

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEO. W. HILL & CO.,
 Advertiser Block, Main St. Between 1st & 2d.
 Brownville, N. T.
 TERMS:
 One Copy, one year, in advance, \$5 00
 Subscription, must invariably be paid in Advance
 17 Book Work, and Plain and Fancy Job Work,
 sent in the best style and on short notice.

Nebraska Advertiser.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE NOW AND FOREVER."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.	
One square (ten lines or less) insertion	\$1 00
Each additional insertion	10 00
Business cards, six lines or less one year	10 00
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One half column one year	15 00
One fourth column one year	10 00
One eighth column one year	5 00
One column six months	15 00
One half column six months	10 00
One fourth column six months	5 00
One eighth column six months	2 50
One column three months	10 00
One half column three months	5 00
One fourth column three months	2 50
One eighth column three months	1 25
Announcing candidates for office	5 00
All transient advertisements must be paid in advance.	
Yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.	
All kinds of Job, Book and Card printing, done in the best style on short notice and reasonable terms.	

VOL. IX.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1865.

NO. 20.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JACOB MAROHIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
 Calls for attention of Gentlemen desiring neat, accurate and fashionable
Stocking Apparel,
 TO HIS
NEW STOCK OF GOODS,
 JUST RECEIVED,
 BROAD CLOTHS, CASSIMERE, FINEST AC. &
OF THE VERY LATEST STYLES,
 Which he will sell at as low a price as appropriate for the quality. Having on hand one of
SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,
 He is able to do Custom Work at rates that defy compare.
 I warrant my work.
 Hands as well as Machine Work.
 To examine his stock before investing, as he has
 taken his time to select out peculiarly favorable
 August 18, 1864 ly

H. C. THURMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
 109-112-ly-pd

C. W. WHEELER,
CABINET-MAKER
AND
CARPENTER.
 Having opened up permanently on
Main Street,
 One door above the Baltimore Clothing Store, is
 prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in the
 very best style. Particular attention given to
 Contract Work. 109-112-ly-pd

RICHARD COLLINS,

TRAVELLING DENTIST.
 Address Brownville or Peru, Neb.
 18 ly

"STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE"

LOUIS WALDTER,
 Is at his post, ready to perform all work, pertaining to his business.
 House and sign painting, glazing, and paper hanging, etc. at short notice, and the most approved style. Telephone call. Give him a call.
 Shop on Main Street, east of Atkinson's Clothing Store.
 Brownville, April 7, 1y.

B. C. HARE'S
SKY LIGHT GALLERY
 Is the place to get your Pictures. He is prepared to take all kinds of Pictures—large ones, Photographs, Miniatures, &c.
 He keeps on hand a well-selected stock of Albums and Photographs.
 The use of the gallery is north side of Main Street opposite John A. Smith's Store. Persons will do well to call soon, before getting work done elsewhere.
 Particular pains taken with children, also in copying old Portraits, dark red, black, green, or glass, are good colors for children's dresses.

CHAS. G. DORSEY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
 April 14th, 1865. 1022-1y-1y

C. F. STEWART, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE
 South East corner of Main and First Streets.
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
 Office Hours—7 to 9 A. M., and 1 to 2 and 4 1/2 to 7 P. M.
 Brownville, Nebraska, May 5th, 1864. No 35, 1y

E. S. BURN'S, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON!
 Nemaha City, N. T.
 OFFICE AT HIS RESIDENCE.
 Feb 28, 1865. 1072-8-pdly

W. M. C. PERKINS,
Great Western Photograph
ROOMS.
 First door West of Boyce's House.
 BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Would respectfully announce to the public that he is
 located at a new place, where he will be prepared to
 take every kind, size and style of pictures known to
 the art, and all the latest and most approved styles,
 and at lower prices than any other establishment in
 the city. He is also prepared to do all kinds of
 retouching, and to give to his customers the most
 perfect results in his art. He is also prepared to
 take all kinds of Pictures copied into Photo-
 graphs.
 1x 7-3ms

EDWARD W. THOMAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
 Office corner of Main and First Streets.
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

EATING HOUSE!
BY FRED. AUGUST.
 MAIN, BET. FIRST AND SECOND STS.
 BROWNVILLE N. T.

