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VOL. XII.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, DEC. 19, 1867.

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March 1st, '66. 1y. EDWARD WTHOMAS, ATTORNE AT LAW, SOLICITO' IN CHANCERY, omce coville, NEBRASKA.

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Noetry,

"The Evening of the Year." [The following exquisite verses are from "Wayside Posies," a collection of original and selected poems edited by Robert Buchanan :

Now dark and dry is piled the wheat, The wine press feels no stained feet, The white moon shrinks her sickle clear, And the voices of the air repeat, "It is the evening of the year."

Why have I missed while men have found? Men smile that corn and wine abound, And children eat the ripened ear ; I gaze at them from barren ground ; It is the evening of the year.

O. Love! it seems but yesterday, A child in fresh green fields I lay, And dreamt of thee where skies were clear ; But withered leaves bestrew my way; It is the evening of the year.

O, face that'I h ve never seen, Somewhere on earth with saddened mien Thou waitest, full of sober cheer; Come! where the reaper's foot hath been, It is the evening of the year.

Come to me, O my love, my fate, Ere all be cold and desolate! Come! I have sought thee far and near; Come! lest I wither while I wait : It is the evening of the year-

Peeping Through the Blinds. In place of books, or work , or play, Some ladies spend the livelong day In scaning every passer-by,

And many a wonder they desary. They find among the motley crowd That some are gay and some are proud, That some are short and some are tall; They get their information all By peeping through the blinds!

You walk the streets (at common pace), You eatch the outlines of a face ; The face seems strange; again you look; Dear Sir she knows you like a book! She knows the color of your hair, The very style of clothes you wear; She knows your business I'll be bound, And all your friends the country round, By peeping through the blinds !

She knows the Smiths across the way, And what they dine on every day; And thinks that Miss Matilda Jane Is growing very proud and vain. She knows the Brownski Number Four, Folks quits as poor as they can be, For don't they sit and rew while she

Is peeping through the blinds?

Dear ladies, if you don't succeed In gaining knowledge that you ned, Then at your window take you eat, And gase into the busy stre'; Full soon you'll read you neighbors well, And can their tastes of habits tell, And know their by dess to a T, Much better the your own you see, By pee ag through the blinds.

Guy Hilliard's Skeleton.

Violet Heath was an only daughter, and a belle. Pretty, highly accomplished, and very sprightly withal, she reined supreme in Clifton-the pleasant little country tewn where her father resided -queen of fashion, as well as queen of her; and, as a natural consequence, an female population envied and strove to forget-me-nots bathed in dew; or in that she was quite a beauty.

Violet was uniformly kind to her nameless fear. ported into a third heaven of bliss by watch on all her movements.

hemselves as they could. contrary, he rejoiced over it anew every have a skeleton in our closet." day, regarding it the best transaction of

They had a cozy little cotage on the outskirts of the town, all embowered in band, Violet, " he asked, solemnly. eglantine, with great shady trees, and She blushed deeply, and dropped her schoolmaster must have regarded it as olute, as she replied, "Oh, no, Guy! the sweetest, happiest spot on earth, What makes you think I have?" judging from the briskness of his step "Because," he answered, gravely, "I the stairs. Was he awake—in his sens- twenty men and do no more than one." apt to judge of by the bark-

her curls looped back with roses, and her does it mean, Violet." Guy was happy-he would have been a eyes. mother, and rings of hair that looked doubt." spun gold. Violet was in raptures, and Guy could scarcely wait for night to come in his eagerness to get home. What a mournfully. happy couple, every one said-even the was after this wise: One evening Guy again." chanced to come home a trifle earlier Still she said nothing. than usual, and Violet and baby were not at the gate to meet him, as was their custom; but he hurried on, eager to surprise them by being so early. Just as

he reached the outer enclosure of the garden he heard the cottage door open, young and very distinguished-looking- he wanted?" moment to talk with Violet-hts Violet. "I have nothing to say." He saw her plainly laughing and chatthe premises by the side path.

ter him; "I shall expect you." Violet was dressed—as he had never is she false to me?"

"Violet! Violet!" ha wen "in one mement; as soon as I get evening came.

do. you ask ? ??

