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WELL BORING. A. W. ELLIS has the exclusive right of putting in BORED WELLS IN NEBASKA COUNTY. Calls by letter receive prompt attention.

THE THREE MARYS OF SHARPSVILLE. They are all dead now - as dead as their scriptural namesakes, so that they may lawfully become the prey of literature and the subject of romance.

STATE BANK OF NEBRASKA. CAPITAL \$100,000. ALL PARTS OF EUROPE. Draw on our own or on any of the principal banks and cities of the world.

J. L. ROY, Dealer in FURNITURE. Undertaking a Specialty. Keeps a full line of METALIC AND WOOD BURIAL CASES.

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY AUGUST 7, 1873. VOL. 17.-NO. 43. AN EDITOR'S WOODING. We love the Ann Maria Smith; And in thy conception, And in thy devotion, Too numerous to mention.

moved by conflicting emotion to exclaim with angry, bitter personality as he rubbed the chilled surfaces of his sacred legs, "I met Polly Frank, going to the Orthodox meeting, with my seven fans!"

They say "a good time is coming," though it travels slow; But if ever it should glow; I hope they'll let me know. I could not sleep last night, And a short story of brand and later, And a short story of brand and later, Almost a state of nature.

There were terrible mistakes. At the time of the "creation," The plan of nature was not made. A sight of alteration. With those who were planted, And weeds are always sure to come.

For all that, Polly was a necessary thing to Sharpville as the alms-bearer for her mischievous-making, for who, in her absence, could so expertly mend the holes in the stockings of the town?

"How came you to know Latin, Polly?" "Studied it, child, of course. My father taught me, Dr. Frank; and Greek, too, I think."

"How are we to excuse a person who has not even fallen? One who is poor, and not so placed as to remedy, educate, and destroy bad qualities?"

But Polly took her betters every day and all day; and she had no opportunities and no beauty. She might be said to have, in her excessive veneration, towards something higher, something unknown and undreamed of here.

Like all New England villages fifty years ago, ours was full of original characters, sharply cut and definite in their manifestations. Even the middle ones had their individual notions, which they carried out with dignity and vigor.

OFFICE: Attraction Main Street.

benefactress! "If Miss P. is going to send me my dinner every day, I want it!" Which was reasonable, divested of conventionalities; and the rebuke was meekly accepted, with a courteous reform.

"I should do wrong to say that she was a 'professor.' Sitting in the front pew where the town's poor were paraded in what seemed to me an indecent and inconsiderate manner, Polly always stayed to the communion quietly waiting for the elements, which never came.

My Polly the third had sorrows of her own, as well as Polly Frank, but not like her, indeed, I doubt if Polly Frank had any sorrows of her own.

There was nothing to be afraid of, if the love of the foot was an object of her devotion, and she seemed only a pale, stiff woman; but to her daughter she was an object of awful deference, and she obeyed every token of her will more like a slave than a child.

There were no "buse laws of servitude" between us. It was always a love matter. It was understood that she was to have the highest wages in town (four and sixpence a week, and time to mend her own clothes after nine o'clock at night).

Her arrival was the unwelcome signal for the portcullis of silence to descend before our lips, and the small, dark, black bird tightly drawn back in a knot, she spoke the words, "I am not so much as you think, Polly."

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and tubs, lingers in my memory to this day, as also the impression of the whole inside of the dwelling freshly whitewashed always, boards as well as plastering. It was fearfully and wonderfully like the Forest farm.

Then, not having the dread of the bull before our eyes, having ascertained that he was tightly confined, we stroiled off into the woods that skirt South Mountain, where we gathered the tender checkerberry-leaves, which bring so many girls, in our days, to bad lives.

"I know, my Polly, that the recording angel never set down against you the little whiff of temper that made you sometimes even throw the chairs out of the window, or the little injustice that made my brother Ralph hate you."

She was such a large part of my child-life, that it is difficult to look back without seeing her constantly. Now that she is gone, I naturally dwell on her excellences; but in a more than I contrast her solid virtues with the flimsy ghosts of such that I now see in every kitchen - her faithfulness - weary feet, that with angel-like persistence ascended and descended to minister to the wants of others; all her thoughtfulness, her sweetness, her patient energy!

Mediocrity is often garrulous. The Indianapolis Journal alludes to a "widow woman."

The second volume of Mr. Beecher's "Life of Christ" is in an advanced stage. The death of the newspaper exchange system has brought down the price of sheets.

The people of California are clamoring for a paper currency - forty-three newspapers for and fourteen against it.

A Milwaukee boat club has adopted a light uniform, described as a handkerchief around the head and one suspender.

A Connecticut paper speaks of a reign of terror in that State because a man has been arrested for stealing an umbrella.

THE WORLD'S END. Professor Plantamour, again. Last year he prophesied that we were to be burned up. Since then he has changed his mind.

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MAX ADLER. He Tells About Hopkins' "Vox Humana" Stop and Puh Dedicative Life. (From the Saturday Evening Post.)

HOPKINS' STOP. When Hopkins was organized at St. Abel's Church, he gave a sermon for the benefit of the Sunday school. Hopkins would have been glad to have told some of his brother orators that he had a vox humana stop in his organ.

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