Nebraska Advertiser.

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

TERMS:

One copy one year	$2 00
Five copies one year	8 75
Ten copies one year	16 00
Twenty copies one year	30 00

BOOK WORK,
And Plain and Fancy Job Work, done in good style and at reasonable rates.

Nebraska Advertiser.

Vol. 13. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1868. No. 5.

Nebraska Advertiser.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, 10 [illegible] insertion	$1 00
Each subsequent [illegible] insertion	50
Business Cards, (five lines or less)	5 00
Business Notices, per line	10
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PORTER & BROWN,
Attorneys at Law and Land Agents,
Office in Court House, with Probate Judge.

TIPTON, HEWETT & CHURCH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Office—No. 70 McPherson's Block, up stairs.

THOMAS & BROADY,
Att'ys at Law & Solicitors in Chancery,
Office in District Court Room.

S. M. RICH,
Attorney at Law and Land Agent.
Office in Court House, first door, west side.

WM. H. McLENNAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Nebraska City, Nebraska.

B. F. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Tecumseh, Johnson Co., Neb.

CHESTER F. NYE,
Attorney at Law and War Claim Agent,
Pawnee City, Pawnee Co., Neb.

N. K. GRIGGS,
Attorney at Law & Real Estate Agent,
Beatrice, Gage County, Nebraska.

LAND AGENTS.

R. V. HUGHES,
Real Estate Agent and Justice of Peace,
Office in Court House, first door, west side.

BARRET & LETT,
Land Agents & Land Warrant Brokers.
No. 21 Main Street.
Will attend to paying Taxes for Non-residents. Personal attention given to making Locations. Lands, improved and unimproved, for sale on reasonable terms.

WM. H. HOOVER,
Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent.
Office in District Court Room.
Will give prompt attention to the sale of Real Estate and Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District.

JONAS HACKER,
Collector for the City of Brownville,
Will attend to the Payment of Taxes for Non-Resident Land Owners in Nemaha County. Correspondence Solicited.

DORSEY, HOADLEY & CO.,
Real Estate Agents, and Dealers in Land Warrants and College Scrip;
No. 27 Main Street.
Buy and sell improved and unimproved lands. Buy, sell and locate Land Warrants, and Agricultural Scrip. Careful selections of Government Lands for Location, Homesteads, and Pre-emptions made. Attend to Contested Homesteads and Pre-emption cases in the Land Office. Letters of inquiry promptly and carefully answered. Correspondence solicited.

MOSES H. SYDENHAM,
NOTARY PUBLIC & LAND AGENT,
Fort Kearney, Nebraska.
Will locate lands for intending settlers, and give any information required concerning the lands of South-Western Nebraska. 12-45

PHYSICIANS.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office—No. 21 Main Street.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician,
Office—Holladay & Co's Drug Store.
Graduated in 1851; Located in Brownville in 1856. Has on hand complete sets of Amputating, Trephining and Obstetrical Instruments.
P. S.—Special attention given to Obstetrics and the diseases of Women and Children.

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Office—No. 21 Main Street.
Office Hours—7 to 9 A. M., and 1 to 2 and 6½ to 7½ P. M.

W. H. KIMBERLIN,
OCULIST AND AURIST,
Rooms at the Star Hotel.
Will Treat all diseases of the Eye and Ear.

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Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
No. 9 Main Street.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
General Merchandise, and Commission and Forwarding Merchant,
No. 26 Main Street.
Own Planters, Plows, Stoves, Furniture, &c., always on hand. Highest market price paid for Hides, Pelts, Furs and Country Produce.

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Dealer in Foreign and Domestic
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,
No. 53 Main Street.

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Dealers in General Merchandise,
No. 72 McPherson's Block, Main St.

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HOLLADAY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
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No. 41 Main Street.

McCREERY & NICKELL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Drugs, Books, Wallpaper & Stationery
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CHARLES HELMER,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
No. 62 Main Street.
Has on hand a superior stock of Boots and Shoes. Custom Work done with neatness and dispatch.

A. ROBINSON,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
No. 58 Main Street.
Has on hand a good assortment of Gent's, Ladie's, Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes. Custom Work done with neatness and dispatch. Repairing done on short notice.

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JOHN C. DEUSER,
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No. 79 Main Street.