Nothing; only I saw you putting away your dress; and you've got baby dressed out in her finery."

mined to say nothing; he would not the grave. imitate her. Whether her chief charm question her, but wait and see for him- Violet looked up quietly from the litconsisted in her fair, dimpled face, or self what it all meant. Violet bustled the frock she was embroidering as he deep-blue eyes, looking like half-blown about, making herself unusually pleasant; entered. but somehow a gloom hung over the "You are early this evening, dear," her curling, golden tresses; or mischie- whilom happy home, which all her gaiety she said, pleasantly. vious, rosy mouth; or in her half-tender, could not dispel. Long after she had He made her ho answer. Her genhalf-tanting air and manner, no one could retired with her babe, her young husband tleness seemed to increase his wrath; say; but it was generally agreed upon sat in the porch, with his head bowed in she was so artful, so cunning and treachhis hands, and his soul tortured with a erous-and he had loved and trusted her hams, shank end downward, giving each

many suitors, making her denials, when The next afternoon he returned home "Violet" he said, hoarsely, throwing pour over them when cold a brine made ones felt almost as much favored as the the babe awaiting him at the gate, her almost insane. I cannot bear this susaccepted. And when Guy Hilliard face all brightness and tenderness. His pense any longer-I will not bear it. As came to take charge of the village school, heart began to lighten—she was true to your husband, I demand an explanation of meat. The hams should remain draft! although he was a young man of fine him. What a fool he had been; he was I saw that man leaving the house again wholly covered in this brine from four appearance and excellent character, it glad he had not let her know it. Laugh- a few minutes ago, and he has been to six weeks, or untill properly salted An old negro woman in South Caroliwas a long while before the little village ing and playing with baby they proceed- here for hours. Violet, I want to know for cooking, then removed and dried and na gave a letter to a mail agent and asked beauty vouchsafed to him the least sign of ed to the cottage; and Guy went running what it means?" preference. But perseverence and pa- up stairs for his dressing-gown with his She bent lower over her work, but tience, as they generally do, succeeded old, buoyant alacrity. On the topmost made no answer." at last; and, in due course of time, step he picked up a glove—a gentleman's "Violet," he went on, his agitation so as to make them tender, sweet and eys were free, and "What de use ub one tender, moonlit eve, under a honey- glove, but not his. A trifle, truly; but incrersing at a fearful rate, "I cannot jucy, without the use of saltpetre, sugar, freen' de culled pussons ef you don't suckel arbor, in the old squire's garden. it awakened the old jealous pang with live with you if you persist in keeping or other ingredients. Try it. S. G. B. free de letters too," and finally yelled the young man pleaded his cause in redoubled pain. Still he did not ques- this secret from me. My wife must have true lover-like fashion, and was trans- tion his wife, but kept a silent, cunning no skeletons in her closet. I have borne Dr. D. Walsh, rock Island, Iillhois. The mail agent said "three." Down went

of time, the young couple were united, cealing himself in the shrubbery, he saw are divided ?" him. Suspicion became torture, he could cing, mischievous sparkle lit her eyes. a loving, exemplary wife Violet made. worst. Had the wiseacres of Clifton excited husband. Brownville Nobraska She had been so gay a girl, so full of prophesied correctly after all? He ap- "No, sir; I have no explanations to stop will be put to their further spread. mischief, so petted and flattered, that proached his wife at twilight, as she sat make."

She looked up inquiringly.

"A skeleton, dear; how so?" "Haven't you secrets from your husa flower garden in front; and the young eyes; and her voice was faint and irres- quietly.

