Nebraska Advertiser.

VOL. 13. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1869. NO. 14.

Nebraska Advertiser.

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

CHURCH, COLHAPP & CO.,

Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS—$2,00 PER ANNUM.

Office—No. 70 McPherson's Block, up Stairs.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square (a line or less) first insertion.....$1 00
Each subsequent insertion.....50
Business cards of five lines or less.....$ 00
Each additional line.....1 00
Notices, each head.....3 00
One column, one year.....
One column, six months, $75; three months 10 00
One column, one year.....30 00
Half column, six months, $50; three months 15 00
Half column, one year.....50 00
Quarter column, six months, $30; three months.....21 00
Quarter column, one year.....80 00
Eighth column, six months, $50; three months.....30 00
Transient advertisements for a less time than three months, to be counted as transient; and must be paid in advance.

Arrival and Departure of the Mails.

Mail from the East and Eastern arrives at 12 m.; departs at 1 p. m.

Mail from the West and Eastern arrives at 4 p. m.; departs at 5 p. m.

Mail from Nemaha arrives at 8 a. m.; departs at 6 a. m.

Mail from Tarkio arrives at 12 m.; departs at 2 p. m.

Mail from Rulo arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 10 a. m.; departs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 1 p. m.

Mail from Pawnee arrives Fridays at 4 p. m.; departs Saturdays at 9 a. m.

Office Hours from 7 a. m., to 7½ p. m. Sundays, from 10½ a. m. to 10½ a. m. A. D. MARSH, P. M.

Hannibal and C. B. R. R.—Time Table.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

ACCOMMODATION.

Leave St. Joseph.....8:40 a. m.
Arrive Brownville.....2:37 p. m.
Arrive Council Bluffs.....8:50 p. m.

EXPRESS.

Leave St. Joseph.....8:00 a. m.
Arrive Brownville.....11:23 p. m.
Arrive Council Bluffs.....2:00 p. m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

ACCOMMODATION.

Leave Council Bluffs.....5:30 a. m.
Arrive Brownville.....1:23 p. m.
Arrive St. Joseph.....5:34 p. m.

EXPRESS.

Leave Council Bluffs.....11:00 a. m.
Arrive Brownville.....2:37 p. m.
Arrive St. Joseph.....6:00 p. m.

Ben. Rogers' Omnibus leaves Brownville for the Depot at 9 a. m. and 12 m., daily.

General Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

J. E. PORTER & BROWN,
Attorneys at Law and Land Agents,
Office in Court House, with Probate Judge.

J. S. TIPTON & HEWETT,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Office in No. 70 McPherson's Block, up stairs.

J. M. THOMAS & BROADY,
Attorneys 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,
Plattsmouth, Johnson Co., Neb.

RYE & HUMPHREY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Nemaha City, Pawnee Co., Neb.

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

LAND AGENTS.

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

J. BARRET & LETT,
Land Agents & Land Warrant Brokers.
No. 31 Main Street.
Attention to paying Taxes for Non-residents. Prompt attention given to making Locations, Land Warrants, 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, Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District.

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

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

PHYSICIANS.

J. TRACY & THURMAN,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Office—No. 81 Main Street, one door west of Deuser's Hardware. Office hours from 7 to 11 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m. 13-11-y

J. H. L. MATHEWS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office—No. 21 Main Street.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician,
Office—Holladay & Co's Drug Store.
Graduate in 1851; Located in Brownville in 1857. Has on hand complete sets of Amputating, Trephining and Obstetrical Instruments.
Special attention given to Obstetrics and the diseases of Women and Children.

J. F. STEWART, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
To the Nebraska Eye and Ear Infirmary, will commence practice at Brownville, May 1st, 1868.

MERCHANDISE.

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

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

J. L. McGEE & CO.
Dealers in General Merchandise,
70 McPherson's Block, Main St.

DRUG STORES.

HOLLADAY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Medicines, Paints, Oils, etc.,
No. 41 Main Street.

McCREERY & NICKELL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Books, Wallpaper & Stationery
No. 32 Main Street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

CHARLES HELMER,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
No. 62 Main Street.
Keeps 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.
Keeps on hand a good assortment of Gent's, Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes. Custom Work done with neatness and dispatch. Repairing done on short notice.

HARDWARE.

JOHN C. DEUSER,
Dealer in Stoves, Tinware, Pumps, &c.,
No. 70 Main Street.

