Nebraska Advertiser.

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One column, one year	80 00
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☞ All transcient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

General Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

O. B. HEWETT. J. W. NEWMAN.

HEWETT & NEWMAN,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW.

Office, No. 70, McPherson Block, up stairs,

SIDNEY FRENCH, W. T. ROGERS.

FRENCH & ROGERS,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW.

Office in Court House Building.

Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to their care. [48-tf]

JOB A. DILLON,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW and General Land Agent,

Tecumseh, Johnson County, Nebraska.

J. N. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,

OFFICE—No. **90,** Reynolds Hotel.

THOMAS & BROADY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OFFICE—District Court Room.

WM. H. McLENNAN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

Nebraska City, Nebraska.

B. F. PERKINS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

Tecumseh, Johnson County, Neb.

NYE & HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW,

Pawnee City, Pawnee Co., Neb.

N. K. GRIGGS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND LAND AGENT,

Beatrice, Gage County, Nebraska.

PHYSICIANS.

W. H. KIMBERLIN, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON TO NEB. EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.

OFFICE—85 Main-st. OFFICE HOURS—7 A.M. to 6 P.M.

H. C. THURMAN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office—No. 85 Main Street,

Office hours from 7 to 11 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m.

H. L. MATHEWS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office in City Drug Store, Main-st.

C. F. STEWART, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office in D. H. Lewis & Co.'s Drug Store.

Office hours from 7 to 9 a. m.; and 1 to 2 and 6½ to 7½ p. m.

LAND AGENTS.

R. V. HUGHES,

REAL ESTATE AGENT & NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office over Hannaford & McFall's Furniture store.

WM. H. HOOVER,

REAL ESTATE & 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,

LAND AND TAX PAYING AGENT.

Office with Probate Judge.

Will attend to the Payment of Taxes for Non-Resident Land Owners in Nemaha County. Correspondence solicited.

NOTARIES.

JAS. C. McNAUGHTON,

NOTARY PUBLIC & CONVEYANCER,

Office in J. L. Carson's Bank.

F. E. EBRIGHT,

NOTARY PUBLIC & CONVEYANCER,

No. 72 Main-st., second floor.

Agent for the Equitable and American Tontine Life Insurance Companies,

DRUG STORES.

McCREERY & NICKELL,

DEALERS IN DRUGS, STATIONERY, &c.

No. 32 Main-st.

Full assortment Drugs, Paints, Books, Stationery, etc., on hand, and sold at wholesale or retail.

D. H. LEWIS & CO.,

[SUCCESSORS TO HOLLADAY & CO.]

DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

No. 41 Main-st.

GRAIN DEALERS.

EVAN WORTHING,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

And dealer in all kinds of Grain and Country Produce, Brownville, Nebraska.

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.

MERCHANDISE.

McPHERSON & TUTTLE,

DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE

No. 66, McPherson Block.

F. E. JOHNSON & CO.

DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE

No. 72 Main-st., McPherson Block,

WM. T. DEN,

DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Forwarding & Commission Merchant,

No. 62 Main-st., Brownville,

Corn Planters, Plows, Stoves, Furniture, &c., always on hand. Highest market price paid for Hides, Pelts, Furs, and Country Produce.

HARDWARE.

SHELLENBERGER BRO'S.,

DEALERS IN HARDWARE, STOVES.

No. 74 Main-st.

Stoves, Hardware, Carpenter's Tools, Blacksmith Furnishings, &c., constantly on hand.

JOHN C. DEUSER,

DEALER IN STOVES, TINWARE, &c.

No. 79 Main-st.

SADDLERY.

JOHN W. MIDDLETON,

HARNESS, BRIDLES, COLLARS, Etc.

No. 64 Main-st.

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

J. H. BAUER,

HARNESS, BRIDLES, COLLARS, Etc.

No. 9 Main-st.

Mending done to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CONFECTIONERIES.

ISRAEL S. NACE,

CITY BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY.

No. 21 Main-st., opposite City Drug Store.

Pies, Cakes, Fresh Bread, Confectionery, Light and Fancy Groceries, constantly on hand.

WILLIAM ROSSELL,

CONFECTIONERY AND TOY STORE,

No, 40 Main-st.

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Oysters, Fruits, etc., on hand.

J. P. DEUSER,

DEALER IN CONFECTIONERIES, &c

No. 44 Main-st.

MUSIC.

MRS. J. M. GRAHAM,

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

Rooms, Main-st., bet. 4th and 5th,

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.

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.

SALOONS.

JOSEPH HUDDARD & CO.,

PEACE AND QUIET SALOON.

No. 47 Main-st.

The best Wines and Liquors kept on hand.