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Manufacturers & Dealers in Tinware.
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Stoves, Hardware, Carpenter's Tools, Blacksmith's Furnishings, &c., constantly on hand.

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Whips and Lashes of every description, and Plastering Hair, kept on hand. Cash paid for Hides.

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Mending done to order, satisfaction guaranteed.

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BEER HALL AND SALOON,
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BILLIARD HALL AND SALOON,
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The best Wines and Liquors always on hand.

JOSEPH HERBERT & CO.,
SALOON,
No. 47 Main Street.
The best Wines and Liquors kept on hand.

BLISS & HUGHES,
GENERAL AUCTIONEERS.
Will attend to the sale of Real and Personal Property in the Nemaha Land District. Terms reasonable.

General Business Cards.

Cards of five lines or less, $5 a year. Each additional line, $1.

HOTELS.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.
G. W. GARRISON, Proprietor.
Good accommodations. Boarding by the day or week. The traveling public are invited to give him a call. 1-tf

STAR HOTEL.
CROSS & WHITE, Proprietors.
On Levee Street, between Main and 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 Carrall convenient to the House.

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

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GEORGE YAUNEY,
Bakery and Confectionery,
No 37 Main Street,
Offers to the public at reduced rates a choice stock of Groceries, Provisions, Confectioneries, etc., etc.

WILLIAM ROSSELL,
Bakery, Confectionery and Toy Store.
No. 40 Main Street.
Fresh Bread, Cakes, Oysters, Fruit, etc., on hand

J. P. DEUSER,
Dealer in Confectioneries, Toys, etc.
No. 44 Main Street.

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E. E. EBRIGHT,
Notary Public and Conveyancer,
And agent for the Equitable and American Tontine Life Insurance Companies. 5-tf

J. C. McNAUGHTON,
Notary Public and Conveyancer.
Office in J. L. Carson's Bank.
Agent for "National Life" and "Hartford Live Stock" Insurance Companies.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Notary Public and Conveyancer,
Office in County Court Room.
G. W. FAIRBROTHER, Notary Public. JAMES M. HACKER, County Clerk.

BLACKSMITHS.

J. H. BEASON,
Blacksmithing and Horse Shoeing,
Shop—No. 80 Main Street,
Will do Blacksmithing of all kinds. Makes Horse Shoeing, Ironing of Wagons and Sleighs, and Machine Work a Specialty.

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BLCKSMITHS,
Shop on First, between Main and Atlantic.
All work done to order, and satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN FLORA,
BLACKSMITH,
Shop on Water St., South of American House.
Custom Work of all kinds solicited.

BARBERS.

J. L. ROY,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.
No. 55 Main Street,
Has a splendid suit of Bath Rooms. Also a choice stock of Gentleman's Notions.

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GEO. G. START & BRO.,
DEALERS IN GRAIN, PRODUCE, &c.
Aspinwall, Nebraska.
The highest market price paid for anything the Farmer can raise. We will buy and sell everything known to the market.

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Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
And Dealers in all kinds of Grain, for which they pay the Highest Market Price in Cash.

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MERCHANT TAILORS,
No. 55½ Main Street,
Have on hand a splendid stock of Goods, and will make them up in the latest styles, on short notice and reasonable terms.

WAGON MAKERS.

FRANZ HELMER,
Wagon Maker and Repairer.
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Wagons, Buggies, Plows, Cultivators, &c., repaired on short notice, at low rates, and warranted to give satisfaction.

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ED. D. SMITH,
U. S. WAR CLAIM AGENT,
Washington City, D. C.
Will attend to the prosecution of claims before the Department in person, for Additional Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, and all claims accruing against the Government during the late war. 46-tf

SMITH. P. TUTTLE,
U. S. ASSISTANT ASSESSOR.
Office in District Court Room.
Notary Public and United States War Claim Agent. Will attend to the prosecution of claims before the Department, for Additional Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions. Also the collection of Semi-Annual Dues on Pensions.

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J. V. D. PATCH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, etc., etc.
No. 32 Main Street.
Silver and Silver-Plated Ware, and all varieties of Spectacles constantly on hand. Repairing done in the neatest style, at short notice. Charges moderate. Work warranted.

MUSIC.

METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND.
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Is at all times prepared to play for the public at any point within 150 miles of this city, on reasonable terms. Address,
41-3m D. C. Smith, Leader.

