

# The Nebraska Advertiser.

DEVOTED TO ART, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, NEWS, POLITICS, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE AND THE INTERESTS OF NEBRASKA.

VOL. II.

CITY OF BROWNVILLE, NEMAH COUNTY, N. T., THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1857.

NO. 4.

**Nebraska Advertiser**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
R. W. FURNAS,  
Second Street, bet. Main and Water,  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**TERMS:**  
For one year in advance, \$2.00  
For six months, 1.25  
For three months, .75  
For one month, .25  
Orders of 12 or more will be furnished at \$1.50 per annum, provided the cash accompanies the order, and otherwise.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING:**  
One square, (12 lines or less), one insertion, \$1.00  
For each additional insertion, .50  
For one month, 2.50  
For three months, 6.00  
For six months, 10.00  
For one year, 18.00  
Business Cards of six lines or less one year, 25.00  
One-half column, one year, 35.00  
One-third column, one year, 18.00  
One-fourth column, one year, 10.00  
One-sixth column, one year, 6.00  
One-eighth column, one year, 4.00  
One-tenth column, one year, 3.00  
One-twelfth column, one year, 2.00  
Advertisements not marked on the copy for a special number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
All advertisements for transient persons, to be paid in advance.  
The privilege of yearly advertisers will be confined to their own business; and all advertisements not pertaining thereto, to be paid for extra.  
Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing their advertisements quarterly.  
All lead advertisements charged double the above rates.  
Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

**BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING!**  
2,500 per hour.  
Foster's Job Press.  
Having added to the Advertiser Office Card and Job Press, New Types of the latest styles, like all colors, Broads, Fine Paper, Envelopes, &c., we are now prepared to execute Job Work of every description in a style unsurpassed by any other office in the State.  
Particular attention will be given to orders from a distance—in having them promptly attended to.  
The proprietor, who, having had an extensive experience, will give his personal attention to the 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.  
A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.  
SURGEON, PHYSICIAN  
And Obstetrician.  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.  
Sells 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 TURNER,  
Milliner  
And Dress Maker.  
First Street, between Main and Water,  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.  
Donates and Trimmings always on hand.  
C. W. WHEELER,  
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.  
First Street, between Main and Water Sts.  
Brownville, N. T.  
JAMES W. GIBSON,  
BLACKSMITH  
Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,  
Brownville, N. T.  
G. W. HURN,  
DEPUTY COUNTY SURVEYOR.  
NEMAH COUNTY, N. T.  
Will attend promptly to all business in his profession when called on, such as subdividing Claims, laying out Town Lots, Drafting City Plats, etc., etc.  
OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,  
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in  
BOOTS AND SHOES,  
No. 57 MAIN STREET,  
(Formerly, No. 101, Corner of Main and Locust.)  
ST. LOUIS, MO.  
WM. OSBORN,  
DEALER IN  
CLOCKS, WATCHES,  
Jewelry, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Spoons, &c., &c.  
Nebraska City, N. T.  
Engraving and Repairing done on short notice, and all work warranted.

A. A. BRADFORD,  
WM. MCLENNAN & MCGARY,  
Nebraska City, N. T.  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW**  
AND  
SOLICITORS 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. Masters in Litigation, Collections of Debts, Sales and Purchase of Real Estate, Selections of Lands, Location of Land Warrants, and all other business entrusted to our management, will receive prompt and faithful attention.

**REFERENCES.**  
S. F. Nichols, Nebraska City,  
Richard Brown, Brownville,  
Wm. Hoblitzell & Co., St. Joseph, Mo.,  
Hon. James Craig, St. Louis, Mo.,  
Hon. John L. Shapley, St. Louis, Mo.,  
Messrs. Crow, McHenry & Co., Cincinnati, O.,  
Messrs. N. G. Hubbard & Co., Keokuk, Iowa,  
Hon. J. M. Love, June 7, 1856.  
JAMES M. CHAPEL,  
**Real Estate Agent,**  
AND  
Agent for West Division of Brownville,  
Brownville, N. T.  
PARTICULAR attention paid to the purchase and sale of Real Estate on commission in Town or elsewhere.

