THE ADVERTISER.

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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Oldest Paper in the State.

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THE ADVERTISER

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	One Week.	Two Weeks.	Three Weeks.	One Month.	Two Months	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Half inch	$ 50	$1.00	$1.50	$2.00	$3.50	$4.00	$ 8.00	$ 8.00
One inch	1.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	5.00	7.00	10.00	16.00
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☞ All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

J. H. Broady,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.—Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

E. W. Thomas,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office, front room over Stevenson & Cross's Hardware Store, Brownville, Neb.

Sidney French,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office, two doors east of Post Office, Brownville, Neb. Will give careful and diligent attention to all business entrusted to him. 1y1

Stull & Schick,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. May be consulted in the English and German languages. Office, No. 70 Main street, (up stairs,) Brownville, Neb. 45-1y

W. 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.

Hewett & Newman,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW Brownville, Neb.

N. S. GIBBONS, Attorney at Law and Land Agent, Beatrice, Gage County, Nebraska.

PHYSICIANS.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Graduated in 1851. Location, Brownville 1856. Office, Lett & Creigh's Drug Store, McPherson Block. Special attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. 10-6m

C. F. STEWART, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Brownville, Neb. Office hours from 7 to 9 a.m. and 12 to 2 and 6½ to 7½ p.m. Office in H. C. Lett's drug store.

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

NOTARIES & COLLECTION AGENTS

J. W. Brush,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND COLLECTION AGENT, Union Precinct. Special attention given to the collection of notes and accounts for wholesale trade. Address Box 132 Brownville, Nemaha Co., Neb. 30ly

L. A. Bergmann,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.—Office, No. 62 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

E. E. BRIGHT, Notary Public and Conveyancer, No. 72 Main street, second floor, Brownville, Neb. Agent for the Equitable and American Tontine Life Insurance companies.

DRUGGISTS.

Lett & Creigh,
DRUGGISTS and dealers in Paints, Oils, Wall Paper, etc. McPherson Block, No. 48 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

LAND AGENTS.

A. P. CROSWELL, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in Cogswell Block, corner First and Atlantic streets. Will give prompt attention to the location of Real Estate and the Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District. 31f

RICHARD V. HUGHES, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public. Office in northeast corner McPherson's Block, upstairs, 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.

GRAIN DEALERS.

Geo. G. Start,
CASH DEALER IN GRAIN AND AGRICULTURAL Implements, and Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Aspinwall, Neb.

SADDLERY.

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

BRIDGE BUILDING.

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.

HOTELS.

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

GUN SMITH.

WM. F. CRADDOCK, Gun Smith & Lock Smith. Shop, at No. 52, Main street, Brownville, Nebraska. Guns made to order, and repairing done promptly at cheap rates. 45-1y

BLACKSMITHS.

J. C. & J. C. GIBSON, Blacksmiths and Horse Shoers, First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed. 1ed.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

ALEX. ROBINSON, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 50 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.

SALOONS.

JOSEPH HUDDART & CO., Peace and Quiet Saloon, No. 61 Main street, Brownville, Neb. The best Wines and Liquors kept on hand.

L. A. Bergmann & Co.,
Manufacturers of Cigars,
and Wholesale Dealers in
Chewing and Smoking Tobaco,
MANUFACTURER'S AGENTS FOR
COLHAPP'S TOBACCO
Orders from the country promptly filled, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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.

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. 24-1y.

BANK EXCHANGE HALL
J. G. RUSSELL,
Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
42 Main Street,
BROWNVILLE, NEB.
BILLIARD

W. T. MOORE & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
SHIPPERS,
AND DEALERS IN GRAIN AND COAL,
72 Main Street,
Brownville, Nebraska.
891

"EAT AND GROW FAT!"
BODY & BRO.,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. L. CROOKS & CO.,)
BUTCHERS!
RUN TWO SHOPS.
One opposite Herndon's, the other next door to Stratton's, on Second street.
Good, sweet, fresh meat always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed to customers. 17-22-1y

PERU ADVERTISEMENTS.

