Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1870. VOL. 14.—NO. 23.

Nebraska Advertiser.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, (9 line or less) first insertion	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion	50
Business Cards of five lines or less	5 00
Busy notices, each head	5 00
Eighth column, one year	25 00
Eighth column, six months, $15; three months	10 00
Fourth column, one year	30 00
Fourth column, six months, $20; three months	15 00
Half column, one year	50 00
Half column, six months, $30; three months	25 00
One column, one year	80 00
One column, six months, $50; three months	30 00

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Nebraska Advertiser.

FURNAS, COLHAPP & CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

Office—No. 74 McPherson's Block, up Stairs. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Terms, in Advance:

One copy, one year $2 00
One copy, six months 1 00

JOB PRINTING,

Of all kinds, done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

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, H. 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.

R. 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—25 Main-st. OFFICE HOURS—7 A.M. to 6 P.M.

H. C. THURMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office—No. 5 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. P. 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 & McKaig'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.

E. 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. 52 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,
Office and Warehouse 42 Main-st.,
Dealer in all kinds of Grain and Country Produce.

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.

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.
Tools, Fire Arms, 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.

J. H. BAUER,
HARNESS, BRIDLES, COLLARS, Etc.
No. 9 Main-st.
Mending done to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A. ROBINSON,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
No. 68 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.

CONFECTIONERIES.

ISRAEL S. NACE,
CITY BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY.
No. 31 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. 49 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 Soldiers' Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, and all claims accruing against the Government during the late war.

SALOONS.

JOSEPH RUDDARD & CO.,
PEACE AND QUIET SALOON.
No. 47 Main-st.
The best Wines and Liquors kept on hand.

R. C. BERGER,
ALHAMBRA BILLIARD SALOON,
No. 6, Wolfley's Block.
The best Wines and Liquors constantly on hand.

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. Omnibuses 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.

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

JULIUS GILBERT,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
Post Office address,
Clifton, Nemaha County, Nebraska.

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. 60 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. H. BEASON,
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Main-st Brownville, Neb.
Is prepared to do all kinds of work in iron, on short notice, and at prices in keeping with the times. 21-y

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

DR. J. BLAKE,

DENTIST

Would respectfully announce that he has located in Brownville and is now prepared to perform all the best manner, ALL operations pertaining to the science of Dentistry.
OFFICE—Over City Drug Store, front room. 18f

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.

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]

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. 49y

Clocks, Watches, 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.

LOUIS WALDTEER.
[THE PIONEER,]
Is fully prepared to do all kinds of
HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE, Ornamental Painting,
Gilding, Glazing, Paperhanging, &c.

INVENTORS and others interested in Patents, Edson Bros., Patent Lawyers and Solicitors, 459 Ninth-st., Washington, D. C., for Advice and Circulars, Patents obtained or no charge. Letter from Hon. D. P. Holloway, formerly Commissioner of Patents, dated Washington, March 28, 1868: "I cheerfully commend to all persons who may have business in the Patent Office the firm of Edson Bros., as gentlemen of prompt business habits, and in every respect worthy of confidence." I concur in the above. D. C. PARKER, late Com. Pats. 13-2m

JOHN Q. A. SMITH. E. B. WILCOX.
STORAGE, FORWARDING, AND COMMISSION HOUSE
OF
SMITH & WILCOX,
And dealers in all kinds of Grain, for which they pay the highest market price in Cash.
Office at Store of F. E. Johnson & Co. 18-tm

JACOB MAROHN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

Has received a large assortment of No. 1
READY MADE CLOTHING,
which he can and will sell
Lower than any House in the City.
AND WARRANTS HIMSELF TO BE SOUND.

PHILLIPS & BARNES'
GREAT WESTERN

Livery, Feed, Sale and Exchange
STABLES.
Corner Main and Levee Sts., BROWNVILLE.
HAVING purchased this Stable of A. P. Cogswell, we are prepared to furnish the best TEAMS, BUGGIES and CARRIAGES in Southern Nebraska, at LOWEST CASH RATES. Room for Fifty Horses. Corral for Stock. Particular attention paid to Feeding or Boarding Horses. [45-1y] PHILLIPS & BARNES.

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
DRY-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

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.

A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
HEAT STOVES
JUST RECEIVED AT
Shellenberger Bros.,
74 Main St.
BROWNVILLE, NEB.