HELLENBERGER BRO'S.,
Manufacturers & Dealers in Tinware.
Main St., McPherson's Block.
Hardware, Carpenter's Tools, Blacksmithings, &c., constantly on hand.

SADDLERY.

JOHN W. MIDDLETON,
HARNESS, BRIDLES, COLLARS, Etc.
No. 64 Main Street.
Lashes of every description, and Hair, kept on hand. Cash paid for Hides.

J. H. BAUER,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESS, BRIDLES, COLLARS, Etc.
No. 60½ Main Street.
Repairing done to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SALOONS.

CHARLES BRIEGEL,
HALL AND LUNCH ROOM,
No. 25 Main Street.

BERGER & ROBERTS,
ALHAMBRA BILLIARD SALOON,
Wines and Liquors constantly on hand.
No. 8, Whitney's Block. 12-30

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

J. V. D. PATCH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, etc., etc.
No. 39 Main Street.
Gold and Silver-Plated Ware, and all varieties of Spectacles constantly on hand. Repairing in the neatest style, at short notice. Charges Moderate. Work warranted.

HOTELS.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.
HENRY FINK, 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 Corrall convenient to the House.
Agents for K. & N. Stage Co.

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

CONFECTIONERIES.

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.

NOTARIES.

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

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

GRAIN DEALERS.

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.

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

MILLINERY.

MRS. F. A. TISDEL,
MILLINER AND DRESS MAKER,
Shop on First St., bet. Main and Atlantic.
(over F. A. Tisdel's Agricultural Store.)
Has constantly on hand a full assortment of all kinds and varieties of Zephyrs, Feather Braid, Star Braid, Swan's Down, Ladies' Mohair Cotts and Curls, Hamburg Trimmings, etc. Dresses and Cloaks made in the latest style.
The public are invited to call. 13-12-y

MISS MARY A. SIMPSON,
MILLINER AND DRESS MAKER,
First Street, bet. Main and Water.
Wishes to inform the Ladies of Brownville and vicinity, that she has a first class Millinery Shop, where work will be done with great care and neatness, and after the latest eastern styles. Bleaching done in the very latest styles, and on short notice. Latest styles of Ladies' and Children's Hats and Bonnets constantly on hand. Also latest patterns of Ladies' Dress Goods, Cloaks, and Children's Clothing cut on short notice.

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.

McNEAL & DORSET,
BARBERS AND HAIR DRESSERS,
No. 29 Main Street,
Are prepared to do all kinds of Hairdressing for Gents and Ladies. As Barbers they are No. 1. Also old clothes renovated on reasonable terms; boots blacked at all hours; and washing and ironing done on short notice. 13-12-y

TAILORING.

HAUBOLDT & ZECH,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
No. 58½ 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.

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.

J. W. & J. C. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITHS,
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.

WAGON MAKERS.

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

BOUNTY CLAIM AGENTS.

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.

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.

G. P. BERKLEY,
House, Carriage and Sign Painter.
No. 66 Main St., up stairs.
Graining, Guilding, 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. U. 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.

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

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

"ALL ABOARD!"

The Brownville Transfer Line,
Under the management of
JACOB ROGERS,
Is now Running Regular Omnibusses from
Brownville to the Railroad Terminus
of the Council Bluffs and St. Joseph Railroad,
At North Star, Mo.,
Two Miles from Brownville and North Star Ferry Landing.
Good Omnibusses. Close Connections
30-tf Charges Moderate.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

CHARLES G. DORSEY. GEORGE W. DORSEY.
Att'y at Law.

C. G. & G. W. DORSEY,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
AND
Dealers in Land Warrants.
Buy and Sell Real Estate and Land Warrants.
Select & Locate Government Lands,
ATTEND TO CONTESTED CASES IN THE U. S. LAND OFFICE, AND
PAY TAXES.
A large quantity of First Class Lands for sale in Nemaha, Richardson, Pawnee, Johnson and Gage Counties, Nebraska, to which the attention of purchasers is specially invited.
Office--BROWNVILLE, NEB.
Branch Office--BEATRICE, NEB.
13-6-tf

J. H. SHOOK & BROS.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in Native Lumber of all kinds, lengths, breadths and thickness,
AT
HILLSDALE,
NEMAHA COUNTY, NEBRASKA.
They own and run one of the best Saw Mills in the State, and will furnish
MECHANICS AND BUILDERS
with a bill of Lumber of best quality, on short notice, at the Lowest Market Price.
Lath and Pickets
Always on hand for sale.
They also sell cheap at their store in Hillsdale all staple Dry Goods and Groceries, and such articles as are in general use.
Remember the business, the men, and the place. 1-ly

JOHN L. CARSON,
BANKER,
BROWNVILLE.....NEBRASKA
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 special agreement. Taxes paid for non-residents.
All kinds of U. S. Bonds wanted.