Insurance not a Privilege but a Duty.
Continental Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.
Assets over $2,000,000
Losses paid in Chicago. ... 1,500,000
Losses paid in Boston, ... 500,000
Farm Risks made a specialty, upon the Instalment or Annual Premium plan, for five years; less than five years, stock plan.
Insure against loss or damage by Fire and Lightning buildings and contents, hay, grain and stock.
GEO. T. HOPE, Pres.
CYRUS PECK, Sec.
C. J. BARBER, General Agent, Omaha.
P. M. MARTIN,
AGENT FOR NEMAHA COUNTY.

BARNES & MOODEY,
DAVID BARNES. S. S. MOODEY.
DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
DRY GOODS, BOOTS, Queensware, CLOTHS, HATS, LAMPS of the in great FURNITURE, A FULL Moulding for Picture Frames.
GROCERIES, SHOES, Glassware, HARDWARE, CAPS, Latest Styles, variety.
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN For Present or Spring Delivery.
We are constantly filling up with new goods which we
SELL LOW DOWN
to suit purchasers.
WE REFER TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

S. R. DAILY,
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,
FINE TOILET SOAPS,
Fancy Hair & Tooth Brushes,
Perfumery,
Toilet Articles,
TRUSSES, SHOULDER BRACES,
Grass and Garden Seeds,
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Dye Stuffs,
Letter Paper, Pens, Inks, Envelopes,
GLASS, PUTTY,
Carbon Oil Lamps and Chimneys.
Physician's Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

All Aboard
THOMPSON'S
U. S. Mail and Transfer Hacks,
RUN DAILY FROM
PERU, NEBRASKA,
to the following points:
Nebraska City, making connection with trains on the Midland Pacific R. R,
Brownville and return daily.
Watson Station, Mo., making connections with all trains on the K. C., St. Joe. & C. B. R. R.
PASSENGERS AT LOW RATES.
FREIGHT AND EXPRESS of All Kinds transferred on these routes at reasonable rates.
☞ All orders left with GEO. A BROWN, Agent, at the P. O. in Peru, Neb., will be promptly attended to.
"Mose" Thompson.

SCHOOL
OFFICERS AND TEACHERS
We invite your attention to the superiority of the
PEARD PATENT DESK & SETTEE
COMBINED.
IT HAS THE FOLDING DESK AND SEAT.
IT IS FREE FROM NOISE.
IT IS STRONG, BEAUTIFUL, CONVENIENT, DURABLE.
The castings are one-fourth heavier than those of any other desk, and so hanged as to secure the greatest possible strength. The wood is selected cherry, walnut or ash, thoroughly seasoned and kiln-dried, and handsomely finished in shellac. The seat, arm, and back, are beautifully carved and slatted. We guarantee against breakage in fair usage. It fits the school house for school or church purposes.
We also manufacture "THE GEM," as its name indicates, an elegant stationary Top Desk.
The "ECONOMIC" absolutely defies competition in prices for furniture WHICH IS GOOD.
We are also making a full line of Recitation Settees, Teacher's Desks, Chairs, and all SCHOOL FURNITURE. Our list of apparatus includes Clocks, Bells, Globes, Maps, Charts, Slated Paper, Liquid Slating, Chalk, Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus, Dictionaries, and everything desirable in any grade of schools, all of which we will sell for cash, or on sufficient time to enable a district to levy and collect a tax.
Eaude's Reading Case is rapidly superceding the ordinary Reading Tablets. 26 groups, phrases and sentences, based upon the word-method, admirably adapted to primary lessons in Drawing, Numbers, Reading, and Grammar. Address our nearest agent, who will call upon you without delay.
National School Furniture Co.,
113 and 115 State Stree,
CHICAGO.
P. M. MARTIN, Exclusive Agent for Otoe, Nemaha, Richardson and Pawnee counties, solicits correspondence. Will visit you with samples. Five or ten-year building bonds negotiated without charge to patrons. Address
Box 101, Peru, Nebraska.

CITY HOTEL
CHARLES GAEDE
PROPRIETOR.
Guests received at all hours, DAY and NIGHT. Connects with
Livery Stable
under same management.
☞ Careful attention given to the wants of guests. We refer to the traveling public.