**REFERENCE.**  
A. Kuntz, Omaha City, N. T.  
A. Chapel, Brownville, N. T.  
A. J. Benedict, Brownville, N. T.  
Brownville, June 11th, '57.  
**Notice to Pre-Emptors!**  
G. S. HORBACH & CO.,  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW**  
AND  
REAL ESTATE BROKERS.  
OMAHA CITY, N. T.  
Will give particular attention to preparing all the necessary papers for Pre-emption, and rendering any assistance which may be required by Pre-emptors in proving up their Pre-emption rights at the U. S. Land Office.

R. PEERY, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON  
AND  
OBSTETRICIAN,  
ELKHART, N. T.  
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Nebraska City and adjoining country, both in Nebraska and Missouri, June 11th, 1857.  
A. J. POPPLETON & BRYERS,  
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 survey 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.

J. HART & SON,  
**SADDLERY & HARNESS**  
Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.  
Keeps constantly on hand all descriptions of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, &c., &c.  
N. B. Every article in our shops manufactured by ourselves, and warranted to give satisfaction.  
W. P. LOAN,  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW.**  
LAND AND LOT AGENT.  
ARCHER, RICHARDSON COUNTY, N. T.  
R. H. PEGRAM & CO.,  
**Bankers**  
AND  
GENERAL LAND AGENTS,  
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.  
F. DINGS & CO.,  
Importers of, and Wholesale Dealers in  
Fancy Goods.  
Manufacturers of all kinds of Drishies.  
39 North Main Street, (Up Stairs),  
ST. LOUIS, MO.  
R. E. HANCOCK, G. C. KIMBOUGH, E. F. TUCKER,  
**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 Hosiery.

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 business entrusted to his care, in Nebraska Territory and Western Iowa.  
September 12, 1856. v1n13-14

SPRIGMAN & BROWN,  
**RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT AGENTS.**  
And General Commission Merchants.  
No. 46, Public Landing,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.  
S. W. COZZENS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
AND  
General Land Agent  
OMAHA CITY, N. T.  
REFERENCE.  
Gov. Izard, Omaha; H. P. Bennett, Nebraska City

## Original Poetry.

(Written for the "Nebraska Advertiser.")  
MY HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

BY TOM TURNIP.

You may talk of the pleasure of threading  
The streets of the popular town,  
Where the bustle and clatter of business  
Is heard in melodious sound;  
Where the spinning of wheels and the clashing  
Of cal-deers are constantly heard,  
And the flaming, the glitter of fashion  
Ruler all—and your talking's absurd.

You may talk of the charms of the Ocean,  
Where the fanny herds fearlessly play;  
Where the waves with a quivering motion,  
Bear your ship to bright lands far away;  
Where the sea and sky grandly uniting,  
Form level horizons of blue,  
Where is everything fit to delight in,  
And you're talking capriciously too.

You may tell of the joys of sojourning  
In distant and tropical lands;  
And laugh at the thought of returning  
To clasp beating hearts and warm hands;  
You blissfully speak of the rapture  
Of scaling volcanoes "down South,"  
And give us a wonderful chapter  
On the belching old Crater's wild mouth.

You may tell of all these and speak truly  
The feelings that burn in your breast,  
For each one has pleasures, which duly  
Considered must suit him the best;  
As for me, I am none of your gentry,  
That doze on the city and hall,  
For I love my own "Home in the Country,"  
For better, far dearer than all.

O give me a home in the Country!  
Where the little birds warble and sing;  
Where primrose, blue violets, and daisies,  
In careless luxuriance spring;  
Where the rippling brook winds through green  
On its way to the cataraict's fall;  
Where is blending of sunbeams and shadows,  
And loveliness far dearer than all.

'Tis delight fills the heart to o'erflowing,  
When rambling thus far scenes among,  
'Tis in Nature's own beautiful showing,  
That we learn the first lessons of song.  
The eye and the mind drink in pleasures,  
The heart bounds so lightly and free,  
That romance will steal into each measure—  
O'er a "Home in the Country" for me!

West Charleston, O.

## Original.

(Written for the "Nebraska Advertiser.")  
LEAVES FROM MY IOWA LOG BOOK.

BY NETTY PENWOOD.

