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, SEPTEMBER 23, 1858. NO. 13.

Nebraska Advertiser

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

R. W. FURNAS,

Second Story Headley & 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,	3,00
" " three months,	6,00
" " six months,	8,00
" " 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 rigidly 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 colors, 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—insuring 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 Carsens

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.
R. 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

LOUIS WALDTER,

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter,

GLAZIER, GRAINER,

AND

PAPER HANGER,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Takes this method of informing the public that he has removed his paint shop from Nemaha City to this place. He thinks himself qualified to undertake any work pertaining to his line of business, and respectfully invites the public to give him a call.

Please leave orders at the "Advertiser" office."

Nov. 19, 1857. n21-tf

E. MATHIEU,

Cabinet & Wagon-Maker

Main Street, bet. Sixth and Seventh,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

All kinds of cabinet work neatly executed.

Repairing of wagons, plows, etc., promptly done.

OLIVER BENNETT, WM. D. HARRIT.
JAMES P. FISKE, AUGUSTUS KNIGHT.

OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 87 Main Street.

(FORMERLY, No. 101, 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 practice in the Courts of Nebraska, assisted by Harding and Bennett, Nebraska City.

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. Hurts, " "	Do
Hon. John R. Sheply, " "	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.'s Store.

REFERENCES:

J. W. Grimes, Ex-Governor	Iowa
T. I. Price do	Missouri
Austin A King do	do
G. S. Hayne & Co.,	Glenwood, Iowa
G. Dodge do	Council Bluffs, Iowa

April 8, 1858 v2n41-1y

R. L. DODGE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Land Warrants bought and sold. Pre-emption papers carefully and correctly prepared.

OFFICE on Main street, in Brown and Bennett's Banking House.

REFERENCES

Hon. Fenner Ferguson,	Bellevue, Nebraska.
" R W Furnas	Brownville, "
" E Brown	" "
Kinney & Holler	Nebraska City

June 5, 1858-v3n2-1y

NEW GROCERY

AND

PROVISION HOUSE,

BY

J. H. MORRISON,

AT THE

Old Stand of M. F. CLARK,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.,

Where can be found a full supply of Family Groceries—Ham and Bacon, Mackerel and Cod Fish, Teas, Sugar, Coffee, Candies, Nuts, Wine Crackers and Cheese, Liquors and Wines, Sardines, Cigars and Tobacco, Oysters and Lobsters, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Blackberries, and Whortleberries, and all articles usually kept in a Fancy Grocery Store which he will sell for cash or produce as cheap as the cheapest. Will you give me a share of your continued patronage.

Brownville, July 15th, 1858. v3n3

S. BELDEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Will write deeds of every kind and contracts for every purpose, with warranted legal accuracy.

Office, in the Banking House of Lushbough & Carson.

REFER TO

Hon. John A. Bingham, Cadiz,	Ohio.
" W. K. Carter, Cleveland,	"
" R P Spalding, "	"
" B F Leiter, Canton,	"
" S Lahm, "	"
" Wm R Sapp, Mt. Vernon,	"
" S P Chase Columbus,	"
" Thos. Ford, Mansfield,	"
" Jas. Craig, St. Joseph, Mo.	

Brownville, Oct. 22d, '57. v2n17-1y

O. B. HEWETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

Brownville, Nebraska.

Will attend to business in all departments of his profession.

Pre-emptors Rights Secured.

Land Warrants for Sale.

Office on First St., bet. Main and Water.

REFERENCES

Kinney & Holler	Nebraska City.
Chapman Morton & Co.,	do
J. Sloan & Morton,	do
Brown & Bennett,	Brownville
R. W. Furnas	do

Brownville, N. T. May 13, 1858. v2n46tf

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 be able to give full and reliable information.

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

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. Nucolls,	" "
Messrs. Dollman & West,	St. Joseph, Mo..
Peter A. Keller.	Washington City
Thomas Lumpkin,	" "

June 28, 1858. v1-n8

Miscellaneous.