C. W. CULBERTSON,
CARPENTER and BUILDER
CONTRACTS TAKEN.
Material Furnished when Desired,
at terms and rates which defy competition. Address, or call at Shop, corner Fifth and Park streets, Peru, Neb.
Refers to { A. H. GILLETT, M. M. WILES. 891

PERU ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOTS G. W. PETERSON SHOES
will make to order
BOOTS AND SHOES.
REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY.
Call and see Samples.
NO FIT NO SALE.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

ESTABLISHED JOHN BRUNSDON, NINE YEARS.
Fashionable Boot and Shoe
MAKER.
CUSTOM WORK ALWAYS ON HAND.
Repairs executed with neatness.
CALL AND EXAMINE MY STOCK

R. B. SMITH,
Justice of the Peace & Collection
AGENT.
Special attention given to collection of notes and accounts for non-residents.
Address Box 50, PERU, Nemaha Co., Neb.

"O. K."
Barber Shop & Restaurant
W. C. CUMMING.
All work done in the neatest and latest style. The choicest brands of Cigars constantly on hand. Delicious Confectionery. Ice Cream in season. Oysters stews on short notice. Soda Fountain in full blast.
Fifth St. opposite Brick Church,

WELL BORING.
A. W. ELLIS
SOLE PROPRIETOR,
has the exclusive right of putting in BORED WELLS in NEMAHA COUNTY. Calls by letter receive prompt attention. Parties may make choice of PINE, GALVENIZED IRON OR CEMENT TUBING. We make wells through ROCK, as we are provided with a thousand pound horse-power drill. Drill same size as Auger. Guarantee water or no pay. Postoffice address, PERU, Neb
Boring done in Winter as well as Summer.

BANKS.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $100,000.00. PAID UP CAPITAL, $50,000.00.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.
Brownville, Nebraska.
Is now prepared to transact a general Banking Business. Buy and sell Coin and Currency Drafts on all the principal cities of the
UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.
Money loaned on approved security only. Time Drafts discounted. Special facilities offered to depositors. INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS. SIGHT DEPOSITS RECEIVED payable on demand, and INTEREST allowed on time certificates of deposit.
Officers and Directors.
JNO. L. CARSON, President.
A. R. DAVISON, Cashier.
J. C. McNAUGHTON, Asst. Cashier.
Wm. T. Jeter, B. M. Bailey, M. A. Handley, Frank E. Johnson, Wm. Frasher, 44-1y

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.
CAPITAL, STATE BANK OF NEBRASKA $100,000.
Transact a General Banking Business and make collections on all points throughout the West, and
ALL PARTS OF EUROPE.
EXCHANGE ON EUROPE.
Draw our own Drafts on England, Ireland France, Germany, &c.
DISCOUNT NOTES AND TIME BILLS OF EXCHANGE. INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT. BY SPECIAL AGREEMENT.
Exchange bought and sold on New York, and all the principal Eastern and Southern cities of the United States.
Officers and Directors.
R. V. MUIR, J. C. DEUSER, H. C. LETTON, W. A. McMANIGAL, DAVID BEMIS, THEO. HILL, F. A. TISDEL, Jr.
Wm. H. HOOVER, President.
THEO. HILL, Vice-President.
GEO. P. EATON, Cashier.

FURNITURE.

J. L. ROY,
Dealer in
FURNITURE!
Undertaking a Specialty.

Keeps a full line of
METALIC AND WOOD
BURIAL CASES.
56 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB.

J. BLAKE,
DENTIST
All Operations Performed in the best manner.
OFFICE:
At residence on Main street.

WHAT BECOMES OF EDITORS?

What becomes of the Editors?
That's what we'd like to know;
They do a heap of good on earth,
And to heaven ought to go;
But something seems to tell us
They are a peculiar set,
And in the great hereafter
Will be "left out in the wet."

We've been thinking this question over,
And it troubles us a heap
It comes to us in the daytime,
And with dreams disturbs our sleep;
But the more we con the question
The deeper it seems to get,
And brings us to this conclusion—
They'll be "left out in the wet."

Now reason yourself a moment,
Would it do to let them in?
Wouldn't they go to interviewing,
And discussing everything?
Wouldn't they have two parties,
And a hobby, too, to pet?
That thing would never do up there!—
They'll be "left out in the wet."

It's very well to smile, sir,
And to say our head ain't level;
But did you ever know an Editor
That didn't have a "devil?"
You don't suppose for a moment
That he in there could get
And be calling "copy!"—
They'll be "left out in the wet."

