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., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1857. NUMBER 37.

Nebraska Advertiser

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY 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 " " "	6,00
" 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, $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 rigidly to their own business; and all advertisements not pertaining thereto, to be paid for extra.

All headed 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 "Advertiser" 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.

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

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

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

A. D. JONES,
THE WESTERN PIONEER LAND HUNTER,
AND
DEALER IN REAL ESTATE,
OMAHA CITY, N. T.
Lands carefully located, and entered for customers. Lots and Lands bought and sold.

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.

A. L. COATE,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA CO.
Nebraska Territory.

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, D. L. McGARY,
WM. McLENNAN, Brownville, N. T.
Nebraska City, 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. 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.

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.

W. P. LOAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
LAND AND LOT AGENT.
ARCHER, RICHARDSON COUNTY, N. T.

OLIVER BENNETT. WM. E. GARRETT.
JAMES P. FISKE. AUGUSTUS KNIGHT.
OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
NO. 81 MAIN STREET,
(FORMERLY, No. 101, CORR. R OF MAIN AND LOCUST.)
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miscellaneous.

THE BOY WHO CONQUERED.

Some few years ago, a lad who was left without father or mother, of good natural abilities, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand boy or otherwise, till he could command a higher position; but this boy had got into bad company, and had got in the habit of calling for his "bitters" occasionally, because he thought it looked manly.—He smoked cheap cigars also.

He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant in Pearl street wanted a lad of his age, and he called there and made his business known.

"Walk into the office, my lad," said the merchant, "I'll attend to you soon."

When he had waited on his customers, he took a seat near the lad, and he espied a cigar in his hat. This was enough. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found cigar-smoking in lads to be connected with various other evil habits, and, if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave; you will not suit me."

John—for that was his name—held down his head, and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who, upon her death bed, called him to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, said, "Johnny, my dear boy, I'm going to leave you. You well know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death, and I want you to promise me before I die that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this, and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace."

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink any spirituous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke of the merchant, he remembered what his mother said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and the boys railed at him. He went to his lodgings, and, throwing himself upon his bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed, he made up his mind never to taste another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar as long as he lived. He went straight back to the merchant. Said he, "Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not to do, and not followed the good advice of my poor mother on her death bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar, and if you, sir, will only try me, it is all I ask."

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years, this lad was a partner in the business, and is now worth ten thousand dollars. He has faithfully kept his pledge, to which he owes his elevation.

Boys, think of this circumstance, as you enter upon the duties of life, and remember upon what points of character your destiny for good or for evil depends.—*Northern Farmer.*

IS THE SUN INHABITED?

Sir David Brewster makes the following remarks relative to the sun: "So strong has been the belief that the sun can not be a habitable world, that a scientific gentleman was pronounced by his medical attendant insane, because he had sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he maintained that the light of the sun proceeded from a dense and universal aura, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to be among them; that there may be water and dry land there, hills and dales, rain and fair weather, and that as the light and the seasons must be eternal, the sun may easily be conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system. In less than ten years after this apparently-extravagant notion was considered as a proof of insanity, it was maintained by Sir William Herschel as a rational and probable opinion, which might be deducible from his own observations on the structure of the sun."

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

None but gentle thoughts should visit our hearts as this sweet hour; and though sad, they are but tranquil breathings of Heaven. How often does a shadow fit o'er the spirit, "dimming its sunshine;" the feeling that all that is bright must fade, even as the waning twilight, which reminds us, that in the fair forms which glide around us, as well as in the flowers which spring up in our pathway, the elements of decay lie concealed.

We need not, like the Egyptians, have an image of death before us in our joyous hours, for alas! he is ever visible to the mind's eye, chilling us with the reflection that the crystal fountain of life may be congealed by his very breath.

None can tell how soon they may exchange the balmy air, for the noisome tomb; happiness and sunshine, birdsong and flowers, for the darkness and deep silence of the grave. Even the very trees seem to sway gently with a soft, dirge-like melody.

Death is ever claiming his victims; and hundreds are now passing the portals of life, gasping for that breath which will soon cease to animate their frames.

Why is it that we have wild dreams after beauty that never fades, if it be not that a brighter clime awaits us with glories which time may never dim, where bright angels clothed in glory, welcome us with songs of joy, and lead us triumphantly through the golden streets of the New Jerusalem?

"Clouds, winds and stars their task fulfill—
Ours to trust in Heaven." CORA.

A PRECIOUS YOUTH.

'Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?'

'Send it to the editor of course.'

'But what are you going to send it to the editor for?'

'Cause he says, if any one will send him a club he will send him a copy of his paper.'

The mother came pretty near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask:

'But Tommy dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?'

'Well, I don't know,' replied the hopeful urchin 'unless it's to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their papers.'