How Ben Purtle got a Wife.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. He was red-haired, and each hair stood as if it cherished the most supreme contempt for its next neighbor. His nose supported at the bridge, a large lump, while the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth had every shape but a pretty one. His form was as uncouth as his face [illegible]ly. The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle—what was still more, Ben had a bouncing, handsome blooming wife—such as can be grown only upon a good old country farm.

"How the duce;" said I to Ben one day, "did you ever get such a wife, you uncouth, misshapen quintessence of monstrosity?"

Ben was not at all offended at the impertinence of my question; and forthwith began to solve the question, thus:

"Well, now, gals what's sensible ain't cotched by none of your purty hifalutin airs. I've seed that tried mor'n once. You know Katy was allers considerable the purtiest gal in these parts, and all the young fellers in the neighborhood used to try to catch her. Well, I used to go over to old Sammy's too, just to kinder look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But, Lord sakes! I had no more thought that I could get Kate than a Jerusalem cricket could hide in the hair that wasn't on old Sammy's bald head—no siree. But still, I could not help going, my heart would kind o' flutter and my eyes would burn all over, whenever I would go to talkto Katy. And one day, when Kate sorter made fun of me, it almost killed me sure; I went home with something like a reck jostlin' in my breast, and swore I'd hang myself with the first plow-l ne I found!"

"Did you hang yourself?"

"No, Daddy blazed out to me for not taking old Bell to the pasture in the morning, and scared me so bad that I forgot it."

"Go on," said I, seeing Ben pause, with apparent regret that he had not executed his vow.

"Well, soon, one Sunday morning—I reckon it was about a year after that hanging scrape, I got up and scraped my face with daddy's old razor, and put on my new copprus breeches and a new linsey coat marm had died with sasafras bark, and went over to uncle Sammy's. Now I'd got to loving Kate like all creation, but I never cheeped to anybody about my feelings. But I know'd I was on the right side of the old folks."

"Well, now, mind [illegible] matter," continued Ben, after a slight pause, during which he rolled his quid to a more convenient place in his mouth, "how a feller will feel sometimes? Something seemed to say, as I went along, 'Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you,' and my heart fluttered and jumped like a jay bird in a trap. And when I got there and seed Kate with her new homspun frock on, I raily thought I should take the blind staggers enyhow."

Ben paused again to brush the fog from his eyes, and then contined:

"Well, I found the order of the day was to go muscadine hunting. Joe Sharp and his two sisters and Jim Bowls was thar. I'd know'd a long time that Joe was right after Kate, and I hated him worse than a hog hates to find its way out of a potato patch, but I didn't let on. Sharp had on white breeches, fine shoes and a broadcloth coat, but every body knew he warn't worth a red cent. He walked with Kate and you ought to have seen the airs he put on. It was 'Miss Kate' this, and 'Miss Kate' that, and all such nonsense. After a while we came near a slough, whar we had to cross on a log, and I'd a notion to pitch the sassy good-for-nothing into the water."

"Why didn't you?" I asked, sympathising with the narrator.

"Stop, never mind," said Ben, giving me a nudge. "Providence done that all up brown. Nothing must do but Joe must lead Kate across fust. He jumped on the log in high glee and took Kate's hand, and off they put. Just as they got half way across a tarnation big bullfrog jumped off into the water. You know how they holler. "Snakes!" screamed the blasted fool, and knocked Kate off up to her waist in the tarnal nasty, black, muddy water. And what d'ye think he done? Why, run backards and foreds, hollerin for a pole to help Miss Kate out of the water! Kate looked at me and I couldn't stand it any longer. Curchunk I lit ten feet from the bank at the first jump, and had Kate out of there in no time. And d'ye think the scamp didn't come up after we'd got out; and said: 'Ar you hurt, Miss Kate?'"

"My dander was up. I couldn't stand it. I took him by the seat of his white breeches and his coat collar, and gin him a toss. May be he didn't go under when he hit the water. I didn't see him out. Me and Kate started for the house."

"When we started off Kate said, 'Ben jist let me hold on to your arm, my knees feel sorter weak.

"Gepeat Jimmy! I felt so quar when she tuk hold. I tried to say something nice, but my mouth would not go off no how. But I felt as strong as an elephant, and helped along. Bimeby Kate said: 'Ben, that Joe Sharp's a good-for-nothing sneakin', cowardly nobody, if he ever puts his head inside of our house again, I will souse him with dish-water sure.'"