There's one more point we'll mention—
We hope you won't get offended—
But it's "currently reported"
That "the free list is suspended.!"
Now did you ever know an Editor
That has "pulled his weasel," yet?
They're not agoin' to do it there—
They'll stay "out in the wet."

AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS.

The following is the welcome address delivered at Lincoln on the 21st ult., on the occasion of welcoming the Kansas Editors at the Capitol. The orator was Ex-Attorney Gen. Roberts:

On behalf of the municipality of the city of Lincoln, its citizens and the people of the whole State of Nebraska, I bid you welcome to its Capital City; welcome as citizens of a sister State and of our common country; welcome as friends, with your wives, your sweethearts and your pretty cousins. In looking over this assemblage, to-night, I am reminded of a story attributed to the great Erskine: In a time of threatened public danger, the lawyers had promptly formed a regiment. His Majesty reviewed it; when turning to its Colonel, he said, "What regiment is this?" "The Devil's Own," responded Erskine. You, gentlemen of the Press, have this advantage, "you own the Devil." Like him, you are continually roaming up and down the earth, the burning sun of the tropics, fever, pestilence, death even offer no insuperable barriers to your insatiable curiosity. You find Livingston alive when all believed him dead; and my word for it, the bones of Sir John Franklin, and the open Polar Sea will not be discovered until some Stanley in a Press yacht starts to find them. The Press Polaris will yet be moored to the North Pole. I think the press of the country ought to be able to find dead men from the lively manner in which they have lately been engaged in the manufacture of first-class political corpses. It is the duty of the press to keep watch over the career of the political leader, and publicity is the natural safeguard of freedom. In the strife of parties, errors will be committed, severity will be often indulged, and the shadow of suspicion converted into the reality of guilt. Still I believe that the press and the people will finally be just. Because the argus-eyed free Press of the Republic has discovered and justly denounced official mendacity and corruption in high places, hunted the guilty down until they have died the death amidst the filth and slime of political prostitution; because of this fact, I say the monarchial press of the old world has scornfully said, "Behold the honesty of the Republic." But it cannot be doubted, that had the keen scrutiny of our reporters and editors been turned upon the secrets of the despotic rule of Napoleon, had directed the burning gaze of the public eye upon the sickening debauchery of the Court of Isabella of Spain, of the ultramontanes of Bavaria, or the clerical Officials of Autonelli, our American Legislatures would have seemed in contrast symbols of purity Every statesman or political leader among us, lives in the condition of the Roman Senator, and has a thousand eyes watching him at home and abroad. Nothing is hidden from the keen eye of the press. Publicity is the natural trait of a free government. If crime and defalcations occur, political and moral corruption startle us on all sides; it is proof at least that the guilty are not hidden from observation by the selfish delicacy of a ruling caste, or protected by absolute power from the scrutiny of the law. Honesty is almost exclusively a Republican virtue. The conception of honesty adorned the democracy of Athens. The just Arestides wandered in tattered robes beneath the Acropolis, the graceful Pericles boasted that he had taken nothing from his countrymen; Phocion rejected the Macedonian gifts, and the Athenian treasurers were vain of the accuracy of their counts. "To be as honest as a Huguenot," was the last testimony of decaying France to the superiority of public virtue. Colbert was the last of her honest statesmen. In England the nation made slow progress, and in the last century Walpole bribed whole parliaments, and members of parliament have never ceased to bribe their electors. Honesty crowned with signal lustre, the founders of the American Republic, and the heart of the whole nation is more true to-day tu the rigid requirements of public virtue, notwithstanding the many lapses of our public men, than when its ancestors first pledged themselves to its support. Love of country is not dead to-day. Patriotism to-day stands once more in the breach as at Thermopalæ, bears down the serried hosts of Bannockburn; lays its calm hand in the fire, still as if it felt the pressure of a mother's lips, and gathers to its heart the point of opposing spears to make way for the avenging feet behind. What then, gentlemen, do we not owe to a free press? Looking, then, at the power and vigor thus displayed, does it seem possible that scarcely three centuries have flown since the first newspaper was given to the world from the German city of Nuremberg in 1457. It was in the capacity of a news-carrier, (his original profession) as a hired letter-writer in the pay of a few country gentlemen, to gather the news and send a weekly written sketch of his intelligence and gossip, that Nathaniel Butters prepared the way for the first English newspaper printed on a half sheet in 1621. The story of the first American newspaper, brief as was its life, is full of curious interest. Seventy years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, and two hundred and fifty years after the invention of printing, a newspaper was issued at Boston. It was published by Benjamin Harris, who proposed to issue his paper once a month, or oftener, if there should be a "glut of occurrences." Unfortunately, the first American newspaper was suspended, because, in the language of the order suppressing it, "it contained reflections of a very high nature." And it appears to me that American newspapers have, since that time, generally followed in the wake of their distinguished and extinguished predecessor. The progress of American journalism was comparatively slow during the first century of its history.