R. C. BERGER,

ALHAMBRA BILLIARD SALOON,

No. 48, Whitney's Block.

The best Wines and Liquors constantly on hand.

Nebraska

ESTABLISHED 1856. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA,

General Business Cards.

HOTELS.

STAR HOTEL.
STEVENSON & CROSS, PROPRIETORS.
Front-st, between Main and Atlantic.

This House has just been remodeled, inside and out. Stage Office for all points West. Omnibusses to all trains.

REYNOLDS HOUSE.
NATHAN N. GREEN, PROPRIETOR,
88 & 90 Main Street, Brownville.

Best accommodations in the city. New House, newly furnished. In the heart of business part of city. Livery stable convenient. 45-9m

AMERICAN HOUSE.
L. D. ROBISON, PROPRIETOR.
Front-st., bet. Main and Water.

A good Feed and Livery Stable in connection with the House.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A. ROBINSON,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
No. 58 Main-st.

Has constantly 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.

JUSTICES.

A. W. MORGAN,
PROBATE JUDGE AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office in Court House Building.

STATIONERY.

A. D. MARSH,
PIONEER BOOK AND NEWS DEALER,
City Book Store, No. 50 Main-st.

BRIDGE BUILDING.

C. W. WHEELER,
BRIDGE BUILDER & CONTRACTOR.
Brownville, Nebraska.

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

TAILORING.

CHRIS. HAUBOLDT,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 62 Main-st.

Has on hand a splendid stock of Goods, and will make them up in the latest styles, on short notice and reasonable terms.

BLACKSMITHS.

J. W. & J. C. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITHS & HORSE SHOERS.
First-st., bet. Main and Atlantic.
All work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

NEW STOCK OF
Dry-Goods and Groceries at
LONDON.

A. W. ELLIS,

To accommodate the public in and about London, has just received, and opened up in that place, a new stock of

GRY-GOODS, GROCERIES, READY-MADE CLOTHING,

which he is selling at prices which defy competition from the river towns.

PATRONIZE HOME, and assist in building up a point in the interior, especially when you can get goods just as cheap, which is the case at the store of Mr. Ellis. 15-6

Shellenberger Bros.
HARDWARE MERCHANTS
No. 74,
McPherson's Block,
BROWNVILLE, NEB.,
SOLE AGENTS FOR
CANTON CLIPPER PLOWS!!
THE BEST PLOW MADE!

MEDFORD & HOWARD,
ARCHITECTS & BUILDERS
Are prepared to furnish
DESIGNS & SPECIFICATIONS
for all kinds of
BUILDINGS,
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE,
of the latest and most approved styles.
ALSO TAKE CONTRACTS!
All kinds of Job Work done to order!
☞Shop, corner Main and Second streets,
BROWNVILLE, NEB. 43-y

C. SNOKE,
BOOT & SHOE
MAKER.
No. 15
Main Street,
BROWNVILLE, NEB.

Has constantly on hand a superior stock of Boots and Shoes. Custom work done with neatness and dispatch.

H. H. BRYANT,
HOUSE, SIGN, AND CARRIAGE
PAINTER,
Grainer & Paper Hanger,
No. 60 MAIN STREET,
Brownville, Nebraska.
[38-tf]

J. K. FRETZ,
CARRIAGE, ORNAMENTAL
AND SIGN PAINTER.
OVER HELMER'S WAGON SHOP,
Brownville, Nebraska.

OFFERS his services to the public, with the confident belief that his work will meet the approbation of his patrons.
[38-tf]

DR. J. BLAKE,
DENTIST

Would respectfully announce that he has located in Brownville and is now prepared to perform, in the best manner, ALL operations pertaining to the science of Dentistry.

OFFICE—Over City Drug Store, front room. 1st

FRANZ HELMER,
WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP
ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.

WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. [34-1y.

PHELPS HOUSE.
Opposite the Depot,
PHELPS CITY, MO,
W. M. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR.

As good accommodations and good stabling are offered as can be had in the West. [38-1y]

HATS AND CAPS.—All Varieties and Styles, at HETZEL'S.

TRUNKS, VALISES, &c., &c., in endless variety, at HETZEL'S.

THE WINDOW JUST OVER THE STREET.

BY ALICF CARY.

I SIT in my sorrow a-weary, alone;
I have nothing sweet to hope or remember,
For the Spring o' th' year and of life has flown;
'Tis the wildest night o' the wild December,
And dark in my spirit and dark in my chamber.

I sit and list to the steps in the street,
Going and coming, coming and going,
And the winds at my shutter they blow and beat;
'Tis the middle of night and the clouds are snowing;
And the winds are bitterly beating and blowing.

