ebraska Advertiser

CHURCH. J. L. COLHAPP. T. C. HACKER.

CHURCH, COLHAPP & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
Pherson's Block, 2d Floor, Hall Entrance,
Brownville, Neb.

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

Nebraska Advertiser.

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

Nebraska Advertiser

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One square (10 lines or less) 1st insertion	$1 00
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Local Notices Charged as Trancient Advertisements.

VOL. XII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1868. NO. 26.

DIRECTORY.

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.
T. W. TIPTON, U. S. Senator, Brownville.
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LOUIS WALDTER, do Brownville, do
CHAS. HAYWOOD, do Grant, do
WM. DAILY, do Peru, do

UNITED STATES DIRECTORY.
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JOHN L. CARSON, Receiver, } Brownville.
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M. F. BOYD, Marshall.
JONAS HACKER, Collector.
WM. H. HOOVER, Treasurer.
T. R. FISHER, Engineer.
J. N. REYNOLDS, Attorney.
D. F. STEWART, }
T. C. HACKER, }
C. W. WHEELER, } Aldermen.
A. W. MORGAN, }
A. P. COGSWELL. }

Churches.

st Baptist.—Services on Second Sunday and ding Saturday of each month at 2 o'clock P. M.
Methodist church in Brownville. Rev. M. F. IAMS, Pastor.
thodist Episcopal.—Services every Sunday, 1-2 A. M., and 6 1-2 P. M. Prayer Meeting every day evening; Sunday School every Sabbath at A. M. Rev. W. S. BLACKBURN, Pastor.
iscopal.—Services in McPherson's Hall every Sunday at 10 1-2 A. M., and every Sunday at P. M. Sunday School at 2 1-4 P. M. Every Sun- Rev. G. R. LAVIS, Missionary.
st Presbyterian.—Services every Sunday at A. M. and 6 1-2 P. M.; Sunday School at 2 1-4 Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7 P. M.—OHN T. BAIRD, Pastor.

ival and Departure of Mails.

ern Mail arrives daily, except Sunday, at 1, p. m.
" departs " " " 11-2 "
hern Mail arrives " " " at 1 p.m
" departs " " " at 1 1-2 "
tern Mail arrives every Wednesday at 4, p. m.
" departs every Monday at 8, a. m.
t Mail arrives every Tuesday at 5, p. m.
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ons will oblige by getting their mail in fully hour before the departure of mails.
e open Sundays from 8 to 9, a. m., and from 4 to

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LODGE DIRECTORY.

WNVILLE R. A. CHAPTER.—Meets at Masonic in Brownville each Monday evening for lectures ort. R. W. FURNAS, H. P.
. R. DAVIS, Sec.
AHA VALLEY LODGE No. 4, A F & A M meets arly in the Masonic Hall on the 1st an 1 3d Saturof each month. T. W. BEDFORD, W. M.
. MORRISON, Secretary.
WNVILLE LODGE, I O of O F, meets regularly Tuesday evening in the Masonic Hall.
H. C. LETT, N. G.
W FAIREROTHER, Sec.
WNVILLE LODGE, I O of G T, meets regularly Friday evening in the Masonic Hall.
FREDERICK PARKER, W. C. T.
. LEWIS, W. S.
A R—Post No. 1, Nemaha County, meets every ate Thursday, in Brownville, over Dorsey & Clothing Store, at 7, P. M.
Capt. O. B. HEWETT, P. C.
D. BLACKBURN, P. A.
RMONIA—Meets every Wednesday evening in all west of Telegraph Office. McPoerson's Block.
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. SHUTZ, Sec.
WNVILLE LITERARY ASSOCIATION—Meets Thursday evening at 7, P. M.
J. S. SCHENK, Pres.
. R. HUFFMAN, Sec.
STERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY—Office Pherson's Block. J. K. BEAR, Operator.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
UGS, MEDICINE, PAINT, OIL, &c,
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WM. H. McCREERY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
s, Books, Wall-paper and Stationery,
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Goods, Groceries BOOTS SHOES & Notions.
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Established 1856.
WM. T. DEN,
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GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Planters, Plows, Stoves, Furniture.
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Main street bet. Levee and 1st,
est market price paid for Hides, Pelts, Furs and oduce, by WM. T. DEN.

