The Nebraska Advertiser.

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

VOL. III. CITY OF BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA COUNTY, N. T., THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1858. NO. 9.

Nebraska Advertiser

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

R. W. FURNAS,

Second Story Hoadley & Muir's Building,

(Corner of Main and First Streets.)

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:

For one year if paid in advance,	$2,00
" " " " at the end of 6 months,	2,50
" " " " " " " " 12 "	3,00

Clubs of 12 or more will be furnished at $1,50 per annum, provided the cash accompanies the order, not otherwise.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square (10 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,	12,00
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 " "	20,00
" eighth " "	16,00
" Column, six months,	20,00
" half Column, six months,	10,00
" fourth " " "	8,00
" eighth " " "	20,00
" Column three months,	13,00
" half Column, three months,	10,00
" fourth " " "	6,00
" eighth " " "	5,00
Announcing candidates for office (in advance,)	5,00

Cash in advance will be required for all advertisements except where actual responsibility is known.

Ten per cent for each change will be added to the above rates.

No advertisement 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 ridgedly 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 leaded advertisements charged double the above rates.

Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

BOOK AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING!

Foster's Job Press,

2,500 per hour.

Having added to the Advertiser Office Card and Job Presses, New Type of the latest styles, Inks of all colores, Bronzes, 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 United States.

Particular attention will be given to orders from a distance—in having them promptly attended to.

The Proprietors, having had an extensive experience, will give their personal attention to this branch of business, and hope, in their endeavors to please, both in the excellence of their work, and reasonable charges to receive a share of the public patronage.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS MARY TURNER,

MILLINER AND DRESS MAKER.

Main Street, one door above Carsons Bank.

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Bonnets and Trimmings always on hand.

U. C. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

AND

Real Estate Agent,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

REFERENCES.

Hon. Wm. Jessup, Montrose, Pa.
B. S. Bently, " " "
John C. Miller, Chicago, Ill.
Wm. K. McAllister, " " "
Charles F. Fowler, " " "
R. W. Furnas, Brownville, N. T.
O. F. Lake, " " "

May 7, 1857. 47-1y

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.

E. S. DUNDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ARCHER, RICHARDSON CO. N. T.

WILL practice in the several Courts of the 2d Judicial District, and attend to all matters connected with the Profession. WM. McLENNAN, Esq., of Nebraska City, will assist me in the prosecution of important Suits.

Sept. 10, '57-11-tf

OLIVER BENNET, WM. B. GARRIT.
JAMES P. FISKE. AUGUSTUS KNIGHT.

OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 87 Main Street.

(FORMERLY, No. 161, CORNER OF MAIN AND LOCUST.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

C. W. WHEELER,

Architect and Builder.

Brownville. N. T.

A. D. KIRK,

Attorney at Law,

Land Agent and Notary Public.

Archer, Richardson Co., N. T.

Will [illegible] Nebraska, [illegible] by Harding and Bennett, Nebraska City.

A. L. COATE

NEMAHA LAND AGENT,

SURVEYOR & NOTARY PUBLIC,

Will select lands, investigate titles, pay taxes, &c., either in Kansas or Nebraska; buy, sell, and enter lands on commission; invest in town property, buy or sell the same, and will always have on hand correct plats of townships, counties, &c., showing all lands subject to entry, and where desired will furnish parties living in the states with the same.

Being the oldest settler in the county will in all cases to able to give full and reliable information.

Address A. L. Coate, either at Brownville or Nemaha City, Nebraska Territory. 6m-42-v2

DANIEL L. McGARY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Brownville, Nebraska.

Will practice in the Courts of Nebraska, and North west Missouri.

REFERENCES.

Messrs. Crow, McCreary & Co.,	St. Louis, Mo.
Hon. James M. Hughs,	Do
Hon. John R. Shepley,	Do
Hon. James Craig,	St. Joseph, Mo.
Hon. Silas Woodson,	Do
Judge A. A. Bradford,	Nebraska City, N. T.
S. F. Nuckolls, Esq.,	Do

J. D. N. & B. B. THOMPSON

Real Estate & General Collecting Agents,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Agents for Iowa Ins. Co., Oskaloosa,

ALL business entrusted to our care will meet with prompt attention and warranted correct. Papers prepared for persons wishing to pre-empt, Declaratory statements made out, etc., etc.

Office on First street, north of I. T. Whyte & Co.

