THE ADVERTISER.

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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ADVERTISING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

# Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1872.

VOL. 16.—NO. 46.

THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

## SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

### LODGES.

**Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63.**—Knights of the Red Cross of Rome and Palestine, meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth night. T. A. CREBOR, Sov.

**Adoh Chapter No.**—Order of the Eastern Star. Meets in Masonic Hall on the third day in each month. MRS. LOUISA MOORE, W. M.; MRS. EMMA BLAKE, Sec'y.

**Furnas Council No. 3, R. & S. M.**—Stated Communications fourth Monday in each month. JNO. BLAKE, T. I. G. M. T. A. Recorder.

**Mt. Carmel Commandery Knight Templar No. 4.**—Meets in Masonic Hallon the Monday night in each month. R. W. FURNAS, Com. F. A. CREBOR, Recorder.

**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. A. R. DAVEY, Scry.

**Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M.**—Regular Communications held on Thursday evenings of each month. Lodge of Instruction every Saturday night. JOHN BLAKE, W. M. J. C. SKIRTS, Secy.

**Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.**—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. A. J. McFALL, N. G. R. W. BENNETT, Secy.

### CHURCHES.

**Christ's Church** (Episcopal.)—Corner Atlantic and Second streets. Divine service every Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock; Sunday School at 9 o'clock, a. m. Seats free. Rev. J. E. Ronalds, Rector.

**Presbyterian Church.**—Services each Sabbath at 10½ a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. J. T. BAIRD, Pastor.

**Methodist E. Church.**—Services each Sabbath at 10½ a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. W. H. SLAUGHTER, Pastor.

**Baptist Church.**—Corner Fourth and Atlantic streets. Services every Sabbath, at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7½ o'clock p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening. T. J. MORGAN, Pastor.

### CITY OFFICIALS.

**City Council.**—Meets the First Monday in each month. Mayor, A. F. Cogswell. Aldermen—First Ward—James Stevenson and Chas. Gardner. Second Ward—F. E. Johnson and Lewis Marshal. D. Campbell, Clerk. J. B. Doctor, Treasurer. J. W. Middleton, Police Judge. Vacant, Marshal.

### COUNTY OFFICIALS.

**County Commissioners**—C. Harmes, H. G. Minick, A. J. Ritter. County Clerk, C. H. Parker. District Clerk, W. H. Hoover. J. D. Plasters, Probate Judge. E. M. McCord, Treasurer. G. W. Bratton, Surveyor. C. M. Hayden.

**Arrival and Departure of Mails.**

Northern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 11 a. m. Departs 11:30 a. m.
Southern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 2:30 p. m. Departs 3 p. m.
Northern—Via Peru, Daily—Arrives 12 m; Departs 1 p. m.
Southern—Via Nemaha City, Daily—Arrives 5 p. m. Departs 7 a. m.
Western—Via Tecumseh to Beatrice—Daily: Arrives at 7 a. m. Arrives at 5 p. m.
Northwestern—Via Table Rock—Weekly—Arrives Tuesday at 8 p. m. Departs Monday at 7 a. m.
Northwestern—To Helena, Semi-Weekly—Arrives Thursday and Saturday at 6 p. m. Departs Sunday and Friday at 7 a. m.
Office Hours from 7 a. m., to 7½ p. m. Sundays from 10 to 10½ a. m. W. A. POLOCK, P. M.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

### ATTORNEYS.

**SIDNEY FRENCH,**
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office over Post Office, Brownville, Neb. 13y1

**STULL & SCHICK,**
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. May be consulted in the English and German languages. Office, No. 50 Main street, (up stairs,) Brownville, Neb. 45-ly

T. ROGERS, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

BREWETT & NEWMAN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Brownville, Neb. Office No. 70, McPherson Block, up stairs.

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

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

YEE & HUMPHREY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pawnee City, Pawnee County, Neb.

K. GIDDS, Attorney at Law and Land Agent, Beatrice, Gage County, Nebraska.

### PHYSICIANS.

S. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon, and Obstetrician. Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1855. Office, Lett & Creigh's Store, McPherson Block. Special attention to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. 10-6m

E. STEWART, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Brownville, Neb. Office hours from 7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 5 to 7½ p. m. Office in H. C. Lett's Store.