CITY BAKERY
AND
CONFECTIONERY!!
No. 31 Cor. Main & 1st Sts. (opposite City Drug Store.
WILLIAM ALLEN, Proprietor.
Pies, Cakes, Fresh Bread, Confectionery, Light and Fancy Groceries
Constantly on Hand!!
Fresh Bread Delivered Daily!!
First Class Family Flour—Warranted.
Free Express runs for the benefit of my Customers.

WM. H. VALLEAU
IMPORTER
and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
WINES AND LIQUORS,
Keeps constantly on hand a full stock of all kinds of
Native and Foreign Wines
BRANDY,
WHISKY,
ALE, &c.
ALSO, a full stock of
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
All of which he offers to the trade at rates low enough to suit all. To those wishing Liquors and
Saloon Fixtures
He extends a special invitation to call and see him, knowing that he has all they want of the best goods in the West and can
Guaranty Entire Satisfaction!!!
A SAMPLE ROOM IN THE REAR, WITH A
BAR
Supplied with the choicest brands of Wines, Liquors &c., &c.
FREE LUNCH AT ALL HOURS.

BAZAR.
NO. 99,
Corner Main and 3d Streets,
BROWNVILLE.....NEBRASKA.
Mrs. M. E. Bargis,
Dealer in
Fancy Goods and Notions,
Which she will sell at reasonable prices. She is constantly in receipt of New and Elegant Patterns for
Dress and Cloak Making,
to which she pays particular attention.
Fluting, Stamping, Stitching, Braiding, &c., done to order.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
LOCK STICH
SEWING MACHINE!
Awarded the
FIRST PREMIUM
at all the principle Fairs in the World. Every Machine warranted for three years. Instructions free.
OFFICE—AT THE BAZAR.
3-tf

CLOCKS, WATCHES,
AND
JEWELRY.
No. 59 Main Street, Brownville.
JOSEPH SHUTZ,
Has just opened and will constantly keep on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line.
Repairing of Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry done on short notice.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

CLOTHING.

A

New and Fashionable stock of
CLOTHING,
(NO SHODDY), is now offered to the Public at
J. S. HETZEL'S
CLOTHING STORE,
No. 70 Main Street,
who is a

LIVE
MAN
LARGE AND WELL
selected stock of
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS, SHOES,
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
as can be
FOUND
IN THE WEST.

to the interest of the public; and having purchased my CLOTHING, (made under my own supervision) exclusively for cash, I can sell as low, if not lower, than any in the Town or County. I beg to call your attention to my

Here is a chance for the best bargains, as I have no dead stock on hand, all being entirely new. The public are invited to call and examine for themselves,

IN
McPherson's Block,
BROWNVILLE,
where everything in the Clothing line can be found.
J. S. HETZEL.
51-tf

THE OLD AND NEW.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

O, sometimes gleam upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past has had,
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear,
To find the Orient's marvel here,
The still small voice in nature's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the Olive waves,
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of the day,
A low, sweet prelude finds it way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
And now, and here, and everywhere.

OUR GROCER'S STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I learnt a lesson once that I never have forgotten, and I hope I never may (said our grocer.) I was a young man and a poor one then, and had a hard struggle to make my little shop keep my little family. It was only by pinching and saving and keeping a sharp lookout for every bargain that I managed at all.

We lived in a shabby street, and had only very poor customers. A loaf of bread, a qarrter of butter and two ounces of black tea was quite an order, and most of those who came wanted trust.

As for laying in fine fruit or vegetables I never thought of such a folly. Diamonds would have been as salable in that part.

I struggled along as best I might, and after a while things began to improve, and I began to have visions of a clean store in a good street when I lay down to rest at night.