and the brightness of his face, as he re- have seen a young man, a stranger, leav- es-was it really true? Was she leavturned of evenings from his school-house. ing my house every evening during the ing him-his Violet, the mother of his Violet was always at the gate to meet past week; and yet you have not even child-the only woman he had ever lovhim, robed in some pretty, fresh apparel, alluded to such a visitor to me. What ed? He was on the point of rushing af-

lead him to the tidy, well-ordered parlor bled. anxious look, yet there was a dan- heart and held him back. She was false that his next purchase should be in the and waiting supper-table. No wonder cing, mischievous sparkle in her blue to him, let her go. At that instant he way of live stock, and so bought a sheep

monster if he had not been so. But af. "Violet," he went on, seeing that she the head of the stairs. ter awhile, as if fortune was bent upon did not reply, "you can't tell how this "Guy, Guy, will you come up here, get down on the grass and nod defiance running his cup over, something else came thing troubled me. Can't you trust me, please? I want you a moment. to make him still happier. A small, Violet-me, your busband? Explain it He went up. She met him upon the plunges at the apparent enemy. But dimpled, crowing babe, with eyes like its all, I entreat you, and end my torturing passage.

"You doubt me, Guy?" she said, thing to show you first."

wiseacres, in spite of their prophecies. would sooner die; but it is strange to sparkle burning in her eyes. Guy fol- his part of the little farce as usual. The But there never was a paradise, per- say the least, that you should have such lowed with a fierce, impatient stride. She sheep did not seem to see him at first, haps, that the serpent did not enter in a visitor every evening, yet never men- threw open the door; and there, sup- but presently raised its head from the some form or other. It even came to tion it to your husband. But I believe ported against the wall, was a portrait this perfect little home, trailing its slimy you can make it all clear and satisfacto- of herself, with the babe in her arms, as ed upon him. ugliness amid the blooming flowers. It ry. Do so, Violet, and let us be happy large as life. Her golden hair fell back

"Violet, won't you speak?" She shook her head sadly. "No, Guy, I have nothing to say."

and saw a man-a real, living man, not tell me who that man is, and what Guy stared at the beautiful creation in the full shock of the sheep's hard head

come out and pause on the porch for a | She shook her head sloly, repeating, wrath, his jealousy, everything in his as-Then he rushed from her presence,

the stranger bowed himself out, and left his head throbbing as if it would burst. est thing I ever saw." "Don't fail to come," called Violet af- the turf, "how shall I ever endure it? replied, softly, "and that is my present. foolishly, and said: My wife-my darling wife, my Violet, I heard you say once that you would Guy Hilliard looked on in amazement. that I loved so much; can it be true? - sooner have a portrait of me and babe afore! Gittin' too smart for dis niggal.

seen her before-in a magnificent blue But no one answered him; only the coaxed the money out of father, and en fellah as dat." silk robe, all covered with laces and little birds chirped and cooed amid the gaged an artist to paint it secretly, that roses. What did it mean? Who was green leaves, making him envy their I might give you a surprise. But he had that man that she urged to come again happiness. He remained there wrapped to work hard to get it done against to- was never seen again. so cordially? A sharp, swift pang of in solemn thought, until the stars came day." jealousy and mistrust wrung his heart out. He would not be rash; he would Poor Guy! the truth flashed on him mistrust of the woman he held a thous- bear with her to the very last. Perhaps like lightning. That was the secret; he drank water enough to warrant disease, up to her chamber. The days was closed tage. Violet looked a little pale, and self. but he heard the babe was for within. | was a trifle more serious than usual-that "I am done now, Guy," Violet said, "Yes, dear," care the must must muster, and might passed—another her pretty month; "I will go."

He waited impatiently until she came came home, concealing himself in the fool, I know, but forgive me, Violet." keen, anxious eyes. She looked flurried instead of seeing the strager coming, as put the other around his broad shoulders you happy.' diately to put the blue robe, which she house. He had been there the entire af- his head to kiss her. robe. Guy followed her into the cham- face grew white with anger, and he but you must never doubt me again." cleared the hedge at a bound. He would "Never again, Violet" he answered, "Have you been out, Violet?" he overtake him-force him into an expla- tenderly. "You have cured me comasked, making a great effort to appear nation. But the stranger was too quick pletely, we shall never again have anfor him; he had crossed the lawn, and other skeleton." "Out? Oh. no!" she replied. "Why was out of sight in the wood beyond be-