REFERENCES:

J. W. Grimes, Ex-Governor	Iowa
T. L. Price do	Missouri
Austin A King do	do
G. S. Eayre & Co.,	Glenwood, Iowa
G. Doughty	Council Bluffs, Iowa

April 8, 1858. v2n41-1y

H. M. ATKINSON,

Surveyor and Land Agent,

MAIN STREET,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.,

Will attend promptly to the selection and location of Government lands in the Nemaha land district; surveying town sites, and subdividing lands; drafting city plats, and all other business of a General Surveyor. He will locate warrants on time for distant dealers; file declaratory statetements of intention to pre-empt; make out pre-emption papers; and always on hand to look out claims for actual settlers.

REFER TO

W. W. Sanger, M. D.,	New York City,
Sewal & Withington,	Boston, Mass.
Rev. T. W. Howe,	Pataskala Ohio,
Col. W. E. Atkinson.	

George H. Nixon, Register Land Office, Brownville,
Lushbaugh & Carson, Bankers, Brownville, N. T.
R. W. Furnas, " "

A. W. PUETT. M. G. WILKINSON.

PUETT & WILKINSON,

Land Agents

AND

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

OMADI, N. T.

Will attend to all business entrusted to their care

REFERENCES

Col. Jesse Williams,	Fairfield, Iowa.
Gov. Jos. A. Wright,	Indianapolis, Ind,
Mr. F. N. Roock,	Washington City.
Hon. John G. Davis,	Rockville, Ind.
Hon. Geo. L. Miller,	Omaha City, N. T.

JAMES W. GIBSON,

BLACKSMITH

Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

R. E. HARDING, J. C. KIMBOUGH. E. F. TOOMER.

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.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

GEORGE CLAYES. J. W. LEE.

Clayes & Lee.

Real Estate and General Agency,

OMAHA CITY, N. T.

REFER TO

James Wright, Broker,	New York,
Wm. A. Woodward, Esq.	" "
Hon. R. Wood, Ex-Gov. of Ohio,	Cleveland,
Wicks, Otie and Brownell, Bankers,	"
Alcott & Horton,	"
Col. Robert Campbell,	St. Louis,
James Ridgway, Esq.	"
Crawforn and Sackett,	Chicago.

Omaha City, Aug. 30, 1856. v1n13-1y

T. E. HAYCOOK.

Attrney at Law

AND

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Mount Vernon, Nemaha Co.,

Particular attention paid to the practice of law and collection of debts in the counties of Nemaha, Pawnee, Johnson, and Richardson, Nebraska Territory.

Real estate bought and sold on commission. Land warrants located for distant dealers. Pre-emption papers carefully prepared.

REFERS TO

Sam. H. Elbert, Plattsmouth, N. T.
H P Bennet, Nebraska city, N T
O D Richardson, Omaha city, N T
Fenner Ferguson, M C, Bellevue, N T
Cassady & Test, Bankers, Council Bluff, Iowa
Cook, Sergeant & Cook, Fort Desmoines, Iowa.

December 3, 1857 n23ly

JEFFERSON P. CASADY, JAS. D. TEST, Council Bluffs, Iowa. MARTIN W. RIDEN, JAS. D. WHITE, Nebraska City N T

CASSADY, TEST, RIDEN & CO.,

(Successors to Riden & White.)

LAND AGENTS.

NEBRASKA CITY, N. T.

HAVING made arrangements by which we will receive accurate copies of all the Townships embraced in the Eastern portion of Nebraska, we are now prepared to offer our services to the

"*Squatters of Nebraska Territory.*"

In Filling Declaratory Statements of Intention to Pre-empt. Securing Pre-emptions, Locating Land Warrants—

AND ENTERING LAND.

Land Warrants Bought and Sold.

LAND ENTERED ON TIME.

Particular attention paid to Buying and Selling Property on commission: Also, to making Collections and forwarding remittances to any part of the Union.

Blanks of all kinds always on hand.

REFERENCES.

Hon. A. A. Bradford,	Nebraska City,
S. F. Nuckolls,	
Moore, Dillman & West,	St. Joseph, Mo.,
Peter A. Keller,	Washington City
Thomas [illegible]	

June 28, 1856. v1n[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

A Wife's Dower.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

Everybody who knew John Gordon knew him to be one of the meanest and most contemptible men that ever was permitted to walk the earth. His brother Peter was not a whit better—so that it would appear that meanness ran in the blood of the family.