G. M. HENDERSON,
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Y GOODS AND GROCERIES
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ER HALL, LUNCH ROOM
AND LIGHT GROCERY STORE,
Main bet. 1st and 2d Sts.,

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Dealers in
ENERAL MERCHANDISE,
McPherson's Block, Main street,

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TTORNEYS AT LAW.
in McPherson's Block, Main st. between 2d & 3d.

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THOMAS & BROADY
rneys at Law & Solicitors in Chancery,
Office over Dorsey's Clothing Store,

WM. McLENNAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA.

S. B. HARRINGTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Beatrice, Gage co., Neb.

PERKINS & GILLESPIE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Tecumseh, Johnson Co., Neb.

CHESTER F. NYE,
orney at Law and War Claim Agent,
Pawnee City, Nebraska.

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

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.
MICHAEL FINK, Proprietor.
Southside Main between 1st and 2nd streets,
Meals at all Hours, or for Regular Boarders, at the usual rates. 12-11-1y

AMERICAN HOUSE,
L. D. ROBISON, Proprietor.
A good Feed and Livery Stable in connection with the House. Front street, between Main and Water,

PHYSICIANS.

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.

H. L. MATHEWS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE
CITY DRUG STORE.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.
(Graduated in 1851; Located in Brownville in 1856.)
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician,
Dr. H. has on hand complete sets of Amputating, Trephining and Obstetrical instruments.
Office: Holladay & Co's Drug Store, P. O.
P. S.—Special attention given to Obstetrics and the diseases of women and children. x-44-1y

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE:
South East corner of Main and First Streets
OFFICE HOURS—7 to 9 A. M. and 1 to 2 and 6½ to 7½ P. M.

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J. H. BESON,
Will do BLACKSMITHING of all kinds.
Makes Horse Shoeing, Ironing of Wagons and Sleighs and Machine Work a Specialty.
Shop on Main St., west of McPherson's Block,

J. W. & J. C. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITHS
SHOP on 1st between Main and 2d,
All Work done to order—Satisfaction Guarrantied.

JOHN FLORA,
BLACKSMITH
Shop on Water Street South of American House
Custom Work of all kinds solcited. 12-12

NEWS DEPOTS.

A. D. MARSH,
CITY BOOK STORE.
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.,
Post Office, Main St.,

STOVE & TIN STORES.

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

SHELLEBERGER BRO'S
Manufacturers and Dealers in
TINWARE, STOVES, HARDWARE, CARPENTER'S TOOLS, BLACKSMITH'S FURNISHINGS &c.
McPherson's Block—Brownville, Neb.

BOOTS & SHOES.

CHARLES HELLMER,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Main Street, 2 doors below the southeast corner of 2nd,
Has on hand a superior stock of Boots and Shoes and the best material and ability for doing
Custom Work done with neatness and dispatch.

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

CONFECTIONARIERS.

WILLIAM ROSSELL,
CONFECTIONERY AND TOY STORE
Fresh Bread, Cakes, Oyster, Fruit, &c., on hand.
Southside Main between 1st and 2d streets,

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

WM. ALLEN,
Proprietor of the CITY BAKERY. Fancy Wedding Cake furnished on short notice. Dealer in Confectionaries, Fruits and best Family Flour.
Main Street bet. 1st and 2d,

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J. H. BAUER,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESS, BRIDLES & COLLARS
Mending done to order—satisfaction guarrantied.
Shop on Main bet. 1st and 2d sts..

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.,

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

MRS. J. M. GRAHAM,
TEACHER OF MUSIC.
LESSONS GIVEN ON THE PIANO, ORGAN, MELODEON, GUITAR AND VOCALIZATION.
Having had eight years experience as Teacher of Music in New York is confident of giving satisfaction.
Rooms Main, bet. 4th & 5th sts.
1o-1y BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

GATES & BOUSEFIELD,
BRICKLAYERS & PLASTERES
Will take contracts for Bricklaying, Plastering, building Cisterns, and do anything in their line in the most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.
Aug. 30, 1866. y-47-1y

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. P. BERKLEY,
CARRIAGE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Grainer, Gilder, Glazier and Paper-Hanger.
All work done on Short Notice, Favorable Terms and Warranted. Office over Teare & Co's Store, Main st.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. 12-21-1y

BATH ROOMS.
J. L. ROY,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,
North side Main St., between 1st and 2d.
Has a splendid suit of Bath Rooms, Also a choice stock of Gentlemen's Notions.