Sunday, June 7th.—It has been too  
muddy to attend church; besides I did  
not rise till 9 o'clock, A. M. Isn't it a  
pleasure to snooze away like a porpoise,  
when your grandmother, yourself, and  
every body else is all the time telling  
you "to get up!" Such was my ex-  
perience this morning. The rain has  
been very agreeable, for we have had  
cold, dry weather all the spring. But  
these cooing showers have given life  
to the spring blade, the wild flowers,  
snakes, and all kinds of vegetables.—  
Is this the month of roses? The wild  
variety are tardy this year, and those  
dear ones far away are gladdening the  
heart of the stranger, who inhabiteth  
the Old Homestead. Tired of books,  
tired of doing nothing, annoyed with  
the old carpet chairs, and furniture, I  
must look out on "water" awhile to drive  
off the "blues." The vision from my  
chair takes in a soap barrel, an old  
shoe, then black mud, across the street  
a building half framed, next a long  
row of smoke houses, politely termed  
cottages, and lastly a section of the  
fairest sky that heaven ever sent from  
Paradise. So it is; there is always a  
spot of beauty, always a little "forget  
me not" near the darkest pool, to re-  
call our hearts to gratitude and praise,  
for those little blessings that flock the  
woof of every-day life.

My Goodness! Fifteen feet circum-  
ference at the base and fourteen at the  
top of the cone. "What it?" Why,  
that hoop coming down street, and the  
artistic wriggling, the graceful flap-  
ping of the dry goods, marks her as  
one of the wild-cat aristocracy. This  
town of wild cat is a wonderful city!  
Our "Squire" intends to buy out New  
York soon, for rents are higher in the  
same kind of buildings, provisions  
higher, and there is more swapping of  
jack knives and watches than in all  
the rest of the United States. The  
Snobs, that numerous family, flourish  
here in tremendous hoops and yellow  
vests as they do at Niagara or the  
Springs. The talk of the "first and  
second strata" of "not meeting with  
mixed multitude" and all of the un-

sufferable airs which characterize that  
magnificent class of mushroom nobility.  
Most of them have become sud-  
denly wealthy by the rise of real-  
estate. But the "next chop" are those  
that live on what they owe—debt is no  
disgrace, so that you keep up appear-  
ances—if you don't get trusted some  
where you are positively green, so that  
if you have not the substance, you  
must have the shadow of a fortune.—  
But this is bad talk for Sunday. In  
this country, cares will infest the sanc-  
tuary of the spirit, if you try to rise  
on devotion's warm fervid glow, the  
muck-rake will look more important  
than the cross.

Monday 8th.—Every hour, emigrant  
wagons moving on, with their calves,  
chickens, and babies, expecting to find  
homes and fortunes in the glorious  
West. Speculators and poets better try  
that hifalutin on awhile—guess they  
would find the prose the bare reality  
of existence in this Arcadia. Precious  
set of rascals, I wish they were ban-  
ished here for the space of one year and  
six months, their imaginations would  
succumb to the genuineness about their  
"stomachs" with all the fertility of soil;  
I hope that somebody will raise enough  
to keep people from starvation—flour  
worth \$17 per barrel, corn \$3 per  
bushel, and talers can not be bought at  
any price. They have figured princi-  
pally in the county newspaper, and only  
there, for four months.

This morning early a company of  
Mormons passed through on their  
journey to Salt Lake. Women (not  
very delicate to be sure) dragging hand  
carts like beasts, one tumbled down in  
this black mud which caused a slight  
halt in the procession, little children  
trudged along in their queer foreign  
dress looking as determined as their  
mothers to see the Eldorado.

The wind is rising. We shall be  
blessed with those disagreeable and  
almost diabolical blasts from Eolus, (I  
believe that is the classic name of the  
place,) again blowing little innocent  
cabbage and radish plants out of their  
garden beds, and knocking the pegs  
down from everything that has a weak  
spinal column. Poor Mrs. Brown, who  
is lately from New Hampshire, and my  
next door neighbor, has retired to her  
hen coop, because she is so afraid that  
her rickety house will fall from its  
foundations—(built of green Iowa lum-  
ber, you understand). Good soul! She  
has taken a bed, with her Bible and  
Hymn book, to give comfort and con-  
solation; think if she builds a house  
she will draft it after John Bunyan's  
instructions. Away goes my bonnet!

down Spring street, chasing the shreds  
of paper and envelopes for a quarter  
of a mile, that lie about the post office.  
The knoll of hazel brush is completely  
flooded with them, presenting the  
most ludicrous appearance imaginable.  
There is the School bell; now is the  
time to lodge a few ideas in those  
little curly heads which are "bobbing  
round" the window.