The appetite for news grows with what it feeds on. There was a time when the public was willing to allow a newspaper three months to catch up with the news. Now-a-days a newspaper which cannot give all the news of the world every morning, with timely and suggestive comments, might as well give up the ghost, nobody wants it. We, of this age, who take the morning newspaper with our breakfast coffee, can hardly realize a time when newspapers were not. When the mails were slow and unfrequent, and it took longer to hear in New York, from Boston, than now from the antipodes. To-morrow morning's paper may contain the news of a murder committed in Australia, last night's debate in the British Parliament. We know almost as soon as the Parisians every time President Thiers threatens to resign, and before he has time to reconsider we are ready with speculations on the result of his action.

A hundred years back takes us into the dark ages of journalism. The smallest country newspaper of today is magnificent, in comparison with the *News Letters Gazettes*, of Franklin's days. What history gives so graphic and living a picture of the times as these dingy, insignificant sheets? It is time itself. An eminent scholar has said, that a copy of the Athens *Times* (had such a paper existed) of the days of Pericles, would outweigh in historical value, all the researches and discoveries of the most learned of antiquaries. And who knows that not many centuries hence the world's knowledge of our civilization and our progress, may be drawn from the then misty and insignificant sheets that shall have described the very events we are now celebrating. Welcome men, of the mighty pen. Welcome to the magic prairie city of the Central State. Heretofore the river has always been the parent of the city, but this is the age of railroads. Rome was planted by its wolf-nursed founder, by the golden Tiber; Babylon by the Euphrates; the Nile gave birth to a score of cities; the Danube and the Elbe have been scarcely less prolific, while the sombre Seine and murky Thames have built the foggy but ponderous London, and the versatile Paris. Philadelphia and New York, cities of the new world, were planted by their founders on the banks of rivers. But to-day, through the influence of railroads, cities far inland burst into being "like Pallas springing armed from Jove," and the river and the steamboat have, by the decision of the highest courts, been declared subservient to the railway and the bridge. It is now around the world by rail with two ocean ferries. Turn your telescope to our remotest boundary, and inspect the latent wealth which needs but the potent touch of the hand of industry, true wand of Prospera, to unlock the hidden stores of flower, fruit and golden grain. Behold our magnificent prairies waiting but for the tinkling of the sheep bells and the lowing of the quickly coming herds, for here is the world's pasturage. Here with our yet undeveloped salt wealth will be erected the world's packing house. Midway be'twixt the two oceans, God placed Nebraska the initial terminus of the road to India. We are on our road to India, and the Union Pacific has opened that way. Think of how all nations have striven to reach that far-off treasury of wealth. From the remotest antiquity there the then great warriors went in their bloody tracks of conquest and rapine. Alexander the Great, with his hosts, and the Macedonia phalanx went there.

The Roman cohorts and their eagles spread far away in the march to India. The Crusaders were but another symptom of that same desire to possess the wealth and luxuries of the east for the impoverished west. The search for the way to India led Vasca de Gama around the Cape of Good-Hope, and raised an insignificant people, the Portugees, to the first commercial rank in Europe. Holland, too, from poverty became a treasury of riches. England owes all of her modern power and all of her miraculous commercial supremacy to the possession of "turbanned India, with her jeweled front." The riches of the Delta and the treasures of the Levant are hers. She rifles the spoils of the west and gathers to herself the gums and spices of the east. She grows every fruit and flower in the tropical girdle of the world. She clothes her daughters in Persian silks, and wraps her mariners in the furs taken on the snow hills of the north. "She leads into her Norman parks the gazelles of of oriental woods." The sun never sets in her dominions, and when it is midnight in Windsor palace, the rays of that orb are returning to throw in their splendor among the diamonds which sparkle in the august crown of Victoria.