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

### DRUGGISTS.

**Lett & Creigh,**
DRUGGISTS and dealers in Paints, Oils, Wall Paper, etc. McPherson Block, No. 68 Main st. Brownville, Neb.

### FEED STABLE.

**Union House Feed & Training Stable.**
BORDENO, Proprietor. Horse breaking and training made a specialty. Horses boarded reasonable terms.

### COUNTY SURVEYOR.

**C. M. HAYDEN,**
COUNTY SURVEYOR. Post office address, Brownville, Nemaha County, Neb. 20ma

### LAND AGENTS.

F. 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 northeast corner McPherson's Block, up stairs, 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 District.

### GRAIN DEALERS.

**GEORGE G. START,**
JULL DEALER IN GRAIN AND AGRICULTURAL Implements, and Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Aspinwall, Neb.

### MERCHANDISE.

L. JOHNSON & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise, No. 72 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

WILLIAM T. DEN, Dealer in General Merchandise and Forwarding and Commission Merchant. 20 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Carriages, Plows, Stoves, Furniture, etc., always on hand. Highest market price paid for Hides, Pelts, and Country Produce.

### NOTARIES.

E. BRIGHT, Notary Public and Conveyancer, No. 22 Main Street, second floor, Brownville. Agent for the Equitable and American Popular Life Insurance Companies.

### JUSTICES.

W. BRUSH, Justice of the Peace and Tax Paying Agent. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office at his residence in Brownville, Nemaha County, Neb. 8-ly

### SADDLERY.

J. BAUER, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Etc., No. 78 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Mending done to order. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

### BRIDGE BUILDING.

E. 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.

### HOTELS.

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

### GUN SMITH.

W. F. CRADDOCK, Gun Smith & Lock Smith. Shop at No. 52, Main street, Brownville, Nebraska. Guns made to order, and repairing done neatly at cheap rates. 35-ly

### BLACKSMITHS.

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

### BOOTS AND SHOES.

ALEX. ROBINSON, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 38 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 to order on short notice.

### SALOONS.

JOSEPH HUDDART & CO., Peace and Quiet Saloon, No. 31 Main street, Brownville, Neb. The best Wines and Liquors kept on hand.

## THE ADVERTISER.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1872.

Official Paper of City, County, and the United States.

## REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

HENRY WILSON.

### TO THE PEOPLE OF NEMAHA CO

We are urged by many friends to make an effort to extend the circulation of the ADVERTISER. They kindly represent that our paper is, in every respect, worthy of the support of the people of the county, generally, and that it has especial claims upon those of them who are Republicans. These representations are earnestly made, and, we believe, they are true, but we have no reason to complain of the patronage we now receive. It is true, also, however, that there are hundreds of persons in the county who ought, for their own benefit, to be readers of the ADVERTISER, who do not now get it. Considering this fact and desiring to make our paper as widely useful as possible, we adopt the advice of our friends, and offer the ADVERTISER at the following club rates:

| | |
|---|---|
| 20 Copies, one year. - - - | $30 |
| 15 " " " - - - | 24 |
| 10 " " " - - - | 17 |
| 5 " " " - - - | 9 |

Single Copies for the Campaign, 50 cts

An extra copy for one year, will be given to each person who gets up one of these clubs.

We make these as business propositions, expecting to advance our own interests by them, and believing the ADVERTISER to be well worth the money we ask for it. On this point we court investigation. If, when fairly judged, it is not up to the requirements of the times, as a weekly newspaper, in selections, news, local interests, and Republican politics, we ask no man to take it.

While we would be glad, indeed, to have three or four thousand subscribers for the ADVERTISER, we are not begging for them. That circulation would be very pleasant and profitable to us, but we must be allowed to insist that it would be no less pleasant and profitable to our readers. We shall receive these club subscriptions very thankfully, and we shall also endeavour to deserve them.

CAFFREY & HACKER.

### Republican State Convention.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE STATE REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE, NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASK, AUGUST 8, 1872.

A state convention of the republican party of Nebraska will be held at the city of Lincoln, on

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 4th, A. D. 1872,

commencing at 3 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of placing in nomination three Electors for President and Vice-President of the State at large. Also one candidate for each of the following State officers, to be elected at the next general election the 4th of October, A. D. 1872, to-wit:

Member of Congress.
Chief Justice of Supreme Court.
Two Associate Justices of Supreme Court.
Governor.
Secretary of State.
Auditor of State.
Treasurer of State.
Attorney General.
State Prison Inspector.