MRS. J. M. GRAHAM,
TEACHER OF MUSIC.
Rooms, Main, bet 4th & 5th Sts.
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.

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G. P. BERKLEY,
House, Carriage and Sign Painter.
No. 66 Main St., up stairs.
Graining, Gilding, Glazing and Paper Hanging done on short notice, favorable terms, and warranted.

A. D. MARSH,
Bookseller and News Dealer.
City Book Store,
No. 50 Main Street, Postoffice Building.

A. STAFFORD,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,
No. 47 Main Street, up stairs.
Persons wishing Pictures executed in the latest style of the Art, will call at my Art Gallery.

A. W. MORGAN,
Probate Judge and Justice of the Peace
Office in Court House Building.

J. K. BEAR,
Agent for the **M. Un Express Co., and W. U. Telegraph Co.**
No. 72 McPherson's Block.

C. W. WHEELER,
BRIDGE BUILDER,
Sole agent for R. W. Smith's Patent Truss Bridge. The strongest and best wooden bridge now in use.

E. H. BURCHES,
Landscape Gardener & Horticulturist.
Will plant crops in Gardens, and cultivate same by contract.

KEISWETTER & EIRSMAN,
Brownville City Meat Market.
No. 60 Main Street.
Will pay the highest market price for good Beef Cattle, Calves, Sheep and Hogs.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

'Tis sad yet sweet to listen
To the soft yet gentle swell,
And to think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even
And the boundless fields of air,
And to feel our boyhood's wish
To roam like angels there.

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days now gone;
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those blithe and gentle maidens,
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this;
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the springtime of the year,
Like the changeful gleam of April,
They follow every tear!
They have passed—like hopes—away,
And their loveliness has fled,
Oh, many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer
They have fallen with the stem;
Yet oh, it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them.

And we can but think of these,
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers blossoming:
And we know that winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die.

—*Prentice.*

A NIGHT WITH THE WOLVES.

Away we went at whirlwind speed over the glistening sheet of snow which covered the whole country for miles around.

Four splendid horses drew a sledge, and we bounded along noiselessly, smoothly, rasidly, like phantoms.

Suddenly one of the traces gave way, and in an instant all our four horses, young and high-spirited, were kicking and plunging fearfully. The broken trace was only the least domage done; and when I and Fritz, my servant, scrambled out, and seizing their heads, stopped their pranks, we found that they had nearly kicked themselves free from the sledge.

It took us a full hour's work to repair the damage, and we were compelled to go at a compartively slow pace, for fear that something should again give way.

I lighted a cigar, and, well wrapped in furs and cloaks, leaned lazily and luxuriously back, enjoying the gentle, easy motion, and watching the four horses as they bounded along with the light sledge.

On a sudden they burst into a furious gallop. With alarmed eyes and erected ears, the eager horses disregarded the utmost efforts of curb and bridle, and dragged us forward with a velocity I should have thought impossible. As there was no danger, I was rather amused than otherwise by the glorious pace at which we were going.

All on a sudden, Fritz turned in his seat, and said, in a low voice, his face pale with emotion.

"The wolves!"

I stood up in the sledge, and looked back. I could discern a dark mass in the snow at a great distance.

In about ten minutes I heard a sound in the distance which at first I thought was the whistling of the wind.

It was the howling of the hungry and ferocious pack of wolves on our track. Closer and closer came the dark mass; plainer and plainer the dreadful howls.

The arms we had, consisted of two fowling-pieces and a brace of pistols. Unfortunately, we had but a very scanty stock of powder and ball, and not more than enough for two or three discharges.

"What is to be done?" I whispered to Fritz.

"Fight!—fight to the last!" he replied; "we must be overtaken. The horses cannot hold out much longer. It is yet quite twenty miles to the chateau, and they will be upon us in a few minutes. Ha!" he cried, suddenly, "I had forgotten—there is yet a gleam of hope!"

And now he lashed the horses, already at their utmost speed, and even stabbed them repeatedly with his hunting-knife, to urge them on to fresh exertions.

Ahead of us was a small forest, or rather wood. It was distant some two miles; but owing to the white sheet of snow between. looked much nearer.

The chase continued. I stood ready with my fowling-piece to fire immediately they were within shot.