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]

Fremont House.
Broad Street, between 3d & 4th,
FREMONT, NEBRASKA.
S. H. FOWLER,
PROPRIETOR.
This House is within 50 rods of the U. P. R. R. and S. C. & P. R. R. Depots. Hacks leave for West Point daily, and Lincoln tri-weekly. 6-tf

MOUND CITY HOTEL.
Cor. North Market and Broadway,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
G. A. BOYD, PROPRIETOR.
One block west of the North Market Street Depot of the N. M. R. R. The street cars pass this house to all parts of the city. For all purposes it is the best hotel in the city. 26f

W. M. WYETH & CO.,
Wholesale Dealer in
HARDWARE & CUTLERY
No. 6 South Third, bet. Felix & Edmond sts.,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
HARNESS, Skirting, and all kinds of Saddles, Leather, Bridles, Hardware, &c., constantly on hand. Agents for Ditson's Circular Saws and Marvin's Safes. [45-y]

D. A. CONSTABLE,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
IMPORTER
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Iron, Steel, and Heavy HARDWARE!
WAGON, Carriage and Plow Works, Agricultural Implements, Springs, Axels, Axes, Shovels, Spades, Files, Rasps, Chains, Carriage and Tire Bolts, Nuts and Washers, Nails, Horse and Mule Shoes, Saws, Castings and Hollow-Ware, Sugar Kettles, Andirons, Skillets and Lids, Stew Pots, Bake Ovens, Fruit Kettles and Sad Irons.
BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS:
Anvils, Stocks and Dies, Bellows, Sledge and Hand Hammers, Vises, Pincers, Rasps, Farriers' Knives, Tire Iron, &c
OUTFITTING GOODS:
Ox Yokes, Axle Grease, Ox Chains, Wagon Jacks, Ox Shoe Nails, Shovels, Picks, etc. Hubs, Spokes and Rent-stuff.
Agricultural Implements:
1,000 CELEBRATED MOLINE PLOWS, Eagle Mowers, McCormick's Reapers and Mowers, Kallers Horse Corn Planters, Sulky Corn Cultivators, Hand Corn Shellers, Hay Rakes, etc., etc.
AGENT FOR
FAIRBANKS' SCALES.
Buying my goods direct from manufacturers I offer very great inducements to WHOLESALE BUYERS.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, at HETZEL'S.

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

RISK.

In the quiet of the evening
Two are walking in unrest;
Man has touched a jealous nature—
Anger burns in woman's breast.

(These are neither wed nor plighted,
Yet the maybe hangs as near
And as fragrant as the wild-rose
Which their garments hardly clear;

And as briery, too, you fancy?
Well, perhaps so—some sad morn
One, or both, may, for a moment
Wish they never had been born).

Happy quips and honest pleadings
Meet with silence or a sneer;
But more keenly has she listened
Since she vowed she would not hear.

Now a great oak parts the pathway.
"Nature'll gratify your mood:
To the right—let this divide you;
It will all be understood."

So Caprice, with childish weakness,
Yet with subtlety of thought,
Whispered in the ear of woman,
Love, with dread, the answer sought.

Was it superstitious feeling
Struck at once the hearts of two?
Had he seen proud eyes half sorry
For what little feet must do?

For he stretched an arm towards her,
Folding nothing but the air,
Saying nothing—just the motion
Drew, without offending there.

In the quiet of the evening
Two are walking back again;
At the oak their happy voices
Whisper of a vanished pain.

What if they to-night be plighted,
And the maybe hangs more near
And more fragrant than the wild-rose
Which their garments hardly clear!

And more briery, too, you fancy?
Well, perhaps so. Thorns are ill,
But love draws them out so kindly,
One must trust him, come what will?

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

An Appeal to Nebraska.

MY HOME, SALINE COUNTY, NEB., Feb. 22, '70.

Thinking that no more fitting day could be chosen for an appeal to Liberty, I have selected this day, when we of the greatest Republic celebrate the universary of the birth-day of the greatest of patriots. The sentiments inspired by such a celebration are noble, and therefore it is a proper time for any one to ask if it is becoming, when a people is heroically struggling for Independence, that we should refuse them a helping hand!

