THE ADVERTISER.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

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☞Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M.—Regular Communications first Monday night in each month. Lecture Meetings every Monday night. JOHN BLAKE, M. E. H. P. RUFUS T. RAINEY, Secy.

☞Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M.—Regular Communications first and third Saturday nights in each month. Lodge of Instruction every Saturday night. JOHN BLAKE, W. M. SIDNEY FRENCH, Secy.

☞Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F. Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. J. STEVENSON, N. G. D. O. CROSS, Secy.

CHURCHES.

☞Presbyterian Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 2o'clock p. m. J. T. BAIRD, Pastor.

☞Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. W. B. M. COLT, Pastor.

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☞Christian Church, Loudon.—Divine service every Sabbath at 11 a. m., and in the evening.

☞St. Mary's—Episcopal—Peru.—Service every Sunday morning and evening. Sunday School at 3 o'clock p. m. Rev. R. C. TALBOTT, Pastor.

☞M. E. Church, Loudon.—Services every other Sabbath. Rev. J. W. MARTIN, Pastor.

☞M. E. Church, Peru.—Services every Sabbath. Rev. MARTIN PRITCHARD, Pastor.

☞M. E. Church, Nemaha City.—Services every other sabbath. R. BURGE, Pastor.

CITY OFFICALS.

☞City Council.—Meets the First Thursday in each month. Mayor, C. F. Stewart. Aldermen, E. A. Tisdel, W. H. Lewis, F. E. Johnson C. Neidhardt, D. Plasters. Marshal, D Campbell Clerk, J. B Decker. Attorney, S. French. Treasurer, J. W. Middleton. Engineer, T. W. Bedford.

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Northern—Daily—via Phelps: Departs at 8 a. m. Arrives at 12 p. m.
Southern—Daily—via Phelps: Departs at 8 a. m. Arrives at 3 p. m.
Northern—Via Peru—
Southern—Via Nemaha—Tri-Weekly: Departs Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 7 a.m. Arrives same days at 6 p. m.
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Post Office Hours from 7 a. m., to 7½ p. m. Sundays from 10 to 10½ a. m. W. A. POLLOCK, P. M.

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F. M. FOST & NEWMAN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Brownville, Neb. Office No. 76, Main street.

F. M. POST, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Brownville, Neb. Prompt attention to any legal business entrusted to their care. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

JOB A. DILLON, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Real Estate Agent, Tecumseh, Johnson County, Neb.

THOMAS & BROADY, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in District Court Room, Brownville, Neb.

W. H. H. McLENNAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Nebraska City, Neb.

W. V. A. HUMPHREY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pawnee City, Pawnee County, Neb.

A. S. RIDDLE, Attorney at Law and Land Agent, Beatrice, Gage County, Nebraska.

PHYSICIANS.

C. SEWARY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Brownville, Neb. Office hours from 7 to 9 a.m. and 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 p. m. Office in H. C. Lett's drug store.

W. A. WILSON, Physician and Surgeon, St. Louis, Missouri. Specialty of Chronic Diseases. Office at Cincinnati Eclectic Institute.

N. S. DAVIS, Physician and Surgeon, Brownville, Neb. Office and Residence on Main street, third door north of Post office.

H. CHURMAN, Physician and Surgeon, No. 55 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Office hours from 6 to 11 a.m. and from 1 to 4 p. m.

H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office in City Drug Store, No. 32 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

LAND AGENTS.

A. P. COGSWELL, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in Cogswell Block, corner First and Atlantic streets. Will give prompt attention to the Sale of Real Estate and the Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District. 7tf

RICHARD V. HUGHES, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public. Office in Hannaford & McFall's Furniture Store, Brownville, Neb.

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

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EVAN WORTHING, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, and Dealer in all kinds of Grain and Country Produce. Office and Warehouse, No. 6 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

GEO. G. START & BRO., Dealers in Grain, Produce, &c., Aspinwall, Neb. Highest market price paid for anything the farmer can raise. We will buy and sell everything known to the market.

