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Nebraska Advertiser.

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NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

CHURCH & COLHAPP,

Advertiser Block, Main St., between 1st & 2d

Brownville, Neb.

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☞ Book Work, Plain and Fancy Job Work done the best style, and on short notice.

VOL. XII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1867. NO. 9

City Directory.

Drug Stores.

HOLLADAY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
DRUGS, MEDICINE, PAINT, OIL, &c,
P. O Building, Main St.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

WM. H. McCREERY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Drugs, Books, Wall-paper and Stationery,
Corner Main and 1st Sts.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

News Depots.

A. D MARSH.
NEWS DEPOT NO 1.
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.,
Post Office, Main St.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

BLISS & HACKER,
EXCELSIOR NEWS DEPOT,
School Books, News Stationery, Always on hand
opposite P. O. Store;
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Confectionaries.

J. P DEUSER,
Dealer in
Confectionaries, Toys, Notions, &c.,
Main bet. 1st and 2d Sts.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Stove and Tin Stores

JOHN C. DEUSER,
Dealer in
STOVES, TINWARE, PUMPS, &c.
Opposite McPherson's Block,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Meat Market.

KEISWETTER & EARSMAN,
Butchers,
CITY MEAT MARKET,
Main bet. 1st and 2nd Sts.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Saddlery.

JOHN W. MIDDLETON
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESS, BRIDLES, COLLARS,
Whips and Lashes of every description, Plastering Hair. Cash paid for Hides.
Corner Main and 2d Sts.,
Brownville, Nebraska.

W. D. MAHIN,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of
Saddles, Harness, Whips
Collars, &c.
Smith's Patent Trace Buckles,
Nixon's Patent Trace Buckles.
North Side Main Street
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA,

Dry Goods Stores.

G. M. HENDERSON.
Dealer in Foreign and Domestic
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES
Main bet. 1st and 2d Sts.,
Brownville, Nebraska.

CAHRLES BRIEGEL
BEER HALL, LUNCH ROOM
AND LIGHT GROCERY STORE,
Main bet 1st and 2d Sts.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Physicians.

H. L MATHEWS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
OFFICE
CITY DRUG STORE.
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

J. W. BLACKBURN M D.
PENSION EXAMINING SURGEON,
Tenders his professional service to the citizens of Brownville and vicinity.
OFFICE AT CITY DRUG STORE.
Night calls at his Residence south side of Atlantic between 1st and 2nd streets.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.
Graduated in 1851,
Located in Brownville in 1855.
PHYSICIAN SURGEON
AND
OBSTETRICIAN
Dr. H. has on hand complete sets of Amputating, Trephining and Obstetrical instruments.
Office: Holladay & Co's Drug Store
Two Doors East of Post Office.
P. S.—Special attention given to Obstetrics and the diseases of women and children. x-44-ly

C. F. STEWRT, M. D.
OFFICE
South East corner of Main and First Streets
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Office Hours—1 to 2 A. M. and 1 to 2 and 6½ to 7½ P. M.
Brownville, Nebraska, May 8th, 1866—No 34, 1y.

Attorneys,

T. W. Tipton O. B. Hewett J. S. Church
TIPTON, HEWETT & CHURCH
Attorneys at Law,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
March 1st, '66. 1y.

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

WM. McLENNAN,
ATTORNEY ATLAW
NEBRASKA CI
NEBRASKA.

C. E. NYE,
Attorney at Law,
AND
WAR CLAIM AGENT,
PAWNEE CITY, NEBRASKA.

Hotels.

J. STEVENSON. D. O. CROSS
Star Hotel,
STEVENSON & CROSS Proprietors,
On Levee St., between Main & Atlantic,
Brownville Nebraska
This House is convenient to the Steam Boat Landing, and the business part of Town. The best accommodations in the City. No pains will be spared in making guests comfortable.
☞ Good Stable and Corral convenient to the House. ☜

AMERICAN HOUSE.
Good Feed and Livery Stable
In connection with the House.
L. D. ROBINSON, PROPRIETOR.
Front Street, between Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
May, 30th 1866. 10 36 ly

Business Cards.