And for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the convention. The delegates present from each judicial district will nominate a suitable person for District Attorney, for their respective districts.

The following table exhibits the number of Delegates to which each county is entitled:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Adams | 3 | Johnson | 6 |
| Antelope | 4 | Kearney | 3 |
| Boone | 3 | Lancaster | 11 |
| Butler | 4 | L'eau qui Court | 3 |
| Burt | 6 | Lincoln | 4 |
| Buffalo | 2 | Madison | 3 |
| Cass | 11 | Merrick | 4 |
| Cheyenne | 2 | Nuckolls | 4 |
| Clay | 3 | Nemaha | 11 |
| Cedar | 3 | Otoe | 11 |
| Colfax | 4 | Pierce | 3 |
| Cuming | 5 | Pawnee | 5 |
| Dakota | 4 | Polk | 2 |
| Dawson | 2 | Platte | 4 |
| Dixon | 3 | Richardson | 11 |
| Dodge | 5 | Sarpy | 3 |
| Douglas | 21 | Saline | 6 |
| Filmore | 5 | Sanders | 2 |
| Frontier | 2 | Sherman | 2 |
| Franklin | 2 | Seward | 6 |
| Gage | 7 | Stanton | 3 |
| Greeley | 2 | Thayer | 4 |
| Harlan | 4 | Valley | 2 |
| Hall | 4 | Washington | 7 |
| Hamilton | 4 | Webster | 3 |
| Howard | 3 | Wayne | 3 |
| Jefferson | 5 | York | 3 |

All county republican committees are hereby notified and requested to notify and call county conventions to elect the delegates prescribed, and the chairman and secretary of such conventions to elect the delegates prescribed, and the chairman and secretary of such convention will furnish such delegates with credentials of election, duly certified under their hands.

It is hereby recommended that the primaries be held on the 24th day of August, and county conventions on the Saturday following; also that alternates be elected by all county conventions, who may cast the vote in case regularly elected delegates are unable to attend.

All persons who are in accord with the national republican party, who endorse its principles and will support its nominees, are cordially invited to participate in the nomination of delegates to the convention.

And it is earnestly desired by the committee that all republicans in the state who adhere to the party will turn out and attend the primary meetings, and see that our best men are elected as delegates to this convention, so that a good state ticket will be nominated.

C. W. Seymour, Chairman.
W. T. Clark, Secretary.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A. J. Weaver, | 1st | district. |
| T. J. Majors, | 2d | " |
| H. A. Newman, | 3d | " |
| H. D. Hathaway, | 4th | " |
| Geo. O. Williams, | 5th | " |
| W. G. Lamtry, | 6th | " |
| J. N. Hays, | 7th | " |
| A. Deyo, | 8th | " |
| M. B. Hoxie, | 9th | " |
| C. Woodley, | 10th | " |
| J. R. Brown, | 11th | " |

Republican State Central Committee.

This is the way Greeleyism is "growing, and swelling, and sweeping over the land."

In May—"Hurrah for Old Horace and Reform!"

In June—"Greeley has his faults, but we can stand them."

In July—"Anyway, Greeley is better than Grant."

In August—"No Greeley in mine, thank you."—*Cleveland Herald.*

Mrs. Richard Yates now lies prostrated by an illness so dangerous that fears are entertained that she cannot recover.

## DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

BY CHARLES SUMNER AND CARL BRENT.

Do my party friends miss me, I wonder?
I know it would comfort me some
To feel that my last clap of thunder
Had made them all wish I was dumb.
To know that they mourned my defection,
And wanted me back in the fold,
Would be such a sweet recollection
When I become childish and old.

There's Davis and Palmer and Trumbull,
Who left, with none to say nay,
The party made never a stumble,
But went right along on its way.
From Schurz and Gratz Brown and old Greeley
The party is finally free;
The ship is still floating; but, really,
How *can* it get on without ME?

The colored man, surely, will miss me,
Because I'm the head of his church;
I know it would greatly distress me to
To find myself left in the lurch.
The whites and the blacks at my leaving
Were struck with a terrible jar,
And over my loss they are grieving;
But why don't they *say* that they are?