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JULIUS GILBERT, County Surveyor. Postoffice address, Clifton, Nemaha County, Nebraska.

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J. H. BAUER, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Etc., No. 56 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Mending done to order. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

BLACKSMITHS.

J. H. BEASON, General Blacksmith, Main street, Brownville, Neb. Is prepared to do all kinds of work in iron, on short notice, and at prices in keeping with the times.

J. W. & J. C. GIBSON, Blacksmiths and Horse Shoers, First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

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

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ALEX. ROBINSON, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 55 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Has constantly on hand a good assortment of Gent's, Lady's, Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes. Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. Repairing done on short notice.

HARDWARE.

SHELLENBERGER BROS., Dealers in Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Carpenter Tools, Blacksmith Furnishings, Etc., No. 74 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

DEUSER & SHIRTS, Hardware Merchants, No. 79 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Etc.

TAILORING.

CHRIS. HAUBOLDT, Merchant Tailor, No. 62 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Has on hand a splendid stock of Goods, and will make them up in the latest styles, on short notice and reasonable terms.

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RICHARD HARPSTER, Alhambra Billiard Saloon, No. 19 Main street, Brownville, Neb. The best Wines and Liquors constantly on hand.

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BANK RESTAURANT.—Geo. Daugherty, Proprietor. No. 37 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Meals at all hours. Board by the day or week.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HOTELS.

SHERMAN HOUSE.—C. M. Kauffman, Proprietor. No. 46 Main street, Brownville, Nebraska. Thoroughly remodeled and refurnished. Feed stable in connection with the house. Stages for all points west and omnibusses for all trains.

REYNOLDS HOUSE, J. N. Reynolds, Proprietor. Nos. 58 & 60 Main street, opposite Postoffice. Newly furnished throughout; thoroughly remodeled from cellar to attic. First Class Sample Room on first floor. Most convenient House to the business part of the city. Livery accommodations convenient. Stages for all points leave this House daily, making close connections with all Railroad trains. 37-y

AMERICAN HOUSE, L. D. Robison, Proprietor. Front street, between Main and College. Good Feed and Livery Stable in connection with this House.

DRUGGISTS.

MCREERY & NICKELL, Dealers in Drugs, Stationery, Etc., No. 32 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Full assortment of Drugs, Paints, Oils, Books, Stationary, etc. on hand, and sold at wholesale or retail.

GEO. DAUGHERTY,
PROPRIETOR,
BANK RESTAURANT
No. 37 Main St.
BROWNVILLE, NEB.

THE SHERMAN HOUSE.
46 Main-st., Brownville.
C. M. KAUFFMAN, Proprietor
FEED STABLE
IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOUSE.
This House has been remodeled and refurnished throughout, and affords the best accommodations in the city to the local and traveling public. It is centrally located. Stages for the West, and Omnibuses for all trains, go from the Sherman House. Fair first class, charges moderate. 15-tf

W. B. WRIGHT,
Wholesale and Retail
Dealer in
OLD KENTUCKY
WHISKYS AND LIQUORS
Pure Wines, Bitters, &c.,
63 MAIN STREET,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

H. H. BRYANT,
House, Sign and Carriage
PAINTER,
Grainer & Paper Hanger,
No. 60 MAIN STREET,
Brownville, Nebraska.

JOHN GAUSFIELD,
Bricklayer and Plasterer,
Brownville, Nebraska.
Is prepared to take contracts in his line, in city or country. All work done in the best of style. Also, will build Cisterns, and warrant them perfect. 35y

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry
JOSEPH SHUTZ,
No. 59 Main Street, Brownville.
Keeps constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on short notice, at reasonable rates.
ALL WORK WARRANTED

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 for non-resident. All kinds U. S. Bonds wanted. 32y

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.