So one day I brought home half a dozen hams and hung them up about the door, more for show than anything else, for ham was a grand holiday dinner in those regions, and not an everyday affair, I can tell you. They went off slowly, as I thought they would. Now and then some one would come in for a pound, and once I sold half of the smallest to a woman who wanted it for her Sunday dinner. And so the hams hung there through the summer and through the fall, and quite on into the winter.

It was just as the December nights began to grow long and dark and cold that I noticed a new policeman on our beat—a young, handsome-looking fellow, with very bright eyes, but with such thin cheeks and hands, although he seemed to be powerfully built, and made for rather a stout man, that I could not help watching him, and wondering whether he had been ill or not. The first time that I noticed him was about sunset, and he passed and repassed my window a dozen times, looking all the while straight at those hams, which dangled from the frame of the awning. "I hope he means to buy one," I said to my wife, as we sat together over the tea-table; "and I shouldn't wonder if he did, for he seems to have taken quite a fancy to them."

But the evening passed, and though I saw him every now and then on the other side of the way, looking across with his bright eyes straight at the hams, he did not come in or speak to me upon the subject. And so I made up my mind that he would send for it in the morning, and somehow made so sure of it, that whenever I saw a decent-looking young woman go by with a basket on her arm, I said, "That's the policeman's wife coming after the ham." I was mistaken, however; and after the street lamps were lighted that night I began to see the man again pacing up and down—up and down—up and down—with his eyes still fixed, as they had been the previous night, upon the hams. Once he caught me peeping at him, and then he turned so red and looked at me with such a wolfish glitter in his eyes, that I grew angry, and said to myself: "It's well that keeping unsalable articles isn't a crime in this country, for if it was I should expect to be arrested." So I gave him back his look, turned on my heel and walked back into the shop. I did not see him again that night; but, long after everything had been taken in and locked up, and I was snug in bed, I heard a tramp—tramp—tramp upon the pavement, and knew it was the new policeman, and that he was looking at the hooks where the hams had hung, as well as though I had seen him.

On the third evening he was there again; that, you may say, was no wonder, for it was his duty to be upon that beat, and no other, but it was curious, that he should keep on staring at those hams with those bright, wolfish eyes of his. I didn't like it, though I could not have said why. A vessel had been wrecked at sea about that time, and an extra, with the latest news of the disaster, came out that evening. I bought a paper and sat down behind the counter to read it. It was a stormy night, and but few costomers came in, and those were easily served, and somehow, between reading and thinking, time passed on, until the clock struck eleven, and I had not yet taken in my goods or put up my shutters.

Just as I was about to do so (in fact, I had already put my hand upon the first piece of the shutter), my door opened and an old woman came in. She was a sottish, miserable creature, known about the place as Irish Kate, and with her red nose and bleared eyes and bloated limbs, was as ugly a figure as any one ever cast eyes on. "Another dram, I suppose," I said to myself, going behind the bar at once, for I wanted to get rid of her as soon at possible. But she, to my surprise, came close up to me and put her great red paw upon my arm.

"I've made a diskivery, misther," she said. "You've not been keeping as bright a look-out as you should; there's been a thief at work widout this blessed night."

"What thief?" I asked.

"More than I can tell ye," she answered. "But I think it's a policeman, no less, the blackguard."

"A policeman!" I cried, and my thoughts flew at once to the man I had seen staring at my hams.

"It's too dark to see his face," she said; "but I caught the shine of a star on the coat he has on, and whoever it was took a ham from your pegs and hid it in the ashbox beyant at the corner. Ye'll find it there, if ye look; and now ye'll not refuse an ould woman a sup o' whisky for this information?"

I gave the old creature what she wanted, hurried her out of the shop and put up the shutters, growing more angry every moment.

"If it is the policeman, I'll make him pay dearly for it," I muttered, as I slunk along the sidewalk to the corner, keeping in the shadow all the way, and when I stood beside the box and saw, by the light of the lamp, close by that the ham was there, wrapped in something which looked like a handkerchief, I bit my lips and clenched my hands with rage. Had it been a common thief, I should not so much have minded; but a policeman! It was more than I could stand. So I crouched myself in a doorway and waited. The watch were relieved at twelve o'clock; I knew that, and knew also that this would be the time when my policeman would come to take the ham out of its hiding-place. And sure enough, when the time came, I heard him challenge the man who was to take his place, and come marching down toward the corner. I let him get the ham well under his arm before I stirred, but then I pounced upon him like a tiger.