The party, I thought, would be hollow,
When Sumner, its brain, was removed;
I believed that the black men would follow
The leader they always had loved.
But the party is living and kicking;
The colored men with it agree;
And this question my conscience is pricking:
How *can* they get on without ME?

I think of my seat in the Senate,
And wonder, and sometimes I grieve,
Can it be that the State will put in it
Another, and Sumner must leave?
I declare I am quite broken-hearted,
To think they don't miss me at all;
I wish I had never "departed,"
Nor given my pride such a fall.

## LAUGHING IN MEETING.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

We were in disgrace, we boys, and the reason of it was this: we had laughed out in meeting time! To be sure the occasion was a trying one, even to more disciplined nerves. Parson Lathrop had exchanged pulpits with Parson Summeral, of North Warren. Now, Parson Summeral was a man in the very outset likely to provoke the risibles of unspiritualized juveniles. He was a thin, wiry, frisky little man, in a powdered white wig, black tights and silk stockings, with bright knee buckles and shoe buckles, with round, snapping eyes, and a curious, high, cracked, squeaking voice, the very first tones of which made all the children stare and giggle. The news that Parson Summeral was going to preach in our village spread abroad among us as a prelude of something funny. It had a flavor like the charm of circus acting; and on the Sunday morning of our story we went to the house of God in a very hilarious state, all ready to set off in a laugh on the slightest provocation.

The occasion was not long waiting. Parson Lathrop had a favorite dog yclept Trip, whose behavior in meeting was notoriously far from that edifying pattern which befits a minister's dog on Sunday. Trip was a nervous dog, and a dog that could never be taught to control his emotions or to respect conventionalities. If anything about the performance in the singer's seat did not please him, he was apt to express himself in a lugubrious howl. If the sermon was longer than suited him, he would gape with such a loud crack of his jaws as would arouse everybody's attention. If the flies disturbed his afternoon's nap, he would give sudden snarls or snaps; or if anything troubled his dreams, he would bark out in his sleep in a manner not only to dispel his own slumbers, but those of certain worthy deacons and old ladies, whose sanctuary repose was broken and troubled. For all these reasons, Madam Lothrop had been forced, as a general thing, to deny Trip the usual sanctuary privileges of good family dogs in that age, and shut him up on Sundays to private meditation. Trip, of course, was the more set on attendance, and would hide behind doors, jump out of windows, sneak through byways and alleys, and lie hid till the second bell had done tolling, when suddenly he would appear in the broad aisle, innocent and happy, and take his seat as composedly as any member of the congregation.

Imagine us youngsters on the *qui vive* with excitement at seeing Parson Summeral frisk up into the pulpit with all the vivacity of a black grasshopper. We looked at each other and giggled very cautiously, with due respect to Aunt Lois' sharp observation.

At first, there was only a mild, quiet simmering of giggle, compressed very decorously within the bounds of propriety, and we pursed our muscles up with stringent resolution whenever we caught the apprehensive eye of our elders.

But when directly after the closing notes of tolling second bell Master Trip walked gravely up the front aisle, and seated himself squarely in front of the pulpit, raised his nose with a critical air toward the scene of the forthcoming performance, it was too much for us—the repression was almost convulsive. Trip wore an alert, attentive air, befitting a sound, orthodox dog, who smells a possible heresy, and deems it his duty to watch the performance narrowly.

Evidently he felt called upon to see who and what were to occupy that pulpit in his master's absence.

Up rose Parson Summeral, and up went Trip's nose, vibrating with intense attention.

The parson began in his fish-cracked voice, to intone the hymn:

"Sing to the Lord aloud,"

when Trip broke in with a dismal howl.

The parson went on to give directions to the deacon in the same voice in which he had been reading, so that the whole effect of the performance was somewhat as follows:

"Sing to the Lord aloud,"

("Please to turn out that dog")—

"And make a joyful noise."

The dog was turned out, and the choir did their best to make a joyful noise, but we boys were upset for the day, delivered over to the temptations of Satan, and plunged in waves and billows of hysterical giggle, from which neither winks nor frowns from Aunt Lois, nor the awful fear of the tithing man, nor the comforting bits of fennel and orange peel passed us by grandmother, could recover us.