Dr. C. F. THIBAUT,
German Physician & Obstetrician
OFFICE IN THURMAN'S DRUG STORE,
Brownville, Nebraska.
POSSESSING an Electro Magnetic Battery, he will be fully able to attend to all Nervous and other diseases.
Will be in Brownville from the 1st to the 5th, and from the 15th to the 18th of every month. 3tf

STAR HOTEL
Brownville, Nebraska.
STEVENSON & CROSS,
PROPRIETORS.
General R. R. & Foreign Ticket Office.
OMNIBUSSES TO ALL TRAINS.
Daily Stages for All Points West.
BEST SAMPLE ROOM IN THE STATE

JOHN Q. A. SMITH. E. H. WILCOX
STORAGE, FORWARDING,
AND
COMMISSION HOUSE
OF
SMITH & WILCOX.
Dealers in all kinds of Grain, for which they pay the highest market price in Cash.
☞Office at Store of F. E. Johnson & Co 18-6m

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

Waidter & Lemmon,
House, Sign and Carriage

PAINTERS
No. 56 Main St.
BROWNVILLE
Mixed Paints
FOR SALE.
GILDING
GRAINING, SMALTING,
FROSTING, KALSOMINING, ETC.
28-1y

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. 16t

GEO. S. PHILLIPS,
Livery, Feed, & Exchange Stables
Brownville, Nebraska.

LANTERNS, of all descriptions, for sale by W. D. Shellenberger, No. 74 Main street, McPherson Block, Brownville, Neb. dwtf

SUBSCRIBE for the "Weekly Advertiser." Oldest paper in the state.

THE ADVERTISER.

BROWNVILLE, NEB.,

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1871.

"Too Deep for That."

"Yes," said Farmer Brown,
Bringing his hard fist down
On the old oak table;
"They say that men can talk,
From Paris to New York,
Through the sunken cable.

"'Tis perfectly absurd;
For to hear a single word,
No man is able;
And it's clear enough to me,
That this wide-spread mystery
Is a foolish fable.

"The news we get from Rome,
Is all made up at home,
'Tis my conviction;
And that, you see, will account
For the terrible amount
Of contradiction.

"Yes," said Farmer Brown,
Bringing his hard fist down
On the old oak table;
"My wife and I have tried
The experiment; we tied
A good, stout bit of cable

"To the fence, just over there,
And the rocker of this chair,
And we couldn't do it, [hoarse
Though we screamed ourselves as
As tree toads; but, of course,
Not one word went through it.

"Don't talk to me, I pray,
Of fresh news every day,
Through sunken cables;
Sea yarns are always tough,
And I have heard enough
Of such old fables!"

THE PAUPER LIEUTENANT.

I did not like to see him there. He was too young and handsome a man. His phrenological developments were decidedly good. He had a fresh complexion, blue eyes, light curly hair; but lack of decision characterized his countenance—want of firmness was apparent in his manner. He was reading a newspaper.

"This is not one of your paupers?" said I to the gentlemen in charge.

"I am very sorry to say he is, sir," he replied.

"So young! so promising in appearance—I really cannot understand it," was my reply.

"Nor could any one not acquainted with his histor," was the reply; "but let us resume our walk. By-and-by, come this way; he will enter into conversation with you; he is not backward about it. I don't know what to make of the man; really.

"But how old is he?"

"Twenty-nine years; he looks even younger. I fear he has lost all proper ambition, and, it may be, will end his life in the workhouse."

We wandered along from one to the other. The establishment was perfect; most of the paupers were old and infirm; many of them looked shamefaced on being noticed. Poor old men! I suppose they had no children to care for them.

In one of the offices was the model of a ship. It was a splendid thing. From keel to masthead there was no fault in her. The guns were beautifully carved. Officers stood on her quarter-deck, sailors in her rigging. Every coil of rope, every shroud, was exquisite in finish and proportion. The boats were secured, the sails all set. Truly she was a regal object. Behind this vessel was a painting representing the distant port. My natural question was, "Who did that?"

"The poor fellow is dead," was the reply. "He was a genius and a scholar. The noblest-looking man, sir, that you ever laid eyes on. You have seen that fine stone mansion on Sedgewick street? Well sir, he built that house ten years ago, and paid thirty thousand dollars for it, and yet, five years after, he was in the poorhouse."