"I tried to say something again; but cuss the luck, I couldn't say nothing, but squeezed her hand, and sighed like a cranky bellus.

"We'd got clear out of sight of the others, and Kate says—

"'Ben, I feel that you are my protector, and I believe that daddy's right when he says you are worth all the other boys in the neighborhood."

"Ben Purtle, says I, "this is a great day for you," and I made a great effort to get my mouth off again, and out it did pop, sure enough.

"Kate," says I, trembling all over, "I love you to destraction, and no mistake. I've loved you long and hard. My heart has been almost broken for two years, and I want you to say right straight up and down, whether you are going to have me or not?"

"Kate hung down her head, and said nothing, but I felt encouraged, for she kinder sighed.

"'Kate, if you are goin' to have me say so, and if you don't want to say so, jist squeeze my hand.'

"Well, she squeezed my hand right off—Lordy how I did feel. I felt like a stream of warm water or sasafras tea sweetened with molasses was running through my bones! and I jist cotch her in my arms, and kissed her rite in the mouth, and she never tried the first time to get loose."

Ben was so overcome with the narration of his courtship, that a pause for breath was necessory.

"How long after that," said I, "before you were married?"

"Old Sammy was mighty proud and so was the old woman about the thing, and we married next fall after the muscadine scrape."

"Do you think your wife loves you yet? I asked.

"Why, Lordy, yes! She thinks I am the purtiest and best feller in the world. I tell you, sir, its no use a talking; high-falutin airs and quality dressing and colone, and such things ain't a gwin down with sensible gals, sure."

The Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well received. One evening he called at the house when it was quite late, which led the girl to enquire where he had been. "I had to work late to-night," he replied. "Do you work for a living?" inquired the astonished girl. "Certainly," answered the young man, "I am a mechanic." She remarked: "My brother brother doesn't work, and I dislike the name of a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

This was the last time the mechanic visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man and has one of the best of women for a wife. The young woman who disliked the name mechanic is now the wife of a miserable tool—a regular vagrant about grog-shops—and she, poor and miserable girl, is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children.

Ye who dislike the name of mechanic—whose brothers do nothing but loaf and dress—beware how you treat young men who work for a living. Far better disregard the well fed pauper, with all his rings, jewelry, brazen-facedness, and pomposity, and take to your affections the callous handed, intelligent, industrious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly, who have turned their backs on industry. A few years of bitter experience taught them a severe lesson.

Why is a loafer in a printing office like a shade tree? Because we are glad when he 'leaves.'

A Romance.

A Paragraph is going the rounds of the papers relating how a man named Frazer was recently arrested near Baltimore and committed to the jail near Morristown, N. J., from whence he had escaped, when under confinement for counterfeiting.—The story is touched up with a little romance concerning a sister of his, who is said to have struggled hard for a livelihood in her younger days, but who is now a great lady at the court of France—all of which is true.

This Frazer was once a resident of our county. He came here with Lucian Murat—son of the illustrious Murat, and the beautiful Caroline Bonaparte—neice of the old and cousin of the present Emperor. Lucien, assisted by this Frazer and a French chap whose name we cannot recall, undertook to build a "city" on Indian river, between Evans' Mills and Theresa. This was some twenty-three years ago. The trio were a precious set. Horse-racing and cock-fighting were more thoroughly attended to than legitimate business; still a grist mill, a few shops and a store were put up, but, in the end, went down under the sheriff's hammer. Thus began and ended the great city of "Joachim." The old mill is still standing as a monument of Lucien Murat's failures in this country. The wright who built the mill still holds an expensive memento of Lucien in the form of a "promise to pay," given for eighteen hundred dollars' worth of labor performed.

