

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, DECEMBER 24, 1857. NO. 26.

Nebraska Advertiser
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
TURNS & LANGDON,
Second St. bet. Main and Water.
(Lake's Block),
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:
For one year if paid in advance, \$2.00
If not paid in advance, \$2.50
For six months, \$1.25
For three months, \$0.75
For one month, \$0.25
Advertisements of 12 lines or less one year, \$5.00
Advertisements of 12 lines or less six months, \$3.00
Advertisements of 12 lines or less three months, \$2.00
Advertisements of 12 lines or less one month, \$0.75
Advertisements of 12 lines or less one week, \$0.25
Advertisements of 12 lines or less one day, \$0.10
Advertisements of 12 lines or less one hour, \$0.05
Advertisements of 12 lines or less one minute, \$0.02

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
For one square, (12 lines or less), one insertion, \$1.00
For one square, (12 lines or less), two insertions, \$1.50
For one square, (12 lines or less), three insertions, \$2.00
For one square, (12 lines or less), four insertions, \$2.50
For one square, (12 lines or less), five insertions, \$3.00
For one square, (12 lines or less), six insertions, \$3.50
For one square, (12 lines or less), seven insertions, \$4.00
For one square, (12 lines or less), eight insertions, \$4.50
For one square, (12 lines or less), nine insertions, \$5.00
For one square, (12 lines or less), ten insertions, \$5.50
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For one square, (12 lines or less), twelve insertions, \$6.50
For one square, (12 lines or less), thirteen insertions, \$7.00
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For one square, (12 lines or less), fifteen insertions, \$8.00
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For one square, (12 lines or less), seventeen insertions, \$9.00
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For one square, (12 lines or less), ninety-nine insertions, \$50.00
For one square, (12 lines or less), one hundred insertions, \$50.50

G. W. HURN, SURVEYOR,
NEMAH CITY, N. T.
WILL attend promptly to all business in his profession when called on; such as subdividing Claims, laying out Town Lots, Drafting City Plans, etc.
OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 97 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.
NEMAH CITY, N. T.
REPAIRING and REFINISHING done on short notice and ALL WORK WARRANTED.

A. D. KIRK,
Attorney at Law,
Land Agent and Notary Public.
Archer, Richardson Co., 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.
NEMAH CITY, N. T.
WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care, in Nebraska Territory and Western Iowa.
September 12, 1856. v1n13-1y

W. P. LOAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOT AND LAND AGENT.
Archer, Richardson County, N. T.
Notice to Pre-Emptors!!
J. S. HORNBACH & 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 securing their Pre-emption rights at the U. S. Land Office.
H. E. HARDING, G. C. KIMBOUGH, R. F. FOOKER,
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.

J. HART & SON,
SADDLE & HARNESS
MAKERS,
Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.
Keenly attentive to 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.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
GEORGE CLAYTON, J. W. LEE,
Clayton & Lee,
Real Estate and General Agency,
OMAHA CITY, N. T.
REFER TO
James Wright, Broker, New York,
Wm. A. Wood, Esq., " " " "
Hon. R. Wood, Esq., of Ohio, Cleveland,
Wicks, Ott and Brownell, Bankers,
Albion & Harton, " " " "
Col. Robert Campbell, St. Louis,
James Ridgway, Esq., Chicago,
Crawford and Schott, " " " "
Omaha City, Aug. 20, 1856. v1n13-1y

BENNETT, MORTON & HARDING,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Nebraska City, N. T., and Glenwood, Ia.
WILL practice in all the Courts of Nebraska and Western Iowa. Particular attention paid to obtaining, locating Land Warrants, and collection of debts.

CUMING & TURK,
Attorneys at Law & Real Estate Agents,
OMAHA CITY, N. T.
WILL attend faithfully and promptly to all business entrusted to them, in the Territorial or Iowa Courts, to the purchase of lots and lands, entries and pre-emption, collections, &c.
Office in the second story of Henry & Root's new building, nearly opposite the Western Exchange Bank, Vanhook street.
Dec. 27, 1856. v1n13-1y

BRADFORD, McLENNAN & MCGARY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
Brownville and Nebraska City, N. T.
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.

I. T. Whyte & Co.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES
Queensware, Hardware,
Stoves, Furniture,
Country Produce,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Parisian Sketch.
From our own Correspondent.
The Temple.
Paris, Nov. 2, 1857.