I list to the steps as they come and go,
And list to the winds that are beating and blowing,
And my heart sinks down so low, so low;
No step is stayed from me by the snowing,
Nor stayed by the wind so bitterly blowing.

I think of the ships that are out at sea,
Of the wheels in th' cold black waters turning;
Not one of the ships beareth news to me,
And my head is sick, and my heart is yearning,
As I think of the wheels in the black waters turning.

Of the mother I think, by her sick baby's bed,
Away in her cabin as lonesome and dreary,
And little and low as the flax-breaker's shed;
Of her patience so sweet, and her silence so weary,
With cries of the hungry wolf hid in the prairie.

I think of all things in the world that are sad;
Of children in homesick and comfortless places;
Of prisons, of dungeons, of men that are mad;
Of wicked, unwomanly light in the faces
Of women that fortune has wronged with disgraces.

I think of a dear little sun-lighted head,
That came where no hand of us all could deliver;
And crazed with the cruelest pain went to bed
Where the sheets were the foam-fretted waves of the river;
Poor darling! may God in his mercy forgive her.

The footsteps grow faint and more faint in the snow;
I put back the curtain in very despairing;
The masts creak and groan as th' winds come and go;
And the light in the light-house all weirdly is flaring!
But what glory is this, in the gloom of despaiaring!

I see at the window just over the street,
A maid in the lamp-light her love-letter reading.
Her red mouth is smiling, her news is so sweet;
And the heart in my bosom is cured of its bleeding,
As I look on the maiden her love-letter reading.

She has finished the letter, and folding it, kisses,
And hides it—a secret too sacred to know;
And now in the hearth-light she softly undresses:
A vision of grace in the roseate glow,
I see her unbinding the braids of her tresses.

And now as she stoops to the ribbon that fastens
Her slipper, they tumble o'er shoulder and face
And now, as she patters in bare feet, she hastens
To gather them up in a fillet of lace;
And now she is gone, but in fancy I trace

The lavendered linen updrawn, the round arm
Half sunk in the counterpane's broidered roses,
Revealing the exquisite outline of form;
A willowy wonder of grace that reposes
Beneath the white counterpane, fleecy with roses.

I see the small hand lying over the heart,
Where the passionate dreams are so sweet in their sally;
The fair little fingers they tremble and part,
As part to th' warm waves the leaves of the lily,
And they play with her hand like the waves with the lily,

In white fleecy flowers the queen o' the flowers;
What to her is the world with its bad, bitter weather?
Wide she opens her arms—ah, her world is not ours!
And now she has closed them and clasped them together—
What to her is our world, with its clouds and rough weather?

Hark! midnight! the winds and the snows blow and beat;
I drop down the curtain and say to my sorrow,
Thank God for the window just over the street;
Thank God there is always a light whence to borrow,
When darkness is darkest, and Sorrow most Sorrow.

* * *

[COMMUNICATED.]

ART AND TIME.

"Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like mufled drums are beating,
Onward marches to the grave."

Yea! "art is long;" the destroying finger of time leaves but little impress upon the works of art, fashioned by the skillful hand of man.

The beautiful chiseled marble stands a lasting monument to the undying genius of a powerful mind long after the hands that wrought it are folded over the silent heart. The canvas, although now faded, has traces of a master mind; those once glowing colors shadow forth the beautiful fancies of one whose earthly life is over. Generations have passed away, and his name, were it not for the frail work of his own hand, would long since have been forgotten.

The poet weaves his brilliant thoughts into verse or sonnet. He wins the esteem and applause of his fellow men; not only those with whom he associates, but his name is loved by all who have feasted their souls upon the beauty of his verse. Though all may not be blest with the gift of poetry, there is not one heart but has at some time felt the beauty—the power of poetry. Who could fail to admire the sweet songs of a Moore, or a Morris. The writers may slumber, but their works will be handed down to posterity. For ages to come those sublime sentiments will gladden the hearts of earth's weary children.

The philosophers — the statesmen of old—have all passed away, yet they are not forgotten. They live in the hearts of a greatful people. The world is wiser and better that they have lived.

"Time! time! in thy triumphal flight,
How all life's phantoms flee away!
The smile of hope and young delight,
Fames meteor beam and fancy's ray."

"Time is fleeting." In vain we try to bind it with the fetters of our will. We reach forth as it were, to gain possession of but one moment, which is but a mere atom in the composition of time; yet, ere it is ours; 'tis forever flown. Small as they seem, these moments make up the days, the months, the years; and soon we shall look down life's vista at the golden grains of sand, some purified by the tears of sorrow, others glowing with the sunlight of joyous happy life.