Tuesday 9th.—Received a bouquet  
this morning of wild honeysuckles,  
pinks and violets, and what is so sen-  
timental, from an unknown source.—  
We'll see. Mother is darned stock-  
ings by the window; wonder if she  
ever cared for flowers and sweatearts?  
There is no telling what a few years  
will do for us. Yes, Augustus Wal-  
singham used to be such a frail creature,  
drank weak tea, fed on moonlight and  
rose dew, and when he proposed to me,  
he solemnly vowed, that if I refused  
him it would break the slender thread  
of his existence; yesterday I saw him,  
and believe me, he weighs two hundred  
and expanding yet! Ain't it too bad?  
I never will believe what they say any  
more. But Ma's says "they never die  
only in novels." I have her permis-  
sion to buy the "Prairie Question Pop-  
per," so I shall not be deceived again.

There comes the old yaller wagon—  
hope I shall have letters and papers  
"from America" to cheer my lonely  
exile. The afternoon is dying glori-  
ously. The sun going down on a  
throne of burnished gold, while in the  
north cloudy caverns, deep and black  
mouthed, yawn; where genii and gob-

lins might issue at any moment. There  
is always a link that connects every-  
thing in nature. The last rays of the  
sun mark in relief on the board fence,  
the shadow of "old Spot" with the  
horns as crooked as her own; a big  
dog with a curl in his appendage, and  
in this suffra light, objects look like  
spectres among the Broken mountains.  
Look! at the bow of promise, let down  
from a crevice in that mountain cloud  
to these murmuring seed sowers about  
here; (I have just heard that a widower  
with eleven children sent me that cher-  
ished bouquet! *Peste amore.*)

(Written for the "Nebraska Advertiser.")  
KISSING THE "WRONG CUSTOMER."

BY TOM TURNIP.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes ill deeds done."—Shakespeare.

I once had a cousin—that is, if forty-  
two periods of time don't render void  
that venerable title of relationship—  
and he was, what is generally termed,  
"a wild one." Plagued good-looking  
the fellow was, and withal a great  
favorite among the modern "Rachels,"  
who, by the by, would, in that region,  
with a "lelle" coaxing, permit the same  
token of affection to be exercised with  
regard to themselves, as their illustri-  
ous, ancestral, fair one did, when she  
met Jacob at the well.

Besides, he had "wealth of gold in  
store," provided a certain uncle, who  
owned a deal of property, didn't die  
some day, forgetting to will it to his  
nephew. He was proud of these  
futures, prouder of his good looks,  
and prouder of his popularity, and  
this last he managed with an over  
abundance of "sang froid" to keep  
constantly on the increase.

Apart from number 42, who is now  
writing "sans ceremony" a detached  
portion of his biography, he had sev-  
eral fair cousins hailing from the nei-  
ghoring city, who came in no. 1. These  
generally paid Hap. Hazard—(that's  
what we called our 42d friend, Hap.  
being Harry "for short")—a visit every  
winter, and the "times" they had were  
in no way to be compared to "sugar  
and lasses." They made a perfect  
"Bable" of the house from cellar to  
garret, and were a general terror to  
sanctimonious papas, and denature  
mamas; not to make mention of su-  
perstitions, prim, old maids, and pettie,  
purring, pussy-cats.

Hap. had, likewise a couple of  
maiden aunts, dwelling in a distant vil-  
lage; either one or the other of which  
generally passed the winter, or the  
holiday part of it, with their brother-  
in-law and sister, Hap. parents.

Aunt Parmelia was spending the  
holidays in question, together with  
Hap's cousins from the city, Emma  
and Aline, and her own white-spotted-  
with-black pussy cat, Dodina, at the  
Hazard farm, the cousins perfect romps,  
Hap. ditto, and Aunt 'Melia the primest  
of the prim.

Now, Hap. had a natural penchant  
for kissing—not ugly, old aunts, but  
red-cheeked, rosy-lipped girls—cousins  
not excepted.—&c. As the fellow  
said, "he stole 'em whenever he got a  
chanced, and returned 'em whenever  
demanded," thus clearing up the theft.  
Aunt 'Melia despised such conduct;  
classified it as "extremely shameful" and  
"outrageous," and was almost ready to  
boil over with fury, when she heard any  
sly "smacking" going on about the  
premises.