"What did it, sir?"

"Rum."

That was the brief reply. Expressive, was it not?

Yes, sir, rum. The last time he went out (his eyes was very much inflamed) the doctor of the institution handed him a dollar, saying, "Bob, if you drink any more you will lose your eyes."

"Horrible, wasn't it? In a month's time they were digging his grave. It was in the corner of the church-yard. Nobody followed the miserable body. It laid in a pine coffin, and we only said as we heard of it—"Poor old Bob!" That's all the epitaph a drunkard gets, sir."

Fifteen minutes after I was hunting up the personage who had interested me so much. I found him in the garden, hoeing potatoes.

We talked together on Agriculture. His fine language astonished me. I felt that he had had an intimate acquaintance with books, with men, with nature.

We walked along, he showed me the product of the soil. Presently we came to an arbor overhung with grapes, and sat down together.

"Pardon me," said I, "if I take the liberty of asking you what brought you here at so youthful an age?" His eyes dropped; he raised them again as he answered—

"Rum!"

That brief word! In my mind it is associated with all the horrors of hell.

Presently he continued—

"I have disgraced an honorable name, sir; I am bringing my family to shame, and yet—I have not the nerve to be a better man."

I was indignant at this confession. He saw it and continued—

"Do not blame me, sir; you have not had my trial. I have fallen from a high place. Eighteen months ago I was a lieutenant in the navy, sir."

"Is it possible!" I was startled, shocked.

"Yes, sir, possible: a reality sir." His lips quivered a little as he added—"I have a brother in the pulpit, sir; a fine preacher, a man loved and respected. How do you suppose he feels? I have a rich brother in New York. They have both tried their best to save me.

"I was ruined in my youth. There is a large old store on the corner of M. and L. streets. You have doubtless seen it. Before his death my father carried on that business. I went there regularly after it was closed for the arrival of the distinguished voyagers, stealing from my home, often from bed, for the purpose to carouse with three young fellows of my own age. We told stories, we drank wine together till midnight, then, with a false keys I had made, I would steal into the house and sleep off my carouse. I began that, sir, when I was but ten years of age. Do you wonder I was a drunkard? Of these boys I alone am living. One of these boys shot himself, another was drowned drunk, and the third was hung for murder only two months ago. The fourth, you see, is not much better off," he added, with a sickly smile.

"My habits began to be known at last to my parents. It came near killing them. Before I was eighteen I had been brought home drunk nearly a score of times. Sir, I fought with my habit, but it mastered me. The fiend had me by the throat.

"Strange to say, once when I was in liquor I performed a daring feat. I caught a runaway horse, and by sheer strength succeeded in arresting his mad course. Would that some power could have held me so. I was much applauded for my heroism. But better than all the praise I heard were the sweet smiles upon the white face of the girl I had saved from a horrible death. She was driving alone in the city, as had been her wont for months. I claimed the privilege of driving her home, as she was most thoroughly frightened. You smile, sir; but the exertion, her graceful thanks, my own impulses of gratitude, had sobered me. I sprang into the vehicle, and in a short time we stopped at her father's door. She invited me in. I thought I would at least describe the accident, and make some apology for my unexpected appearance.

"I told my story of the narrow escape to an old man whose brow and hair was whitened with the frost of eighty winters. It was the aged grandfather. Childish in his joy, he tottered toward me, and throwing his trembling arms about my neck, he kissed me on my cheek.

"Many times have I felt that kiss, sir, I was unworthy of so pure an ovation from such a holy man. I felt myself unworthy of that dear angel's gratitude, as the sweet Annette came in a few moments after, still trembling, still pale, and with misty blue eyes and gentle lips thanked me again and again. In that house that day I was feasted like a prince. There were cousins and aunts there visiting for the summer, and among them I was a lion.

"I was a good-looking fellow then, sir, and just on the eve of entering college.