A PRETTY SERMON.—I like to see a pretty child, pretty flower, but in a sermon prettiness is out of place. To my ear it would be any thing but commendable should it be said to me, "You have given us a pretty sermon." If I were upon trial for life, and my advocate should amuse the jury with his topes and figures, burying his argument beneath a profusion of flowers of rhetoric, I would say to him, "Tut, man, you care more for your vanity than for my hanging. Put yourself in my place; speak in view of the gallows, and you will tell your story plainly and earnestly.' I have no objections to a lady's winding a sword with ribbons, and studding it with roses, when she presents it to her hero lover; but in the day of battle he will tear away the ornaments, and use the naked edge against the enemy.—*Robert Hall.*

THE MINISTER'S CALL.—An amusing incident occurred a few days since. A certain lady had been much annoyed by the ringing of her door-bell by the mischievous boys in the vicinity, and determined to be made no more a fool of by going to the door. In the course of the forenoon, her minister called to see her, dressed in his sprucest manner; he ascended the steps, and gently drew the bell handle, when the lady shouted from the entry:

'I see you, but; if I catch you, I'll wring your neck!'

The affrighted gentleman immediately rushed down strairs through a small crowd of young scamps, and has not been seen since.

A VOCATION.—A gentleman loafer, recently arrested in Cincinnati, being questioned by the officer as to his vocation, replied—

"Sir, I am a Doctor, I have cured a pain in the head of navigation, and drawn teeth from the mouth of the Mississippi. I have anatomized the side of a mountain, blistered the foot of a hill, felt the pulse of an arm of the sea, plastered a cut on the hand of nature, and cured a felon on the finger of scorn."

A magistrate of Rochester having occasion to leave town, affixed a placard to his door with *"out of the city"* on it. Some wag affixed underneath: *"Bless the Lord."*

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in chains. It creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptibly, that he is bound tight before he knows it.

INDIRECT SUICIDE.

1. Wearing of thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights, and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theatres, parties, and balls, in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete prespiration, and then going home, without sufficient over-garments, through the cool, damp air.

3. Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bed-rooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same small, unventilated bed-room.

4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without half masticating the food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors. By personal abuse, and physical and mental excesses of every description.

6. Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction. Cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paragoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick, by giving them mercury, tartar emetic, and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines, and not irritant poisons.

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties when the stomach says, no, and by forcing food into it when nature does not demand, and even rejects it. Gormandizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Giving way to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating. Going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon.—Eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not apply early for medical advice when disease first appears. Taking celebrated quack medicines to a degree of making a drug-shop of the body.

13. The above causes produce more sickness, suffering, and death, than all epidemics, malaria, and contagion, combined with war, pestilence, and famine. Nearly all who have attained to old age have been remarkable for equanimity of temper, correct habits of diet, drink, and rest—for temperance, cheerfulness, and morality. Physical punishment is sure to visit the transgressor of nature's laws. All commit suicide, and cut of many years of their natural life, who do not observe the means of preventing disease and of preserving health.

WASHINGTON'S LAST MOMENTS.

Gov. Wise, of Virgina, delivered an oration on the 4th, in which he thus describes the last moments of Washington:

He died as he lived, and what a beautiful economy there was in his death! Not a faculty was impaired, not an error marred the moral of his life. At sixty-six, not quite threescore years and ten, he was taken away while his example was perfect. He took cold, slighted the symptoms, saying "Let it go as it came." In the morning of the 14th of December, 1799, he felt severe illness; called in his overseer, Mr. Rawlings, to bleed him. He was agitated, and Washington said to him, "Don't be afraid." When about to tie up his arm, he said with difficulty, "More." After all efforts had failed he designated the paper he meant for his will, then turned to Tobias Lear and said, "I find I am going, my breath can not continue long. I believed from the first it would be fatal. Do you arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlings finish recording my other letters which he has begun." Between five and six o'clock he said to his physician, Dr. Craik, "I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, let me go off quietly; I can not last long." Shortly after, again he said, "Doctor, I die hard; but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack I should not survive it; my breath can not last long." About 10 o'clock he made several attempts to speak to Mr. Lear, and at last said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead." Lear says, "I bowed assent." He looked at me again, and said, "Do you understand me?" I replied, "Yes, sir." "'Tis well," said he. And these were his last words. Just before he expired he felt his own pulse; his hand fell from his wrist, and George Washington was no more.

AIR AND WATER.

A quart of water is daily passing through the skin of a sound person.—It evaporates through the minute openings which cover the whole surface, and if these be plugged up, is compelled to travel through the kidneys, and gives rise to internal disorder.—Ablution, therefore, if sound health is to be preserved, is a duty of the first importance. Pure air is also essential to health, and at night the free supply of it is of especial moment. Each sleeper draws into the chest, about fifteen times in every minute, a certain quantity of the surrounding atmosphere and returns it, after a change in the body, mixed with a poison. One hundred and fifty grains by weight of this poisonous ingredient, are added to the air of a bedroom in one hour by a single sleeper, more than one thousand during the night. Unless there be a sufficient quantity of air to dilute this, or unless ventilation provide for a gradual removal of foul air, while fresh comes to take its place, health must seriously be undermined.

POCKET-DEEP.