After our adventurers left this county, Frazer went to New York and got rich. Murat went to Bordentown, N. J., married Frazer's sister, and remained poor. His wife supported him by teaching school. Meantime, her brother continued to wax fat and fast. He became noted as a gentlemen of wealth, leisure and pleasure, without giving a thought it is said, to his relatives, who were then under the frowns of fortune. The throw of the dice-box of destiny, which gave France into the hands of Louis Napoleon, also gave peace and glory to Lucien Murat and his very worthy and hard-working wife. He is now one of the high dignitaries of the Empire, and she is one of the first ladies of the court. Thus, while the sister occupies Elysee Bourbon at Paris the brother is waiting his sentence to serve in the New Jersey State Prison. So the "play" goes on.—*Watertown (N. Y) Journal.*

Nebraska Historical Society.

TO THE SETTLERS OF NEBRASKA.

Some months since, a society was organized in this place to be called the Nebraska Historical Society. One important object had in view in the early organization of this society, was to collect and preserve in form, reliable information in regard to all that concerned the early history of this country, and its recent settlement in various localities. Another object was to collect and preserve specimens in every department of Natural History incident to the Territory. Any one therefore having reliable information as to Indians formerly or at present occupying this region, or as to the first occupation and present condition of various white settlements, will confer a favor on all who are interested in Nebraska, by sending such information to the Historical Society, where it will be carefully examined and made public and preserved for future use. Articles of Indian curiosity, Specimens of Minerology, and Geology Skins, or Skeletons of Animals, Birds, Insects, preserved wild flowers, &c., will be acceptable, and will be carefully preserved to the donor. Information in regard to the quality, and products of the soil in various localities is also desired and will be made useful by careful collection.—*Nebraska Republican.*

GILBERT C. MONELL, Cor. Sec'y.
Dated Omaha City, Aug. 30th, 1858.

How a Constable Collected a Tough Debt.

A judgment was docketed the other day in one of our justice's courts, with which the defendant, like most defendants, rather disagreed. Accordingly, when a certain officious constable presented the execution and demanded the amount, just $4,00, his "little fee" and all, our defendant waxed indignant, and vowed he'd never pay it to the day of his death, which determination he repeated many times with strong oaths.

"Now, Johnny," said the officer "I'll bet you ten dollars you'll pay this before sundown."

"Done," said Johnny, in the heat of the moment. The stake-holder was selected, and each man put up his money, which, alas! no sooner reached the stakeholder's hand, than it was grabbed by the constable, saying, in the words of the law, "By virtue of this execution, I hereby levy," &c. The execution was accordingly satisfied, but the defendant, judging from his language, was not.

Few among those who really love their children know how to do it. Some spoil them with fondness while young, and then quarrel with them when they are grown up for being spoiled.

Too much freedom breeds contempt.

Farm and Garden.

Prepare for Planting Fruit Trees.

From causes we shall not now attempt to explain, apples, peaches and pears are not grown with that success which was common in earlier times in this country. This fact renders it necessary that a more perfect preparation of the soil before planting be secured, and more thorough cultivation be given the trees afterwards. It is now useless to think of receiving profitable returns in fruits of these kinds unless the trees are planted upon suitable soil, properly prepared. Preparing the soil for an orchard is not the work of a day; if it is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. This is true of all branches of farming, but more especially true of orcharding at the present day. There is a wonderfully increasing demand for good fruit; this arises from two causes: first, from the increasing population and the facilities for sending fruit to every city and village in the land; and second, from the fact that fruit is no longer regarded as a mere luxury, but it is now considered a necessary of life among all classes of people, and hence there will be a constantly increasing demand, with corresponding prices for a long time to come, for every kind of fruit.

To prepare the soil for an orchard, if it is not naturally dry it should be drained, and if it is not rich it should be well manured and the manure thoroughly incorperated with the soil by trenching or trench plowing. The fall is the most suitable for planting fruit trees on most soils, and if the land is not already prepared the present is a most favorable time for doing the work. The highest elevations for an orchard should be chosen, and where it is possible a Northern aspect is preferable, because the influence of the sun has less tendency to encourage a premature circulation of the sap, which so frequently results in the destruction of the fruit buds by early frosts.—Even if the planting is to be deferred until Spring it is always better to put the land in order in the fall and dig the holes for the trees, for if they are dug as large and deep as they ought to be, the rich earth with which they should be filled must be thrown in some time previous to planting, so that it may become thoroughly settled; because when filled at the time of planting, the earth and the trees settle together, which frequently cause the trees to stand two or three inches deeper than it was intended, which is a serious drawback to its growth.—*Valley Farmer.*

[From the Country Gentleman.]