CHARLES HELLMER,
Boot and Shoe
MAKER.
Main St., 2 doors below Brownville House,
BROWNVILLE N. T.
Has on hand a superior stock of Boots and Shoes and the best material and ability for doing
CUSTOM WORK
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch
x291y Terms Cash. fn.nn

J. W. SMITH.
BARBER
AND
HAIRDRESSER,
Main St., 5th door from S W cor 2nd St.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA

WORTHING & WILCOX
STORAGE, FORWARDING
AND
Commission Merchants,
and Dealers in
All kinds of Grain for which they pay the highest Market Price in cash
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA

FRANZ HELMER,
Wagon Maker,
OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN SHOP,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS CULTIVATORS, &c., Repaired on short notice, at low rates, and warranted to give satisfaction x-13-1y nn

A. ROBINSON,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Main Between 1st & 2d Street
Brownville Nebraska
Takes this method of informing the public that he has on hand a splendid assortment of Gent's and Ladies' Misses' and Children's
BOOTS AND SHOES.
☞ Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. ☜
Repairing done on short notice. 10-30 tnnn

JOHN L CARSON
BANKER,
Brownville, Neb.
Exchange bought and sold on all the principal Cities. Also, dealer in Gold and Silver Coin, Gold Dust and
GOVERNMENT BONDS.
Deposits received, payable at sight.
Interest paid on time Deposits by especial agreement. Taxes paid for non-residents
All kinds of
U. S. BONDS WANTED
JOHN L. CARSON.

Fresh Layer Raisins, Currants, Citron &c. at SWAN & BRO'S.

Poetry.

Broken Vows.

Promises are lightly broken;
Vows on which we blindly build
(Uttered only to be broken)
Go forever unfulfilled.
Oft betrayed but still believing—
Duped again and yet again—
All our longing, all our grieving
Warns us, but it warns in vain.

From the cradle to the coral—
From the sunny days of youth—
We are taught by the simple moral,
Still we doubt the moral's truth.
When a boy they found me rather
Loth to do as I was bid.
"I shall buy a birch," said father.
Broken vows! He never did.

Grown extravagant, when youthful,
In my tailor's debt I ran;
He appeared about as truthful
In his talk as any man.
Let me tell you how he sold me;
"Look you, Mr. What's Your-Name,
I shall summon you," he told me—
But the summons never came.

Trough the meadows, daisy laden,
Once it was my lot to stray,
Talking to a lovely maiden
In a very spoony way.
And I stole a kiss—one, rather—
Then another—then a lot.
"Fie!" she said, "I'll tell my mother."
Idle word! she told her not.

Select Story.

A Fur Trader's Adventure at a Wisconsin Tavern.

The winter of 1857 will be a long remembered one in the commercial world. It was the winter following the great panic. Many a poor fellow, now struggling through bankruptcy, dates his misfortune from that trying period. I was connected with a heavy fur house at that time—a rich, prosperous establishment, that easily weathered the storm, and only grew the richer upon other people's misfortunes. It will be remembered that fur skins of every kind tumbled fearfully in price. For instance, mink skins for which we had been paying from $2.50 to $3, could be purchased readily at 75 cents. raccoon skins, for which we had been giving from $1 25 to 1 50, now could be had in abundance at 25 cents. fisher's skins had fallen from $7 to $1; otter from $8 to $2 &c &c. The partners of our house consulted together, and resolved to send out careful buyers in every direction, and pick up all the furs in the country, feeling sure that prices were really on the "hard pan," and never could be forced lower.

The route marked out for me was, to first cross to Dubuque, thence to Prairie du Chien, thence to La Crosse, thence to St. Paul, and the great Northwest generally. My journey to Duque was easy enough, namely: by rail all the way. I arrived in January, and remained until the middle of February making excursions into the interior of both Iowa and the accessible portions of Wisconsin which, please remember, lays just across the river—a trifle up stream, however. I was very successful, and managed to pick up over $60 000 worth of furs and peltries at very low prices. The poor people were glad to get any price for their skins, only stipulating for good money. The whole country was full of "wild cat currency," and real genuine money possessed a wonderful charm—I carried nothing else, had lots of it, and of course was everywhere welcome.

I traveled from Dubuque to Prairie du Chien, up the Mississippi on the ice. The distance is about one hundred miles. The sledding was splendid, the horses lively, and no adventure befel worth noting. At Prairie du Chien I stopped at what was known as Lower Town, and put up at the Globe. The hotel was pretty well filled with Eastern men, principall collectors and drummers for New York and Boston firms, either looking up new business or endeavoring to settle up old accounts, which were very numerous and very hopeless.