The fleetest of the pack dashed ahead of the others, and approached within a few yards of the sledge.—Their howls were fearful. I fired two barrels, and three wolves fell dead or wounded. In an instant these were surrounded by the others, who quickly tore them to pieces.

This obtained us a respite—but a very short one.

I again loaded my piece, and again the pack dashed on in pursuit. We had not gained half a mile, when they were again up with us. This time they came on more furiously and boldly than before—the brutes had tasted blood. When they were near enough, I again fired, and two wolves fell. This time, however, the devouring of their companions did not take so long, for I had only wounded two.

Once again I reloaded the fowling-piece, and found that all our ammunition was thereby exhausted.

"Do not fire," said Fritz, when I informed him of the fact, "till the last moment—reserve your fire for our last chance."

"Is there any?" I asked, gloomily.

"One, and one only. Not far from this, in the woods hence—but I do not know how far, perhaps not more than a mile—is an old hunting-lodge; if we can reach it, we are safe—if not, we are lost."

On came the wolves, and two terrific great monsters were absolutely just abreast of us, and were striving to get ahead to the horses.

"Fire! fire!" shouted Fritz; "fire, and aim well, for if those brutes reach the horses, we are lost."

I fired a barrel at the wolf on my left, and over he went with a bullet through his body.

I very nearly missed the second, but fortunately the ball grazed the bone of his leg, breaking it, and causing him to fall. But several others took their places.

"Keep them off! Keep them off!" shouted Fritz, "but for one minute, and we are saved. The hut is close by."

Frantically he flogged and shouted to the horses, and desperately they responded to the call. I fired the two barrels of the remaining fowling-piece, and then, sticking my pistols in my belt, I shouldered my gun, and standing up, struck right and left at the howling, pack, which were now rapidly accumulating on our rear. The next moment, and we pulled up short at the hut.

"Fire your pistols right in their faces!" shouted old Fritz.

I did so, and had the satisfaction of seeing the howling pack fall back for a minute.

This gave Fritz an opportunity of jumping out and cutting adrift the horses, who immediately galloped off.

"Now, sir, now!" he cried, holding open the hut door, "haste!"

Still holding the fowling-piece by the barrel, and swinging it around me, I leaped to the ground.

Some of the wolves had dashed off in pursuit of the horses, while others were between me and the hut. I struck viciously at the howling brutes, and rushed through them to the open door. One monster sprang at my throat, but, fortunately, I succeeded in striking him down, and he was content with with tearing a piece, with his fangs, from my leg.

The next instant, faint and bleeding, we were safe in the hut, and Fritz barred and bolted the door, leaving the pack outside.

For a moment or two they scratched and gnawed at the door, and then dashed off to join their companions in the chase.

It was not long before the furious pack returned, for, having devoured the horses, and apparently not half satisfied, they surrounded the hut on all sides, and nothing could be heard but their horrible howlings. We could hear them scraping, scratching, and tearing the wood-work of the hut with their teeth.

Next they attempted to climb to the roof, and some soon succeeded, for we conid hear them crawling outside.—There was no chimney to the hut, but merely an aparture in the roof for the smoke to escape. It contained a rude fire-place, and, fortunately for us, there were still embers smouldering. There was also a little green brushwood in the hut, which Fritz hastened to cast in the fire. As it caught and burned up, it gave rise to dense volumes of smoke, which, pouring through the aparture in the roof, effectually kept the wolves at bay. But after a time the smoke began to clear, the green wood was all gone, and the wind, which now was high, blew aside the smoke from the hole in the roof.

In a very short time we preceived the gleaming eyes, and red mouth half open, of a monstrous wolf, look down on us.

We struck at him with the butt-end of our fowling-pieces, and soon brought him, stunned and bleeding, to our feet.

Fritz took a piece of burning wood, mounted to the aperture, and waved it around. Wolves, like all wild beasts, are in mortal dread of fire, and we soon heard them scamper off the roof.

All through the long night we heard the howling of the ferocious pack, who had now regularly terrified us, for, although scared by the fire, they attempted the roof no more, but remained all around the hut.

All things have their end, and so at last had this long and dismal night. The day broke at last, and Fritz arousing himself, piled on the fire every available bit of wood he could find.

Suddenly our eyes, which were fixed incessantly on the aperture, saw three of the largest wolves looking down upon us. I fired my last charge of powder, and the dead body of one fell through. Soon another and fiercer lot succeeded those we had driven away, and we had now no more powder or shot to drive them back.