The deeds of Lafayette (international laws to the contrary notwithstanding) are to-day recorded in letters of gold upon the great book of History. The hearts of all Americans beat with admiration and love for the Frenchmen who came over the Atlantic to help Washington in his great deeds. We owe it to these men, to our good fortune, and to our independence, to land in Caba and help the patriots to force the Spanish "*to stack arms and retire.*"

For God's sake, one more alter to Liberty! What! we, the mightiest nation of the world, are kept back from doing what is human, by fear of European diplomacy? What! shall we allow the last of the Cubans to spill the last drop of his blood in vain, when Independence should be the price of his valor? Is it possible that Cuba will be left to bleed? Shall we continue to insult her sufferings by a criminal inaction, and when, *upon the cross of Liberty, she implores;* shall we present her nothing but sympathy? Ay! but when Liberty will ascend the throne of the world she will judge the nations, and she might then say: "I have called but you were deaf to my voice; return to slavery!"

So many sacrifices, such deeds, must they remain ineffective? Upon their country's field will the blood of these martyrs only produce a triumph to tyranny?

What do you hear in her forests? The sad murmurs of the wind brings me the tidings of a patriot *shaking his chains.*

What do you see hovering over her plains? Liberty, looking for one more social monument.

A people is not worthy of independence if it does not more than sympathize with the weak against a powerful tyrant!

Symyathy! sympathy! It is a query who we are sympathizing with—the Cubans or Spanish? Again I say there is but one sort of sympathy for us to have, and that is *a helping sympathy.* Our inaction encourages Spain, and gives the tyrant means to strengthen his chains upon the liberty of a people. I tell you, we as a country are doing nothing else but helping Spain in crushing the patriotic spirit of the Cubans.

I ask again, is all this becoming?

In vain did we *play the part of a fool* by attempting to purchase Cuba; the tyrant was not yet tired of his cruelties. What! we are to purchase a people from Spain, when the people fights and dies for independence? Are we to change his chains by the purchase? A Republic like ours can trust in the honor of the Cubans. Let the spirit of Washington and Jackson inspire Grant—so help us God, and we will not be set to the shame of a human bargain.

Cuba should be free *because* the Cubans say, "We must be free or die!" *because* they are besprinkling their deeds with their blood! *because*—why, there would be no end to the *becauses.* Suffice it to say that if European diplomacy is oppposed to the independence of Cuba by fear of her annexation to the United States, *American diplomacy commands us to view it just exactly the other way.* I know of no better reason than this one—a condition *sine qua non.*

That Cuba must give way to Spain is certain, if the patriots are not assisted; for, what can five hundred thousand do against fifty millions? *They can die!* Yes; but every day precious lives are lost. Shall we wait to go to Cuba until the greatest portion of the patriots are exterminated, *so as to have it all our own way?* Shall we run the risk to allow some other Lafayette to come from *La Belle Fraince* (the land of devotion) and surpass us in magnanimity? If England to-day was to come and help Cuba, where should the Alabama claims be?

The public sentiment, if I am not mistaken, is greatly in favor of helping the Cubans; and why, if public sentiment favors this, do our legislators and the Executive oppose it? Is the will of the people supreme law no longer? Are we, too, losing our liberty, our privileges? By what right are Americans kept from assisting the oppressed? and by what right, again, have the Spanish been allowed to take a fleet of gunboats from or docks to more effectually blockade the unhappy island—the gem of the Mexican ocean—the key to the Gulf of Mexico?

I will not refer to what we have had to submit to from Spanish rule; I will not refer to their proverbial tyranny; only let me say, that the country that has given me birth still trembles with hate when it remembers Ferdinand and Isabella. Four centuries have not effaced from my native soil the signs of Spanish terror; and many a dark subterranean dungeon did I see, with iron hooks firmly affixed in the arch roof where my countrymen were hanged by the throat because they loved their country too well! In the ruins of some feudal castles many a very deep well did I see, where those saints of the Inquisition used to pile women, men and children, thrown in there alive and left to die the most terrible of deaths, because they would not submit to tyranny! Grasping firmly the iron railing, when I looked over in the abyss of these graves, a cold sweat would cover me at once, my heart would almost cease to beat, and from all the greatest sufferings in there endured you can preceive nothing but darkness. Ay; but the crime is dark yet, and retribution has already called upon Spain to answer for several of her hellish deeds.

Innocent American blood has already flown in the streets of Havanna, and for all that I know such cases may be submitted to some Spanish tribunal, another sample of Torquemada's courts of justice, perhaps. What! Americans are insulted by mobs, when those Americans are down and bleeding, may be mortally wounded; they are trampled on by fanatics, for to see the last drop of blood gush out of the ghastly wounds. The government which is weak enough to even allow such thoughts in the minds of its citizens should be blotted out from the roll of nations. Napoleon, for a less offense than this from Portugal, proclaimed to the world, "The house of Bragancia has ceased to reign." While the star-spangled banner is unfurled to the breeze upon the flag-ship of the Gulf squadron under the guns of Moro Castle, *must Spanish steel spill our blood and our cannons refrain to speak?* If Farragute had been on board that flag-ship, Havanna to-day would be in ashes, in spite of all the artillery of the terrible rock of Moro.