Aunt P. was knitting in the sitting  
room, musing on the "ups and downs"  
of life on the "shady side of thirty-  
three," and wondering if she was ever  
so foolish as Hap. and his cousins, who  
were romping in the kitchen. Having  
finally come to the conclusion that she  
never was, no, never, she laid away her  
knitting, took up her beloved cat-e-gor-  
ical friend, Dodina, and seated herself  
in her great arm-chair to enjoy, amid  
the sonorous purring of her favorite,  
the pleasures of a reverie. The clock  
had chimed nine some minutes previ-  
ous, and "papa and mamma" had re-  
tired to their chamber. The "song of  
pleasure" and the "burst of revelry"  
was still going on uninterrupted in the  
kitchen, much to the delight of the par-

ticipants, and the annoyance of their  
Aunt.

Suddenly the noise ceased, the even-  
ing sport was discontinued, and Hap.  
"woke the hills" with his merry voice,  
as he stepped out into the open air.—

After serenading the green pines in  
the front yard after the most approved  
style, he entered the sitting-room,  
where the absence of all light, except  
the faint glimmering of the glowing  
embers in the grates, gave things quite  
a romantic cast. Hap. was fond of  
romance, and to make the charm more  
complete there sat Emma in the great  
arm chair, apparently unconscious of  
all around. It might be Aline, he  
wasn't right certain which, but it  
mattered not, for they were both sweet  
girls, and he determined on pilfering  
a—kiss!

He stole slyly behind her, layed his  
left arm softly around her (lily white?)  
neck.

"And then, O then I never shall forget  
The startling echo, as their warm lips met."  
Kah! kah! f'z, f'z! ejaculated Dodina  
as she bounded from her mistress's lap  
into the intruder's face, while Aunt  
'Melia herself, by applying her finger  
nails vigorously upon the opposite  
cheek, made no inconsiderable accom-  
paniment. Had a train of electrified  
lightning, at that moment, struck him,  
Hap. could not have been more aston-  
ished; but suddenly recovering himself  
he flung pussy violently upon the floor,  
where, placing his foot upon her jugular  
vein, she surrendered all her nine lives  
at once, the victim of an irritated boot-  
heel. Then with a couple of angry  
epithets, vented upon the defunct form  
of poor Dodina, and the blood oozing  
out of the scratches upon his face, he  
"broke" for the open air to cool down  
the excitement. As he stepped upon  
the portico, he was greeted with wild  
peals of girlish laughter from Emma  
and Aline, who had been watching the  
sport from the outside window.

Slightly appeased by the revenge  
he had inflicted upon poor pussy, Hap.  
recovered his good spirits and joined  
in the laughter. They kindly assisted  
him in cleansing his bloody face, ad-  
vised him to make sure of his game  
hereafter, and finally gave him, out of  
pity's sake, a regular good cousin kiss,  
apiece, and retired for the night,  
leaving Aunt P. to fold, with many  
tears and sighs, her white pocket-hand-  
kerchief around the corpse of her be-  
loved, and lay it away among "musk,  
attar of roses, and fine linen" in the  
top drawer of the seruiton.

The next morning, dressed in deep  
mourning, and accompanied by trunks,  
band-boxes, &c., in one of which was  
carefully placed the last mortal re-  
mains of Dodina, Aunt Parmelia might  
have been seen "taking the cars" for  
her own home, to return never more  
to the Hazard farm, during Hap's  
"natural life."

"Great was Hap's joy," though  
since, he is frequently styled, "the  
chap who kissed the wrong customer."  
Hm! Home Cottage, O.

"MOTHER IS NOT WILLING I SHOULD  
GO."—This remark was made in the  
writer's hearing a short time since, by an  
intelligent amiable youth, in reference to  
attending a place of worship where it is  
believed error is taught, and as it in-  
volves a most important principle, it is  
worthy of a passing notice.

Obedience to parents, is surely not  
a peculiarly prevalent principle with  
the young of the present day, but  
wherever it is seen gives large promise  
of future good. Where is the young  
man who seeks the counsel of an ex-  
perienced father, or defers to the ad-  
vice of a judicious mother? Happy, in-  
deed were such instances common.