Do you know what the Temple is?—Ask that question of a Parisian; if rich he will disdainfully answer: "For what should I know it?" But if poor, sighing he will say: "Alas, I do not know it enough!"
The Temple has its morals, customs and language, its national history, its admirers and enemies. The Temple of Paris is the resource of the poor, the Providence of small means, the Eldorado of indigents. Its celebrity is European. It is the most popular establishment of Paris. Ask where you please the way to the Temple; in the faubourg St. Germain or in Picpus street, in the Elysean Fields or at Belleville, at Mont Parnasse or—I don't care where, and everywhere you will meet somebody who, without hesitation, will indicate to you this bazar of the rag, this caravansary of old boots, old hats and fresh ribbons, this pandemonium inhabited by straggle and honesty, sordid interest, riches and poverty, infamy and honor, all things living side by side under this quadruple shed called the Temple.

Those four sheds, examined at bird's eye view, resemble Egyptian sphinxes guarding the Rotonde, a large building with heavy pillars.
The Temple is indeed a sphinx, never saying the last word of its riddle.
He that believes he knows it does not know it.
All is mystery to the profane penetrating for the first time under those sheds, blackened by drying winds and damp fogs. If he listens he believes himself transported at the bottom of some mysterious well of India, where initiates to the mysteries of Isis, the good goddess, are holding their meetings.

The buildings of the Temple are surrounded by Temple street, opposite St. Elizabeth church, by Dupetit-Thouars street, the Rotonde, and Percec street.
In the central point of the four squares is the office of the market inspector, Mr. Straubarth, an intelligent, just and obliging man. He is the justice of the peace always placed between the sold purchaser and the clamorous merchant.

THE FOUR SQUARES.
The whole of these compartments, broken through by innumerable alleys, contain 1,888 stands, occupied by 900 incumbents. In old times a merchant could occupy as many places as he desired, but now, for the most part, they are let by the week, at the price of 47 cents; forty-two cents for the city and five cents for the twelve watchmen who day and night guard the market. In an aggregate, the Temple brings annually \$40,000 to the municipal administration.

The first square, the most renowned because of its fancy and luxurious objects, is called the Palais Royal. Here and there may be found merchant women that are young, pretty, and even polite with people buying without cheapening, an exceedingly rare accomplishment in that quarter.
The kind of merchandise exhibited in this square is called *frivolites*. There you find bonnets, flowers, ribbons, laces, jewels, costumes, and all the accessories to theatrical performances. It is the rendez-vous of many actresses having new parts to establish, and of actors who buy at Madame Dotman's cleaned and extra superfine gloves for ten or fifteen cents. The *lorettes* who have to join some picnic party buy in the Palais Royal cocked hats for sixty or eighty cents. As for the *bibis* they are sold at ten cents, while the proletarian bonnet is yet still maintained at the price of twenty cents. There the *gristles*, having economized a little sum cent by cent, buy a new dress for the Toussaint or Easter days.

But the industrious workman or poor actress are not the only ones to pay visits at the Temple. Look at that lady adorned with velvet and furs; she alights, in front of St. Elizabeth church, from her gilded arms-painted carriage, and sullenly she goes through the alleys of the bazar. Look also at these parsimonious *lorettes*; some galleant has given them a few thousand francs to buy a *cochenille*; they want to be elegant at a small expense, then make their purchase in the Temple and invest what is left of the money in railroad shares.

The second square is the *Pavillon de Flore*. Here no more brilliant *frivolites*: the *bourgeoisie* succeeds to the nobiliary aristocracy, the utile to the agreeable, and

the eye meets with piles of mattresses, blankets, bed furniture, curtains, clothes, &c., &c.

I hesitate to trace the name of the third square—but duty commands and truth is not satisfied with half revelations. Sorry I am for too delicate people, but this square has been nicknamed by its primitive inhabitants: *Le Pou Volant*, (Flying Louse). The surname, we are told, is not a slander. Let us then travel with precaution over the domains of that insect of mythological wings. Here are spread the most dirty clothes, the most ignoble rags, all the old iron fished up again from the sewers and filthy holes of La Villette. It is the cask of the Danaïdes always full and always empty.

Well, there is something still more curious than this, it is the fourth square, which has been called *La Ford Noire* (The Black Forest).
Does this name come from the sombre aspect given by the black shoes reigning there as sovereigns? Or does it not rather come because in the Forest Noire one is robbed like in a wood?