To think that even a recognition of the beligerency of an oppressed people is a matter of controversy in the U. S. Congress, is a stain upon our national character.

It seems that laws must be made or amended before we can rush to the rescue. If so, why have they not been made long ago? Did Lafayitte wait for laws when he came over a distance of three thousand miles, with Larochambeau, Estaing and Suffren, to assist Washington to crush Cornwallis? Had France anything to gain by it? And we have about one hundred miles to go, and we might save the Cubans, if not gain Cuba! Great God!

What more absurd than to say to the people: Be not devoted; have no enthusiasm; think only of your interests. With such a *deep policy,* when the hour of devotion will arrive, every one will shut his door, go to his window and see liberty pass away. As a nation, do we need European guardians? What do we care about the "*circumstances*" with which they entertain us? Are we to receive by diplomatic notes *certificates of good conduct?*

Poor liberty! what has become of thee? For nearly a century we have enjoyed thy blessings; happy in thy folds we do listen to the brave hearts struggling to reach thee. One hundred years of liberty has set manacles upon our love for independence, in the garb of international laws or doubtful policy, as if tyranny was not to be *acted against as in self-defence;* and we of the land of Washington, we look on. Ay, even more: we have strengthened the tyrant; we are listening for thy dying sigh. Liberty, O, Liberty, do refresh the naked heart that has no glorious feelings when his throbs might liberate a people!

And now, men of Nebraska, let me appeal to your magnanimity. I entreat you for Liberty's sake to take a bold step against a tyrant! Meet in mass meetings in every one of our counties and towns, and pledge yourselves upon the most sacred trusts to recall from Congress any one of your representatives that disobeys your mandates. Make them in the halls of Congress the echo of your honor, valor, and generosity. Let them proclaim that the Nebraska yeomanry is bound to help Cuba or perish in the attempt! Every State will soon follow your glorious example, and then the knell for Spanish tyranny in Cuba will sweep over the Atlantic, and even strengthen Republican organizations over there. Organize companies; enroll your names upon the rolls of honor, and posterity will find them written in letters ineffaceable upon the monument that Cuban Liberty will rise to its liberators. With the Stars and Stripes of Washington, let us go and fight on the same line where Cespedes' banner fearlessly waves! Cuban independence can but gain by being besprinkled with American blood. Hand in hand let us go with the patriots against the tyrant, and shout *Viva Cuba!*

VICTOR VIFQUAIN.

The Wedding Ring Finger.

This is the fourth finger on the left hand. Why this particular digit should have received such a token of honor and trust beyond all its congeners, both in pagan and Christian times, has been variously interpreted. The most common explanation is, according to Sir Thomas Browne, "presuming therein that a particular vessel, nerve, vein or artery, is conferred thereto from the heart;" which direct vascular communication Browne shows to be anatomically incorrect. Macrobius gives another reason, which may perhaps satisfy those anatomists who are not satisfied with the above. "Pollex," he says, "or *thumb,* (whose office and general usefulness are sufficiently indicated from its Latin derivative *poello,* and from its Greek equivalent *antichier,* which means, 'as good as a hand'), is too busy to be set opart for any such special employment; the next finger to the thumb, being but half projected on that side, beside having other work to do, is also ineligible; the opprobrium attaching to the middle finger, called *medicus,* puts it entirely out of the question; and as the little finger stands exposed, and is, moreover, too puny to enter the lists in such a contest, the spousal honors devolve natuarlly on *pronobus,* the wedding finger."

In the *British Apollo,* 1788, it is urged that the fourth finger was chosen from its being not only less used than either of the rest, but more capable of preserving a ring from bruises; having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the rest may be stretched out to their full length and straightness.

"What have you got that's good?" said a hungry traveler, as he seated himself at a dinner table in Salt Lake City. "Oh, we've got roast beef, corn beef, roast mutton, boiled and fried ham, and roast curlew!" "What is curlew?" said the stranger. "Curlew, why, it is a bird something like a snipe." "Could it fly?" "Yes." "Did it have wings?" "Yes." "Then I don't want curlew. Anything that had wings and could fly, and didn't leave this d——d country, I don't want for dinner."

I Worked, and Earned It.