Russia, from a wild race of barbarious Tartars, without outlet to the sea, has become a mighty Empire; advancing in wealth and civilization, and all because of her direct communication with Oriental commerce.

Whoever possesses the road to India possesses the commerce of India, and holds the wealth of the world at his command. France felt this to be so, and she once ruled from the River Kistna to Cape Cormorin, and in her name Duplex reigned there with the wealth and power of a potentate. She intrigued and she fought for it, and she lost it at Pondicherry, when the genius of Clive rose riumphant, and for it she sent Napoleon into Egypt.

Russia feels it and she is marching on to Constantinople, and sends her legions Indiaward. We know it, and open communication with Japan; we make treatles with China, and we construct an iron track over our own continent, across which our own steamers will yet bear us the accumulated wealth of ages.

Welcome, then, gentlemen of the press, to this city of the prairie. Welcome, knights of an ancient guild, members of a noble profession, which needs no higher encomium than to say, that in preserving art, science, religion, virtue, it has by its trenchant blade maintained inviolate to the people, that liberty our first parents received fresh and pure from the hands of God. In all the varying struggles of the people against kingly and satraped power, the press has always been in the vanguard in the struggle; its clear bugle has sounded the charge, rung out the clarion notes of victory, or retreating to the last fastness has hurled defiance to the victor. In chains often, in prison, in exile, persecuted, scourged, banished; still, amidst all these vicissitudes, the press has always been the champion of liberty, and the eternal foe of tyranny. The liberty of the press is the highest safeguard to all free governments. Ours could not exist without it. It is with us, nay with all men, like a grest exulting and abounding river. On its broad bosom, it bears a thousand barks. Here genius spread its purpling sail. Here poetry dips its silver oar. Here art, invention, discovery, science, morality, religion, may safely and securely float. I am not here to deny that the river overleaps its bounds. I do not deny that streams sometimes becomes a dangerous torrent and destroys towns and cities upon its bank. But I am here to say, that without it, civilization, humanity, government, all that makes society itself would disappear and the world would return to its ancient barbarism. To the free press of Kansas and Nebraska, with your flag still full high advanced and waving majestically in the blue empyrean, I would say in the language addressed to the flag of our country:

"Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's standard waving o'er us!"

Extracts from a letter written by Hon. O. P. Mason to his Daughter Grace.

[From the Nebraska City Chronicle.]

AUXERAIS, HOUSE, SAN JOS, CAL., MAY 16th, 1873.

My Dear Daughter Grace:

I left Nebraska City Monday morning, May 12. (as you already know,)—took dinner at Lincoln and at one o'clock and thirty minutes took the B. & M. R. R. in Nebraska, and Monday evening at nine o'clock, was at Kearney Junction, 150 miles from home. Tuesday noon took dinner at Cheyenne, and at 3 o'clock Tuesday was on the summit of the Rocky mountains. On Wednesday morning I found myself at Green river and Wednesday night at Ogden on Salt Lake; changed cars at this place and started direct for California. Rode all night and next day through a dreary country. This morning (Friday) took breakfast on the top of the Sierra Nevada mountains; at noon I was in a country where nature and art with lavish hands have strewn the beauteous landscape with all that is rich, rare, lovely and glorious.

Roses were in full bloom, strawberries and cherries, ripe, and farmers cutting wheat, in the most delightful country I ever saw; orchards, vineyards and groves, and the most beautiful trees the eye of man ever yet rested upon.

It never freezes, never snows, they have green peas and beans every month in the year and also strawberries. Oranges and figs, and in short fruit of all kinds abounds. I have never before seen such a paradise on earth. It is beautiful beyond the power of language to describe.