I remained at Prairie du Chien until about the middle of March; that is to say I made it my headquarters, making numerous and long excursions into Iowa on the other side of the river (ably represented at this point by the thriving city of McGregor) and through various portions of Wisconsin, in which State Prairie du Chien is situated. When the time came for me to proceed to La Crosse, the ice of the river was too rotten to trust, and it became necessary to perform the journey, by stage, across the country. The distance to be traveled was a trifle over a hundred miles, and as the frost was then coming out of the ground pretty smart, it being an early spring, our progress was quite slow.—The coach, or rather wagon—for our stage was nothing more than a long open wagon—was filled with passengers, all men, eight of us, not counting the driver. Among the passengers was a collector for Boston a house who had met with such poor luck collecting, that he had got completely "strapped," not having "raised" sufficient to pay his expenses since leaving Boston. On the second night out he told me frankly of his condition, and begged a loan of $10, to see him through to St. Paul. We had just arrived at the night station, and after examining my pocket-book, and finding that I had but two or three dollars loose money, I found it would be necessary to open a package containing $10,000, sent to me by express to Prairie du Chien, the seals of which I had never yet broken.

Not caring to make a display of so much meney before a crowd of strangers I invited my Boston friend to quietly get a lantern, and come with me into the stable. He did so, and we proceeded to the head of one of the stalls, and he holding the lantern, I commenced opening my package. I had to turn over a good many bills of large denominations before I found a ten; but at length I got one and handing it to him, extracted another for myself. I then stowed the package of bills, minus the wrapper, in a money belt, which I carried next my shirt. I had already finished when I heard a rustling in the hay overhead, and looking quickly up toward the loft, above the hay rack, I thought I saw two eyes, flashing down through the darkness, but was not quite sure. I listened for a moment but everything was still, so we passed into the house.

My mind was disturbed; I felt uneasy and oppressed; I could not eat any supper. I could not enter as usual into the rollicking jests and stories and games with which my fellow passengers made merry their evenings. I carried a good Colt revolver. That day I had emptied every chamber of its cylinder at sundry rabbits which sprang up along our route. Without definitely feeling the necessity of so doing, I fully reloaded and capped it. When the hour for retiring arrived, the landlord called the hostler—a powerfully built, heavy featured Irishman—to show me to my bed. We ascended a ladder to the loft, and there, on the floor, six double beds were made down—simply straw ticks laid upon the floor, with pillows, sheets, and comforters upon them. The Irishman assigned me the bed nearest the ladder and retired, leaving me a bit of tallow candle about half an inch long.

I took a hasty survey of the premises. Just across the hatchway, where the ladder led to the room below, was a window in the gable. It had a muslin curtain over it, but this I hastily tore away. I remarked that the ladder creaked fearfully as the hostler descended it. Away across the room, to the other gable end the beds were laid in rows—not a sleeper in them as yet notwithstanding which this hostler had assigned me the bed next to the ladder. He had not left it my choice, but merely set my candle down by it and said, "Yer to slape in there, sur."

I made up my mind that he meant to try to rob me, and the thought was anything but pleasant, be assured. After definitely settling in my mind the best course to pursue, I removed my clothes, and unbuckling my belt, I raised the under sheet and laid it neatly beneath it and the pillow.

Perhaps the reader wonders why I should have removed it from around my body. First, because a small, sharp knife easily cuts it away while you sleep; and secondly, I assure the reader if he or she will try buckling a large leather belt about their wasts for a nap, they will soon see good reasons for taking it off. Besides, I felt pretty sure that the man was a desperado, and was fearful he would first cut away the belt if he found it on me, then stab me if I stirred and leaping down the ladder, break for the woods with the money, and clear escape before people could be made to comprehend what was the matter. I laid my plans definitely, and wisely, as you will see.

I did not fall asleep, you may be sure. All the horrible stories I had ever heard related of robberies at country taverns ran an incomprehensible race through my memory. One after another of the guests were shown up by the hostler, as the evening wore on, until all was silent below stairs.