Clubbing our guns, we struck furiously at them, all the time shouting loudly. Several fell wounded and incapable of injury into the hut, but others at once took their places.

At last one great brute set the example, and crouching for an instant, sprang right at Fritz, at the same time giving a terrible yell.

Fortunately old Fritz was enabled to spring on one side, and the moment the wolf landed, he dashed out his brains with the gun he wielded.

Hardly was this accomplished than another and another leaped down, and these were followed by still more, which all our efforts could not keep back. Furiously we fought with the desperation of despair, for we had almost given up hope. Several times I felt the fangs of the wolves in my flesh; but by almost superhuman exertion freed myself, and laying abo t me right and left, sent the shaggy brutes sprawling under the terrible force of my blows.

Weary, faint, and despairing, I staggered, and was about to fall, when a loud shout from outside, followed by a rapid and sustained discharge of firearms, gave me fresh strength, and once again nerved my arm.

Another shout outside, and a still closer discharge, informed us that friends were near. Shouting words of encouragement to Fritz, who was terribly torn by the teeth of the brutes, I again attacked them with my little remaining strength. Fritz, too, ably seconded me, and in half a minute our remaining enemies were killed or disabled.

Scarcely had the glaring eyes of the last disappeared under a furious blow from the butt-end of my gun, than, utterly worn out by the tremendous exertion of the last ten minutes, bleeding from half-a-dozen places where the wolves had torn my flesh, nature gave way, and I fell forward on a pile of our dead enemies, and fainted.

The next moment the door was burst open, and our friends from the chateau, who had come to the rescue, rushed in and raising the apparently lifeless forms of myself and Fritz, bore us out into air, where, laid on the cold snow, we soon recovered consciousness, and found that we were saved.

Some time since a very large Irishman came into the Paterson post-office and addressed the postmaster with:

"Is there any litthers for me, sure?"

"What is your name?" inquired the official.

"Oh, bedad, that's no matter. Is there any thing for me?"

"But what is your name? I must know that first."

"That's none of your business! It's a litther I'm after, and not for to be telling my name."

After some trouble and explanation he gave his name as Micheal Flannigan, but on looking over the letters none were found for Flannigan. The Irishman started for the door, and on reaching the steps was heard to say, "Och, be jabers, and didn't I fool the faller good!"

He had given a false name, and gone off without seeing how he had fooled himself. Very Irish that.

"Pat," our man of all work, has recently come over, and one day I gave him an ear of corn to eat. He evidently liked it very much, but I guess he was eating it for the first time; for after he had eaten all that was on the cob, he came it up to me again, and said, "Will ye please put some more peas on my cob?"

The New Atlantic Cable.

From the London Times, Oct. 13.

The manufacture of the new Atlantic telegraph, which is to be submerged between Brest and a suitable terminus on the shores of the State of New York, is progressing satisfactorily. The new cable is almost identical in construction with those which were completed in 1866, the only difference being that the diameter of the conducting copper core is slightly greater, and the outside wires are of homogeneous Bessemer steel, galvanized, having a breaking strain of about 1,000 pounds, while the wires outside the existing Atlantic lines having breaking strain of about 800 pounds. The new cable will be laid in two lengths—one from Brest to St. Pierre, in deep sea, of 2,325 miles, not including slack, and the other from St. Pierre to the terminus of 122 miles in length, not including slack. The latter section will be similar to the Persian Gulf cable, as it will have to be laid in comparatively shallow water, and its exterior wires will be protected with Bright and Clark's patent siliceous compound, which consists principally of powdered flint and pitch. The construction of the shore ends will be similar to that of the existing Atlantic lines, and will gradually become thinner until they assume the deep sea dimensions. During the summer her Majesty's ship Gannet took sounding along the proposed route, and from the results of the operations it is understood that the bottom of the ocean is nearly the same in character as the bed in which the existing cables are laid, and of about the same depth. Little but mud and ooze were found along the route. In order to avoid the dangers of injury from rocks and icebergs, the new line will be laid to the south of the present cables, below the southern edge of the Great Bank, so that it may be laid in deep water. Sir James Anderson who will command the great Eastern during the expedition organized for the submergence of the line, has made the following observations regarding the Newfoundland Banks: "By keeping in the 500 fathom line upon the Milne Bank, and around the southern edge of the Grand Bank, there is no possibility of ice or any other agency that can be suggested injuring the cable. The northern edge of the Grand Bank was avoided because it is uncertain at what depths the icebergs ground. They are said upon good authority, to ground at times in ninety fathoms. It is not certain at what depth the vessels employed in the seal trade may sometimes choose to drop an anchor for the purpose of keeping in the track of ice-floes. These dangers are avoided by the track chosen for the proposed cables, and I am justified by my own experience in saying that the track from the southern edge of the Grand Bank to St. Pierre, and thence to the place of landing in America, is entirely free from any danger from ice, and does not cross any anchorage resorted to by the fleet of fishing vessels." The breaking strain of the new steel cable will be 7½ tons, and the strain required for submersion need not be more than fourteen cwt. Even if it at any time be necessary to haul up any portion of it already laid, the strain need not exceed a ton and a half in the deepest water. The weight of copper forming the conductor of the existing Atlantic cables is 300 pounds per knot; in the new cable it will be about 400 pounds. The Great Eastern has arrived at Sheerness, whence she will proceed with the cable probably in the end of next June. After leaving the Medway she will go to Brest to finish coaling, and will thence start on the telegraphic expedition.