"I've got you!" I cried. "A pretty policeman you are, indeed, but you shall suffer for it, I can tell you."

He struggled with me for a moment, like a wild thing; and then all of a sudden dropped the ham and fell down in a helpless sort of heap upon the ground.

"I'm a ruined man!" he groaned—"a ruined man! there is no hope for me now. Oh, my God! my wife—my poor little wife!" and he burst out crying like a woman.

The sight softened me, but I was angry still.

"You should have thought of that before you became a thief," I said. "If the guardian of a man's property is not to be trusted, what is to become of him? And you look like a gentleman—you do not seem like a scoundrel; how have you ever stooped to do such a disgraceful thing as this?"

He was standing beside me now, and the lamp light fell upon his face. It was white as any corpse's, and his eyes glittered terribly.

"I'll tell you what made me do it," he said; "it was the only thing which could have driven me to do an act like that; my wife and children are starving—starving, I tell you, and I had nothing for them!"

"Policeman's families do not often starve," I said, with a sneer.

"My —od! can't you believe me—won't you believe me?" panted the man. "I have only been appointed three days; I have not received a cent of salary yet. I have been ill a long while, and had neither money nor credit. Last night we went to bed supperless; to-day there has not been a crust in the house, and those hams tempted me so. You can never know how awful they tempted me, and I meant to pay you afterward."

He covered his face with his hands, and I could see great tears dripping through his fingers, and before I knew it my own cheeks were moist, and so we stood silent, with the ham laying between us on the ground.

At last he turned toward me and said:

"Do what you like with me; the last hope is gone."

But I put my hand on his arm, and said:

"God forbid that I should take that last hope from you—that I, of all men, should be the one to ruin you. If your story is true—and I believe it is—I pity you more than I blame you."

He looked at me in a sort of bewildered way, as though he scarcely understood me, and I took him by the arm and led him back toward the shop. There I filled a basket with bread and butter and coffee, and put the ham on the top of all.

"Take it home to your wife," I said, "you'll pay me when you get your salary; and if you are in need before that time come to me. I'm a poor man myself, and I can feel for other poor men."

I shall never forget that man's face in all my life—so wondering, so thankful and so awe-stricken. All he said was, "Good bless you," but there was a whole sermon in those three words, and I slept better for them.

On Christmas night he paid me every cent, and from that day, until I left the neighborhood, dealt with me regularly. But times grew so much better that I took a store in a good street at the other end of the town, and one way and another saw no more of my policeman for three good years.

One night, just such a cold bright night as that on which I first saw him staring at the hams, I was awakened long after midnight by a cry of fire. I started up to see the flames through the floor, and to know the store downstairs was all ablaze. The stairs were on fire also, and when, as I opened the entry door the hot air and smoke rushed in and almost smothered me, I gave up all hope of getting my poor wife and our helpless little ones out of the burning building alive and safe. Help came to us, howeve, and though in clambering down the ladder, I slipped and broke my arm, I was thankful when I saw, as I thought, that all were safe. I was so faint and ill from the accident, you see, that I hadn't all my wits about me, and believed that there was no one missing. My blood ran cold when my wife, clasping her hands, with an awful look on her face, screamed:

"Our little Lucy, our little Lucy is left behind."

She had slept with our hired girl since her baby-brother was born, and the woman in her fright had forgotten the little one. There she was at the top of that burning building out of the reach of any human help; it seemed to me as I looked up at the walls, a great red and yellow sheet of flame, with blue gleams here and there as though develish heads were peeping out and grinning at us. Still, hopeless as it was, I should have gone back into the burning house and saved my baby or died with her if I had been able to stand. No one else would venture. It would be a foolish sacrifice of life, they said, for no doubt, the child was already smothered by the smoke; and though I raved and pleaded and made wild promises, they shook their heads and only bade me have patience.

Patience! I thought that I was going mad as the face of my little girl, my sweet pretty pet, rose up before me. But just then a tall man dashed through the crowd and came toward me.

"Quick!" he shouted, "which room is the child in—speak quick—which room?"

"The back one on the upper floor," I groaned, and he dashed away from me, parting the throng with his strong arms, and in another moment I saw him mounting the ladder. I heard them calling to him to come back bidding him beware, and speaking of him as though he were dead already. But he never heeded them, and as I saw him hidden by the black smoke which poured from the window, I covered my face and prayed that the angels who walked in the firey furnace might go with him.