It was probably half past eleven o'clock when the last passenger was shown up to bed, and for more than an hour I lay tossing in wakeful anxiety. Finally, the somnolent influence of the dozen sleepers, snoring so heartily around me, and the imperative demands of a tired body overcame me, and I dropped off into a light, uneasy slumber. I woke with a start of apprehension once or twice, and felt for my money belt, but all was right, and becoming more composed, I slept sounder. Suddenly I was awakened with a sensation as if some one had slapped me quite heavily in the face. I raised up on my elbow. The moon had risen just high enough to shine full into the gable window, making the room quite light. I looked around; all the beds and their occupants were visible, and I knew by the steady sturdy snoring that all except myself were soundly sleeping. I passed my hand under my pillow. The money belt was there all right, and I began to laugh at my nervousness, and was about to compose myself to sleep again, when, hark! by George, that ladder creaked! There! it creaked again! I swear, there's a man coming stealthily up it. What I should do flashed through my mind instantly, and cocking my revolver, I turned my back to the ladder and pretended to sleep.

Creak! creak! and then a long pause, which seemed a perfect eternity.

Creak! creak! creak! then another pause. Confound the man, why dont he come no faster?

My nerves were passing under a fearful ordeal. I could scarcely refrain from springing up and calling out, "Who's there?" But I was sustained somehow, and remained quiet.

At length I heard a creeping noise—a man dragging himself slowly on the floor. The distance between my bed and the hatchway was very short—scarcely twice the length of a man's body.—The creeping soon ceased. All my clothes were carefully drawn from the foot of the bed. Then for a moment all was still as death! The rober was searching my pockets!

Presently I felt a large hand sliding under my pillow! Heavens! I could hardly lay still. Had I moved I would have been stabbed instantly! Now I felt my money belt sliding from beneath my head. Then there was a rather hurried move toward the gangway.

Creak! creak! went the ladder. My time had come! Quick as lightning I turned in my bed, took aim at a huge form in the hatchway, boldly outlined by the moonlight streaming in through the gable window, and fired!

There was a shriek, a strong, swift, downward rush of a heavy body to the floor below; a general jumping up out of beds and cries of alarm.

"What's the row?" "Who's shot?" "Anybody killed?" were questions that rang around on every side. I explained matters as quickly as I could, and there was a general descent of the ladder to see the dead robber. By this time the landlord had arrived with a light.—The man was not dead. It was the Irish hostler. He was sitting up, groaning terribly. My money belt, with the money untouched, lay on the floor beside him covered with blood. I immediately took possession of it. It so happened that we had a surgeon in the crowd. We raised the poor devil to his feet, when from his right hand dropped a long, villainous-looking bowie knife. He would have murdered me had it been necessary. On examination it was found my bullet had gone clean through his left shoulder, breaking his collar bone, inflicting a painful, though not dangerous wound. The surgeon splintered his shoulder, and he was put to bed.

All the passengers were now thoroughly awake. It was four o'clock in the morning, and as there was a good moon, the driver concluded we had best go off early. So breakfast was got in a hurry, and paying our bills we gladly left so pokerish a stopping place. Whatever became of the Irish hostler I never afterward learned.

A Three Hours Combat With an Elephant.

Mr. Hyatt Frost, of Van Amburgh's menagerie, gave us yesterday, says the Cincinnati Commercial, the particulars of a terrible fight with Tippo Sahib, the well known elephant, which occurred at Connersville, Indiana, last Tuesday.—The menagerie has gone into winter quarters at that place, and the collossial animal is chained in a small building, where he will be kept until the show season opens next year. Tippo Sahib by the way, is now the largest elephant in America. He is thirty-six years old, and weighs ten thousand pounds.

The battle with Tippo resulted from a change in his keepers. Frank Nash, his keeper for ten years, was recently supplanted by Charles Johnson, formerly of Barnum's museum. The elephant will not accept a new master without a battle, and Mr. Johnson fully prepared himself for an exciting encounter. The elephant was in particularly bad humor with all mankind. He would allow nobody in his quarters, striking at every intruder with his trunk and tusks most viciously.

On Tuesday morning last, at ten o'clock, the combat opened. The new keeper, with nine assailants, had fully equipped himself with chains and cables for tying, and spears and pitchforks for subdueing Tippo. The first thing done was to fasten a brickbat to the end of the tusk-chain, which latter is fastened to one leg and one tusk. By means of this rope, a twenty ton cable chain, formerly used to subdue the famous Hannibal, was slip-nooned around the tusk.—Next an excavation three feet deep was made under the sill of the house, and while the elephant's attention was attracted to the other side of the room by a pail of water poured into his trough, the cable chain was passed through the excavation and fastened to heavy stakes outside. All this time, the enfuriated monster struck all around him with terrific ferocity and tugged at his chain with incredible momentum.