Everybody felt, to be sure, that here was a trial that called for some indulgence. Hard faces, even among the very stoniest saints, betrayed a transient quiver of the muscles; old ladies put up their fans, youths and maidens in the singer's seat laughed outright, and for a moment a general snicker among the children was pardoned. But I was one of the luckless kind, whose nerves once set in vibration, could not be composed. When the reign of gravity and decorum had returned, Harry and I sat by each other, shaking with suppressed laughter. Everything in the subsequent exercises took a funny turn, and the long prayer, when everybody else was still and decorous, the whole scene come over me with such overpowering force that I exploded with laughter and had to be taken out of meeting and marched home by Aunt Lois as a convicted criminal. What especially moved her indignation was that the more she rebuked and upbraided, the more I laughed, till the tears rolled down my cheeks, which Aunt Lois construed into wilful disrespect to her authority, and resented accordingly.

By Sunday evening, as we gathered around the fire, the reaction from undue gayety to sobriety had taken place, and we were in a pensive and patient state. Grandmother was gracious and forgiving, but Aunt Lois still preserved that frosty air of reprobation which she held to be a salutary means of quickening our consciences for the future. It was, therefore, with unusual delight that we saw our old friend Sam come in and seat himself quietly down on the block in the chimney corner. With Sam we felt assured of indulgence and patronage, for though always rigidly moral and instructive in his turn of mind, he had that fellow-feeling for transgressors which is characteristic of the loose-jointed, easy-going style of his individuality.

"Lordy massy, boy, yis," said Sam virtuously, in view of some of Aunt Lois' thrusts; "ye ought never to laugh or cut up in meetin'—that are's so; but then there is times when the best of us gits took down. We gits took unawares, ye see—even ministers does. Yis, natur will git the upper hand afore they know it."

"Why, Sam, ministers don't ever laugh in meeting, do they?"

We put the question with wide eyes. Such a supposition bordered on profanity, we thought; it was approaching the sin of Uzzah, who unwarily touched the ark of the Lord.

"Laws, yis! Why, haven't you never heard how there was a council held to try Parson Morrel for laughing out in prayer time?"

"Laughing in prayer time!" we both repeated, with uplifted hands and eyes.

My grandfather's mild face became luminous with a suppressed smile, which brightened it as the moon does a cloud, but he said nothing.

"Yes, yes," said my grandmother, "that affair did make a dreadful scandal in the time on't. But Parson Morrel was a good man, and I'm glad the council wasn't hard on him."

"Wal," said Sam Lawson, "after all, it was more Ike Babbitt's fault than 'twas anybody's. Ye see, Ike he was allers for gettin' what he could out o' the town, and he would feed his sheep on the meetin' house green. Somehow or other, Ike's fences allers contrived to give out, come Sunday, and up would come his sheep, and Ike was too pious to drive 'em back Sunday, so there they was. He was talked to enough about it, cause, ye see, to have sheep and lambs a b-a-in' and a blatin' all prayer and sermon time warn't the thing. 'Member that are old meetin' house up to the north end, down under Blueberry Hill? The land sort o' sloped down, so as a body had to come into the meetin' house steppin' down instead o' up.

"Fact was, they said 'twas put there 'cause the land warn't good for nothin' else, and the folks thought puttin' a meetin' house on't would be a clear savin'; but Parson Morrel he didn't like it, and was free to tell them his mind on't—that 'twas like bringin' the lame and the blind to the Lord's service; but there 'twas.

"There warn't a better minister nor no one more set by in all the State than Parson Morrel. His doctrines was right up and down good and sharp, and he gave saints and sinners their meet in due season; and for consolin' and comfortin' widders and orphans Parson Morrel hadn't his match. The women sot lots by him, and he was allus ready to take tea round, and made things pleasant and comfortable; and he had a good story for every one, and a word for the children, and may be an apple or a cookey in his pocket for 'em. Wal, you know there ain't no pleasin' everybody, and if Gabriel himself, right down out o' heaven, was to come and be a minister, I expect there'd be a pickin' at his wings and a sort o' fault-findin'. Now, Aunt Jerusha Scran and Aunt Polly Ackun they said Parson Morrel warn't solemn enough. Ye see there's them that thinks that a minister ought to be just like the town hearse, so that ye think of death, judgment and eternity, and nothing else, when ye see him round; and if they see a man rosy and chipper, and havin' a pretty nice sociable sort of a time, why they say he ain't spiritual minded. But in my times I've seen ministers of the most awakenin' kind in the pulpit that was the liveliest when they was out on't. There is a time to laugh, scripture says, though some folks never seem to remember that are."