Perhaps they did. Something stronger than any earthly thing must have been there, for in a few minutes—they seemed years to me then—we saw him coming down the ladder with something in his arms. "The burnt body of my child, perhaps," I thought, but as he came closer I saw that it was my own laughing, living darling, with her blue eyes open and her little arms about his neck.

The roof fell in the next moment, but my treasure was safe and that was all I cared for.

"What shall I do or say to thank you," I said, as I grasped his hand. "I'm a ruined man and can only give you my blessing; but let me know your name, at least."

"Have you forgottem me? don't you remember me?" he said, as he bent over me. "Look again."

I did, and I saw a pair of bright gray eyes, a face I knew, and something glittering on his breast. And the scene at the corner of the dirty little street on a wet December night came back to me, and I saw my policeman once more.

"It is you," I said, "and you have saved my child from such an awful death."

"And what did you save me and mine from?" he said, with tears in his eyes. "Starvation, ruin, utter degradation. I should have been a felon, and my dear ones paupers this night, but for you. I have not paid the debt; I never can; but when I heard that it was your child who lay at the top of that burning building, I prayed that I might save it, and I know God heard me."

And then he told me what had brought him to the neighborhood on that night of all others in the year.

I had lost all, for I was not insured, but he was prosperous and stood by me like a brother; nursed me through my illness, and loaned me money for a new start in life. So that in a little while things grew bright again, and here I am, as comfortable as most people.

"And the policeman?" I asked.

"His hair is as white as my own now," said the old man. "And my daughter, the little one he saved that night, is married to his son."

The Northmen in America.

An interesting paper was recently read in New York, relative to the discovery of the American continent in the tenth century:

The speaker began by explaining that the Northmen were an Asiatic race that settled in Denmark, overran Norway and Sweeden, and afterward, in the year 875, colonized Iceland. Near the close of the tenth century the Icelanders, led by Eric the Red, pushed westward and colonized Greenland, where the colony existed until near the beginning of the fifteenth century, and where a line of no less than seventeen bishops presided over the church which was established. The last bishop was Andreas, who, in the cathedral church of Gordo, on the west coast of Greenland, celebrated the marriage of a couple from whom the learned Nina Magnussenn took his discent. While the Icelanders were in Greenland, they made expiditions far into the North. In 1824 Perry found a monument that was erected by them in latitude seventy-three degrees, in the year 1135. In 1266 another expedition reached the latitude of seventy-six degrees, which was as far as Perry went in 1827. After showing that the Icelandic narratives posses no faults that are not found in modern histories, Mr. DeCosta proceeded to speak of the voyages of the Northmen to New England, which they called Vineland, on account of the quantity of vines they found growing wild. The existence of land south of Vinland was first made known by one Birne, who, in 884, sailing from Iceland to Greenland, was driven southward upon the American coast. This encouraged Leif, son of Eric the Red, to go in search of the new land. He sailed in the year 1000, and passed down the American coast as far as the latitude of Rhode Island, when in the region of Mount Hope Bay he spent the winter, returning to Greenland in the spring. In 1002 his brother Thorvald made the same voyage; but lost his life in a conflict with the natives. The most distinguished explorer was Karlsefne, who sailed to Vinland in 1017 with three ships and 160 men. He spent three years in the vicinity of Mount Hope in Rhode Island. One interesting confirmation of the truth of the Icelandic narratives which give an account of the voyages is found in connection with that island which the Icelanders mention as then existing in the ocean east of Cape Cod This Island is also referred to in Gosnold's voyage; and its non-appearance now has led some to discredit Gosnold's account. But recent explorations by Professor Agassiz and others have demonstrated its existence by geological evidence. The result of these explorations was illustrated by a map drawn for the purpose, which makes it clear that the Northmen visited the coast of Massachusetts, and that they have described its appearance at that early time in their narratives, which bear every mark of truth.

There are now before the Senate, lying on the table or referred to the Pacific Railroad or Public Land Committees, one hundred and ten bills and resolutions, asking aid for the new Pacific routes or connecting lines in Territories and Pacific States. Nine of the bills were offered at the first session of the present Congress, fifty-two at the second, and four at the present one. Twenty of them are now pending before the committees, and nearly as many more have been reported back favorably, amended and unamended. In the House there are one hundred and twelve pending. Eighteen of them are before the Committee on Pacific Railroad, and ninety-four before the Land Committe. It is impossible to accurately estimate the aggregate of acres of land and the amount of bonds asked in aid of these projects. An approximate statement, carefully prepared, puts the amount of the bond subsidy at about $12,000,000, and the land grants at 120,000,000 of acres.