Looking from the window of my room, my eye rests upon a lovely landscape, mountains on either side of the valley, and the valley from ten to fifteen miles in width, with fine streams of water meandering through it; beautiful homes surrounded with groves and orchards of pears, apricots, plums, etc., It is indeed a lovely valley. I doubt if there be another such on earth. Such a variety and such rapid growth of shrubs, trees, flowers and fruits, you have never pictured, imagined or deemed possible; fountains are bursting forth in every yard, tall, stately evergreens, rose trees covered with every conceivable variety of roses, flowering shrubs of every hue, fig trees and century plants growing *six inches in twenty-four hours and blooming in twelve years from planting.*

San Jose is a city numbering from 10,000 to 15,000 inhabitants, and the schools, colleges and churches attest to the intelligence, industry and sobriety of the people. There is no country that is so desirable between Nebraska and the Sacremento valley. The climate here is most delightful and the *coldest* weather never freezes ice more than one-quarter of an inch thick; the hottest never exceeds 91 degrees, and that foroply a few days.

The dearest wish of my heart is to gather together the loved ones of my home and with them enjoy the surpassing loveliness of this Eden of earth. 'Tis a long way from our home however—two thousand miles. When you are reading this letter I shall be on my way back, I shall then have much that is new, pleasing and interesting to tell you.

Until that happy time I remain
Your loving Father,
O. P. MASON.

The Real Owners of the Tribune.

[N. Y. Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

I have heard so many absurd stories recently about Wall street operators and prominent politicians owning large interests in the New York *Tribune*, that I thought it might be well to give an accurate list of the stockholders. The stock, consisting of 100 shares, valued at $10,000 each, is owned as follows: Whitelaw Ried, 51 shares; Horace Greeley's daughters, 8; Dr. J. C. Ayer, 14; Bayard Taylor, 4; H. Parsons Farnham, 3; Silas E. Cheney, 3; Mrs. S. T. Clark, 2; E. H. Jenney, 2; George Ripley, 1; Thomas N. Rooker, 1; John F. Cleveland, 1; John Hay, 1; Theodore Tilton, 1; Oliver Johnson, 1; Solon Robinson, 1; Cornelius A. Runkle, 1; Philip A. Fitzpatrick, 1; Patrick O'Rourke, 1; Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, 1; William Orton, 1; and Charles E. Wilbour, 1.

Officers of the National Grange.

Master—Dudley W Adams, Waukon, Iowa.

Overseer—Thomas Taylor, Columbia, S. C.

Lecturer—T A Thompson, Plainview, Wabash county, Minnesota.

Stewart—A J Vaughn, Earley Grove, Marshall county, Mississippi.

Assistant Stewart—G W Thompson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Chaplain—Reb A B Grosh, Washington, D. C.

Treasurer—F M McDowell, Corning, New York.

Secretary—O H Kelly, Washington, D. C.

Gate Keeper—O Dinwiddle, Orchard Grove, Lake county, Indiana.

Ceres—Mrs D W Adams, Waukon, Iowa.

Pomona—Mrs O H Kelley, Washington. D. C.

Flora—Mrs J C Abbott, Clarkesville, Butler county, Iowa.

Assistant Steward—Miss C A Hall, Washington, D. C.

A gone dogge—In New Holland—a Kangaroo stuffed with chips.

FATHER CARTER.

A Regular "Hard-Shell" Sermon.

The Southern Magazine has a sketch of Father Carter, a "hard-shell" Baptist preacher, whose youth had been spent in the mountains of Carolina, but who was a famous preacher in his persuasion. He was an enthusiast on the subject of "immersion," and being strong in his own conviction, earnest and decided in expressing them, he influenced others. He gathered around him as disciples men of higher cultivation than himself His preaching would astonish any city congregation, but it was at least stirring in its character. In the woods and under the giant trees and in the log school-houses of California, where he was brought into contact with minds as rude and uninformed as his own, it was that his emotional nature met a response and carried his audiences with him. A favorite sermon of his he called his "eagle" sermon, and was from a text in Deuteronomy: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them." The writer once heard it, and its general tenor is indelibly imprinted on his mind. After a long continued exercise, he began:

My friends, thar is menny kinds of eagles. They are singular birds—that is, they is quare birds. Thar is the gray eagle, with white hairs on his head: thar is the bald eagle ditto, who goes about like a rorin' lion seeking what he may eat up. Thar is the grand old Amercan eagle, what flops his wings and flies over all creation; and I hev heern tell of a double-hedder, an Austrian, but I never seed one, and I don't believe thar is one—though that don't signify, fur some of you uns might say you hadn't never seed God, consequently thar wurnt none. But thar is nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