The next thing accomplished was the snaring of his hind legs. This was consumated by the slinging of fresh ropes around those two stately pillars of elephant flesh, bone and muscle, and finally by the stealthy strategy of the keeper and another man, these ropes were fastened to stumps outside. The elephant was now sufficiently pinnioned to allow the order "charge pichforks" to be given. Ten men, armed with these ugly implements of offense, plunged them into the rampaging beast, taking care of course to avoid penetrating his eyes or joints. The tenderest spot in an elephant is just behind the fore legs, and that locality was prodded unmercifully. By means of a hooked spear sunk in his back Tippo was brought to his knees, but he surged up again with such awful strength that he swept his tormentors off their feet, and made his chains whistle like fiddlestrings. After an hour's fighting, he was brought down on his side, but for two hours longer he tugged at his chaines with frenzied obstinancy. He pulled so hard at times that his hind legs were straight out behind him, and three feet off the ground.

At the end of three hours, the giant gave in by "trumpeting," which is the elephant's way of crying "enough."—The moment this peculiar cry was heard the battle ceased. The keeper made Tippo get up and lie down a number of times, and he was as obedient to the word of command as a gentle pony. The animal was then groomed and rubbed off with whiskey. He allowed all manner of liberties without so much as flapping an ear. He was a subjugated elephant.

At one stage of the fight the dog "Jack," a companion of the elephant, thought some of the tying business foul play. He flew upon Johnson's neck, but was pulled off and dragged out of the room. Jack evidently sympathised with his friend.

The Shiftless Race.

Gen. Howard states, on the authority of the statistics of his Freedmen's Bureau, that despite the terrible drouth of 1866 and the constant failure of crops and discouragement of farm laborers, and despite the damaging rains and the overflow in the Mississippi Valley during the present year, the cotton crop of 1867 is estimated by high authority at 2 300 000 bales, being nearly two thirds of the largest crop ever produced; and the grain is double any ever before raised in the Southern States, while there has been a fair yield of rice, sugar and tobacco. This has been done chiefly by the negro labor, in defiance of any adverse circumstances, moral and material, consisting in part of outrages upon and spoliation of freedmen, by the whites, while many of the large landed monopolists of the Southern States adopted the retrograde policy of letting the vast plantations lie fallow rather than employ the freedmen under contract at just wages.

During the present year these negroes have deposited in the savings bank established under the auspices of the Freedmen's Bureau, nearly eight million dollars, which deposits are held to their credit, and bear interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, and are fully secured, as they are invested only in U. S. bonds. Besides this, they have contributed a fair proportion of their earnings to the establishment of private schools and newspapers, the building of churches, and the maintenance of charitable organizations.

In Louisiana alone the taxable property of colored persons if assessed at nearly eighteen million of dollars by the State authorities, yet there as in all the Southern States, they are denied the benefit of the "public schools" that their taxes contribute to support.

And the race which has produced such industrial results as these has been declared over and over again to be too thrifless and shiftless to work unless subjected to a system of "compulsory labor," within two years after their emancipation from that system of labor. That is already better than the poor whites of the South have ever been able to do.

A French naturalist, M. Vulpian, cut off the tails of tadpoles, and saw them not only live but *grow* for ten days, indifferent to all theories of nervous centres, digestive apparatus, or circulatory systems. But the member that seems to have the strongest dose of the "vital principle" is the tail of a rat, this is the very ideal of life, and here, if anywhere, we ought to locate the seat of vitality. The following experiment was made by Mr. Bert. He dryed a rat's tail under the bell of an air pump, and in immediate proximity to concentrated sulphuric acid, so as gradually to deprive it of all moisture. Then he placed it in a hermetically-sealed glass tube for five days. At the end of this time he subjected it for a number of hours to a temperature of ninety-eight degrees centigrade in a stove, and subsequently sealed it a second time in his tube. Four days more having elapsed, he united this tail by its cut extremity, to the freshly-cut stump of a living, healthy rat, and quietly awaited the result. His success was as complete as it was marvellous. It commenced to expand and three months afterwards he demonstrated, by a second amputation and careful injection, that it was furnished with proper vessels, and was a living part of the second rat!