"Thus time fleeth." But a few days since we welcomed the first bright morning of the glad new year. What beautiful pictures hope painted of the coming days; but alas! how few will ever be realized. Though but yesterday the new year dawned, it is already drawing to a close; a brief season of sunshine and flowers, then winter again.

Time's great hour-glass will soon be empty. Six thousand times our earth has sped 'round the sun. A few more cycles, and time will be no more. The first glad morn of eternity will have dawned, earth, with all of earth, will be forever past. Shall we have lived in vain?

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

MARY SNYDER.

* * *

Looking into a fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united destroy the eyes.

[COMMUNICATED.]

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AT HILLSDALE.

HILLSDALE, NEB., Jan. 28, 1870.

Pursuant to announcement, a meeting was held at this place this evening for the purpose of organizing a Precinct Teachers' Institute for Aspinwall and St. Deroin precincts.

W. P. Shockey was chosen Chairman and M. W. Cook Secretary, and arrangements were made for a permanent organization.

S. W. McGrew, County Superintendent, was present and delivered an address which was highly commended for its practicability, thus awakening an interest amongst all classes present; and considerable miscellaneous speaking followed by teachers and citizens, of which a large number were present both of ladies and gentlemen.

On motion, Messrs. McGrew, Jones and Button were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws for the society, and Messrs. Winters, Slocum and Cook to prepare a programme of exercises for to-morrow.

Meantime, Superintendent McGrew and the tax payers discussed the subject of funds, all agreeing that some changes were necessary in the law pertaining to the School funds, and that a petition should be presented to the Legislature at their coming Session, asking that honorable body to make such change.

After receiving report of the committee on programme, the meeting adjourned to meet at 9 o'clock a. m. to-morrow for permanent organization.

January 29, 1870.

Met at the appointed hour and proceeded to business by calling for report of committee on constitution, etc.

After some perusing and revising, the constitution was adopted and the names of the following members attached thereto: W. P. Shockey, M. W. Cook, Jas. L. Slocum, J. M. Barland, H. M. Jones, G. R. Shook, E. W. Weston, H. W. Winters, Jas. Tucker, A. P. Thompson and Miss Ida E. Hooper.

A general discussion on the subject of teachers, scholars and institutes followed, engaged in by the Superintendent, teachers and people, all showing conclusively that this part of Nemaha county is *alive* on the subject of education, and that the people here want good teachers and are willing to pay them good wages.

Superintendent McGrew manifested his ability and experience by the prompt and efficient manner in which he disposed of the usually long and tedious preliminaries, and by getting in a class drill on grammar, which was ably conducted and showed a good, sound knowledge of the subject all around.

The class on drill was followed by essays by Cook and Winters.

Committee on resolutions reported the following, which was adopted:

WHEREAS, A Teachers' Institute has been held at Hillsdale, in Nemaha county, Nebraska, and,

WHEREAS, We have had a profitable and interesting meeting; therefore, be it

Resolved, 1st. That we, as teachers, deem it expedient to hold the regular meetings of this Society every three weeks during the fall and winter terms of school.

2d. That we tender our thanks to our worthy Superintendent for his presence end assistance in the organization of our Institute.

3d. That we tender our thanks to the citizens of Hillsdale for their generosity in providing for the teachers present.

The following programme was adopted for the next session, to be held at Hillsdale, February 18th and 19th.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Music; address by Prof. J. M. McKenzie, W. P. Shockey alternate; discussion; topic—Best mode of securing attendance at Institutes; miscellaneous business.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Music; address by H. M. Jones; class drill in orthography by J. L. Slocum; essay by J. M. Borland; class drill by M. W. Cook.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Music; address by Hon. G. R. Shook; class drill by W. P. Shockey on arithmetic; miscellaneous business.

With many expressions of pleasure at the success of the meeting, the Society adjourned to meet as above mentioned.

M. W. COOK, Secy.

* * *

Bleeding from the Nose.—Put a piece of paper in your mouth, chew it rapidly, and it will stop your nose from bleeding. This remedy has been tried frequently, it is stated, and always with success.

Physicians say that placing a small roll of paper or muslin above the front teeth, under the upper lip, and pressing hard on the same, will arrest bleeding at the nose, checking the passage of blood through the arteries leading to the nose.

* * *

Men become bald. Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald except by disease, and they do not wear close hats and caps. Men never lose a hair below where the hat touches the head, not if they have been bald twenty years. The close cap holds the heat and prespiration; thereby the hair glands become weak, and the hair falls out.

* * *

Never enter a sick room in a state of prespiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious disease with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the vapor. Preventatives are preferable to pill or powder.

Advertiser.

, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1870. VOL. 14.—NO. 17.

[COMMUNICATED.]