Surgery by Lightning.

The Londen *Lancet* says:

"A boy of twelve, belonging to Korsk (Western Russia), who used to walk with a crutch, on account of anchylosis of the right knee, was on horseback in the field when he was overtaken by a vollent storm. After a severe clap of thunder the horse ran away, and the boy, completely stunned, fell to the ground. When his senses returned, and he tried to rise, he found that his right leg was gone. His uncle, who had ridden by his side, and his own horse had disappeared. The poor boy, at first somewhat collapsed, fell asleep. His companion, however, at last returned, after having secured the horse, and on examining his nephew he observed that the right leg was entirely wanting. The patient's shirt and clothes were in shreds, and burned along the seams, and on the body were many scars. The boy was conveyed to the village in a cart, suffering severly in the stump, and much alarmed at the hemorrhage, which, however, soon stopped. A few days afterwards Dr. Ragowitch found a regular wound as usually made by the amputating knife, surrounded with granulations, and presenting in the center a few gangrenous spots. The division had been effected by lightning, through the superior extremity of the tibia, the patella and femur being intact. The healing of the wound was very rapid, and by the use of ordinary means.—The severed leg was found on the grass several days after the accident, just where the boy had been thrown from his horse. It was quite dried up, emitted no smell, the tibia being quite black, and stripped half down the leg. These facts are mentioned in the *Berl. Kin. Woch.*, No. 21, 1868, and guaranteed by Dr. Sycyanko.

Mark Twain tells the following story of one of the small republics of South America: "There was war in one of these little republics—the one I have been describing. The General-in-Chief asked the President for three hundred men; the President ordered the Minister of War to furnish them; the forces—just the number wanted—were down on the seacoast somewhere. The Minister of War requested the Minister of the Navy to place the navy of the republic at the disposal of the troops, so that they might have transportation to the seat of war. The Minister of the Navy (an official who had seen as little of ships and oceans as even Mr. Secretary Wells) sent a courier to where the schooner was with the necessary order for the Lord High Admiral. The Lord High Admiral wrote back: 'Your Excellency, it is impossible. You must be aware that this is a 60-ton schooner. There is not room for three hundred men in her.' The stern old salt in the Navy Office wrote back 'Impossible! Nonsense. Make room. Heave the tons overboard and bring the soldiers.' Any way to get them there, so they get them there, was all this brave sea horse called for."

St. Louis, Oct. 30.

The two following are from the camp of the Fortieth Regiment Wisconsin Volunteyers, stationed near Memphis, Tennessee:

GOLDEN WORDS.

HOLD ON! HOLD IN! HOLD OUT!

Hold on, my heart, in thy believing—
The stedfast only wins the crow;
He who, when stormy weaves are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he who Jesus holds through all,
Shall stand, though heaven and earth should fall.

Hold in thy murmurs, heaven arraigning—
The patient see God's loving face;
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
'Tis they that win the Father's grace;
He wounds himself who braves the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold *out!* There comes an end to sorrow;
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise;
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
The cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth! cease all doubt;
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out.