Yes—say, does your religion go pocket deep? Were you converted only in the upper story—the old man only scalped—or was he killed dead? Does your religion reach only down about that "unruly" member, so that cut your head off, and soul and body would both be damned; or were you converted right down through, from head to foot, "soul, body, and spirit," pocket, pocket-book and all? Not merely the ceppers, three-cent pieces, and smooth fourpence; but those dollars and Eagles, and V's and X's? Say, friend, when God converted you, did he convert house, barn, cellar, corn-cribs, potato-bins, meal-bags and all? You have been praying for a "deeper work of grace"—how deep will you have it? pocket-deep? You have desired to "feel more deeply"—how deep? pocket-deep, or do you only want to feel skin-deep? You don't feel as you want to; well, perhaps you never will till you feel in your pocket more.

Just think about these matters, will you? You feel for your brother; well, just feel in your pocket. You feel for the poor; well, feel in your pocket.—You feel for "the cause;" well, feel in your pocket. You feel for poor preachers; well, feel in your pocket. And if you feel there you will make others feel, and feel very thankful too, that God has some servants whose religion is pocket-deep.

"O, I don't believe in talking so much about pecuniary matters;" you don't, eh? Ah, well, guess your religion is not quite pocket-deep yet. Try again—get a little nearer Him who "was rich" and "became poor" for you.—You feel rather pleased when God's blessings come rolling into your purse and dwelling—that's all right, but the Lord Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now, don't shrug your shoulders so, I'm not going to beg a sixpence from you; don't be alarmed, I wouldn't ask you to give me a dollar for all the money you have in the world. Don't fret; all I want to know is whether your religion is pocket-deep or not. Just think of it a little. I don't ask whether you would scatter every thing to the four winds if you knew the Lord was coming so that you couldn't use it; but whether you are as ready to open "the bag" now when it can be of use, as at some other time, when it will be scattered in haste and fear, and do no one any good, and perhaps will do much hurt, as has often been the case in time past.

In a word, is your religion pocket-deep, or is it only skin-deep?—*Cross and Crown.*

A lady passing through New Hampshire, observed the following notice on a board:

"Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, three shillings and sixpence; short tails, two shillings."

The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price. He answered:

"You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short tails are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

A man killing hogs became vexed and venting spleen, wished they were in hell.

"Oh, dear me! what can he mean?" exclaimed a little girl who heard him.

"Mean! I suppose the awful wretch wants his provisions sent on beforehand."

WHERE WAS I?—At Kenwyn, two dogs, one of which was the parson's, were fighting at the west end of the church. The parson, who was then reading the second lesson, rushed out of his pew, went down and parted them, returned to the pew, and, doubtful where he had left off; asked the clerk, "Roger, where was I?"

"Why, down parting the dogs master," said Roger.

The cavaliers, during Comwell's usurpation, usually put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and before they drank it, would exclaim with cautious ambiguity, "God send the *Crumb well* down."

At a late firemen's supper at Burlington, Edward Bradley gave the following toast: "Ladies of '56, like the fireman's bucket, well hooped; and, like firemen, delighting in the exhibition of their hose.

"I have heard, Frank," said an old gentleman, of the old school, on his return from church one Sunday, "one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before the Christian society. It carried me to the gates of heaven."

"Well, I think," replied Frank, "you had better have dodged in, *for you will never have such another chance.*"

A CONTENTED WIFE.—It is a blessed thing for a poor man to have a contented, loving wife—one who will not wish to live in a style beyond her husband's income, just because her next-door neighbor does—one who can be happy in the love of her husband, her home and its beautiful duties, without asking the world for its smiles, or its favor.

A Frenchman in Canada thus advertises his better half, who had left his bed and board:

"NOTESS—My wife—that's Catrine she left my house—shant ax me—any man trust him on my name that's loss for you. LOUIS LA FLAMME.

Two travelers having been robbed in a woods and tied to trees at some distance from each other, one of them in dispair exclaimed:

"O, I'm undone."

"Are you?" said the other, "then I wish you'd come and undo me."

Maids want nothing but husbands, and then they want everything.

Make choice of your wife by the ears, not the eyes.

Make no enemies; he is insignificant indeed that can do thee no harm.

Make other men's shipwrecks thy sea marks.

Manners make a man.

Many came to bring their clothes to church rather than themselves.

Some great genius has discovered that the centre of gravity is in a quaker's meeting.

THE REASON WHY.—Why are energetic men like emetics? Because you can't keep them down.

Why did the songster ask the woodman to spare that tree.

ALL HEAD AND TAIL.—A little girl describes a snake as "a thing that's a tail all the way to its head."

Fee simple and simple fee,
And all the fees entail,
Are nothing when compared with thee—
Thou best of fees, Fe-male.

I don't care so much about the bugs," said Mr. Woamley to the head of the genteel private family in which he resides, "but the fact is, marm, I hav'n't got blood to spare; you see that yourself."

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old fashioned gentleman a day or two ago to a young would be dandy who had more hair than brains. "Why," asked Joe immediately. "Because they can't see your ears."

A gentleman was promenading one of our fashionable streets with a bright little boy by his side, when the little fellow called out:

"Oh, Pa, there goes an editor!"

"Hush, son," said the father, "don't make any sport of the poor man. Who knows what you may come to yet."

An Emeralder, in writing a sketch of his life says, "he ran away early from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle!"