John was pretty well off, so far as this world's goods were concerned. His property was all invested in a building which had cost him about thirty thousand dollars. He did not marry until he was forty—probably from the fear of incurring unnecessary expense, and when finally he did take a wife, it was only as he would have taken him a housekeeper, a servant.

Mrs. Gordon was a poor woman, and had been obliged to work very hard for a living. Probably she married on purely prudential considerations, for she could not possibly have loved such an abortion of a man as John Gordon. She took a good care of her husband, treated him better than he deserved, and was in every respect an obedient and faithful wife. All she received in return was the meager support which her husband's house afforded her.

When they had been married some three years John was taken sick, and lingered along for a year, during which time his wife was an excellent and devoted nurse. Her whole aim seemed to be to discharge her duties to her lord with fidelity. She had made a bargain with him, and she performed her part of the contract with scrupulous exactness.

One day I heard that John Gordon was dead. It was a small loss to the community, and I could not think of pitying his wife, for her lot would certainly be ameliorated by his departure. She would be entitled to one-third of the income of his real-estate, which for a poor woman, as she had been, and having no luxurious taste to gratify, would be a princely stipend.

I never thought nor heard any more of John Gordon or his wife for two months, when a woman appeared at my office, and introduced herself as the latter.

'Mine is a very bad case, Mr. Docket,' said she, seating herself by my side.

'Indeed, madame, I thought you were very comfortably provided for. You have one third of the income of your husband's estate, or about a thousand dollars a year.'

'It seems I am not to have this,' she replied gloomily.

'Not to have it?'

'Peter Gordon has taken possession of the estate, declaring it belongs to him.—He says my husband sold it to him a few weeks before he died.'

'How could that be?'

'Peter showed me the deed, and says it has be recorded.'

'Does he? So much the better for you madame. The law gives you one half of his personal estate———'

'But he sold it for one dollar,' interrupted Mrs. Gordon.

'He couldn't sell without your concurrence. Did you release your right to dower in the premises?'

'No, sir; Peter says I did, though; and shows me my name, daly witnessed, on the deed.'

'Didn't you sign it?'

'No sir.'

'Then it is a forgery.'

'I suppose it is.'

'You are confident you did not sign your name to the deed?'

'I am sure I did not, and for a very good reason.'

'How's that?'

'I cannot write; I never even wrote my name. I was brought up in the country, where girls did not get so much schooling as now. My folks were very poor, and I never had a chance to go to school,' replied Mrs. Gordon, with some confusion.

'Did your husband know that you could not write.'

'No, I never told him.'

I dismissed her with the request that she would call next day. I went at once to the Registry of Deeds, and found that Mrs. Gordon had told a straight story.—Her miserable, contemptible husband had given his property to his brother in his last days, so as to cheat his wife; who had cared for him in health and nursed him in sickness, out of her just claim upon his estate!

He was a villain! I need not say I felt a deep interest in the cause of my client, and resolved to bring matters to an issue at once. The next day, when she called, she directed me to her sister, by whom it could be proved that Mrs. Gordon could not write her name; who had seen her make her mark often, within a very short time.

The person who professed to have witnessed the signature of Mrs. Gordon was a clerk in the office of Peter. My first move was to take steps to arrest him on a charge of fraud, and to sue his employer for my client's share of the rents, which he had just collected, and which he had refused to pay over to her.

When I had proceeded thus far, I received a visit from Peter Gordon.

'What do you mean, sir?' he asked rather sourly.

'I mean to get justice for the widow.'

'Her husband was worth nothing when he died.'

'But his wife has one-third interest in his real estate.'

'It was sold me, and she signed away her right to dower.'

'Did she?'

'Certainly she did.'

'Did you see her sign?'

'To be sure I did; so did my clerk.'

'There is a warrant out for the arrest of your clerk; and I have some hopes that he will turn State's evidence, and convict the principal.'

He started back with astonishment and terror.

'I—I don't understand you!' he stammered out.

'Don't trouble yourself about it, Mr. Gordon, you will understand it all in due time.'

'For God's sake, don't arrest my clerk. He will be the ruin of me,' groaned he.

'You should have thought of that before,' I said.

'You don't mean to say that everything isn't all right about my brother's affairs? Because, if it isn't, I will make it right, you know,' he whined in supplicating tones.

'You say you saw Mrs. Gordon sign the deed?'

'Well—no; not exactly; but I supposed she signed it.'

'You don't know she didn't?'