Agricultural Department.

This Department of our paper is under the control of Col. R. W. Furnas, to whom all communications on "Agriculture" should be addressed.

Department of Agriculture.

Most of our readers doubtless are aware that a few years ago the Government established a new Department at Washington called the Department of Agriculture. This Department was first placed under charge of Isaac Newton, as Commissioner of Agriculture; a specimen of the "fine old gentleman school; of quaker proclivities, and decidedly "old fogyish" in almost everything. In addition to this unfavorable feature, the Department was stuck away in the underground portion of the Interior Building. Under these and other circumstances the Department of Agriculture was not accomplishing what its originators or the friends of Agriculture thought the United States desired, but was fast becoming an unpopular institution. An effort was made a year or so ago to supercede Mr. Newton, but without success. Shortly after, Mr. Newton died, and Gen. *Horace Capron* being prominently connected with the Agricultural affairs of Illinois, was appointed to fill the vacancy. He immediately renovated the whole Department, and infused into it new life and energy. A new Building expressly for the Department was completed the past season on grounds in the vicinity of the Smithsonian Institute, and the Department is now in its new quarters. Gen. *Capron* will now have an opportunity to further develop matters.

Prof. Glover, with whom we have long enjoyed an intimate and pleasant acquaintance, will now have abundant opportunities and facilities for putting into successful operation his pet scheme, the "Agricultural Museum." This is one of the features of the Department to which the Prof. has given years of attention. His idea is to have a collection of fruits, grains, products of all kinds, together with insects and birds, either injurious or beneficial, from all the States, classed and arraigned in order as States. This is already done to a considerable extent, and when completed, will be both interesting and beneficial beyond calculation.

When are Grapes Ripe?

There is, and has been for years, a diversity of opinions among grape growers and wine makers as to when a grape is ripe. We suppose this depends somewhat on locality, soil, and variety. But whichever of these characteristics may control it is yet essential to know *when* this proper ripeness occurs. With a view to settle this question, the "Kelly's Island Wine Company" have made extended and careful experiments the past ten seasons. The experiments were made on the Cawtaba Grape from the time they were fit for use, Oct. 22d, until the season was completed, Nov. 13th. The result showed a gradual gain in the weight of must, until the close of the season. The company purchased 691 different lots of grapes, weighing *Three Hundred and Fifty Tons*. Their average was 83 and 35 hundredths degrees. The average of lots taken in between the 15th and 19th of Oct., was 80 and 6 hundredth degrees. The average of lots taken after the 15th of Nov., was 88 and 13 hundredth degrees, a fraction over 10 per cent. in favor of the late gathering. We had no idea of the particular difference in the per cent., but our experience has been a marked difference in the grapes allowed to remain on the vines as long as possible.

The *American Journal of Horticulture* and *Florist's Companion* is the best publication of this kind published in the United States. It is published monthly, and contains 64 pages of reading matter, with numerous illustrations pertaining to an illustrative of subjects belonging to its special field of labor. Nearly all the principal writers on Horticulture and Flora culture in the country are regular contributors. The work commences its third year on the 15th of January next. We have been a constant reader of this periodical from the first number, and heartily recommend it. We are now making up a club for next year, and would be pleased to receive names. Each subscriber for next year will receive two plants of the now most celebrated Strawberry—"*President Wilder.*"

Tilton & Co., 161 Washington St., Boston.

Hon. Marshall P. Wilder of Dorchester, Mass., has growing on his place, more than eight hundred different varieties of pears, and has exhibited at one time over three hundred.

A cherry-tree grows in Utah 18 inches high, with a top as round as a cherry, withstands the greatest cold, and is loaded with sweet fruit.

We advise those who are growing grapes in this country to throw their vines on the ground and cover with straw or rubbish of some kind. There are many varieties, such as Concord, Delaware, Diana, Hartford, Prolific, Oporto, Herlimart, Clinton, Ives Seedling and others, perhaps, that do not actually require such treatment, but the yield is so much better by so doing, that it pays to cover them. We have tried both plans, and will always hereafter put our vines down in the winter.

The vintage of 1868 in France is estimated at from 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 of hectolitres, or 1,320,000,000 gallons—or, in round numbers, 33 gallons for every man, woman, and child in France.