A. W. MORGAN,
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J. C. McNAUGHTON,
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Office in J. L. Carson's Bank,

R. F. BARRETT,
GENERAL LAND AGENT, AND
LAND WARRANT BROKER,
Will attend to paying Takes for Non-residents. Personal attention given to making Locations. Lands, improved and unimproved, for sale on reasonable terms. v12-n2o-1y

E. H. BURCHES,
LANDSCAPE GARDNER
Will the coming Spring plant crops in Gardens and cultivate same by contract. Will also have on hand weet Potato, Cabbage, Tomato & Pepper plants for sale

WORTHING & WILCOX,
STORAGE, FORWARDING
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
And dealers in all kinds of Grain for which they pay the Highest Market Price in Cash.

GEO. W. DORSEY. LUTHER HOADLEY. CHAS. G. DORSEY
DORSEY, HOADLEY & CO..
REAL ESTATE AGENTS, AND
DEALERS IN LAND WARRANTS AND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE SCRIP.
Office in Land Office Building,
Buy and sell improved and unimproved Lands. Buy, sell and locate Land Warrants and Agricultural College Scrip. Make careful selections of Government Lands for Location, Homesteads, and Pre-emptions.—Attend to contested Homesteads and Pre-emption cases in the Land Office. Letters of inquiry promptly and carefully answered. Correspondence solicited. 26tf

FRANZ HELMER,
WAGON MAKER
OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN-SHOP,
WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS, CULTIVITORS, &c., Repaired on short notice, at low rates and warranted to give satisfaction. x-13-fn nn

JONAS HACKER,
Tax Collector for the City of Brownville,
Will attend to the payment of Taxes for non-resident land owners in Nemaha County. Correspondence Solicited.
Office on Main bet. 1st and 2d,

SMITH P. TUTTLE,
U. S. Assistant Assessor and Claim Agent. Will attend to the Prosecution of Claims before the Department for Ad Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions. Also, to the Collection of Semi-Aunual dues on Pensions,
Office over Carsons Bank Main street,

A. STAFFORD,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST
Persons wishing Pictures executed in the latest style of the Art will please call at my Art Gallery.
Main street bet. 1st and 2d street,

J. W. SMITH,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER
Main St., 5th door from S W cor 2nd St.

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

J. V. D. PATCH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,
Silver and Silver-Plated Ware. Constantly on hand all varieties of Spectacles. Repairing done in the neatest style, and at short notice. Charges moderate. Work warranted. City Drug Store.
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

W. H. KIMBERLIN,
OCULIST AND AURIST.
Will Treat all Diseases of the Eye and Ear.
Rooms at the Star Hotel,
Tenders his services to the citizens of this city and vicinity. May be consulted at the above place from the 1st to the 10th of each month. And at the Salem House, Salem, Richardson county, Nebraska, from the 10th to the last of each month. 12-11ly

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.

R. F. BARRETT,
Proprietor of the
NEW STEAM FERRY BOAT,
SUN SET, and owner of the entire Ferry Franchise at
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA,
Would respectfully represent to the Traveling Public that they can be ferried over the Missouri River, at Brownville, promptly and without delay, at all hours in the day time.
The capacity of the boat will accommodate
Fifteen Loaded Wagons and Teams
OR 100 HEAD OF BEEF CATTLE,
AT ONE TRIP. n20-tf

MRS. EUNICE LEACH, MISS MARY A. SIMPSON
LEACH & SIMPSON,
Milliners & Dress-Makers
Wish to inform the ladies of Brownville and vicinity that they has just commenced a first class
MILLINERY & DRESS-MAKING
SHOP
Where work will be done with great care and neatness, and after the latest Eastern styles.
Bleaching and Repairing done in the very latest stle and on short notice.
Latest styles of Ladie's and Children's Hats and Bonnets constantly kept on hand, also latest patterns of Ladies Dresses, Cloaks, and Childrens clothing cut on short notice
Second Street, between Main & Water
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Advertiser.