A few weeks ago, a gentleman living in an Eastern town, was called out of his bed one morning by several vigorous raps upon his front-door. Hastily dressing himself, he responded to the call, and found standing upon the steps an uncouth, roughly clad boy, with an ax on his shoulder, who, hastily thrusting his hand into his pantaloons pocket, drew out a small roll, and handing it to Judge H——, said:

"There's seventy-five dollars, which I want you to put in the savings-bank," and hastily turned on his heel and started away.

The Judge, slightly disconcerted at the curious proceeding, scarcely knew what to say, till at length, recovering his wits, he cried out after the boy:

Stop! come back here. How did you come by this money?"

"I WORKED, AND EARNED IT, sir. My time was out last night, and I got my money. I've got a job chopping, which I began on this morning, and I thought I'd leave the money with you as I went to work, and then it would'nt take up my time this evening when I want to study."

"What is your name, my boy?" asked the Judge.

"I wrote it on the paper that I wrapped the money up in," shouted the little wood-chopper as he passed on to his work.

That boy's note for a thousand dollars due ten years hence would be as good as gold. If he has his health, he will be worth double that then.

He is beginning in the right way. The very day his time was out for the summer, he entered upon another job, and immediately placed the money he had worked for where that would work for him; and with an economy of time which is more to be praised than his wise forethought with regard to money, he could not endure to have a moment devoted to any thing but his books when the long evenings came.

Five years from to-day, with a good education, with good habits, with a few hundred dollars, which he has earned by work, his chances for place in the business and political world will be far greater than those of the spendthrift boy who, born with fortune, begins without knowing the worth of money, and instead of going up, goes down.—*Hearth and Home.*

The Little Cup of Tears.

We find the following North German Legion in "Thorp's Yule-tide Stories," and of Bohn's antiquated stories. It is too beautiful to remain in the sole keeping of antiquitaries.

There was a mother who loved her first child with her whole heart, and thought she could not live without it; but the Almighty sent a great sickness among the children, who seized this little one, who lay on a sick bed even to death. Three days and three nights the mother watched and prayed by the side of her darling child, but it died.

The mother, now alone in the world, gave way to the most wild and unspeakable grief; she ate nothing, and drank notning, and wept, wept, three long days, and three long nights. This mother did without ceasing, calling constantly for her child. The third night as she thus sat overcome with suffering, in the place where the child had died, her eyes bathed in tears, and faint from grief, the door softly opened, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed child. It had become a heavenly angel, and and smiled sweet as innocence, was beautiful like the blessed. It had in its hand a small cup that was almost running over, so full it was. And the child spoke: "Oh! dearest mother weep no more for me. If for me you shed but one tear more it will overflow. I shall have no more rest in the grave and no joy in Heaven. Therefore, oh, dearest mother, weep no more for your child, for it is well and happy, and angels are his companions." It then vanished. The mother shed no more tears, that she might not disturb her child's joy in Heaven.

How to Take Life.

Take life just as though it was—as it is—earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as if it was a grand opportunity to do and achieve; to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be a heart broken brother.

The fact is, life is undervalued by a majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused by the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take life and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but says he *will,* and follows it up, he may expect to accomplish anything reasonable.

HARWIG'S WIFE'S BROTHER.—Fred Harwig was taken before Recorder Aldridge, of Hudson City, on Saturday, to answer a charge of refusing to support his wife. The following colloquy thereupon took place:

"Shudge must I support mine vife?"

"Why, certainly."

"Vell, I say so too. Now Shudge, must I support mine vife's father and mother, and every tam dirty loafer of a brother what comes along?"

"Decidedly not. You are not called upon to do anything of the kind."

Fred seeing that the entire family were about to be foisted upon him, turned them all out and locked his door, and his wife, by the way of frightening him went with her friends and then brought this charge against him. Fred was discharged, and left very cheerful and happy.—*New York Sun.*

A NOVEL REMEDY FOR SWEARING.—A California paper, commenting upon the great temptation to the sin of profanity in that country, says: "An intelligent lady of our acquaintance whose little boy was beginning this strange talk, anxious to express to her child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel process of washing out his mouth with soap-suds, whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath, and the taste of suds, which together produced the desired result."

Habitual Criminals.

A system of treatment for habitual criminals, recently established by Act of the British Parliament, is worthy of our most careful attention.