BROWNVILLE N. T.
 Optics, Cakes, Pie, Cakes, Ginger Bread, etc.
 of all descriptions constantly on hand.
 GOOD MEALS served in the best style and on short
 notice.
 15-1-ly

MOLINE PLOWS,
500
 On hand and to arrive at

D. A. CONSTABLE'S
Iron and Steel Warehouse,
 20 and 22 Third Street,

ST JOSEPH, MO
 Feb 24, 1865.

Poetry.

KING CANNON.
 King Cotton, his tree, was a mighty King,
 And ruled with an awful sway;
 The nation trembled before his throne,
 And he called the wealth of the world his own,
 For many a pleasant day.
 A tyrant of unstable mood he was,
 With a fate in each caprice;
 True "Argosness" were his myrmidons,
 His liege "called deep" with their countless tons
 Of the genuine "Golden Piece."
 But the Dragon's teeth have cropped, at last,
 And the soil with strife is red;
 King Cotton, fettered with iron gyves,
 Lending the dearest of lives,
 And King Cannon edging in his stead:
 A monarch, unsmiling and grim, he is,
 With a steel and iron brow;
 He never laughs, but there sometimes slips,
 A terrible roar from his rigid lips,
 "That shall smite whole armies down!"
 He kneels at King Cotton's lordly gates,
 And their portals shiver and fall;
 A new light breaks on the metal planes,
 And the warlike bodeman casts his chains,
 And fees from the despot's thrall.
 Yet he is a King of no small name—
 So drunken with gold and gore—
 That he battles for Wrong as well as Right,
 And trembles to see the doubtful fight
 For the tyrant beset before.
 So men in whose hearts the silver strains
 Of an olden Peace still sound,
 Through his monarch's fatal thunders, pray
 That there lighten, ere long, a halcyon day,
 When King Cannon may be discredited—
 When, looked once more in his iron mail,
 He may slumber with iron lips;
 Or wake but to breathe the joyous note
 Of a festival peal from his royal throat,
 O'er the rebel King's eclipse!

Select Story.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.
 "Is Miss Bessie in?"
 "Yes, sir."

Without further questioning, the speaker entered the house, with the air of an accustomed visitor. The room into which he was ushered, was furnished with that degree of elegance that bespeakened alike wealth and good taste. The young man threw himself upon a sofa, and taking from his pocket a telegram just received, read it with sparkling eyes. Certainly it must have contained good news, to judge by the expression of his face. He was interrupted in his occupation by a soft hand that was laid upon his shoulder.
 "Mr. Mordaunt, I protest against your converting my drawing-room into an office. Is your letter, then, of absorbing interest?"
 "I beg your pardon, Bessie," said the young man; "you entered so softly that I did not hear you."
 "Is that all you have to say to me?" inquired the young lady, playfully. "I begin to think it was scarce worth while to come down."
 "No, Bessie," said the young man, taking her hand, "it is not all I have to say to you. I have come to ask you to reconsider your decision postponing our marriage for six months. What reason is there for it?"
 "It is my guardian's wish, Frederick," said Bessie, more gravely. "He thinks that I am so young that we can well afford to wait. After all, it is but a short time. Six months will pass away very quickly."
 "To you, perhaps," returned the lover, reproachfully.
 "And why not?" she returned, playfully. "For that I think, Frederick, they are the last six months of my independence. From that time I am subject to the caprices and whims of a husband. I am afraid they are all sad tyrants. On second thought, I guess it would be better to name a year."
 "Would you have me commit suicide?"
 "As if you were capable of it!" she retorted, laughing merrily.
 "You don't know what I am capable of," said young Mordaunt, shaking his head.
 "Perhaps if I did know, I should not be able to marry you at all," said Bessie, with a quizzical smile.
 Frederick Mordaunt's face flushed slightly, as if a sudden thought had crossed his mind; but a moment afterwards, he responded, in the same vein.
 Half an hour afterwards, the young man rose to go. Bessie followed him to the door, and then, with slow and hesitating steps, re-entered the drawing-room. As she passed the mirror, a hasty glance was perhaps natural—Rarely has a mirror reflected back a more pleasing face or a more graceful figure. Neither, perhaps, was faultless,