At the Colorado fair, 4 cabbages weighed an average of 45 ℔ each, 12 turnips and 50 potatoes made each a barrel, and there were squashes 5½ feet in circumference.

Only a few varieties of apples will grow well in extremely cold climates; these are the Duchess of Oldenburg, Red Astrachan, St. Lawrance and Wine Sap.

Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, was the first in this country to give strawberries garden cultivation.

He is a farmer who keeps his farm from running down, he who does not do this is a pretended farmer.

The past season, a half tun of Grapes were shipped from Washington market to Glasgow, Scotland.

It is said that the earliest potatoes of any given variety, are produced from seed not quite ripe.

In Australia, the bees resemble large horse-flies, and they do not sting.

The Editor of the *Times*, at Hamburg, Iowa, has sold out, and on leaving the paper speaks to the Hamburgers thusly:

I leave it because I have lately become rather piously inclined, and want to spend my nights and Sundays at church, instead of in a printing office.

I leave it because I can't live on "position," without money.

I leave it because I want to live at least one year longer and think this my only chance.

I leave it because I am tired of carrying two revolvers and three bowie knives to defend myself.

And last, but not least, I leave it because I want to.

Now a bit of advice to the people of Hamburg and Fremont county:

If you want a good town and a good county, don't let your interest in this paper relax.

You have now the best weekly published on the Missouri Slope, and next to your churches and your schools, it is the great lever that will move you on to civilization, enlightment and wealth.

Don't consider every dollar you pay the printer to be a contribution. Do you not know that you get value received for every dollar that you pay the printer?

Don't you know he works for your interest as well as his own; that every issue of his paper brings new settlers to your county, and advances the value of your property in proportion?

Remember this. Continue your support; and when your money is due, go and pay it as you would any other honest debt.

One thing more;

If the editor says anything to displease you, go and whip him. Don't hang around the street corners, blowing about breaking his head, and cleaning out his office, and then if you happen to see him coming, you sneak across the street like a whipped cur; but just go direct to him and chastise him, or else keep your mouth shut.

Do this, vote for Grant, and you will get your reward in the next world, if you miss it in this. W. A. Putney.

Old Governor H——, of G——, L—— County, Wisconsin, has already figured in your pages. Many are the laughable stories told of him. I remember seeing him once in a state of mind usually called wrath. The circumstances were as follows: The Governor, returning home from a tour to the northern part of the State, put up for the night at a hotel in the flourishing and beautiful village of Princeton, situated on the Fox River. The next morning, after arriving at home, he discovered that he had left his trunk at the hotel, twenty miles away. He just then saw one of his neighbors going to Princeton, and in his most pompous style requested him "to call at the hotel and see if there was not a little trunk there belonging to him."

"Yet, with pleasure," replied the kind and obliging neighbor. When ready to return he found his wagon heavily loaded; the trunk proved to be a large and well-filled traveling trunk, quite heavy, and it was quite certain, on the principle of antecedent probabilities, that he would never get a cent for his trouble; so, seeing that it was safe at the hotel, he drove home. As he approached the residence of the Governor, the latter went out and opened the gate, expecting the trunk would be taken in and left at the door. The farmer told him he was not coming in. "But," says the Governor, "did you not get my trunk?" "No; you didn't ask me to get it." "Did not? What would you call it I asked you?" thundered the exasperated Governor. "Why, you asked me to look and see if it was there. I did so, and you will find it safe there any day by just driving over to Princeton. Good-day, Governor, good-day!"

Suffice it to say the Governor didn't ask that neighbor to do any more errands for him.

This comes from the mouth of White River, Arkansas:

During the Red River campaign, last Spring, a New York regiment of Zouaves was marching through Alexandria, Louisana. An old and probably near-sighted woman coming to the door, and seeing the red-petticoated soldiers pass, exclaimed, "*Mercy! what is the Government coming to, when it has to fetch its women to war!*"

Madrid, Oct. 30.

The estimated default in the revenue this year will reach £50,000,000. The Spanish Government seeks to raise a loan of 200,000,000 crowns, at an interest of 6 per cent.

AFTER THE ELECTION

From the Chicago Tribune.

The smoke of the battle has cleared away. Grant and Colfax are elected President and Vice President of the United States. The end of the rebellion has been reached at last. The Ku-Klux-Klan can now cease their infernal work, or expect a sudden visitation of