate the vexed problem of ærial navigation, until we can see it in operation in the atmosphere. The inventor has spent two years and some $2,000 in completing the present machine, the building of which alone occupied five months, and he at least deserves credit for his perseverance.—As a specimen of ingenious construction it is worthy of a visit. He has located it at No. 131 Jackson street, for the present, where he will be pleased to exhibit and explain it to the scientific.—*San Francisco Town Talk.*

I DON'T DANCE.

A plain unlettered man came from the back country in the State of Alabama, to Tuscaloosa, and on the Sabbath went early to church.

He had been accustomed to attend meetings in school houses and private dwellings, when each one appropriated to themselves the first seat they found unoccupied.

He selected there a seat in a convenient slip, and waited patiently the assembling of the congregation.

The services commenced. Presently the music of a full toned organ burst upon his astonished ear; he had never heard one before. At the same time the gentleman who owned the slip came up the aisle, with his lady leaning upon his arm.

He approached the door of the slip, he motioned to the countryman to come out, in order to give place to his lady.

The movement the countryman did not comprehend, and from the situation of the gentleman and lady, associated as it was in his mind with the music, he immediately concluded that a cotillion, or French contra dance, or some other dance was intended.

Rising partly from his seat, he said to the gentleman and lady, who was still beckoning to him, "Excuse me, sir; excuse me, if you please—I don't dance."

A YOUNG LADY DRAWN IN A LOTTERY.

Nearly a year ago a young lady in France, named Sophe Van Behe, conceived the singular idea of disposing of herself in marriage by means of a lottery. She was thirty years old, tired of a life of celibacy, and in despair at not finding a husband with enough means at his command to suit her views. She announced, therefore, that her handsome but rather mature person should be disposed of on the following terms: She created a lottery with five hundred shares of a thousand francs each. Subscribers were to present themselves in person, in order that she might decide on their acceptability as husbands. The subscriptions were placed in the hands of a notary as fast as made, and the drawing was not to take place till all the shares were taken, that is, when the sum of half a million of francs were complete.

Not quite a year elapsed before the shares were all taken. The drawing recently took place in the office of the notary who held the subscriptions and the money, in the presence of two magistrates. A thousand numbers were placed in an urn, the subscribers being numbered in order as their names were inscribed. The urn was thorougly shaken up, a blind hand was thrust in and 499 withdrawn. The happy individual who subscribed 499 was a Tunisian General who had already occupied the public attention by his oriental caprices. But the lady was neitheir frightened at the turban, nor the beard, nor the harem of the happy barbarian, who hastened to marry her, and to pocket his five hundred thousand francs. The happy couple have left for Tunis, where they will reside.

A friend of ours, the other day, was accosted in one of our streets with the words, "Do you know the time, sir?" Upon which he pulled out his watch, and after consulting it, returned it too his pocket coolly replying to the interrogative, "Yes, sir, I do," and then walked off, leaving the questioner abashe[illegible] ridiculous way of inquiring the time.

A little boy was munching a bit of gingerbread, his mother asked who gave it to him. "Miss Johnson gave it to me." "And did you thank her for it?" inquired the mother. "Yes, I did, but I didn't tell her so."—silent gratitude exemplified.