STRIKE FOR GENERAL GRANT.

AIR—"Alabama Joe."

This Union it has had a war
With an accursed foe,
Who threatened all our liberty;
But Grant he laid them low.
He trashed 'em soundly at Vicksburg,
At Appomatox too;
He forced the Gray homage to pay
To the brave boys in blue.

CHORUS—Then strike for Gen. Grant, my boys,
For Grant the brave and true;
The White House is awaiting for
The Chief of the Boys in Blue.

Sheridan charged down the vale,
And Sherman to the sea,—
Grant laid his trap and—*ker-slap*—
He had old General Lee.
Then Andy tried to capture him
And loyal Stanton, too;
Grant was too much for Andy's clan,
And all the rebel crew.

CHORUS—Then strike for Gen. Grant, &c.

He'll reconstruct the rebel States
Upon the loyal plan—
Freedom unto every race,
And votes for loyal men.
Then strike for Gen. Grant, my boys,
The White House we will take;
The Boys in Blue are always true;
We'll make the rebels quake.

CHORUS—Then strike for Gen. Grant, &c.

Grant has led us bravely through
A long and bloody war;
Then he was backed by the boys in Blue,
Now by the G. A. R.
Then charge along the line, my boys,
Down with the rebel crew;
Grant leads on to victory,
'Neath the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS—Then strike for Gen. Grant, &c.

SELECT STORY.

THE TALE OF A TRAVELLER.

BY JOHN QUILL.

'You see,' said my great-grand-father, who had gathered a crewd of his friends around him at the grocery store in Darby, one evening; 'you see I was once a sailor before the mast in a small vessel, which was cruising about in the South Atlantic Ocean.

She was a very small vessel, and so frail that I was afraid most all the time that she would go to piece with all on board, but she didn't. It happened one day that I was sent aloft to nail a block of some kind on to the top of the mainmast, and as we had no hatchet, I took an axe. I hit the mast three or four pretty stiff knocks, when all of a sudden I thought I felt her go down with a jerk. But she looked all right, and I thought it couldn't possibly be. So I came down and said nothing about it.

Three or four days afterwards the mate says to the captain:

'Cap., it's queer we don't sight land by this time.'

'Very queer,' says the captain.

'And what's funny about it is that for several days past my instruments have made us out to be in precisely the same latitude and longitude.'

'Maybe something's the matter with sun.'

'Or perhaps the parallels of latitude have shifted.'

'Or maybe you've made a mistake in your figures.'

'I didn't think of that,' says the mate.

So they took another observation, and found that they were in precisely the same old place. Everybody was frightened, and it was not until after a close examination that it was at last ascertaned that I had actually driven that mainmast through the bottom of the ship into the mud, when it had stuck fast, and there that old tub had been spinning round and round, like a weather-cock on a pole, all this time, without anybody knowing it.

To say that the captain was mad, don't describe it. He roared around so about it that I got scared, and hid myself in an old cask in the hold. There I laid all day, when it was decided to heave part of the cargo overboard so as to lighten ship, and the cask I was in headed up, and me afraid to budge, and the whole concern heaved into the water.

I was in that barrel about four days. It was a little crowded, to be sure, and it would roll some, but on the whole I was comfortable. One day I felt myself tossed on shore, and then I was so certain of saving my life, that I just turned over and took a first-class nap.

I was waked by something tickling my face. At first I thought it was a mosquito, but then I remembered that no mosquito could possibly have got into that barrel anyhow. I brushed at it again, and caught it. It was a straw. I gave it a jerk. Something knocked agin the barrel outside, and I heard the word—

'Tuyfel!'

Then another straw was inserted, and I pulled that harder yet. Something struck the barrel again, and I heard this exclamation:

'Der Tuyfel!'