The old common law maxim that every man is presumed to be innocent until proven guilty, has found to afford a refuge for habitual criminals, for under it they have grown cautious; and however much they might be suspected of leading criminal lives, no steps could be taken to restrain them. But now, under the new Act recently put in force, an altogether different treatment prevails. Suplementary to the sentence of an habitual criminal is one that shall be under observation of the police for seven years, during which time he must not only avoid suspicion but he must show that he is obtaining an honest living; if he do not, it will be presumed that he has returned to his old habits, and he may be imprisoned for not more than twelve months, with or without hard labor. The same penalty may be imposed if he is found lurking around premises, either with the intention of committing or of aiding to commit crime.

There are two other important provisions of the act. The keeper of any lodging-house in which theives obtain refuge, is fined $50, and if he has a license it is withdrawn.

Pawn-brokers and receivers of stolen goods are subject to the same penalty as the theives themselves, not excepting that applying to second offenses and to facilitate detection a police officer may enter upon any premises in which he believes stolen goods are concealed.

What may be the practical working of this new law cannot, of course be now determined. Should it unexpectedly fail of the desired end, the way will be prepared for some other method, for it is monstrous to assume that as wealth—or what is the same thing, the fruits of industry and well doing—increases, crime also must increase, and that no remedy can be devised either to repress crime or to make men lead better lives. The whole subject involves questions of the utmost importance to society, and we cannot too soon enter upon its consideration.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Death-Bed Sermon.

The New York *Daily Star* says the following occurred in New York recently:—A gentleman died last week, at his residence in one of our up-town fashionable streets, leaving $11,000,000. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, in excellent standing, a good husband and father, and a thrifty citizen. On his death-bed, lingering long he suffered with great agony of mind, and gave continual expressions to his remorse for what his conscience told him was an ill-spent life. "Oh!" he exclaimed, and his weeping friends gathered about his bed—"Oh! if I could only live my years over again. Oh! if I could only be spared for a few years, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a life-time. It is a life devoted to money-getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter!" His clergyman endeavored to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall. "You have never reproved my averacious spirit," he said to the minister. "You have called it a wise economy and forethought, but I now know that riches has been only a snare for my poor soul!" In this sad state of mind, refusing to be consoled, this poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to mere aquisition of riches. Many came away from the bedside impressed with the uselessness of such an exis ence as the wealthy man had spent, adding house to house and dollar to dollar, until he became a mitlionaire. All knew him to be a professing christian and a good man, as the world goes, but the terrer and remorse of his death-bed administered a lesson not to be lightly dismissed from memory. He would have given all his wealth for a single hope of Heaven.

A Singular Warning.

Some weeks ago a prominent citizen of Auburn was in the city of Chicago transacting business connected with his manufacture in the place. One evening, after an active day's work, feeling somewhat fatigued, he retired to his room at the hotel a little earlier than usual, and made his customary arrangements for the night, but just as he had composed himself for sleep he experienced a singular sensation, and heard a voice, apparently very near, and as plainly and distinctly as though it issued from the throat of a human, prounce the words "Your mother died to-day," and with the words came an assurance that the announcement was indeed too true to doubt it. He arose in the morning, after having passed a sleepless night, and made immediate preparation for a journey home.

As he started for the depot he met a boy with a telegraph dispatch in his hand, and calling him to his side he asked if the message was not for him—giving the name—and sure enough it was from his family, concerning the truth of the announcement of the unseen informant, that his mother had died the day previous. He had received no intimation but that she was enjoying her usual health, nor had there been anything to excite, in the slightest degree, his apprehensions for her safety, until the occurrence of the incident related.

A story is told of a temperance man being at a wedding, who was asked to drink the bride's health in a glass of wine which was offered him. He refused to partake of the intoxicating liquid, and said when he drank her health, it would be in that which resembled her most in purity, and he knew nothing better than water—pure water. He then drank her health in a glass of God's beverage—sparkling water. The ladies assembled on the occasion, immediately stepped forward and making a respectful courtesy, thanked him for the beautiful compliment he had just paid the fair bride, when it was resolved that all intoxicating drink be banished from the room.

Woe to him who lacks energy in this age of "push." He is a pigmy among Sampsons. The little life he has in him is sure to be trampled out. Onward is the word, and the vigorous marches are pitiless. They time their steps to the quick beating of their own hearts, and keep moving while the pulse throbs fast.

A new door has recently been opened to woman—that of the ticket agent in the country railroad offices. Several Western roads have adopted the system, and are making the change as quietly as possible.

Vibrations—How We Hear, See and Feel.

The molecules of bodies (particles of matter so small that they can not be divided without changing their n