fore Guy could overtake him. Violet blushed and averted her face. and a stronge feeling filled his heart; he In this way, beaf, veal, &c., can be kept "Oh, yes!" she said, catching up the had never felt so before, or looked so for several weeks, and it will be as little mass of embroidery, "I've been either for the little servant girl chancing sweet and fresh at the end of that time fixing the sleeves of her slip, you know; to meet him in the yard, shrieked, and as when first put in. Our butcher almost to death. "Landlord! that wobut, come, let's go down and look after ran out of his way. He was a desper- furnished us with the receipt. The whole man in the other bed is dead !" I know He followed her down with a weary Hilliard, the good-natured, quiet, well--queen of fashion, as well as queen of the devil came you bearts. All the young men admired step and a heavier heart than had ever disposed young schoolmaster. Truly, hottest weather.—F. G., in Rural World. Traveller was dumb. lain in his bosom before. But he deter- jealousy is as strong as death, as cruel as

amid a bewildering profusiion of laces the tall, fine-looking stranger leaving Violet was very pale, and her fingers and is not a disease nor a gall. He and white flowers; and the poor, love- his house, and Violet flitting about in trembled nervously as she stitched away thinks the spores or seeds are formed lorn swains of Clifton were left to console the azure robe she had never worn for at her embroidery; still, that little, dan- about the end of July, in latitude 40 Everybody was surprised to see what bear it no longer; he must know the "Violet, will you explain?" urged her crescences be all cut off and destroyed

Landing, and the business part of Town. The best accommodations in the City. No pains will be spared in making guests comfortable.

Landing, and the business part of Town. The best some of the Clifton wiseacres shook in a low chair hushing her baby to sleep.

"Violet,', he said gently, but very seriously, "I am afraid we are getting to cast you off—wash my hands of you! You chickens, keeping the remaining chick-

en my heart!"

that you have blighted my life and brok-

He stood still where she left him, List- him, then," said James, "for 'tis a pity

ter her and imploring her forgiveness; blue eyes full of tenderness, ready to She averted her face; it wore a trou- but that stinging pain came back to his accumulating a house and lot, thought

She looked up, her eyes full of tears. bly, "I will go directly: but I have some- so that the sheep, missing his mark,

"I don't want to doubt you, Violet, I beyond their chamber, the same little neighbors to see the fun, and he began from her smooth brow in shining ringlace, fell to the floor in gorgeous folds to the ground. Never was anything so perfect or so He started to his feet, white with ex- lovely. And the babe, a mass of white flat nose cama in control with a small embroidery, with a round, dimpled, laugh- harp snag he hadn't observed before, "Nothing to say, Violet? Will you ing face, and chubby hands peeping out. and he jerked back just in time to receive utter bewilderment, then, forgetting his beteen his own nose and wool. tonishment, he exclaimed:

"Oh, Violet; where did you get it? ting and tossing her ringlets; and then down the stairs, out into the open air, It is yourself over again, and the loveli- which was the sheep or which was the

"Oh?" he moaned, sinking down on "To-day is your birthday, Guy," she

and times dearer than his own life; and she would change her mind, and tell him had seen the artist going and coming. he hurried on to the cattage, his brow, the whole truth. He was ready and had doubted his wife while she was that a consultation of physicians was held for the first time since his marriage, willing to forgive her and love her all working to please and gratify him. His upon his case. They agreed tapping was looking lowering and mondy. Violet was the same, no matter how deeply she might face turned all manner of colors, and he mecessary, and the poor patient was invinowhere to be seen below, so he went erred. He arose and went to the cot- ttood in silence looking ashamed of him. ted to submit to the oparation, which he

was all. She did not even allude to the the mischievous dimples despening about "Oh, Violet!" he burst out, "forgive ful; "do anything but do not let them He dismissed his school at noon, and me-forgive me; I have been a great tup you!"

and confused, and ran back almost imme- he had expected, he saw him leave the and drew him close to his side. He bent had thrown on the bed, into the ward- ternoon, in his cottage with his wife. His "Yes, Guy" she said. "I forgive you,

Capt. Samuel Parsons, of Northamton, Mass., recently lost nearly 100 sheep. They were turned into pasture in Westhampton, where, during the re. ran to his assistance. cent storm, they commenced eating laurel, which poisoned them.