Then another strow was put in, and I caught hold of it, and saw that it came through the bung-hole, and there was a man outside trying to suck something or other through that straw, and every time I gave her a jerk it jammed his old nose flat against the staves. So I gave her one more pull, and then kicking the head out of the cask, I got out, and said to this fellow:

'Look a here, what in the deuce are you trying to do, anyhow?'

'*Nein*,' says he, shaking his head.

'What are you looking around here for, say?'

'*Nein*,' says he.

That makes eighteen,' says I.

'*Nein*,' says he.

'Twenty-seven,' says I. 'Go on; I'll add it up for you. I'm a lightning calculator, I am.'

'*Nein*.'

'Thirty-six,' I said. 'You appear to be a regular original old fine nine. What club do you belong to, anyway?'

'*Nein*,' says he, still shaking his head.

'Forty-fi—' Just then it flashed across my mind that he was a Dutchman.

'Beer,' says I, to try him.

I had touched a sympathetic cord in his nature.

'O! yaw!' says he. 'Ha! ha— das is goot! O, yaw!' and we rushed into each other's arms and wept.

I felt that I had found a friend.

I sincerely wished he had been my long lost brother, whith the regular thing in the strawberry marks on his arm, only I never had a brother, and he was never long lost, and never had anything on his arm.

But this German was a good fellow. He lived in Dutch Guiana, and had a wife and three pretty daughters, who were so precisely alike that I could never tell one from the other. I fell in love with one of them; I never could tell which, so I courted them all three, just as they happened to come along. One day they all came in together. I tried to be sweet on the one I thought was the right girl, and the other two got so mad that I was afraid they'd burst some blood vessel or other. Then all three of them said I had promised to marry them, and all three of them repeated the fond words I had whispered to them, and accused me of treachery.

It looked blue for me. There was entirely too much of Love's chidings for comfort. I then offered to marry them all three, and to take them to Salt Lake; or to cut myself in three pieces; or to drown myself with them and perish in four watery graves.

Respectfully but firmly declined.

Then they all went out. After a bit one come in and said:

'Abijah, dear, let us elope together, and leave these horrid woman, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fullness of each other's love.'

'I will think it over, my angel.'

She passed out. Then one of them came in again.

'Abijah, dear, let us fly together, and leave these horred women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fullness of each other's love.'

'I say I will think over it, my own angel.'

And she disappeared. But she seemed anxious, and so in she comes again.

'Abijah, dear, let us fly togather, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fullness of each other's love.'

'Look here, now, you've said that three times, and that's enough. My mind fully grasps the idea. I say I'll think it over.'

'Why, I never said it before,' says she.

'The mischief you didn't,' says I.

'Upon my sacred word and honor; I'll cross my breath to it,' says she.

I saw it all. They had all three of them tackled me with the same proposition. It was clear that I must fly. I had made up my mind to take the first boat that left Dutch Guiana for anywhere.

I left the house, and hadn't gone more then a square when I saw the parent of the three girls in pursuit. We both ran. He was armed. He carried his boomerang with him. He fired it at me, I dodged, and the boomerang flew back and brained him on the spot, and there were precisely three more beautiful orphans in Dutch Guiana than when I came.

I shipped on board of an American vessel, and we got along well enough until a series of storms set in, and we were blown out of our course. The ship then sprang a leak, and foundered with all on board except me, who clung to a spar and was washed on shore, after a ride of three days o'er the dark waters of the deep blue sea.

I didn't know where I was, probably in some strange land or other. I looked around. There was a hut about a mile off. I made for it. It contained one man.

'He's another blasted foreigner,' said I to myself; 'there's no use of trying to talk to him.'

I wanted something to eat, so I opened my mouth wide, and pointed into it, and said, 'Aw—aw—aw—aw!'

The man was evidently surprised. He appeared to think I had swallowed something or other, so he caught me by the jaws and held them apart, while he looked down my throat.

He seemed disappointed that he didn't see anything.

'Aw—aw—aw—ough!' I grunted, still pointing in my mouth.

It seemed to occur to him that I had got the toothach, for he went out and got a monkey-wrench, a pair of pincers and a cross-cut saw.

'Um—um—um—um—um—um!' said I, in dispair, rubbing my stomach.