FOUR IN KNOWLEDGE GENTLY.—  
Plato observed, that the minds of little  
children were like bottles with very  
narrow mouths; if you attempt to fill  
them too rapidly much knowledge is  
wasted and little received; whereas,  
with a small stream they are easily  
filled. Those who would make young  
children prodigies, act as wisely as if  
they would pour a pail of water into a  
pint measure.

Eager for selfish gratification, thirst-  
ing for riches or fame, many have no  
sooner entered upon the theatre of life  
than the maxims of prudence are scorn-

fully flung aside, and a reckless career  
begun, regardless of consequences.—  
Thus it is we see multitudes of the  
rising generation casting off the fear  
of God and man, while licentiousness  
and fraud, distrust and ruin abound.

WAY TO GET A SEAT.—A few weeks  
ago an old gentleman and his lady  
were coming down from Iowa City to  
Davenport when the cars were crowded.  
A young gent, remained steadfast, and  
let the old gentleman stand. This did  
not suit our old friend, so he con-  
cluded to get a seat some way, and  
as thought turned to the young man  
on the seat beside his wife, and said,  
"Will you be so kind as to watch  
that woman while I get a seat in the  
car? She has fits." This startled the  
young gent. He could not bear the  
idea of taking charge of a fifty old  
woman; so the old gentleman got a  
seat, and his wife never was known to  
have a fit afterwards.—Davenport  
Democrat.

Philosophy says that shutting the  
eyes makes the sense of hearing more  
acute. A wag suggests that this ac-  
counts for the many closed eyes which  
are seen in our churches every Sunday.

A friend of ours says that he has  
been without money so long, that his  
head aches "ready to split" when he  
tries to recollect how a silver dollar  
looks. He says the notion that "we  
live in a world of change" is a great  
fallacy.

A young lady recently remarked,  
with much simplicity, that she could  
not understand what her brother Wil-  
liam saw in the girls, that he liked  
them so well, and that, for her part,  
she would not give the company of  
one young man for that of twenty  
girls.

Who Discovered America?—The  
Chinese will ere long probably claim  
that America belongs to them by  
priority of discovery, for "James  
Hanley, Chinese interpreter, Chinese  
Camp, Tuolumne county, Cal.," avers  
that there is no doubt that the Celestials  
discovered America 1400 years ago!  
This puts Columbus, the Welsh,  
the Northmen, and all the other modern  
fellows entirely into the shade. He  
gives a number of Chinese words  
which are nearly identical with a num-  
ber of Indian words of some of the  
California tribes.

The other day an old lady rushed  
into the garden in search of her  
daughter, on being told that the young  
lady had gone there with a "rake."

The name Minnesota, river applied  
to the Minnesota river, has its origin  
in two Dakota words "Minc," water,  
and "Sota," whitish like the soil.

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked  
a missionary of an elderly lady who  
responded to his knock.

"Leave some tracts—certainly you  
may," said she, looking at him most  
benignly over her spectacles, "leave them  
with the heels towards the house, if  
you please."

MORAL INSANITY.—Hullo there, you  
nigger, what are you doing with those  
boots?

Sah, I've only just takin' 'em away.  
Taking them away, you scoundrel,  
don't you know that is stealing?

Be careful, mas'r, how you 'cuse dis  
nigger ob stealin'. "I've morally in-  
sane."

That was a beautiful thought of the  
little Swedish girl, while walking with  
her father on a starry night, absorbed  
in contemplation of the skies, being  
asked of what she was thinking, re-  
plied: "I was thinking if the wrong  
side of heaven is so glorious, what  
must the right side be?"

A poor fellow, having got his skull  
fractured, was told by the doctor that  
the brain was visible on which he re-  
marked: "Do write to father, for he  
always declared I had none."

Mrs. Partington says she has notice-  
d that whether flour was dear or cheap,  
she invariably had to pay the same  
money for a half dollars worth.

They are a deeply religious people  
in Rhode Island, if the following be  
true:

A Connecticut schoolmaster asked a  
lad from Newport "how many Gods  
are there?"

The boy, after scratching his head  
some time, replied:

"I don't know how many you've got  
in Connecticut, but we have none in  
Rhode Island."