Now I onct knowed an eagle—that is, I knowed on him—and her too, fur thar wur two on 'em, a big rooster eagle and a hen eagle. It wur in the big mounting of Caroliny; and thar they pitched their tents in a tall and towering pine—right in the top—and it hung over a deep precipice, whar it wur in danger of being participated down the precipice when the "loud winds did roar on Caroliny's shore." But it wurnt; fur He calleth His sheep by name and they foller Him, and the desert blossoms like a rose, and the barren are better than them that beareth children—nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

Wal, these here eagles pitched their tent in this waste, howling wilderness, whar they wur as lonely as a solitary snipe in dog days.

Fust, they got whar there wur two cross-limbs; then they brought big sticks, and laid 'em carefully round and round until it begun to look sorter like a big balloon careening to the sky, only it was on a tree; then they put in little sticks, and littler and littler, till bimeby it wur small and compack like. Then they got all the wool and down and moss and soft things, and put 'em down into the bottom, and on the sides of its insides, and made it smooth and warm and comfortable like—like unto the man that filled his barns, and told his soul to be easy and take things nateral like—and laid their eggs thar—but fur the terrible "be"—that is, he wur to die that very night, and all his nice things wouldn't be enny more use to him—though they wurn't hurt, fur thair eggs were hatched and all their young uns came out with narry a single feather on them—nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

Wal, these eagles and thair young uns in thair fine home, and had on soft clothing like John the Immerser wandering in the wilderness, whar they wur in the kings' houses—and the big uns fed 'em, as parients feed thair little uns—though thar's a commandment agin stealing, which the eagles have to do, but it's thar natur—though that don't signify, fur a man's natur is to steal sometimes, and he's got to fite agin that natur; fur when I would do good, evil is prerent—and a man aint an eagle bird by chance—nevertheless' notwithstanding fur which.

When the eagles growed up and had feathers—that is, when they came to the age of countability, which is expected of boys and girls like—though eagles natur is different—then the old eagles wanted them to fly abroad and mount up on wings of eagles, and jine the song that floats around the throne. And that's whar the text begins; for that's the way the Father up yonder wants us to do when we reach the age of countability—to fly upward—to fly upward and jine the band in the narrer way, and passs through the strait gate. But they didn't like to leave home and thair kindred and thair parients, and seek a country like unto the good old Abraham—

"Whar, oh whar is the good old Abraham?
Whar, oh whar is the good old Abraham?
Whar, oh whar is the good old Abraham?
Safe in the promised land!"

The old eagle goes off and "fluttereth over her young," and that brings us to the second pint of our discourse. "She fluttereth," she flops her wings, like unto as you have seen a hawk just gitting ready to prounce down upon a poor field-mouse—though it aint like that neither, for the hawk flutters in wrath, but the eagle flutters over her young uns in love. Brethren and sisters, she flutters in love just like when you see your dear little ones a-treading of the downward path, and your heart flutters and flutters because you're afraid—and she goes above the nest and hollers squawk—which, when you holler you means to tell 'em to "take keer," "take keer"—only the bird's talk is not like unto our talk—and they hear that voice, and creep onto the sides of the nest, and see thair fond parients a-flopping of thair wings, and cry with thair little peeked voice peek—which means father dear and mother dear I like to foller you—fur

"I'm bound fur the land of Canaan;
I'm bound fur the land of Canaan;
I'm bound fur the land of Canaan;
Fur it is my happy home."

The eagle hath stirred her nest, she hath fluttered over her young—and that brings us to the third pint of the discourse.

And now, my dear friends, what does she do? She spreadeth abroad her wings. Thar she is right up in the sky! her wings stretched, like the shadder of a mighty rock in a dry land. Thar below is the little eagles a-standing on the last stick, the last prop, holdin on with thair trembling feet like grim death, while fiery billows roll beneath—afeard to fly, afeard to stay, afeard to do anything, afeard not to do something—knowing thar is a deep purelpice, whar the worm dieth and the fire is not quenched—knowing that is a place whar the streets run with milk and honey, and whar thar's no weepin', no mournin', no gnashing of thair teeth—knowing they hain't got nothing here, nor won't have nothing thar unless they stir themselves