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Try it on.
The Knickerbocker tells an excellent story of Birchard the revivalist; not of him exactly, but of what happened at the close of one of his meetings. He was in the habit of addressing his congregation in this manner:

"I am now going to pray, and I want

On the occasion to which we refer, there was at once sent up to the desk quite a pile of little slips of paper, with the autograph on whose behalf he was to

A pause soon ensued, when he said—
"Send them up! I can pray for five thousand just as easy as I can for a dozen!—
Send 'em up! I haven't any paper, get up and name the friend you want to be prayed for."

whom we shall call Oziel Biggs, a stalwart man of six feet and a half in his stockings, a notorious unbeliever, and in the midst of the congregation, a mark for all, rose amidst the winks and hecks and smiles of the auditory, and said—

"It's Jim Thompson; he keeps a tatern down in Thompsonville, and I keep a public house a little below him. He's an infernal scoundrel and I want you to give him a lift."

MAN.—But few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly.

ly. The common expression, "choke
with passion," has little exaggeration in
it; for even though not suddenly fatal,
strong passions shorten life. Strong bod-
ied men often die young; weak men live
longer than the strong, for the strong use
their strength, and the weak have none to
use. The latter take care of themselves.

the former do not. As it is with the body so it is with the mind and the temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run; the weak burn out.

When Cibber once went to visit Booth and knew he was at home, a female domestic denied him. Cibber took her

rice of this at the time, but when in few days afterward, Booth paid him a visit to return he called out from the first floor that he was not at home. "How can that be," answered Booth, "do I not hear your voice?" "To be sure you do," replied Cibber, "but what then? I believed you

A pedagogue relates a laughable story of one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell hostility "H-o-r-s-e horse," commenced Pat. "No *horsetility*, but *hostility*," said the teacher.

"Have you anything else old?" said a English lady at Rome to a boy, of whom she had bought some modern antiquities.

We learn from the Albany Times that Mrs. Haynes, of the town of Day, Saratoga county, has been

detailed some time since, and who lived
 nineteen months without food or drink,
 died a week or two ago. She remained
 insensible fifteen months of the period,
 and up to a few days of her death, when
 she seemed to revive, and spoke occasion-
 ally. After her death, her body was

half an inch thick, was taken from the stomach! It was alive when removed but died soon after. The case is a very remarkable one, and it is to be regretted that it was not subjected to scientific examination.

Several exchanges have dropped the standing head of "marriages," as useful in these times.

The institution during the present pressure is shockingly neglected, we are sorry to say.

Considering the size of bakers' loaves

and the scarcity of dimes, Jones, Sam and all the Macs, "look before they leap" and, where the thing is possible, valiantly banish the image of their inornate from their bosoms. Distressing, ain't it? Allowing to the worship of the lord of god—money. Verily, the fair sex should have nothing to do with us no longer.

Indeed, ever since the crash of 1929 the notion has been progressing that the protestations of love for them is all sham. It certainly looks like it. When is it?—Money.

pressive words in the language. When they discovered the secret of the sleep-bringing poppy, as it stole over the senses Pain, till Torture fell asleep, he said *Laus Deo!* Praise to God! and so we have in "*Laudanum*," a Latin hymn of thanksgiving that will be p

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