"Young as I was, if ever man fell in love, I did there and then. Poor child! She loved me—and I clouded her life.

"Well, sir, you wait for my story, I see. After this my calls upon Annette were frequent. I lost my relish for vulgar dissipation and preferred her society to that of my former associates. If I drank—and I did—it was secretly, and I always slept it off. My friends and those of Annette prophesied a match—you see my father was wealthy—I had good expectations intended to study for the law, and was deemed a desirable catch.

"I believe I worshiped Annette. She was scarcely more than a child, but such a glorious, gifted creature. She was fifteen; I twenty; five years between us. We were engaged in twelve months after that time, while going through college.

"For a year I had successfully resisted my old disease. I called it a disease; I do now. Remember, I did not let the cursed draught alone, as I should. I only kept the appetite in unwholesome subjection. I applied the knife, but not in the right place, and there came disgrace and downfall.

"One night the students had a frolic. I was the foremost reveler. They tempted me with devilish pertinacity to drink to excess. I did so, grew quarrelsome, and raised a row. In the melee two of the students were injured, and I made so much noise that we were discovered in our revels. The blows that were given were proved upon me falsely; I was convicted, expelled, and punished.

"The disgrace was overwhelming. I tried to kill myself when I heard that Annette's friends had cast me off forever. A note was put in my hands one day just as I had determined on the means to rid myself of existence. It read thus:

DEAR RICHARD—I am sorry for you. I do not believe all they say, and surely a man is not to be cast off for one false step. Come to aunt Martha's this afternoon. They have forbidden me to receive you at the house, but I will receive you there.

Yours, as ever, ANNETTE.

"Oh! sir, that made my heart leap into my throat with joy and grief. She did not know that this was far from my first "false step."

"Dear angel, she had faith in me, and wanted to comfort me. Besides, she was young, impulsive, loving. At three in the afternoon I went to the place she had designated. It was a poor, plain house, for her aunt Martha was far from rich, and as I sat in the little parlor, Annette came in and made it light.

"Her low 'dear Richard!' was the sweetest music I ever heard. Then as I caught her to my bosom, she pressed back my hair with her loving fingers, and said with a smile that seemed angelic, 'They can't make me believe you wicked, dear Richard, while I look on that face!'

"Her voice inspired me; her perfect faith for the time elevated my manhood. I silently vowed that such a thing should never happen again—that I would not die, but make myself worthy of her.

"'You do not believe all they say of me, then?' I asked.

"'No, Dick,' the beautiful eyes were raised lovingly to mine. 'No, Dick, and I wouldn't believe it though they had made you appear guiltier than you are. You know, Dick,' she added, as if to apologize, to soften the apparent reproof, 'it is very wicked to do it at all.'

"'But I did not injure the students,' I said, evasively. 'I distinctively saw Hal Burt and Joe White strike at them. It is all done through jealousy.'

"'I knew it; I told them so at home,' said Annette, triumphantly. 'Said I, Dick is smart, and the foremost of his class, and they hate him for it. They will injure his good name if they can, but never in my estimation.'

"'God bless you, my love,' was all I could say. There were tears in my eyes and promises in my heart! O! she was so beautiful! so good that afternoon! I can see the dear eyes that I have made shed many bitter tears, looking up at me now with that same soft, loving, pleading, yet trusting glance. I can see the dear red lips with my name upon them.

"We parted. I to go to my disgraced home, to meet cold, averted looks; she to be sheltered and petted and loved by all who knew her. My father, with incredible exertion, procured me a situation in the service. It was the worst thing that could have been done for me, though, as there were soon to be fighting, promotion—if I lived—was possible, nay, almost certain. But temptation was on that vessel, on deck and in her cabin. I took leave of Annette and went to sea. Once on the ocean, I forgot prudence, love, Annette, all that is pure and good, in my devotion to the cup. There was wine at the table. A dashing young officer who 'took' to me had supplied himself with champagne and various liquors. I was always to a certain extent drunk. Our destination was Mexico. There, for the exhibition of drunken valor, I was appointed second lieutenant—before I had been third. Ah, sir, I lived a gay life. I dare not tell, nor even think of my excesses—they were horrible. Once again I was promoted, and came home with the honors of a first lieutenant thick upon me. Then I was lionized. Annett's friends forgot my weakness. The glitter of epaulets filled their vision. They could not see the drunkard in uniform. I went to Annett's home as a listed.