but the face had a most wonderful power of expression. A smile fairly lighted it up, leaving it absolutely radiant. Yet there was something about the mouth that smiled so sweetly, which would have assured a careless observer that Miss Bessie had a will of her own, when she chose to exert it. The eyes were clear and truthful. Purity and sincerity were reflected from these mirrors of the soul. Frederick Mordaunt was not the only one who had been won by the charms of the young heiress—Bessie was an heiress, and a wealthy one. Not that she thought of it. The two hundred thousand dollars that constituted her fortune were a poor substitute, in her eyes, for the tender love of her father, who had been taken from her, three years before, by a sudden distemper.
 Bessie was about to leave the room, when her attention was suddenly drawn to a loose sheet of paper which lay upon the carpet, at the foot of the sofa on which her late visitor had been sitting. Picking it up, a glance informed her that it was a telegram, and dated at Halifax. Her eyes rested upon it a moment, and almost unconsciously she took in its contents. The blood rushed to her cheeks, and she exclaimed, impetuously: "Good Heavens! can Frederick have acted so base a part?"
 The expression of her face was completely changed. There was a deep earnestness in her eyes, so lately sparkling with a merry light. "This must be inquired into, without delay," she resolved. "If it be as I suspect, all is over between us. Yes," she repeated, in a slow and resolute tone, "henceforth and forever all is over between us."
 She wrote two lines upon a sheet of note paper, and ringing the bell hastily, said to the servant who answered her summons: "Do you know Mr. Mordaunt's office?"
 "Yes, Miss Bessie."
 Mr. Mordaunt had walked quietly back to his office, having important business awaiting his attention. He was a young merchant, who had the reputation of great shrewdness in business matters. Some said he had never done a better stroke of business than in securing the affections of the young heiress. Perhaps he thought so himself. He had not returned five minutes, when Bessie's messenger arrived.
 "A note from Miss Bessie."
 "Indeed," said the young merchant. His face assumed a perplexed expression, after he had read this brief missive; "Will Mr. Mordaunt favor me with a call, at his earliest convenience, on a matter of great moment? B. G."
 "What can this mean?" thought Mordaunt. "I left her but a moment ago, as cordial as usual. Yet nothing can be colder than this strange note. Your mistress is well?" he inquired of the servant.
 "Yes, sir, quite well."
 Not a little disturbed at this summons, which thoroughly mystified him, Frederick Mordaunt, leaving business to take care of itself, hastily returned to the house which he had just quitted. He was shown without delay, into the presence of Bessie.
 "Why, Bessie," he commenced, "you have fairly frightened me with the suddenness of your summons. What?"
 A glance at the grave face of the young lady, arrested the words upon his lips.
 "I hope you are not ill," he said, in a changed voice.
 "You left something behind you," said Bessie, quickly, "which I thought might be of importance; I have therefore judged it best to send for you, that I might return it in person."
 She extended the telegram.
 Frederick Mordaunt turned suddenly pale. He mechanically reached out his hand and took the paper.
 "I have an apology to make," Bessie continued, in the same cold tone. "Not aware that it was of importance. I accidentally let my eyes rest upon it."
 The young man's paleness was succeeded by a crimson flush, but he still remained silent.
 "Frederick!" Bessie burst forth in a changed tone. "Is this dreadful thing true? Have you really been false to your country, and deliberately engaged to furnish aid and comfort to the enemy?"
 I gathered from this telegram that, through an agent in Halifax, you have fitted out cargoes to run the blockade. Is this so?"
 The young man's eye quailed before her searching glance. "Forgive me, Bessie," he entreated, "and I will faithfully