Recipe for curing hams .- Pack the skimmed before boiling, to each 100 lbs. der tooth-ache, or vassure to go into dec

the plum tree is the effect of a fungus, angry earnest. deg. 30 min., and therefore if the exby the early part of July, an effectual In Egypt, professional poultrers will

can go back to your father, and tell him ens and addled eggs for payment. A man who was brought to King "Nothing," was the reply. "Hang the evening."

An industrious and econmical darkey living in Western Pennsylvania, after heard her voice calling softly to him at of the male persuasion. His favorite amusement during leisure hours was to to the animal, which would make savage as the savage creature approached, the "Bear with me Guy," she said hum- darkey would drop his face to the ground would tumble over and over. One day She led the way to a small room just the darkey called a couple of passing grass on which it was grazing and frown-

"Oh, jis watch him new !" said Sambo,

in great glee. lets, and her azure robe, sweeping off Old Bucky made a rush as was his from the shoulders in clouds of misty wont, Sambo suddenly dropped his face

But as the fiends would have it, his

There was such a rolling and tumbling over and over for the next quarter of a minute that the neighbors could not tell darky. They soon got separated, though, and Mr. darky got slowly up, grinned

"Pun my word he neber dun dat than anything else in the world; so I I'se a gwine to stop foolin' with such a There was plenty of mutton in the

> neighorhood the next day, but the sheep An unfortunate man, who had never was reduced to such a state of dropsy seemed inclined to do, in spite of the entreaties of his son, a boy seven years old.

"Oh. father, father, father ? do not

let them tap you," said the young hope-

"Why, my dear, it will do me good, out, and then he scanned her face with shrubbery. Hours went by and at last, Holding her babe with one arm, she and I shall live long in health, to make

"No, father, no; you will not. There never was anything tapped in our house, that lasted longer than a week!"

A traveller went to a public house and asked for lodging. 'I shall have to put you in a double bedded room," Says the landlord. "All right," says the traveller. "But a lady will occupy one of the beds." "Better still." "Yes, but To keep meat fresh, simply im merse there will be a screen between your bed-He turned back, aggravated and disappointed, and made his way to the several days, when the milk should be the dark and get up in the morning be house. His head burned and throbbed, exchanged, and fresh milk substituted. fore daylight. Also, give me your word of honor that you will not disturb the lady in any way." "I promise," About ate man-almost a dangerous one-Guy neighborhood is now saving its meat in that," says the landlord, "but how in

Two Dutch farmer lived close together. One morning one of them heard his neighbor hallooing very loud, and

"Shon, vot is the matter ?" "Vell, den, says John, "I vosh trying to climb dish shtone vall top, and I fall down, und all de shtone vall he cooms down on me, and mine arms ish both nix, mine ribs ish all smashed up, und piece a slight sprinkling of salt, and then dese pig shtone ish on mine body, so lela cannot mineself get out of troubles,"

smoked. Having used this recipe for him to send it for her. The agent said ing a simple, cheap mode of curing hams woman became indignant, said the darkout. "How many stamps he want, eh ?" it as long as I can-as long as I will. I well known as an entomologist, says the letter, down went the old woman's being accepted. The old squire mude The next evening, and the next, he command you now to tell me all, to make that all his examinations have resulted heel. "Dar! Dar! Dar! Dar! Dar's tree no objections; and, after a proper lapse came earlier, and in both instances, con- everything clear, or henceforth our lives in the conviction that the black knots on stamps, dat enuff, eh?" She was in

An Irishman entered a barber shop while drunk, ate, with a brush, a cop of lather, dug out the balls of soap at the bottom of the cup, ate that and sat down to warm his feet by the stove.

"How did you like your dinner!"s asked a bystander. "The custard was elegant," said Pat, but, by my soul, I think the egg was a

little too long under water." One of the Jenkinses writing of a recent hop at Saratoga says: "A very She rose also, and gathered up her James I. could eat, it was said, a whole of the gentleman who was dressed simply pretty girl passed us leaning on the arm sheep at a meal. "What else can he do," in Swiss muslin and a pink sash." That asked the King, "more than other men?" gentleman must have been "the cool of

ening to her light footsteps ascending a man should live who eate the share of Men is a sort of a tree which we are