TEMPERANCE.

EDITOR ADVERTISER:

Permit me through the columns of your paper to submit to the Good Templars and friends of temperance in Nemaha, Richardson, Johnson, Pawnee and Gage counties, the following recommendation of the Congressional Temperance Society:

"Believing that the habitual use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage causes poverty, suffering and crimes; that there is safety alone in total abstinance, and that the personal pledge and co-operative effort tend to secure and maintain such abstinance, the Congressional Temperance Society suggest and recommend to the ministers and to the churches, to all temperance organizations and the philanthropist and patriots throughout the land, to hold simultaneous meetings in their several towns, townships and city wards, on the 22d of February next, the birthday of Washington, and unite in the organization of Union Temperance Societies, based on the simple pledge of total abstinance from all that intoxicates, and to adopt practicable measures to have such pledge presented to every man, woman and child over ten years of age. There are millions of members of christian churches and public schools, and millions of those whom it is believed might be pursuaded to pledge their faith, truth and honor wholly to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks; and this Society believes if a concerted, vigorous and presistent effort were made to that end, one-third of the nation would, within a few months, be thus pledged and enrolled."

It is to be hoped that the friends of temperance in the above counties will consider the importance of the suggestion and act in accordance with its recommendation; and as but one temperance organization exists in this district, viz.: The "Independent Order of Good Templars," it is earnestly desired by the Grand Lodge of Nebraska, that all existing lodges be revived and new ones organized in every town and precinct.

The following Good Templars' Platform was adopted by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge in 1859:

1st. Total abstinance from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

2d. No license in any form or under any circumstances for the sale of liquors to be used as a beverage.

3d. The absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors for such purposes—prohibition by the will of the people, expressed in due form by the law with the penalties deserved for a crime of such enormity.

4th. The creation of a healthy, public opinion upon the subject by the active dissemination of truth in all the modes known to an enlightened philanthropy.

5th. The election of good, honest men to administer law.

6th. Persistance in efforts to save individuals and communities from so direful a scourge against any form of opposition and difficulty, until our success is complete and universal.

Correspondence in the interest of the I. O. of G. T. respectfully solicited.

New lodges will be organized in any of the above counties by application to me at Brownville in person or by letter.

Fraternally,
W. D. BLACKBURN,
D. G. W. C. T., I. O. of G. T.

* * *

That $17,000,000 Fortune—First Installment Received.

Our readers will recollect an account published in these columns about six months ago, of a lucky Fort Edward, (N. Y.) milliner, to whom her affiancied lover, a young English nobleman, had left the marvelous fortune of seventeen million dollars. We further stated that she had gone to London to look after the little bequest, but were unable at that time to give her full name, for the reason that her friends in this city requested us not to do so, until after her return. She has come back, after seeing that everything was all right in the English courts, and has been waiting all this time on the action of those courts which have been trying to set aside the will. They have, however, abandoned the attempt, and a little news item in the New York *World* of Tuesday tells us that she has been informed by her agent in London that an installment of $5,000,000 of the snug little bequest will be forwarded to her the present month.

We are, of course, now at liberty to give something of her history. She hails from Glover, Vermont, and is the niece of Mr. Daniel Gray, of that town. Those who knew her in this city say she is quite a sensible girl, and not at all likely to be upset by this staggering freak of fortune. The story of her acquaintance with the young Englishman is known to but few in this country. He came here to recruit his failing health, and while wondering among the pleasant retreats along the Hudson, they met and loved, but a rapidly failing health called him back to his friends in England, where about a year ago he died, having first proved his affection by leaving her his vast wealth. She, however, steadily attended to her business, that of catering to the fashions of the ladies of Fort Edward, until called to London by the attorneys of the estate. Now, with more than a princely fortune, she will probably give up her business, and we should'nt be surprised if her trade became popular with ambitious, young ladies, for a few years to come, and perhaps with some of our Davenport beauties.—*Davenport Democrat.*

* * *

After Dinner Naps.—Many persons are in the habit of sleeping for half an hour or an hour immediately after dinner. This is a bad practice. Ten minutes sleep before dinner is worth more than an hour after. It rests and refreshes and prepares the system for vigorous digestion. If sleep is taken after dinner it should be in a sitting posture, as the horizontal position is unfavorable to healthful digestion. Let those who need rest and sleep during the day, take it before dinner instead of after, and they will soon find that they feel better, and that their digestion will be improved thereby.—*Herald of Health.*

* * *

Air is a meal of which we are constantly partaking—hence it should always be pure.

BY AND BY.

By and by! We say it softly,
Thinking of a tender hope,
Stirring always in our bosoms,
Where so many lodgings group.