His face lit up with the idea that I had the cramp-colic, and he commenced exerting himself to spread a mustard-plaster. I shook my head and rubbed my stomach and grunted.

'Aw—aw—aw—aw—!' groaned I, in dispair, pointing to my mouth, and drawing a line down to my abdomen.

The thought suggested itself to him that I wanted him to rip me up, so he got out a butcher-knife and began to sharpen it on his boot.

He was the most accommodating man I ever saw, that fellow.

Then, as a last resort I began to clip my teeth togather as if I was chewing something, He instanly jumped to the conclusion that I had been bitten by a dog and had hydrophobia. So he first took a bucket of water out of the room, and then began to feel my leg.

'O, pshaw,' says I, forgetting myself, 'I want something to eat.'

'Well, why in the thunder didn't you say so then?' said he. 'What are you standing there gibbering like some darned jackass for?'

'Why, I thought you couldn't memderstand English; I thought you were a foreigner,' said I.

'And I took you for a wandering member of the deaf and dumb asylum.'

'Deaf and dumb asylum,' said I; 'of what place?'

'Why, of New Jersey, of course.'

'Is this New Jersey, then?' I asked

'You can just bet it is. Listen! there's the whistle of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company.'

I sat down and cried like a baby when I remembered how many times I had deadbeaded it on that very line in days of yore—days, I may say, that are now mingled with the irrevocable Past.

'Take a clam,' said the man, rousing me from my reverie.

I took a clam, I took a 'snifter,' I took all the eatables and drinkables in the place, and then I walked to the depot and came home, just on the very day, you recollect, my wife was going to be married to another man, and how I wish I'd stayed away and let him.

And that's all.—*Transcript.*

A Tough Story.

Jake McGinnis lived out in Donega, and was noted for drawing the long bow. One day he had just stopped into the bar-room for his customary glass, when he was asked for a yarn. At first he declined, saying he could not think of one; but the offer of a drink sharpened his memory, and Jake related the following:

'Are you aware,' he began, 'that my father did a little in the drover's line, and I very often went with him to help him? Well, he once had a hundred cattle, and about twice as many turkeys, to drive three hundred miles. They were a very awkward drove, as you must know, and as he needed my assistance I accordingly accompanied him. Well, we drove them the three hundred miles in four days.'

'What's that?' said one of the loafers, 'three hundred miles in four days? That's too much of a good thing, Jake. Why, that would be seventy-five miles a day.'

Jake, after a moment's reflection, thought his statement was rather steep, so he said, 'But you see we drove night and day.'

'But,' interrupted another loafer, 'did you have no trouble with the turkeys?'

'No,' says Jake, 'only they would go to roost every evening a little before dark.'

'But,' continued the interrogator, 'how could you drive night and day when the turkeys went to roost before dark? That's rather mixed up, Jake.'

Jake perceived that he had made a blunder, but nothing daunted, he contiued—

'You didn't hear me out. I didn't tell where they went to roost.'

'Where did they roost, then?' inquired the loafer.

'Why, on the cattle's back, of course,' answered Jake, without even a smile.

Noah and his happy family, so it is legended, were sailing along securely over the deluged world, when the Patriarch descried the 'Last Man.' The latter had climbed to the summit of the highest tree, on the top of the highest mountain in the world; the water was even then up to his chin, and still rising steadily as the torrents of rain descented. 'Take me on board your raft, old man!' sung out the 'Last victim,' in a supplicating voice. 'It can't be done, my dear fellow,' was the patriarchal response. 'None but the Lord's chosen can board this raft.' 'Then go to thunder!' was the heroic reply. 'It's only going to be a small shower after all!' And then the last billow of the Deluge rolled over the head of the gritty Last Man.

'MA,' said a little girl to her mother, 'do the men want to get married as much as the women do?' 'Pshaw! what are you talking about?' 'Why, ma, the ladies who come here are always talking about getting married; the men don't.'

IF you had avoided rum,' said a New York rumseller to a customer, 'you could now ride in your carriage.' 'And if you had never sold rum,' said the bacchanal, 'you would have been my driver.'