engage never again to forget myself."
 "Forgive you! It is not me you have offended, but your country."
 "I will give half the proceeds to the Sanitary Commission—may the whole," said Frederick, dispretingly.
 "That cannot repair the evil."
 "You are hard upon me, Bessie," said the young man, a little resentfully. "I am not the only one who has engaged in this business. It is wrong, I admit, but it is not the worst thing a man can do."
 "Very nearly," returned Bessie, gravely. "Listen, Frederick Mordaunt," she continued, rising, and looking down upon him like an accusing angel. "Three months ago, word came to me that a cousin, who was my early play-fellow, and always dear to me, fell upon the battle-field, fighting bravely. Do you think that in my sorrow for him, I have not remembered with indignation those who caused and who perpetuate this unhappy war? Yet, I could almost envy him his fate. He never proved eviler than his honor and false to his country. His memory will ever be held sacred in my heart. Think, Frederick Mordaunt, how many thousands have fallen like him—how many a heart has been made desolate—how many a fireside is wrapped in sadness."
 "That is true; but am I responsible for all this?"
 "Your blood is upon your hands, Frederick Mordaunt," said Bessie, sternly. "You, and such as you, who betray your country for a little party gain—who furnish the rebels with the means of prolonging their unrighteous contest—suffering which must necessarily ensue—Shame on you, Frederick Mordaunt! And you call yourself loyal! I have no respect for an open enemy than for a secret traitor."
 "Bessie," said the young man, thoroughly humiliated, "I will not seek to defend myself. I will make any reparation you may require. Only do not be too hard on me."
 "I hope you will make such reparation as your conscience exacts. For me, I will not venture to dictate. You are not responsible to me any farther than you are to all who have the welfare of their country at heart."
 "Surely, yes," said the young man, his heart sinking with a new apprehension. "The relation between us will justify you in any demand. You have only to express your wish."
 "The relation to which you refer has ceased," said Bessie, coldly. "I give you back your promise."
 "You cannot mean it," said young Mordaunt, in accents of earnest entreaty. "Say that you do not mean it."
 "It is best so," said Bessie. "I was mistaken in you. I thought you a man of the strictest honor. I did not think—but what need to proceed? Providence has willed that my eyes should be opened. Let the past be forgotten."
 "Do not cast me off, without a moment's reflection," urged Frederick, more and more desperately. "Give me time, and I will satisfy you of my sincere repentance."
 "I heartily hope you will, Frederick. The interest that I have felt in you will not permit me to say less. But if you have a thought that any change which time will bring will shake my resolution, put it away at once. Where I have once loved my respect, I can no longer love. Within the last hour, the whole plan of my love has changed. My love for you has gone, never to return. I sincerely hope that you may awaken to a full sense of the disgrace in which you have involved yourself, and may seek, as far as possible, to repair it. Should such be the case, my good opinion of you may be restored. Do not seek for more."
 Frederick Mordaunt took his hat slowly, and left the room. He felt that it would be useless to urge his suit further. There was that in the expression and tone of Bessie Graham which warned him that it would be in vain. Even in that hour, perhaps, the loss of the fortune which the heiress would have brought him was not the least bitter ingredient in his cup of humiliation. Yes, even in a pecuniary view, his speculations had failed miserably. He gained five thousand dollars, and lost two hundred thousand.
 As for Bessie, she did not grieve much for the lover she had dismissed. It was as she had said. All love for him had passed away, when she awoke to a sense of his unworthiness. She has fairly resolved that whenever her hand is given,