A Word for the Birds.

Wilson, the ornithologist, computes that each red winged blackbird destroys on an average fifty grubs a day during the summer. A few figures will show you how many this would amount to in the course of a season. The robin, the wood thrush, the blue bird, the cat bird, the sparrow, the oriole, the woodpecker, and many other birds are equally useful. The folly of killing them is equalled only by its wickedness.

While hoeing in my garden the other day, I observed a small bird alight near a row of cabbages. He commenced at one end of the row, and making the entire circuit of every plant and examining carefully the under surface of every leaf, went through to the other end. His search was not unsuccessful for he found and devoured worms or other insects from almost every plant. Now, no gold could buy the service which the scores of these winged assistants that labor so diligently for me, perform so effectually without price; giving me sweet songs without number in addition.

Reader encourage the birds!

D. H. J.

NEW YORK.

Saving Seeds.

Many farmers and gardners neglect to save seeds for the Spring use, partly from forgetfulness. Now while seeds are ripening we will remind them of next year's wants. Save your best specimens, keep them dry and away from vermin marauders. The seed for the coming spring should be saved at harvest time, of every crop. Every farmer should have a place for preserving his seed. Buying seed is expensive and always a doubtful experiment. Raise and save your own. This is the farmer's true policy.

"You labor over much on your compositions, Doctor," said a flippant clergyman to a venerable divine. "I write a sermon in three hours, and make nothing of it." "So your congregation say," quoth the Doctor.

Our Chip Basket.

Why is coffee like an ax with a dull edge? Because it requires to be ground.

The art is not to dispense medicine—but to dispense with it.

The faculty of genius is the power of lighting its own fire.

Kindness, like the gentle breeze of spring, melts the icy heart.

Dr. Franklin says: "If a man epmties his purse into his head no one can take it from him."

Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

Ladies are like watches—sweet faces and delicate hands, but difficult to 'regulate' when set 'a going.'

Why are persons going to sea like a man about to make a shelf? They get a board.

The fellow who is courting Miss Demeanor, thinks very seriously of breaking off the engagement.

When a man makes light of his troubles, he can have no use for either gas or oil.

He declares himself to be guilty, who defends himself before accusation.

Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good man.

He who is genteel, but is not gentle, is no gentleman.

The barren fig tree was not cursed because it bore bitter fruit, but no fruit.

The taxation in New York city for 1858, will amount to $100 for every voter.

A jilted chemist finds love to consist of fifteen parts of gold, three of frame and two of affection.

To dream of a millstone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife.

Delicacy is to the affections what grace is to beauty.

A person looking at some skeletons, the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied 'We raised them.'

"You've misrepresented me," said a member of Parliament to a reporter.—"You've misrepresented your constituents still more," was the reply.

A boarding-house keeper in Baltimore, advertises to "furnish gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms, also one or two gentlemen with wives."

A man who marries a frivolous flirt "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Why is a lean dog like a man in meditation? Because he is a *thincur.*

The man who was moved to tears, complains of the dampness of the premises, and wishes to be moved back again.

As one among other singular coincidents, there is, at the present time, a man named Cain Abel keeping the Adam and Eve tavern in Norwich.

Why is a loafer in a printing office like a shade tree? Because we are glad when he "leaves."

The boy who was caught looking into the future, has been arrested for looking at the show without paying.

The chap who took the thread of life to sow the rent in his hose, has taken out a patent for cross-eyed needles.

If you want to know whether an editor is wicked enough to swear, just steal his exchanges and you will know all about it.

Why does a lady wearing crinoline appear comical as well as conical? Because she is very funnel*ly* dressed.

"Business before pleasure," as the man said when he kissed his own wife before going out to kiss his neighbor's.

Why do the police always damage a watch if they find it in the hands of a thief?

Because they always *stop* it.

There is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called the widow's mite."

A down-east poet thus immortalizes the beautiful river Connecticut:

"Roll on, loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran, giving shad to South Hadley, and freedom to man!"

Mould, when seen through a microscope, is found to be a vegetable forest.