By and by! Oh, love shall greet us
In a time that is to come,
And the fears that now defeat us,
Then shall be all stricken dumb.

By and by! The mournful sorrows
Clouding o'er our sky to-day,
Shall be gone in glad to-morrows—
Shall be banished quite away.

By and by! We say it gently,
Looking on our silent dead,
And we do not think of earth-life,
But of Heaven's sweet life instead.

By and by! We look in yearning
Toward the harbor of the blest,
And we see the beacons burning
In the ports of perfect rest.

By and by! Our ships shall anchor,
If the tide and wind run fair,
Some day in the port of Heaven,
Where our lost and loved ones are

By and by! 'Oh, say it softly,
Thinking not of earth and care,
But the by and by of Heaven,
Waiting for us over there.

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

BY JOHN QUILL.

The following account of the latent nitro-glycerine accident is too funny to be withheld:

This horrible tale was related to me by Archibald Haggerty, the young gentleman who blacks boots:

"Mr. Quill, you see Joe McGinnis and me, and a lot of us fellers, was a playin' marvels down to Pine street wharf one day, and Joe McGinnis had no luck. He blowed on his alley, and said conjurin' over it, and spit on it, and said 'fen everythings,' but 'twan't no use, for us fellers won his commoners, and his bull's-eye, and his glass agate, and his white alleys, until Joe just burst out a cryin', and went and set down on a board, and rubbed his fists into his eyes like he was tryin' to gouge 'em. And us fellers, we didn't pay no 'tention to Joe McGinnis, and we went on playin' and playin', and never saw that Joe had gone and sot down on a place where some feller had been shippin' this yer nitro-glycerine. And that there stuff, you know, Mr. Quill, it had been and leaked out all over that there board on which Joe McGinnis was a settin', and the first thing Joe McGinnis knowed, his pants was soaked with nitro-glycerine, like he had sot down in the river. Yes, it was. And Joe McGinnis, when he felt it a gittin' damp, he pranced home and thought he'd dry them pants of his'n by the stove. But, you know, old Mrs. McGinnis, when she seed Joe, she was mad as fury, and she just rose right up and snorted:

"I say, you Joe, you outrageous willin, wher've you bin with them there pants?"

"And then old Mrs. McGinnis she just made a rush for Joe, Mr. Quill, and she grabbed a hold of Joe, and lay him across her lap this here way, you know. Then she lifted up that there number sixteen fist o' hern, intendin' to spank Joe McGinnis like sin. But when she struck that nitro-glycerine, Mr. Quill, wasn't there a regular bustin' out of things! Je-ru-sa-lem! I guess so! There was a kind of a grumble and a roar, and a rarin', tarin', thunder and lightnin' explosion, and then about thirty billion of earthquakes all run into one, and Joe McGinnis was blown through the winder and the door, and the fire-place, in little bits of chunks about the size of a marvel, and he never knowed what ailed him, while Mrs. McGinnis went a pitchin' through the ceilin' and the garret about ten thousand miles, along with chairs and stove-pipe, and pans and cats, and soup-tureens and one thing another; and she never come down again, *she* didn't. And that was what ailed Joe McGinnis and Mrs. McGinnis, as sure as you're born. And now, Mr. Quill, couldn't you give a feller a quarter for Christmas?"

That was a sad fate, that of young Joseph McGinnis; and what a solemn warning it conveys to mothers. How careful every parent should be to examine her child's trowsers with chemical tests for nitro-glycerine before inflicting punishment. Let mothers lay the lesson to heart, and resolve hereafter to exercise loving vigilance, lest they, too, should perish as this wretched Mrs. McGinnis did, without a chance to get off any last words.

AN ABANDONED BABY.

On Saturday night Officer Kuss found a baby in a blanket, on the steps of Mr. H. T. Clark's residence, No. 1319 Pine street. In the blanket was the following pathetic letter addressed to Mr. Gray, No. 1319 Pine street:

MR. GRAY AND WIFE—Here is my poor little baby; I have to do something with it. Some one must keep it for me. God only knows how badly I hate to part with it. I must leave it to the mercy of some one, and I am told you are both rich and good people; you will not surely harm it, anyhow.

This is my third child. The first I gave away, and the second my mother keeps. This I must give away too. I have not seen my husband for six months. No one will hire me with a baby. My mother has seven children, and is poor. She cannot keep it for me. My husband was always drunk, and sometimes he did not come home for weeks at a time.

My dear little girl will never know its mother; but no matter what you do with it, she will be well off compared with its lot with me.

For the sake of a poor forsaken mother, do something with it that it may live.

It was born Thursday morn at about half past-seven, January 13th, 1870.