it shall be to one who has devoted himself, heart and hand, to the service of his country.
 The following extract from the Massachusetts Magazine, for July, 1792, illustrates the antiquity of the oil development:
 In the northern part of Pennsylvania there is a creek called Oil Creek, which empties itself into the Allegheny river, issuing from a spring, on the top of which floats an oil similar to what is called Barbados tar, and from which may be collected by one man several gallons in a day. The American troops, in marching that way, halted at the spring, collected the oil and bathed their joints with it. This gave them relief, and freed them immediately from the rheumatic complaints with which many of them were afflicted. The troops drank freely of the waters; they acted as a gentle purge.
 There is another spring in the western part of Virginia as extraordinary in its kind as the one just mentioned, called the Burning Spring. It was known a long time to the hunters. They frequently encamped by it for the sake of obtaining good water. Some of them arrived late one night, and after making a fire, took a brand to light them to the spring. On their coming to it some fire dropped from the brand, and in an instant the water was in flames, and so continued, over which they could roast their meat as soon as over the greatest fire. It was left in this situation, and continued burning for three months without intermission. The fire was extinguished by excluding the air from it, or smothering it. The water taken from it into a vessel will not burn. This shows that the fire is occasioned by nothing more than a vapor that ascends from the water.
 There are two springs high up on the Potomack, one of which has about the same degree of heat as blood running from the veins. It is much frequented by people who have lost their health. The waters are drunk with freedom, and also serve as a hot bath, by which much good has been experienced. The other spring, issuing from the same mountain, a little farther off, is as remarkable for its coldness as the other is for its heat and differs from common springs in as many degrees.
 So much interest is felt to know where all this oil has been lying hidden for ages, that we subjoin a theory in reference to it, which seems to be the most generally accepted. The Pittsburgh Chronicle, speculating upon the formation of petroleum, says:
 We may set it down as an axiom that nature is not only capable of producing now all articles that she has ever produced, but that she is and will continue to produce them until she substitutes something better. Perhaps our meaning better understood by applying to a single article. Suppose, for instance, we take the one in which we all have so deep an interest—petroleum. This is known to be a hydro-carbon, composed of two gases—These gases are primary elements, indestructible and exhaustless in quantity. One of them—hydrogen—is a constituent of water, and, of course, is as exhaustless as the ocean. The other is a constituent in all vegetable forms, and in many of our rocks. One hundred pounds of limestone, when burned, weigh but sixty pounds. The part driven off by burning is carbonic acid. Underlying the "oil rock" is a stratum of limestone of unknown thickness, but known to be upwards of one thousand feet in depth. The water falling on the surface and percolating through the porous sandstone that underlies the oil rock, becomes charged with salt, potash, sulphate, and other chemical ingredients, and finally, reaches the limestone rock and decomposes it—the carbon in the rock and the hydrogen of the water uniting to form oil, while the oxygen is set free to ascend to the atmosphere or unite with minerals and form oxygen. The reverse of this process is seen in burning the oil in a lamp—the oxygen in the atmosphere uniting with the carbon in the oil, forming carbonic acid, and with the hydrogen forming water—thus completing the circle. The question is frequently asked, "When will the oil become exhausted?" We may answer, when the ocean is and not before.
 Michigan's debt is \$5,541,000.
 A new iron-clad—the Sandusky—has just been launched at Pittsburg, Pa.
 Winsted, Conn., has struck ile.

We witnessed an amusing incident on one of our suburban streets, last Saturday. A fashionable young lady, got up in the highest style of the milliner's art and arrayed in all the glory of five-dollar-a-yard silk, of twenty dollar bonnet, and a three hundred dollar shawl, was majestically sweeping along in the direction of the Fair Ground, while just behind a little boy was leading a pet coon.
 A countryman in a brown slouched hat and a linsley wooley "warmos," came followed by a "yallah" dog, whose nose was scarred dingonally, transversely and laterly with the scars of many a fiercely contested battle with members of the racoon family. "Tige" no sooner saw ring tailed representative of his ancient enemy, than he made a frantic dive for him, accompanied by a furious bark—Cooney comprehended the situation at a glance, bolted incontinently, and sought a sanctuary beneath the ample circumference of the lady's crinoline.
 The young lady screamed, while the coon made rapid circles, snuffing the air, and evidently bewildered to know what had become of the coon. The situation of the young lady was critical and embarrassing. She was afraid to move for fear the coon would bite, and the coon declined to leave his retreat until the dog had retired. Finally the dog was stoned off, the boy dragged the coon from his hiding place, and the young lady went her way with the lively consciousness of having experienced a new sensation. As for the coon, he was instantly killed.—*Indianapolis Journal.*
 We have seen a letter from Mr. Otero of the firm of C. R. Morehead & Co., of this city, dated Taos, N. M., Dec. 19th 1864, in which Mr. Otero says the snow on Taos mountains is three feet deep, with a severe winter. Mr. O's special mission is to look after the interests of the firm in which he is interested. He says merchandize of all kinds is scarce; consequently he predicts a larger trade than usual from that section. The merchants of all parts of New Mexico, have had a splendid trade the past year, having sold nearly all their stock. Mr. Otero also says every dollar of their indebtedness to this city has thus far been paid. All old debts are paid. This certainly speaks well for the Mexican merchants. The wool trade the coming season will be much heavier, than last.—*Leavenworth Bulletin.*
 The following is an official statement of the United States currency, (exclusive of fractional notes,) outstanding on the 31st of December, 1864:
 U. S. notes, old issue, outstanding \$ 546,288
 do new 432,614,281
 Total, \$978,902,569
 One year 5 20 notes, out, 41,325,568
 Two year do do 13,981,031
 do do do (c's) 50,308,450
 Total, \$105,614,048
 Three year compound interest notes outstanding, \$111,479,370
 Amount outstanding Dec. 31, 1864, \$650,254,983
 Amount outstanding Oct. 31, 1864, 656,008,359
 Decrease in two months, \$5,753,376
 A friend of ours was in company once where the conversation turned upon a discourse which one of the party had listened to that morning, and the remark was made by some one that the minister had lately "married his fifth wife."
 "What was the subject of the discourse?" asked one of the party.
 "It was on happiness, and he tried to show that as God had given us so many opportunities for happiness it was our duty to be happy."
 "Probably that is why he has married so many times; he doubtless considers matrimony a means of happiness."
 "Well," said our friend "if he does he is certainly running it into the ground."
 A Confederate soldier, snoozing securely, was suddenly roused from his slumber by a clap of the hand on his shoulder, accompanied by the remark: "You are my prisoner."
 Looking sharply and surprisingly at his captor, a tall, slim Green Mountain boy, "Golly!" said he, "taken prisoner by a Yankee church-steeples?"
 New York papers tell of a petroleum company starting there with a capital of fifteen million dollars.