'How should I know?'

'She can't write! She never even wrote her name in her life!'

I pressed the rascal closely and made him acknowledge that his clerk had signed the name for a consideration. I would have caused both of them to be sent to the State Prison, if Mrs. Gordon had not begged me to spare them. As it was, I secured the entire income of the estate for my client, and charged my bill to Peter who was but too glad to pay it.

Marshall Ney's Death-Scene.

The vengeance of the Allied Powers demands some victims; and the intrepid Ney who had well nigh put the crown again on Bonaparte's head at Waterloo, was to be one of them. Condemned to be shot, he was led to the Garden of Luxemburg on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he stopped him, saying: "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He then lifted his hat above his head, and with the same calm voice that had steaded his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, said: "I declare before God and man that I never betrayed my country—may my death render her happy. *Vive la France!*" He then turned to the soldiers, and, striking his hands on his heart gave the order, "Soldiers, fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the "bravest of the brave" sank to rise no more. He who had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her, was shot as a traitor! As I looked on the spot where he fell, I could not but sigh over his fate. True, he broke his oath of allegiance, so did others, carried away by his attachment to Napoleon, and the enthusiasm that hailed his approach to Paris; still he was no traitor.

General Arnold.

During the traitor Arnold's predatory operations in Virginia, in 1781, he took an American captain prisoner. After some general conversation, he asked the captain, "What he thought the Americans would do with him if they caught him?" The captain at first declined giving an answer; but upon being repeatedly urged, he said, 'Why, sir, if I must answer the question, you will excuse my telling you the truth; if my countrymen should catch you, I believe they would first cut off your lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue at Quebec, and bury it with the honors of war, and afterwards hang the remainder of your body upon a gibbet.'

Man.

We take the following rich morsel from one of Dow Jr.'s short patent sermons:

Man looks upon life just as he looks upon woman—there is no living with them, and he can't live without them.—He will run after them, and rather than be held he will lose his coat tail and character—kiss for love, and kiss them for leading him into trouble. So with life. He partakes of its pleasures, and then curses it for its pains; gatherr boquets of bliss, and when their blossoms have faded he finds kimself in possession of a bunch of briers, which is all owing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise, when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspicious as a tree toad in a thunder storm. *He* was told to increase, and so accordingly increased his cares, and peopled the world with a lot of candidates for perdition, and I am one of them.

'You are very stupid, Thomas,' said a country school-teacher to a little boy eight years old. 'You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?'

'Why, they feed him more and kick him less,' said the urchin.

A witness in a Hoosier court being asked how he knew that two certain persons were man and wife, replied:

'Why, dog on it, I've heard them scolying each other more'n fifty times.'

The proof was held as conclusive.

Will There be Flowers in Heaven. Mamma?

Brightly the sun of a clear, cold December day shed its slant rays through the half-closed blinds of a sich room, glowing upon the rosy curtains, and playing in fantastic shape upon the carpet, but brought no gladness to the sorrowing hearts of the mourners there. A mother sat with bowed head and breaking heart by the bedside of her darling first born son; and that dark-eyed little girl moved slowly about the room gazing thoughtfully for a while into the bright fire, then kissing the pale cheek of her brother, and wondering 'how long he would sleep.'—For hours he had laid with closed eyes and white lips, and a breath so short and low that it scarcely stirred the white cover. The fever had left him, but nature was exhausted, and they told us that our Charlie must die.

Sunlight faded, and in the gray twilight we sat watching the little one passing so gently from our circle. At last the eyes slowly opened, and a soft voice spoke the sweet words:

'Mother, how long till summer time?'

'Six months, my darling.'

'Then your Charlie will not see the flowers again. Don't cry, mamma, I must go pretty soon, but I wish I could see the flowers once more. Will there be any in heaven? Kiss me, mamma, cousin Amy, good night; sweet sleep,'—and Charlie was with the angels. We then crossed his white hands over his still heart, and smoothed back the golden curls from his temples, and there laid our faded lilly upon the stainless snow. Our boy was to frail and fair for heart, and God has taken him to a holier clime.

Yes, there are flowers in heaven, sweet child; such flowers as thou. Their petals cannot bear our wintry winds, so angels gather them, and they go to bloom in fadeless beauty in the garden of our Father in heaven.

Wanted a Live Woman.