I never gave it my breast; my dear baby has only had the bottle.

My every thought will be a prayer for my darling baby.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

A great deal of character is often imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this, and therefore instead of swallowing your food in silver silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social and cheering. Don't bring unpleasant things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table, the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an educator of the family. Hence the intelligence, and the refinement, and the appropriate behavior of a family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact, that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.

A Visit to a Chinese Silk Factory.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes from Canton:

I directed my guide to take me into the silk weaving streets. We soon entered them. I at once dismounted to take a careful observation of their *modus operandi*, for the production of this renowned fabric of oriental looms. All around me was silk, nothing but silk. In small dark houses, little better than hovels, were seen people, principally women, dyeing this delicate textile. Outside in little filthy yards and pig-styes, over the ground where the family swine were wallowing, were placed bamboo poles, whereon were hanging skeins of colored silk, just from the dye, and glowing with the most vivid hues, as they hung for drying in the sunshine, over the loathsome pools below. I visited several of their weaving shops. They were quite similar in their fixtures, and arrangements. I spent some time in examining one of the largest. It was, perhaps, one hundred feet long, and about sixteen feet wide. The walls were of course clay blocks, sun-dried, unpiaeced by a single aperture or for air light, save at the front, which was entirely open the whole length of the building. The floor was simply of trodden clay, uneven and untidy. An aisle ran down the center, just wide enough for one person to pass; on either side of this were ranged the nearest looms, and standing as close together as they could be placed.

Two or three persons were employed on the work of each loom. The looms are plain common looking affairs, almost precisely the same kind, as to appearance and mode of manipulation, as those upon which our grandmother in Ohio used to weave the linsey-woolsey for the wear of us Western boys when even the preacher was almost a stranger to broad-cloth. Squatting myself down by one of these friendly-looking acquaintances, of my boyhood, I leisurely watched the delicate and dilligent manipulations of the weaver and his assistants as their shuttles flew to and from the mazy mystery of figures and flowers, came gradually out larger and plainer upon the glowing surface of the gorgeous fabric, which those skillful workmen were creating under my eye. So complex were the movements of the men upon these simple looking machines, and marvelously beautiful were the products resulting therefrom, that I gazed with unbounded amazement upon this work of silk weaving, as it progressed before me.

The weather being very warm and the shop crowded, the workmen were almost naked. My visit interested them manifestly, though not a loom ceased its clicking, clacking noise, not a man left his employment to gaze, but I detected them giving furtive glances and exchanging mutual smiles among themselves at the curious stranger who had thus unceremoniously squatted himself down in their midst by one of these humble looking looms on a common dirt floor, within homely clad walls, were, nevertheless, are produced these magnificent fabrics which for ages and throughout the world, have been the pride of wealth, the envy of beauty and the admiration and desire of royalty. Far down and nearly to the extreme limit of this long room, was a plain board counter extending quite across the room. Behind it stood the proprietor of the factory, a smooth-faced, richly-clad Chinamen. Directly over him the house was unroofed, thereby affording a spacious skylight; except this window there was none. Through this skylight, and down upon the counter below, the sunshine fell through upon the finished work of this dingy, dirty squallid looking workshop. The proprietor was busy measuring off, and packing up the products of his looms. And as the sunlight streamed full upon the gorgeous colors of those magnificent silks, satins and brocades which the proprietor was tossing about in billowy radience, it seemed to my eyes, as I stood far up in the feeble light of the center of the room, as though he was tossing or toying rainbows. From places so humble and surroundings squalid as this come those royal fabrics whichare to decorate palaces, and to Idorn the person of peinces and monarchs of the earth.

MARK TWAIN'S HOTEL.

Having lately opened a hashery, I send you these, my rules and regulations:

This house shall be considered strictly inn-temperate.

None but the brave deserve the fare.

Persons owing bills for board will be bored for bills.

Borders who do not wish to pay in advance are requested to advance and pay.

Borders are expected to wait on the colored cook—for meals.

Sheets will be rightly changed once in six months, or more if necessary.

Double borders can have two beds with a room in it, or two rooms with a bed in it, as they choose.

Borders are requested to pull off their boots before retiring, if they can conveniently do so.

Beds with or without bugs.

All money and other valuables are to be left in care of the proprietor. This is insisted on, as he will be responsible for no other losses.

Inside matter will not be furnished for editors under any consideration.

Relatives coming to make a six months' visit will be welcomed; but when they bring their household furniture, virtue will cease to be a forbearance.

Single men with their families will not be boarded.

Beds with or without bugs.

Dreams will be charged for by the dozen.

Nightmares hired out at reasonable rates.