A young lady recently died in Elgin, Ill., and at her funeral, when her relatives and friends were taking a last look at the loved face, a young man to whom she had been engaged, and who had presented her with an engagement ring but a short time before her death, deliberately bent over the corpse and in the presence of all in the church, removed the ring from her finger and walked off with it.

J. P. Parker, proprietor of the Phœnix Foundry, at Ripley, Ohio, was a runaway slave who came to town with five cents in his pocket.

"Will you lend father your newspaper, sir, he only wants to read it?" "Yes, my boy, and ask him to lend me his dinner, I only want to eat it."

There are 51 weekly Methodist publications in this country.

Wit and Humor.

Shopping.

She stood behind the counter—
The day he'll never forget,
She thought the muslins dearer
Than any she'd ever met.
He watched her playful fingers
The silks and satins toss;
The clerks looked quite uneasy,
And nodded at the boss.
"Show me some velvet ribbon,
Barege and satin turk."
She said, "I want to purchase,"
Then gave the goods a jerk.
The clerk was all obedience,—
He traveled "round the house."
At length, with hesitation,
She bought a yard of lace.

Tell me!

Tell me, ye angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love,
Shall swindlers, printers here below
Have no redress above?

The shining angel hand replied,
"To us is knowledge given,
Delinquents on the editor's books
Can never enter heaven."

A cross old bachelor says: "The reason why women do not cut themselves in to by tight lacing is because they lace around the heart, and that is so hard they can not affect it."

Here is an interesting strap from the prayer of a man who was in the habit of filling the breaks in his petitions with the syllable "er".

"O, Lord, we pray for our poor brother, who lived for more than ten years on the Lord's sider, and has one foot in the grave and the other ali-ber-er."

"Wife, I thought you said you were going to have a goos for dinner?"

"So I did, and I have kept my word"

"Where is it?"

"Why, my dear, ain't you here for dinner?"

Smithers couldn't see the point of that joke.

A shrewd country man was in town the other day, gawky, uncouth and innocent appearance, but, in reality, with his eye-teeth cut. Passing up Chatham Street, through the Jewish quarter, he was continually encountered with importunities to buy.

From almost every store some one rushed out, in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and try and force him to purchase. At last one dirty-looking fellow caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer.

"Have you any shirts, I?" inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look.

"A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price, sir, and every style. The cheapest in the street, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir. Step in."

"Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put one on, for you need it."

The rage of the shop-keeper may be imagined, as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.

An amusing debate took place between Mr. W., a skeptic on religious matters, and a German Lutheran. The skeptic ridiculing the truth of certain passages in the bible, and supposing his antagonist about cornered in argument, asked him if he believed Baalam's ass ever spoke like a man. The Lutheran was silent for a moment, and then said: "Me read mit de Bible dat von Baalam beat his shackass, and she speak shust like a man. Me never hear a shackass speak like a man mineself, but me hear a good many men speak shust like a shackass."

A hard cuss-tomer thus mangles one of Heman's beautiful stanzas:

Men have their time to talk,
To gas, to spin long yarns, for it is human;
And parrots theirs to mock;
But thou hast all seasons for thy everlasting tongue, O woman!

We have seen and read, cool proceedings ere now; but the conduct of the Vermont agriculturalist was positively "iced."

He once sold a load of hay to his neighbor, who contrary to N's expectations, after seeing it weighed, stayed to see it unloaded. But a few forkfulls were off, when a bouncing rock rolled from off the load—then another—and a third came "bank upon the floor.

"What's this?" cried the buyer, in a loud voice.

"Most all herd grass, this year," replied the deaf man.

"But see here!" continued the other, pointing to the boulders which lay arrayed in judgment against the dishonest hayman, "what does all this mean?"

"Shan't cut nigh so much hay this year as I did last," replied the dealer in herd grass.

Just as he had finished the last sentence, down thundered a rousing chunk of granite, making a deep indentation in the barn floor, with one of its sharp angles.

"I say, neighbor N.," screamed forth the purchaser of granite, "I want to know what these are?" pointing to the boulders and the big lump of granite.

Old N. took a mighty forkfull of herd grass, gave it a toss into the hayloft; then, leaning upon his fork, ejected his huge quid of tobacco, and replaced it with a fresh one; took a view of the fragment of stone wall that lay before him, and with one of the blandest smiles, replied:

"Them 'ere is rocks."