I pressed her gentle form to me, and whisperd in her ear, if, when I was far away, for me she'd shed a tear; I paused for some cheering words my throbbing heart to cool, and with her rosy lips she said, 'Oh, Tom, you're such a fool.'

A Rustic poet, whom melancholy appears to have marked for her own, gives vent to the misanthropy of his desolate soul in the following strain:

I'me a pore country boy
I liv in a holler
As you se by my ritin and spellin
I am no 'scol'ar
I am not acquanted with
Rithmitic nor grammer
But I am custumed to handle
The ho and the hammer
Wen in dethes coald grave I sink
No mour of my erthly frends to think
Wen I love this world what seems so fare
Remember me then by this lock of my hare.

A country girl one morning went
To market with a pig;
The little curl-tail, not content,
Began to squeal a jig.
A dandy, who was riding by,
And wished to pass a joke—
Said "Dear, how comes your child to cry
When wrapped up in your cloak?"
The country girl thus quick replies,
"So bad a breeding had he
That ever and a non he cries
When'er he sees his daddy."

How to Tell a Good Teacher.

Agentleman from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school teaching.

'How long did you teach?' asked a bystander.

'Wal, I didn't teach long; that is, I only wanted to teach.'

Did you hire out?'

'Wal, I didn't hire out; I only went to hire out.'

'Why did you give up?'

'Wal, I give it up for some reason or nuther. You see I travelled into a deerstrict and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles—named my object, interducing myself and asked what he thought about lettin me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the deestrict. He wanted to know if I realy considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and jography, or showing my hand writing. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait.

'Let me see you walk off a little ways,' says he, 'and I can tell jis's well's I'd heard you examined,' says he.

'He sot in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was consid'rable frustrated, and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked on as smart as I know'd how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on tell I thought I'd gone far enough—then I s'pected s'thing was to pay, and looked round. Wal, the door was shet, and Snickles was gone!'

'Did you go back?'

'Wal, no—I didn't go back.'

'Did you apply for another school?'

'Wal, no—I didn't apply for another school,' said the gentleman from Swampville. 'I rather judged my appearance was agin me.'

Signs and Omens.

Trifles is not superstitious, but he heard a story lately which greatly shock his 'skeptical itarianism.' It was of an old gentleman in Burks county, whose style was as Germanized as Tom Carlyle's, and who had been asked what he thought of signs and omens.

'Vell. I don't tinks mooch of dem dings, and I don't pelieve evrydings; but I dells you somedimes dere is some dings is sooch ding ash dose dings. Now the oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, und mine frau she shspeak and say—

'Fritz, de dog ish howlin"

'Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, and I goes on und reads mine paper, and mine frau she says—

'Fritz, dere is somding pad is happen—de dog ish howlin.'

'And den I gets oop mit mineself und looks out troo de vines on de porch, nnd de moon vas shinin, und mine leetle dog he shoomp right up and down like aferydings, und he park at the moon, dat vas shine so prite ash never vas. Und as I hauled mine het in de winder de old voman she says—

'Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish some pad ish happen. *De dog is howlin.*

'Vell, I goes to pet und I shleeps, und all night long ven I vakes un dere vas dat dog howl outside, und ven I dream, I hear dat vorser ash nefer. Und in de mornin I kits oop und kits mine *freestick* (breakfast), und mine frau she looks at me und say ferry soleme—

'Fritz, dere ish somdings pab ish happen. De dog vas howl all night.'

'Und shoost den de newspaper come in, and I opens him—und by shings vot you dinks! *dere vas a man died in Philadelphia.*'

As a steamboat was about to start from Cincinnati one day, a young man came on board, leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the polite clerk, said in a suppressed voice:

'I say, me and my wife has just got married, and I'm looking for accomidations.'

'Looking for a berth?' hastily inquired the clerk, as he passed tickets to another passenger.

'A birth! thunder and lightning, no!' gasped the astonished man; 'we haint but just got married—we only want a place to stay all night, you know.'

The New Yorker who told Thackeray that although he had no objection to England, he'd be afraid to go out at night there 'for fear he should step off,' is paralelled by the Yankee travelling in Europe who, when asked if he had crossed the Alps, replied 'now you remind me of it, I believe I did pass some rising ground.'