"One night I called upon her. I had been drinking freely, and was not sensible of my situation, or I would have shot myself before I had ventured in her presence. She never looked more beautiful. What I said or did that night I never knew distinctly. I remember her wild look of affright—her hands pushing me frantically from her—her springing away, and my chasing her—her cries of affright—finally her locking herself in her room, when I made fruitless attempts to enter, then my leaving the house with all the doors open, and then comes a blank.

"The next morning dawned upon me in the chamber of a friend. As I looked up with aching brain a noble face bent over me—the face of one who had been a fellow-collegian, and who was studying for the ministry.

"I asked feebly where I was.

"'Horace and I found you prostrate in the street a few rods from here. You were utterly helpless. We lifted you up against your most imprecating struggles, you cursed us with every breath, but we finally brought you here, and here you have slept until now. It wants a quarter to eleven. I closed the blinds, that you might sleep it off.'

"I did not ask what he meant by it. I was ashamed; to much ashamed to look at him.

"I hinted at the effects of a southern fever, but from under my nearly closed lids I saw something like a sneer on his face.

"He sat down by my bedside, and he pleaded with me for an hour. For God's sake, he besought me to break from this ruinous habit. He held up the flame of hell till I shuddered. Then he spoke of Annette, and I knew by the tremor of his lips, the huskiness of his voice, that he, too, loved my darling. I had suspected it before, but now I was certain, and it roused the wildest feeling of jealousy. Madly I boasted of her unconquerable attachment fool that I was! With a coarse, unskillful hand I bared his own heart to view, till he shrunk from me in agony. Then I arose, forgetting all gratitude for his great favor in bearing me, senseless, disgusting as I was, from the clutches of the police or watchman; saving me the shame of opening my eyes in a station-house, and having my name bruited about in the public prints.

"I went to the dwelling of Annette. I was ushered into a side parlor, where she lay upon a lounge, her cheeks as colorless as the dead, her large eyes shining fitfully, and looking as if they had never been closed in sleep.

"As I bent over her, she said, softly—

"'Please don't come near me, Mr. Islington; I am ill.'

"I started at that as if I had been shot. 'Mr. Islington.'

"I repeated my own name, looking at her with a wondering glance.

"'Oh! if I could believe it was not you, but some other,' she said, sighing in a weary way, and shutting her eyes tightly, though not so as to prevent the tears that would ooze through

"'What can you mean?' I asked; and my look of extreme incredulity must have astonished her.

"'O, Richard, Richard, you don't know what you said last night,' she cried convulsively, passionately. 'You don't—you can't know what you did. O, Richard, the very recollection crazes me. Don't, don't come near me; indeed, I can't bear it. The recollection—oh! terrible, terrible!'

"'For God's sake, Annette, what did I say? What did I do? Tell me that I may ask your pardon on my knees, and then I will leave you forever.'

"'Oh, Richard, Richard,' she moaned. Then she caught my hand with impulsive tenderness, drew me toward her, laid her head on my arm, as she said, in a tone that haunts me yet—

"'I will tell you a little, and then you must go. It will be best for both of us, Richard—for both. It may break my heart; but it would be broken some time, you know. Richard, I can not say in words what you said to me. Now, it would kill me to hear them. Oh! I never thought this would happen—after all I have said—all I have felt for you. Richard, you revealed some horrible things to me. Oh! were you so wicked in that foreign country? Did you love and deceive that poor Spanish girl? Oh, God help you, poor Richard—God help you if you did!'

"I sat stupified—pale with horror. She looked once in my face, and shuddered, as she said, brokenly—

"'I could forgive all but that.'