The Buffalo Commercial of the 17th states that the parties interested in the recent discovery of sugar to be manufactured from corn, are actively engaged in making preparations for the extensive manufacture of sugar by the new method, and that they will be prepared to put the new staple upon the market in a few days. The Commercial adds: "Developments, which have been made since the matter was first announced by us, have more than confirmed the statements made at that time, and more than justify the anticipations, we then indulged in as to the complete success of the enterprise."
 Jamie.—I want to go to town, mamma.
 Mamma.—No, not to day, Jamie; it is too bad walking.
 Jamie.—Oh! yes; I want to go. Let me go; I don't care for the mud.
 Nurse.—Jamie, you can't walk there; the mud is heavy.
 Jamie.—Well, what if it is? I can't goin' to carry the mud.
 Ned, said a clergyman in the West-Indies to a rather drunken darkey, "Ned, I don't think you are fit to partake of the sacrament. I can't give it to you."
 "But," said Ned, "I lub Jesus; I mus honor Him. Noffin kin separate me from Him but de f."
 The Russian winter is awful. The sea is frozen as far as the eye can reach.
 Wall street gave its entire attention to brandy and soda-water the morning after New Year's. Gold and stocks were unnoticed.
 Gen. Ord, who succeeds Gen. Butler in the Army of the James, is a native of Maryland, and a graduate of West Point, where he was a classmate of Gen. Halleck.
 Excess of imports at New York over those of last year—\$4,250,000.
 There are five million native Germans in the United States.
 The State debt of Missouri is \$29,742,000—receipts in 1864, \$1,150,000.
 The receipts of tobacco in St. Louis last year were 42,560 hhds; against 34,100 in 1863.
 The State debt of Illinois is \$11,121,000.
 There is a daily paper published at Pekin, China, which has been published for over one thousand years.
 The petroleum exports from New York in 1864 are 21,358,499 gallons valued at \$10,547,704.
 Kentucky has furnished for the Union army 197,260 soldiers.
 Since the fall of Fort Fisher the Confederates have no Cape Fear and scarcely a Cape Hope.
 The marriage laws of Indiana now require a State residence of one year before a marriage can be revoked.
 Savannah, Ga., was captured by the English, under Col. Campbell, December 29th, 1778.
 A man in Berlin has been fined \$5 for calling an officer's sword a spit.
 The Maine land agent disposed of, in the past year, 84,256 acres.
 Surprise parties are again epidemical.
 The bog packing returns of the West, show a deficit so far of 375,293.
 The number of divorces since 1861 is said to have decreased 93 per cent.
 The church property of San Francisco is valued at one million dollars.
 A new use for petroleum has been discovered—it cures the itch.
 Colorado has truck ile.
 New York has sent 317,701 men to the war.
 A Soldiers' Orphan's Home is to be endowed at St. Louis.
 Why do young ladies put their hair in papers? To wake early (wake curly) in the morning.