The following conversation recently took place between two young ladies in the vicinity of a theological seminary:

"Jane, do you really believe that the students draw girls up to their rooms?"

"Certainly, my dear; more than that, I know they do."

"Pray, Jane, tell me why you think so?"

"Well, as I was going by the college one morning—it was just before light; 'twas very early in the morning—I heard a noise in the direction of the college building. I looked that way, and as plain as I see you now, I saw a girl in a basket, about half-way between a three story window and the ground. Just then the rope broke, and Lord! *down I came!*"

Clippings.

George D. Prentice, years ago, wrote a poem which some vagabond palmed off as original on the editor of Mayne Reid's new magazine *Onward*, in the first number of which it appears.

There are still a few Eastern women left who do not give public readings, but not many.

In Robert Bonner's stables the horses are fed from a box on the floor, as their owner believes that nature intended that they should take their food from the level of their feet.

A speculative justice of the peace at Alexandria, Minnesota, offers to marry all couples gratis who will buy their stock of housekeeping, drugs, spices, &c., at his store.

Opium eating has become very general in Maine. This is a result, it is argued, of the prohibitory liquor law.

A new colossal scheme of large capitalists is talked of in Wall street, but it has not yet been announced. Those acquainted with it say it will eclipse in magnitude the late operations in Erie and Central. All parties engaged in it are pledged to secrecy.

A Connecticut editor fell on an icy sidewalk last week. He did not use "unparliamentary language," as some would have done, but bit his lips, rubbed down the bruises, and while a benevolent smile radiated his countenance, remarked: "We don't cherish any ill will; but for light and entertaining reading matter, recommend to us the obituary of the man who owns this sidewalk."

A manuscript brought by the British officers from Abyssinia is illustrated by a picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, *armed with muskets*.

A noted Chinese bandit and blackmailer, Linstan-man, has been captured in Shanghae. He will be punished by being put into a box of such shape that he can neither lie down, sit, nor stand; his head and hands will protrude, and he will be left exposed to sun, wind, and rain, until he dies of exhaustion or starvation.

A Wisconsin paper says: "During a fierce thunderstorm near Mount Desert, the lightning came down through the roof of a house and a bed upon which lay a husband and wife, throwing the man out of bed, thence into the cellar and out through the drain, and then plowed up the ground to the barn-yard, where it killed a cow."

Another Wisconsin paper, in describing a large farm advertised in its columns for sale, adds: "The surrounding country is most beautiful; also, two wagons and a yoke of steers."

The first instance on record of a man's raising up "a large family of children *by his own widow*," is given in this obituary, taken from the N. Y. *Herald*: The deceased married many years ago, and survived his widow, by whom he had a large family of children." And while upon so grave a subject let us chronicle the affecting inscription given by a New York paper, in an account of a "new monument recently erected in our village church-yard:" erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A Connecticut editor gives an account of a man who "blew out his brains after bidding his wife good-bye with his shot gun."

A noted disciple of Vulcan in our town, says a Pike county paper, returned to his home a little late and considerably drunk the other night. His whisky wouldn't stay drunk, but sought the outer world with the natural gusto of a strong emetic. He was standing over a basket in which some goslings were snuggly wrapped for the night. But they didn't like whisky, and set up such a cry as only goslings can. Mr. Vulcan was exceedingly amazed, and exclaimed, in great alarm: "My God, when'd I swaller them are things?"

A coffin contractor has been ensured by the authorities of Pritchard, England, for allowing a "dead pauper to have trimmings on his coffin." He explained that the relations of the dead man had begged money for the trimmings. He was instructed never to allow such a thing again, or "if people could obtain coffins at the public expense, and still have their friends burried in *good style*, by simply adding the trimmings, there would be no end of applicants who would get coffins out of the tax payers."

All who know young Sniffkins, are aware that he married old Miss Betty Blodgett for her money—that he cannot touch it until she dies, and that he treats her very badly on account of what he calls her "unjustifiable longevity." The other day, Mrs. Sniffkins, finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor, and in the presence of Sniffkins and the medical man, declared her belief that