Punch thus expresses his distress at the disappearance of women from the face of the earth:

There are no woman now-a-days. Instead of women, we have towering edifices of silk, lace and flowers. You see a milliner's advertizing van that slides along with a rustling sound, and you are told it is a woman; but as you cannot approach within several yards of the monster obstruction, you cannot tell what it is, beyond something that looks like a shop front put into a motion with all the goods in it exposed for sale. I really believe if any showman would open an exhibition where one could see a woman such as women were in my younger days, when they used to be fair, slender, graceful, well proportioned and every thing that was beautiful; instead of the animated wardrobes, and unrecognizable bundles of fine clothes, that they now are—I really believe that an enterprising showman like that would rapidly realize a large fortune.

Bring out your Pound Cake,

Among the company of a great five-dollar ball given in New Orleans, last spring, in honor of some public event, was a green 'un from the country, who had never before seen anything of the kind, upon so grand a scale, and was totally at a loss to understand the ridiculous, new-fangled dances which prevailed. Paying an enormous price for a ticket, and having been fasting some time in anticipation of the supper, his whole tho'ts were directed to the enjoyment in that line in store for him. He strode up and down the saloon with his hands thrust into his pantaloons pockets, accosting every waiter he encountered, with—

'Boy, look here, is supper most ready?'

At last supper was announced, and in rushed our hero, in advance of everybody, and seating himself about the centre of the table, began to beckon every waiter whose eye he could catch, but no one, much to his indignation, approached him until after the ladies had been seated and served, when he was asked whether he would take some ham.

'*Ham!*' exclaimed he, with most profound astonishment, 'do you 'spose, sirrah, I can eat five dollars' worth of *ham!*—*Bring us some of your pound cake and sich like.*'

To Prevent Flies from Teasing Horses.

The following receipe I have used for several seasons, and I have proved its efficacy. As the season of flies is near at hand, it may be useful to your readers. Take two or three small handful of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water; let it infuse one night and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour. When cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a spunge; and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are the most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, viz: between and upon the ears, the neck, the flank, &c. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure will derive a benefit from the leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the wagoner, and all others who use horses, during the hot months.—*Prairie Farmer.*

The saint clothes himself in a coarse raiment and hides precious gems in his breast.

The more polished is the society, the less formality there is in it.

Squibs.

It is better to be struck with an idea than a poker.

Debt is the art of living without money.

It is better to be smitten by a young lady than by rheumatism.—Ex.

That depends upon whether you would rather have the disease located in the heart than in the legs.

If a person is continually complaining of the town he lives in, it only proves that he is not fit to live in it himself.

It requires an early start now-a-days for a man to get round his wife.

It is a mistake to suppose every man you see with a brick in his hat is a mason.

Mrs. Ellis says a lady can show anger as well by her back in leaving a room as by her face. This must be when she 'gets her back up.'

Wanted—A thin man who is used to the business of collecting, to crawl thro'h key holes and find debtors who are never at home. Salary, nothing the first year, to be doubled every year after.

One of the editors of the Boston Post says: We have enjoyed the world as much as others, but have never been happier than when a boy we found a partridge's nest with eleven eggs in it.

Mr. President, said a member of a school committee, I rise to get up, and am not backward in coming forward in the cause of edication. Had it not been for edication I should have been as ignorant as yourself, Mr. President.

May is considered an unfortunate month for marrying. A down east editor says a girl was asked not long since to unite herself in May in his proposals.—The lady tenderly intimated that May was unlucky month for marrying. 'Well, make it June, then,' honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel, paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and said with a blush, 'wouldn't April do as well?'

A gentleman who did not trust to his memory, wrote in his memorandum book—'must be married when I get married!'

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought that never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

A French writer has said: 'To dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake; and to bring angels down to hold converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day.'

A bear has always been reckoned a formidable animal—a gay seducer who hugs his victim to death, in the most affectionate but painful manner. But the most terrible specimen of a bear we ever heard tell of, is the one we hear tell of in the following which we clip from an exchange:

There was a jolly woodman
  A standin' by a tree,
When he spied an awful big bear
  A coming right at he.
The bear was ramparageous
  The foam was on his lip,
And full a yard of land,
  He cleared at every step.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again, tho' watered with tears.

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if they would furnish the apartments.

A pert young lawyer once boasted to an old member of the bar, that he had received two hundred dollars for speaking in a certain cause. 'I received double that sum for holding my tongue,' was the reply.

'Jury,' said an Arkansas judge, 'you may go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used.' They returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

A dull day, and an empty pocket, and being in love, affects a man's spirits most seriously.