"But, Sam, how came you to say it was Ike Babbitt's fault? What was it about—the sheep?"

"Oh, wal, yis—I'm a comin' to that are. It was all about them sheep. I expect they was the instrument the devil sot to work to tempt Parson Morrel to laugh in prayer time.

"Ye see, there was old Dick, Ike's bell-weather, was the frightin'est critter that ever yer see. Why, Dick would butt at his own shadder, and everybody said it was a shame the old critter should be left to run loose, 'cause he run at the children and scared the women half out of their wits. Wal, I used to live out in that parish in them days, and Lem Sadoe and I used to go sparkin' Sunday nights to see the Larkin gals—and we had to go right across the lot where Dick was—so we used to go and stand at the fence and call, and Dick would see us and put down his head and run at us full chisel, and come bunt agin the fence, and then I'd catch him by the horns and hold him, while Lem would run run and get over the fence t'other side the lot, and then I'd let go and Lem would holler and shake a stick at him, and away he'd go full butt at Lem, and Lem would ketch his horns and hold him till I came over—that was the way we managed Dick—but ef he come sudden up behind a feller he'd give him a butt in the small of his back that would make him run on all fours one while—he was a great rogue, Dick was. Wal, that summer I remember they had old Deacon Titkins for tithing man, and I tell you he give it to the boys lively. There warn't no sleepin' nor no playin', for the deacon had eyes like a gimblet, and he was as quick as a cat, and the youngsters had to look out for themselves. It did really seem as if the deacon was like them four beasts in the Revelations that was full of eyes behind and before, for whichever way he was standin' if you gave only a wink he was down on you and hit you a tap with his stick. I know once Lem Sodoe jist wrote two words in the psalm book and passed it to Kesiah Larkin, and the deacon give him such a tap that Lem grew red as a beet and vowed he'd be up with him some day for that.

"Well, lordy massy, folks that is so chipper and high-steppin' has to have their come downs, and the deacon he had to have his.

"That are Sunday—I remember it now just as well as if it was yesterday—the parson he give us his great sermon, reconcilin' decrees and free agency. Everybody said that are sermon was a master-piece. He preached it up at Cambridge at commencement, but it so happened it was one o' them bilin' hot days that come in August, when you can fairly hear the huckleberries a sizzin' and cookin' on the bushes, and the locust keeps a gratin' like a red-hot saw. Wal, such times, decrees or no decrees, the best on us will get sleepy. The old meetin' house stood right down at the foot of a hill that kept off all the wind, and the sun blazed away at them great west winders, and there was pretty sleepy times there. Wal, the deacon he flew round a spell, and woke up the children, and tapped the boys on the head, and kept everything straight as he could till the sermon was most through, when he rally got most tuckered out, and he took a chair and he sot down in the door right opposite the minister and fairly got asleep himself, just as the minister got up to make the last prayer.

"Wal, Parson Morrel had a way o' prayin with his eyes open. Folks said it wasn't the best way, but it was Parson Morrel's way anyhow; and so as he was prayin' he couldn't help seein that Deacon Titkins was a nodin' and a bobbin' out toward the place where old Dick was feedin' with the sheep, front o' the meetin' house.

"Lem and me we was sittin' where we could look out, and we jest see old Dick stop feedin' and look at the deacon. The deacon had a little round head, as smooth as an apple, with a nice powdered wig on it, and sot there making bobs and bows, and Dick begun to think it was suthin' sort o' pussonal. Lem and me was sittin jest where we could look out and see the hull picter, and Lem was fit to split.

"Good now," says he, "that critter'll pay the deacon off lively, pretty soon."

"The deacon bobbed his head a spell, and old Dick he shook his horns at him sort o' threatenin'. Finally the deacon he give a great bow and brought his head right down at him, and old Dick he sot out full tilt and come down on him kerchunk, and knocked him head over heels into the broad aisle, and his wig flew one way and he t'other; and Dick made a lunge at it as it flew and carried it off on his horns.

"Wal, you may believe that broke up the meetin' for one while, for Parson Morrel laughed out, and all the gals and boys they stomped and roared, and the old deacon he got up and begun rubbing his shins—'cause he didn't see the joke on't.

"'You don't orter laugh; it's no laughing matter—it's a solemn thing,' says he. 'I might have been sent into eternity by the darned critter,' says he.