HINTS TO PURCHASERS.
To purchase in the Temple requires a certain study, a kind of initiation that can only be acquired by practice. If this bazar has its inconveniences for the neophyte, it offers great resources to the initiated indigent.
There, for the small sum of forty cents a poor devil can dress from head to foot, viz:

Summer pants	10 cents.
Summer coat	11 "
Shoes	5 "
Cap	4 "
Exchanged Shirt	10 "
Total	40 cents.

What is an exchanged shirt? are you going to enquire.
Learn, then that the Temple has stalls where a dirty shirt can be exchanged for a clean one. It costs ten cents. One goes behind a folding-screen, the tradesman throws a clean shirt and takes the worn shirt in exchange.

If the customer has some affection for socks, that luxury can be procured at the price of two cents.
Whoever is possessed of the coquetry of the shirt collar, has only to call at Madame Lachambre's. Here is the tariff: Exchange of a dirty shirt collar for a clean one, one cent; three shirt collars without exchange, two cents.

I make no fancy in these prices; they are of the strictest exactitude. Do not believe, however, the Temple is a one-price establishment. It cannot be too often repeated that purchasing there requires an apprenticeship. A merchant will ask ten dollars for what he will give for one. Of a general rule the price of an article is based according to the want people seem to have for it.
Never enter a stall of the Temple without being requested to do so by the merchant or his clerk. If you step in without invitation, the merchant will say to himself: Or my goods please this gentleman, or his vanity makes him fearful of being seen by his acquaintances; he'll pay good. But, on the contrary, if it is only by reiterated requests that you consent to examine his goods, the merchant will offer them at low rates in order to gain your custom. Every knowing purchaser practices a system of indifference.

I cannot help admiring the quickness with which shop girls guess, in a second, the wrong side of the toilette of a passer-by.
Mark this: men at that are never so clever as women.
When one of those shy girls cries out to a passer-by, "Mister, we have fine pants, pants a la mode, a la mode;"—be persuaded the man addressed thus wears pants no more a la mode.
If she adds, "Quite new, sir;"—then his pants are old.
If she says, "Very warm,"—it is because she has seen the poor devil shiver.
Has a passer-by eyed the goods with a mocking air, she will cry out: "They make men look fine, see my pants; *ils ont des fonds—eux!*"
That word *eux* is said in an outrageous manner.

O, hunchbacks, low-legged, bandy-legged, one-eyed men! If you do not wish to purchase, do not pass near the stalls of the Temple. At your first refusal the most impertinent fashions will be proposed. To the hunchback, it will be a coat a la *Marye*; or the bandy-legged they will say, "Examine and buy while business is going *cahin-cahin*."
NAVILLE.

Miscellaneous.
Trust in God and Persevere.

"Why so sad, Ernest," said the young wife to her husband, affectionately twining her arms around his neck, and kissing him.
He looked up with a sad smile and replied, "I am almost out of heart, Mary.—I think of all pursuits, a physician's profession is the worst. Here I have been, week after week, month after month, and I may soon say, year after year, waiting for practice, yet without success. A lawyer may volunteer in a celebrated case, and so make himself known, but a physician must sit patiently in his office, and if unknown, see men without half his acquisitions rolling in wealth while he perhaps is starving. And it will soon come to that, he added bitterly if I do not get employment.

An unbidden tear stole into the wife's eye, but she strove to smile, and said: "Do not despond, dear Ernest; I know you have talents and knowledge to make your way as soon as you get a start, and depend upon it, she said with a cheerful smile, that will come when you least expect it."
"So you have told me, often told me, the lucky hour has never come, said her husband despondingly. And now every cent of our little fortune has been expended, and our credit will soon be gone when it is found that we do not pay. What then is to become of us?"
Ernest was in a mood which the most sanguine sometimes experience when disappointment after disappointment has crushed the spirit and the voice of hope is no longer heard within. His wife would have given to tears if she had been alone; but she felt the necessity of sustaining him and answered him cheerfully: "And what if every cent is gone? have no fear that we shall starve. God sent raven to feed Elijah, and he will yet interpose for our aid. Trust in him, dear Ernest."

The husband felt rebuked, as she thus spoke, and answered less despondingly: "But, really, Mary, this want of success would try the stoutest spirit. The mechanic, the day-laborer, the humblest farmer, is sure of his food and raiment; but I have spent years in study, have wasted years besides waiting for practice; and now, when all my fortune is gone, if I resort to other means of livelihood, I lose all that I have spent, both time and money, and must abandon forever the idea of pursuing my profession, it is too hard!" and he walked the room with rapid strides.