A lawyer in the interior of Maine recently declined paying his merchant for his bill of goods on the ground that the merchant might suspend and keep the money out of circulation.

Never assist in circulating a slander by repeating it, as by such means it lives.

It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds, than a field of corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

Trees with double flowers are too often the emblem of friendship—there is plenty of blossoms, but no fruit.

'Don't you like back gammon?' said a lody on a steamboat to a Hoosier.

'I don't know; I never ate any,' was the reply.

An editor out West says he don's think Columbus deserves any credit for discovering America, for he couldn't have well missed it.

Punch says that in the shadow of a small waist may be seen a large doctor's bill and the outlines of a coffin.

A Sensible Girl.

As a weary traveler was wending his way through the mud out in the far west, he discovered a young maiden standing in the door of a small log-house, and asked the maiden for a drink of water; he drank it, and she being the first woman he had seen for several days, offered her a dime for a kiss. The young maiden accepted and received both the dime and the kiss. The traveler was about to resume his journey, but the maiden never before having seen a dime, asked:

'What am I to do with the dime?'

'You use it in any way you wish,' he replied, 'it is yours.'

'This being the case,' said she, 'I'll give you back the dime, and take another kiss.'

The traveler wilted.

Enthusiasm.

Wilson and Phinney are leading members of the Washington county bar. Sitting opposite one another at the dinner table—they are always opposite at the bar in the Court-house, and agreed as to the bar in the hotel—Wilson was describing the effects of a speech he made a few days before at a great political meeting in the village where Phinney resides.

"Indeed,' said he, 'I never saw the people so filled with enthusiasm!'

'Filled with what?' cried Phinney.

'With enthusiasm,' repeated Wilson.

'Oh ah! said Phinney, 'I understand, but I never heard it called by that namo before; we call it rum!'

A woman in Indiana was lately granted a divorce on the complaint that her husband always "laid with his back to her."

A cotemporary says: 'There is a man up in our country who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life; never had any corns or toothache; his potatoes never rot; the weevil never eats his wheat; the frost never kills his corn and beans; his babies never cry in the night; and his wife never scolds, and always wears the moderate sized hoops.'

Reader, if you would realize like results on your own part, 'go thou and do likewise.'

One of the finest writers says that 'the nightly dews come down upon us like blessings.' How very differently the daily dues come down upon us in these hard times.

Every rose has its thorn. I never helped to shawl the flower of a ball-room without being convinced by painful evidence, that she had a pin about her.

Vegetation is so scarce at Cape Cod, Mass., that two mullen stalks and a huckleberry-bush are called a grove.

Punch says he once saw a father knock down his beloved son, and thought it was the most striking illustration of sun down he ever beheld.

'There's a great pressure in the money market,' as the rat said when a bag of specie fell on him.

A duel was fought in Mississippi last month, by Mr. T. Knott and Mr. A. Shott. The result was that Knott was shot, and Schott was not.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

Modesty, says a cotemporary, adorns a woman, but ruins a man.

Oregon must be a very moist country. A letter from there says 'it rains 26 hours in the day for 17 months in the year. A shower commenced on the 3d of last November and continued until the 19th of March, when it set in for a long storm, which is not ended yet.'

Chevreau, in his history of the World, informs us that it was created on the 6th of September, on a Friday, a little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Dr. Marsh says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion there is nothing like 'flying around' to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician when they only need the scrubbing brush.

During the search instituted by the editor of the Newark Times for female compositors, it is reported the following dialogue took place:

Brister—Good morning, Mr. Henpeck. Have you got any daughters that would make good type-setters?

Henpeck.—No, but I've got a wife that would make a good "devil."

The grudge with which most men part with the noblest purposes for a little pittance, is astonishing and humiliating.—Mammon, mammon, is the god of the professing world among us. The love of distinction flows in the channels of wealth and thus creates an aristocracy the most feeble and enfeebling, the most corrupt and corrupting, the most slavish and enslaving of all aristocracies—the aristocracy of dollars. Hence the passion for lucre is the passion of the the United States. Men measure their respectability not by their deeds of goodness, but by the sums of which they are masters.

A modern writer says—'It may seems strange, but it is a fact, that men generally are much more afraid of women than women are of men.' Brown remarks that the fact is not strange at all: for in both cases the *fear* is proportioned to the danger. Candid, but [illegible]