"Then they all roared and haw hawed the more to see the deacon dancin' round with his little shiny head so smooth a fly would trip up on't.

"I believe, my soul, you'd laugh to see me in my grave," says he.

"Wal, the truth on't was, 'twas jist one of them bustin' up times that natur has, when there ain't nothin' but to give in; 'twas jist like the ice breakin' up on the Charles river, it all come at once and no whoa to't. Sunday or no Sunday, sin or no sin, the most on 'em laughed till they cried, and couldn't help it.

"But the deacon he went home feelin' pretty sore about it. Lem Sadoe he picked up his wig and handed it to him. Says he, 'Old Dick was playin' tithin'-man, warn't he, deacon? Teach you to make allowance for other other folks that get sleepy.'

"Then Mrs. Titkins she went over to Aunt Jerusha Scran's and Aunt Polly Hokun's, and they had a pot 'o tea over it, and 'greed it was awful of Parson Morrel to set sich an example, and suthin' has got to be done about it. Miss Hokun said she allers knew that Parson Morrel hadn't no spirituality, and now it had broke out into open sin, and led all the rest of 'em into it; and Mrs. Titkins she said sich a man warn't fit to preach; and Miss Hokun said she couldn't never hear him ag'in. And the next Sunday the deacon and his wife they hitched up and driv eight miles over to Parson Lathrop's, and took Aunt Polly on the back seat.

"Wal, the thing growed and growed, till it seemed as if there warn't nothin' else talked about, 'cause Aunt Polly and Mrs. Titkins and Jerusha Scran they didn't do nothin' but talk about it, and that set everybody else a talkin'.

"Finally it was 'greed they must have a council to settle the hash. So all the women they went to choppin' the mince, and makin' up pumpkin pies and cranberry tarts, and bilin' doughnuts, gittin' ready for the ministers and delegates—'cause councils always eats powerful—and they had quite a stir, like a gineral trainin'. The hosses they was hitched all up and down the stalls, a-stompin' and a-switchin' their tails, and all the women was a-talkin,' and they had up everybody round for witnesses, and finally Parson Morrel he says:

"'Brethren, let me tell you the story just as it happened, and if you don't every one of you laugh as hard as I did, why, then I'll give it up.'

"The parson he was a master-hand at settin' off a story, and afore he'd done he got 'em all in sich a roar they didn't know where to leave off. Finally they give sentence that there hadn't no temptation took him but such as is common to man; but they advised him afterward allers to pray with his eyes shut, and the parson he confessed he orter a done it, and meant to do better in future, and so they settled it.

"So, boys," said Sam, who always drew a moral, "ye see it larns you you must take care what you look at, if you want to keep from laughin' in meetin'."

Seward "sides" with nobody.

"Eli Perkins" has come out as a politician.

Seven Major-Generals are at Narragansett Pier.

Walt Whitman is a clerk in the attorney general's office.

Bayard Taylor is writing "Improvisations" for *Harper's Monthly.*

Voltaire defines the happy man as the one who considers himself so.

William Lloyd Garrison is visiting Lake Winnepiseogee for the first time.

### A Social Serpent in a Lady's Chamber.

[From the Ottawa (Ill.) Independent.]

A few days ago, Mrs. L. R. Lewis, of Aurora, formerly of Ottawa, met with a terrible, and, to her, also a sad adventure. They had recently removed into a somewhat dilapidated frame house. Between the plastering and the walls of one room there was a vacant space, and a vacant space at or near the ceiling of the room in one corner. Near this, by a window, she had hung her bird cage out of the reach of the cat. She was in an adjoining room, when she thought she heard her bird utter a peculiar cry. she came into this room, but seeing no cat, and thinking she must have been mistaken, went back. Scarcely had she done so when the strange cry was repeated. She returned, and on looking up to the cage was almost petrified with horror on seeing a large snake in the cage and partly coiled around it on the outside. She ran away screaming with fright and a gentleman passing was called in. He soon succeeded in capturing and killing the reptile, which was found to be a "house adder," a snake whose bite is deadly, we are told. It was about three feet long: It had killed the poor bird and was in the act of swallowing it when the man arrived who killed the horrid snake. It had crawled up in the wall and thence out of the hole in the plastering. It is needless to say that as snakes usually go in pairs, and as the other snake comprising that pair has not been killed, the house is now for rent.