His wife sighed and remained silent.
But, after a moment or two, she arose, and went up to him, and fondly encircling him with her arms, said: "Dear Ernest, you must not worry yourself so. You think it is painful for me to bear poverty, but a woman never regards such things when she loves. A crust of bread and a log cabin would be preferable to me if I shared them with you than a palace with any other. But it will not come to this. Something within assures me that you will be great and rich. Have patience only a little while longer. There—there is a knock at the door—it may be for you."

As if her words had been prophetic, the little girl, their only servant, appeared at this crisis, and said the doctor was wanted in a great hurry. With an exulting smile, his wife ran to get his hat, and sat down with a beating heart to await his return.
It was almost the first summons that the physician had received, although he had resided in the village more than a year. The place, too, was large and populous, but there resided medical men of large practice, and all these combined to put down their rival. More than once heretofore, Ernest would have abandoned the field in despair, but his young wife cheered and encouraged him—though her own heart felt ready to give up. Mary Linwood was, indeed, the greatest of all blessings, a good wife; she sympathized with her husband, economized to the utmost, and by her sanguine words chased despondency from his heart.

Hour after hour she sat there awaiting her husband, yet still he came not. At length darkness set in, and she began to feel uneasy. She was about to go to the door, when she heard her husband's foot on the steps, and hurrying out, she met him in the hall.
"God bless you, Mary, for an angel as you are," were his first words. "If it had not been for you, I should have given up long ago, and now my fortune is made."
Breathless with anxiety to hear all, yet not unmindful of probably wearied condition, Mary hurried her husband into the little sitting-room, where the tea-things were laid, and began to pour out the refreshing beverage with a trembling-hand while Ernest told the story of his day's absence.

"I found," he said, "I was sent for to go to old Governor Huston's, the richest and most influential man, you know, in the whole country; and when I got there I learned to my surprise that the Governor had been thrown from his carriage and was thought to be dying. All the physicians of the town had been sent for, one after another, but none could aid him.—In despair, his wife without orders had sent for me. I saw his only chance of life depended on a new and difficult operation which none of the other physicians ever saw performed. Luckily I assisted at one when a student, I stated what I thought could be done."

To think too poorly of yourself is a weakness; to think too well of yourself is a folly.

The old Governor is a man of iron nerves and a quick resolution; so, when he heard the others say that they could do nothing for him, he determined to commit himself to me.

I succeeded beyond my hopes. Even the other physicians acknowledged my skill, and there is nothing more but care required to make my patient as well as ever. On parting he put this roll of notes into my hand.
Mary was in tears long before her husband had finished his narrative; but her heart went up in thankfulness to God for having thus interposed just at the crisis, when hope seemed gone.

From that day Ernest Linwood was a made man. The fame of his skillful operation was in every man's mouth, and by the aid of his patient who now became his patron he stepped into practice among the best families of the place. Wealth as well as reputation flowed upon him; but he always attributes his success to his wife, whose affection, he said, had sustained and cheered him when out of heart.
"There is nothing," he would say, "like a faithful wife; under God, our well or woe for this life depends on her. If she is desponding, your sanguine spirit catches the affection; but if she is full of hope and energy, her smiles will cheer you in the darkest hour and enable you to achieve what you first thought impossibilities. Our success in the world as well as happiness, depends chiefly on our wives. Let a man marry one, therefore, equal to either fortune, who can adorn his riches or brighten his poverty; and who, under all circumstances, will be truly his helpmeet."

It is fortunate that the gentlemen's fashions do not keep pace with the ladies' or else by the time their hats would have dwindled down to this size of a charity boy's ruffian-cap, and their trousers would have swollen out to double the size of a Turk's and Dutchman's stitched together.
Within a few years fifteen daily papers have died in Boston, and the proprietors of three of those still in existence have failed. This does not speak well for the "Athens" of the New World. There are but four daily papers in Boston now owned by their original proprietors. There are still ten daily papers in that city, which must be at least five too many.—There are but thirteen in New York.

A boy got his grandfather's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire; he, however, liked the fun of loading, and so put in another charge, but still was afraid to fire. He kept on charging, but without firing, until he got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother learning his temerity, smartly reproved him and grasping the old continental discharged it. The result was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back! She promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out: "Lay still, granny—there are five more charges to get off yet!"