"I felt like a condemmed criminal. For a while I sat there struggling for voice, and then I told her that, however wicked I had been, I had never deceived woman.

"'Oh, I am so glad,' she said, sinking from my arm to the pillow of the lounge. 'But, Richard, how can I forget last night? Don't get down to me in that way; I knew then you were not yourself; and for that reason, because you will not conquer that fatal habit, we must part. Don't say another word, my dear; weak and yielding as I seem, I can be firm. Remember that your hand has thrown the cup from your lips. I have tried to believe'—her voice grew broken and sobbing—'I have tried so hard to believe that you were everything good and worthy. You don't know how I have idolized you, looking on you as the savior of my life. That is what I have said so often when they reasoned with me—'Father he saved the life of your child. How can I help loving him?' Oh yes, they all know it, and everybody knew how I loved you. I never took pains to conceal it; but now—now, I must,'

"I walked that floor in anguish of body and spirit. Then went to her and said.

"'Annette, you love that canting George Herrick better than you do me. Don't dissemble—I know it all—know what he thinks of you, the hypocrite!'

"I had lashed myself into a fury that was not to be calmed by her gentle repetition of my name—her pleading looks.

"'Yes, it must be so. If you loved me you would overlook what happened when I was not myself. Little things like that would not cause you to dismiss me.'

"'Little things?' she repeated with a reproachful look. 'Richard, if you knew what you said last night, how you insulted me, you would never look me in the face again.'

"'Farewell, then forever,' I almost howled, and I seized my hat to go I knew not where.

"'Richard, just one word more,'

"If death had been the penalty I could not have resisted that plaintive appeal.

"She held forth her arms, pulled me down again beside her, and sobbed upon my neck as if her heart would break. Again and again she essayed to speak, and again fresh tears and choking sobs followed. I was almost dying with shame, and the hot tears pressed to my eyballs, but I bit my lips and kept them back. My whole frame was shaken, but not alone with anguish. There was a scene held up before my soul—a black disgraceful scene.

"'Only to say, dear Dick,' she gasped forth at last, 'that, if I live, I shall never, never marry anybody else; and if any time I know that you are thoroughly reformed, oh, then, if you will take me, and love me still, I will be yours; yours through all time—through all eternity.'

"I kissed her many times, and desperate, maddened, hating myself and cursing mankind, I left her, for what?' His manner startled me; his voice was coarse and fierce.

"To come to be a beggar and a pauper at the age of twenty-nine, through the love of rum."

Another moment and I was alone. A fearful page in the book of man's history had been unfolded to me. I shuddered as I left the arbor. He who talked with me was nowhere to be seen.

Three years after that I was traveling in a stage-coach, when an accident happened of a somewhat serious nature. The coachman was dragged from his seat and trampled upon by the horses, till his body was in a horrible condition. He was carried to the nearest house. I was somewhat injured, and not thinking it advisable to go on, applied for shelter at a pretty cottage pointed out to me. The door was opened by the same young man who had told me the dismal story in the N——poor-house. At first sight we recognized each other. He led me in, saying joyfully:

"I have conquered!"

I forgot my pain in the joy of hearing such news, and willingly heard what seemed like a continuation that had not a three years' interval since I had listened before.

"You remember the day we talked together," he said. "Well, I have little to say, but it seems wonderful, too wonderful for me to believe. After you had gone, I went to work; but as I struck the earth a strange, unearthly feeling came over me. I seemed for the first time to open my eyes and look about me.

"'Good God!' said I, as I thought on my situation. 'Lieutenant Islington, a pauper in the old N——workhouse, hoeing potatoes! It won't do!'

"Sir, I threw my hoe as far as I could hurl it with this right arm, turning straight about, walked out of that place, redeemed my name, my character, and my Annette; and now I own this house, and land, and am a happy man, thank God!'"

Great tears were rolling down his cheeks; I will not say anything about my own. The reader can judge whether I was unmoved. Then he told me the history of his finding Annette an orphan and poor, earning a livelihood by her needle; of his waiting and working nearly three years, and now they were just married.