Mr. Lewis tried to sleep there that night, but sleep would not come. Toward morning, in his restlessness, he touched the bottom of his bare foot against the bedstead. He just got up and howled "snakes, by John Rodgers!" He put on his boots and she put on "hern," and they sat up the remainder of the night watching for snakes. Hunting snakes is the chief amusement of Aurora people nowadays, and especially nights. They tell us of a man who was asleep, and so was his fair partner, who has sharp toe nails. She dreamed she was kicking the cat out of the pantry, and she digged her toe nails into the calf of her man's leg. He woke up and cried "snakes," "burglars," "police," and all that. She got up, too, in quite a hurry, and that bed was searched through and through about 23 times, but the snake wasn't found. Another man woke up one night, and by the pale light of the moon saw his wife's switch coiled around one of the ornamental posts at the foot of the bed. It looked for all the world like a snake. There was its great big slimy coils, and its head pointed toward the head of the bed, as if the snake was preparing for an attack on the party of the first part, his wife and their heirs and assigns. The party of the first part waked up his wife, and she, of course, screamed and kicked and, jumping out of bed, ran into another room to faint, leaving him all alone with the bloody-minded, venomously disposed sarpient. He was now in a lively state of cold perspiration, but his presence of mind had not entirely deserted him. He slowly drew up his feet and jumped out of bed and ran to the kitchen and got his double-barreled shot-gun and cautiously came back. He came in sight of the serpentine intruder, and taking as deliberate aim as his quaking knees and trembling frame would permit, blazed away. The sound of the gun aroused the lady from her third swoon. They advanced upon the enemy with a light. The enemy was found in a limp state dangling by the bed-post, and evidently dead. On nearing it, imagine his feelings when she exclaimed, "Law sakes, what have you done? Spiled my best mohair switch!" The shot holes in the bedstead can be filled up with putty and it revarnished. He can get a new mirror for seven dollars. The old tom cat sitting on the fence outside in range with the window will never squall at the moon as he was wont to do. He has lost his voice—at least that's where most of the shot took effect.

### Tim Higgins' Honeymoon.

Seems to me things have changed somewhat! Seems to me so—bust me if it don't! I've been married near six months now, and, the fact is, Susan shows the least bit more temper than I thought she had; in fact, to speak the right down truth, she's knocked things about generally for the past two months. She slung the cat through the window by the tail, and would have thrown me out by the—heels, if I hadn't walked out in a fast run. She's got as cross as four sticks, and says she'll use a half dozen sticks on my back if don't quit smoking in the house. And she threatened to throw a boot-jack down my throat last night because I spit in the fire. If she had done that I suppose I'd have had the colic or boot-jack cramp.

"Timothy P. Niggins," said I to myself, said I, "you've gone and done it, and you have got to put up with the consequences, you have, come what will; you can't get out of it, you can't."

A girl loses her beauty mighty quick after she becomes Mrs. Susan Sunflower was as pretty as Venus, but just as soon as I married her her skin turned yellow, her eyes lost their beauty, her hair got thin, and she got to be just the shape of an ale cask; she has, by jingo! And O, what a temper she has got! Never knowed her mad before I married her, nor even to offer to throw the chair or stove down anybody's throat; no, never, until she was Mrs. Niggins. Aunt says she'll come out all right after a while. I don't see why she can't be all right now, I don't; if she don't improve, the Lord help me!

"Jist you spit in the fire again," says she to me yesterday; "jist do it again, and I'll throw this stick of wood down your throat! What did I marry you for? To run after you, and make up the fire after you spit it out? You tormenting beast! Did I marry you to slave and work, while you smoke and spit in the fire? There's them chickens I had to feed, too; and there's Ben Dyke's hog got into the garden and dug up my seed beets, and you never saw it; there's that blamed old rooster scratched up my onion bed, and you never saw it! And you never see nothing you ought to see! There's Ann Buster, who was over here yesterday; I saw you wink at her! I saw you, Tim Niggins! Don't you say you didn't; I saw you—I saw you!"

Stanley's little African adventure is called the romance of the nineteenth century.

Simon Cameron has added three years to his three-score and ten, and bids fair to reach octogenarian honors.

Honey-bees in Cuba swarm three times a year.

## OFFICIAL.

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