There has been a lively time in the Illinois College, at Jacksonville, arising from an exceedingly improper attempt of a young student to speak of political topics in his exercise. Mr. Springer, the student, was rebuked by the Faculty, and denied a hearing. Failing to find redress within the walls of the college, he went outside and published a statement of the case. Then the Professor of Rhetoric made a counterstatement, but was put down by the class with contemptuous hisses. Next day, the offending student was expelled. The excitement in the college was intense, and the young gentlemen are in transports of wrath.

The following good one is from the Toledo Blade:
It is said that Tom Corwin, as he is familiarly called, was once trying a case in which he was opposed by the late Mr. Wirt, when the latter tried a most novel mode of discrediting the evidence of Mr. Corwin's chief witness, on whose accuracy and discrimination every thing turned, by showing that he was a person of astonishing credulity:
Wirt: "Have you read Robinson Crusoe?"
Witness: "Yes."
Wirt: "Do you believe it all?"
Witness: "Well, yes, Squire, I don't know but what I do."
The same answer was returned as to Gulliver's Travels and several other works of fiction, Corwin all the while fidgeting and getting hot. Presently Mr. Wirt, considering the man entirely flattened out, resigned him with a bland smile.

Mr. Corwin said he had only one question and put it.
Corwin: "Have you read Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry?"
Witness: "Yes."
Corwin: "Do you believe it all?"
Witness: "Why, no, Squire, I can't quite go that."
In England the latest returns show that out of the entire population the Smiths reckon 1 in 73; Jones 1 in 76; Williams 1 in 115; Taylor 1 in 148; Davies 1 in 162; Brown 1 in 174. If Brown feels aggrieved at his position on the list, he may find comfort in knowing that his initial letter commences more English names than any other letter in the alphabet.

To think too poorly of yourself is a weakness; to think too well of yourself is a folly.

Fun and Facts.

If a cigar makes a man ill, will a cherry-root make a Man-illa?
Love is like a cigar—the longer it burns, the less it grows.
Why is praising children like opium? Because it's a laudanum?
Mock no man for his stub nose, for you can never tell what may turn up.
"Good morning, Jones. How does the world use you?" "It uses me up, thank you."

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Because it requires to be ground.
Why are our foreign relations like our butter vessels? Because they are our fur-kin.
Dr. Franklin says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him."
Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.
The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye, has returned it because it had a ween drop in it.
When has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee? When he has plenty of grounds.

Three things to be despised—a brawler in a workshop, a fool in fine clothes, and a slanderer.
What is a difference between a woman and a mad dog? One wears hoops and the other pants.
Jones says of an ancient unmarried female, that she was fearfully and wonderfully maid.
A touch of real calamity cures the imaginary sorrows of those who make mountains of molehills.
Honesty is a term formerly used in the case of a man who paid for his newspaper and the coat on his back.

Why have chickens no future state?—Because they have their necks twisted (next world) in this.
Unpleasant—a first-rate appetite and nothing to eat. Quite as agreeable—plenty to eat and no appetite.
What animal has the greatest quantity of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a "hog'shead full."
Relatives are not necessarily our best friends, but they cannot do us injury without being enemies to themselves.
"Is that a lightning bug?" asked a short-sighted lady. "No, said the Miss, "it's a big bug with a lighted cigar."

Somebody says a wife should be like roasted lamb—tender, and nicely dressed. Somebody adds, "and without sauce."
What is the difference between Henry VIII and a man in deep thought? One was a fat kind and the other is a thinking.
On a young child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he actually replied: "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"
Some one says of a certain congregation, that they pray on their knees on Sunday, and on their neighbors the rest of the week.

Tom says, when they won't trust a fellow for his drink long enough for him to swallow it, he thinks credit, a little too short.
"What are you writing such a large hand for, Pa?" "Why, you see that my grandmither is deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her!"
An old bachelor left a boarding-house, in which were a number of old maids, on account of the "miserable fair" set before him at table.
"You've misrepresented me," said a member of Parliament to a reporter. "You misrepresented your constituents still more," was the reply.

The happiest man in the world is the one with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.
Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature—yet, if boldness is to be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty.
Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands but somewhat difficult to "regulate" when once set "going."
A man came into a printing office to beg a paper, "Because," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

A Boston magazine proves that God is not unconscious of the troubles in Wall street, by quoting the words of the Psalmist, "If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there."
"I say, mister," said one Yankee to another, "how come your eyes so crooked?" "My eyes? Why, by sitting between two girls, and trying to make love to both at the same time."

The best bank ever yet known is a bank of earth—it never refuses to discount to honest labor. And the best share is the plowshare—on which dividends are always liberal. That's so.