At that moment a blooming creature entered.

"My Annette," said the proud husband, presenting her. "She has come in from a sick neighbor's."

"Your wife is a lovely creature. No wonder you thank God," said I, aside, just as I retired to rest.

He smiled. I couldn't blame him that the smile was an exultant one. He had conquered himself. God had written him "Greater than those who take kingdoms!"

Making Wills.

There are, it may reasonably be believed, other reasons than a mere timorous and slavish fear of death which makes so many men reluctant to make their wills. A man may be far above the vulgar feeling that the act of making his will percipitates the hour of death, and yet may hesitate a good deal before he commits himself to an act which, though not final, assumes finality. "This is the last will and testament;" it may be revoked or modified, but it has all the elements not only of solemnity, but of irrevocability. The words are the words of a living man, but they will not be heard nor take effect until the speaker has lost the power of changing or explaining them. In settling a will, we separate ourselves from the most ordinary motives which influence human action. Further information, a larger knowledge of facts at the moment perhaps imperfectly known or inadequately appreciated, repentance and change of mind for better or for worse, circumstances and motives rearranging themselves both as to time and importance, all have their influence in forming the motives to an ordinary action of life, but a testamentary instrument cuts a man off from all these. It is not, therefore altogether unreasonable that most people should be willing to let these circumstances and contingencies of the future be kept open as long as possible. Deferred wills, and even death-bed wills, are not always without justification. But from this it follows that his will displays the real man. The ruling passion is most irresistable when it presents itself under the most serious circumstans. The hard and unforgiving man is hard and most unforgiving when he knows that the consequences of his indisposition are incapable of change. The boastful and the swaggerer and the liar will swagger and lie more defiantly when he knows that, even if he is found out, it will be when indignation and censure can no longer affect him. There is many a man who has gone out of the world with a lie in his right hand, for the mere pitiful satisfaction of bolstering up to the very last the false position in which he has lived with his fellow men. If a will, as it often does, brings out the best of a good man, it brings out the worst of a bad man. What is at the bottom of it all, we suppose, is the difficulty of realizing what the after life is. It is not life, but death, that settles most weighty responsibilities. The sacredness which civilization attaches to the dying man's bequests, intentions and declarations attests the force which human nature recognizes in the solemnity of death. It is only under the most extreme and rare circumstances that the provisions of a will are set aside. If we do not admit that a dying man prophecies, we attribute to him something of that divine power which makes the future immutable. These are some of the more obvious considerations which invest the voices from beyond the tomb with special interest.—*Saturday Review.*

The Better the Man, the Better his Deeds.

The nobler the disposition, the surer will its possessor be to deal tenderly with inferior beings. A man of fine instincts and tastes does not inflict unnecessary pain. If he must destroy life it is by the shortest and easiest process. But wherever communities indulge in sports, amusements, pursuits that inflict unnecessarp pain, they are degraded, barbarious people in other respects. We want no other proof that a man is a barbarian than to see him beat a half-starved horse. It is presumptive proof of a kindly disposition to see one's animals well used. If one had the requisite acuteness of vision he could read a man's disposition in the behavior of his dog or horse. We seldom see a fretful, cruel man with a docile, tractable horse, or a kind, refined gentleman with a snappish, wolfish cur of a dog.

But the fact of chief importance to us, as merely selfish beings is, that we benefit or harm ourselves more than we do the inferior animals by our conduct in this regard. The dangerous end of the weapon is that at the shoulder. The gun kicks harder than it shoots. We shall treat our families and neighbors, and mankind much as we do our own dog and cat. The dumb animals we abuse are no worse treated than we treat ourselves. Cruelty, like curses, always comes home to roost. All experience endorses the philosophy of Paul, that it is not alone for the creatures below us, but for our own sakes, that kindness to the dumb animals is enjoined.

The Trades of Animals.

Bees are geometricians; their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and the least possible