Stone vaults will be furnished to snoring borders, as the proprietor will in no wise be responsible for the broken tin-pan-ums of other ears.

Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity. O, stupenduous thought! Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for their grave; its palaces, they are but the gilded sepulchre; its pleasures, they are bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay.

They have a queer way of saluting people at Salesbury, Conn. At an Episcopal convocation held there not long since, a Winsted laymen was about entering the church in company with the clergyman, when a crowd of loafers near the door, who had been with him through the rebellion, yelled out to him, "How are you, Cap? What ye doin'? Won't you come and take an old fashioned drink, the way we used to do in the army?"

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ANOTHER NEW STATE.

An effort is now making to consolidate the State of Deleware and the Eastern shore of Maryland and Accomac county, in Virginia, in to a new State, to be called Chesapeake. The thirteen counties in the three States, make the peninsula, lying between the Chesapeake, the Deleware river and the Atlantic ocean. It is believed that these counties have a population and identical interests of sufficient importance to warrant their creation into a new State. Under the the proposed plan, Deleware, of course, loses its identity; but this is to offset the objection which the people of Virginia and Maryland in the counties adjoining might have to annexation to so small a State as Deleware, which by compromise may become the larger and more important State of Chesepeake. The plan is not a new one, Simon Cameron, as Secretary of War in 1861, officially recommended it, and it has been discussed from time to time ever since. The reason given for moving in the matter now, is that, if the new State is to be created, it can be ranked in the enumeration, estimates and statistics of the census about to be taken, as the State of Chesepeake, not Deleware.

A MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.

One of the most exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, vecy much like one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet generally clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large open mouth, which is hidden deep down among them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of the rosy tips he is struck with poison as fataltohim as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling: and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him and he is drawn into the huge greedy mouth, is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

HE COULD BE TRUSTED.

Alfred was missing one night about sunset. Mother was getting anxious for she always wished him to be home early. A neighbor coming in, said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought Alfred was sofe enough to be with them.

"No," said the mother, "he promised me he would not go there without my leave and he *always* keeps his word. He never told a lie."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, still mother was watching and listening for the step of Alfred; but it was half-past eight before his merry shouts were heard, when he ran into the gate.

"Confess, now," saik the neighbor. "that you have been to the river with the other boys, and so kept away till late,"

How the boy's eye flashed, and the crimson mounted to his cheeks!

"No sir, I told my mother I would *never* go there withopt her leave, and *do you think I would tell a lie!* I helped James to find the cows that had strayed in the wood, and did not thing I should be so late."

James coming up the street just then came in to tell us he was afraid we had been alarmed; they had been so far in the wood it mrde them late in getting home.

"I think," said the neighbor, turning to the mother, as he took his hat to go home, "there is comfort in store for you madam. Such a boy rs that will make a noble man."—*Childred's Guest.*

SHERMAN AND HOWARD.

While marching through Georgia, General Sherman traveled with the left wing under General Slocum.—After a long and wearisome march, he, one day crossed over to the right wing, under General Howard.—While in General Howard's tent, which had just been pitched, the Medical Director came in, well acquainted with the habits and customs of both. Gen. Sherman sometimes "took a glass," while General Howard was strongly opposed to the indulgence. Knowing this, the Medical gentleman, after a short time, wishing to serve his chief without offence to Howard, said:

"General Sherman, you look weary and ill. If you will come over to my tent, I will give you a seidlitz powder, which I think will do you good."

"Thank you," readily responded Tecumseh; "I think I will."

The man of physic departed, and General Howard; who took every thing litterally, ran to his valise and got a powder, which he mixed and handed to Sherman.

"There is no need to go away for one if that is what you want, he said; and Sherman inwardly chagrined, but highly amused, drank the cup manfully, to the mirth of several bystanders, who comprehended the whole magnitude of the joke at a glance.

"Woman's Rights" Practically Exemplified.

An exchange tells the following: A gentleman of this city who is inclined to favor woman's rights had rather a warm discussion at his breakfast the other morning with his better-half and mother, who, strange to say, are opposed to his opinions on this subject. He went away to his business, feeling quite elated, for he thought he had gained the victory in the argument. Upon coming home to dinner he found the table half set, the domestic arrangements in a state of confusion, and looking into the sitting room he was astonished to find the ladies of the house in decided *neglige* dresses, and unkempt hair, with feet on chairs, one perusing the President's Message and the other intently reading the New York *Tribune*. Upon seeing this new exemplification of woman's rights, the gentleman acknowledged himself beaten.

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I observe God has chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps upon the helpless wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all birds, the mild and guileless dove. Christ is the rose of the field and the lilly of the valley. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, but in a bush, an humble, slender, abject bush. As if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man.