THE ADVERTISER.

Published every Thursday by
CAFFREY & HACKER,
Proprietors.

Office—No. 24 McPherson's Block, up Stairs,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Terms, in Advance:

One copy, one year	$2 00
One copy, six months	1 0
One copy, three months	50

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1873. VOL. 17.—NO. 49

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	$5.00	$ 8.00	$ 8.00
One inch	1.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	5.00	7.00	10.00	16.00
Two inches	2.00	2.75	3.50	4.00	7.00	10.00	15.00	25.00
Three inches	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	30.00
Six inches	5.00	7.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	30.00	50.00
Twelve inches	8.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	30.00	60.00	80.00
One column	15.00	18.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	60.00	100.00	

Legal advertisements at legal rates: One square (10 line of Nonpareil space, or less,) first insertion $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50c.

☞ All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

J. H. Brondy,
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.

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. 47-1y

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.

PHYSICIANS.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician. Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1853. Office, Lett & Creigh's Drug Store, McPherson Block. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. 1946tf

H. L. MATTHEWS, 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, Lincoln Precinct. Special attention given to the collection of notes and accounts for non-residents. Address Box 162 Brownville, Nemaha Co., Neb. 30ly

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

E. K. EBRIGHT, Notary Public and Conveyancer, No. 72 Main street, second door, 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. 68 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 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 Land District.

GRAIN DEALERS.

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

SADDLERY.

J. H. BAUER, 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. CHADDOCK, Gun Smith & Lock Smith. Shop at No. 52, Main street, Brownville, Nebraska. All jobs made to order, and repairing done promptly at cheap rates. 3ly

BLACKSMITHS.

J. W. Gibson,
BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER. First door west of the Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfact on guaranteed.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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.

SALOONS.

JOSEPH HUDDART & CO., Peace and Quiet Saloon, No. 64 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 Tobacco,
Orders from the country promptly filled, and satisfaction guaranteed.
No. 41 Main St., BROWNVILLE, NEB.

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.

"JIM BUSS'S"
EXCHANGE.
J. G. RUSSELL,
Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
55 Main Street,
BROWNVILLE, NEB.

"EAT AND GROW FAT!"
BODY & BRO.,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. L. CROOKS & Co.,)
BUTCHERS!
RUN TWO SHOPS.
One opposite Sherman House, on Main street, the other next door to Bratton's, on Sixth street.
Good, sweet, fresh meat always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed to customers. 17-25-1y

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. 44-1y.

W. T. MOORE & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
SHIPPERS,
AND DEALERS IN GRAIN AND COAL,
72 Main Street,
Brownville, Nebraska.
9y1

LETTER HEADS,
AND BILL HEADS
Neatly printed at this office.

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 Installment 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, CAPS, LAMPS of the Latest Styles, in great variety.
GROCERIES
SHOES, Glassware, HARDWARE, CAPS, Latest Styles, variety.
FURNISHING GOODS
A FULL LINE OF Mouldings for Pictures for Frames.
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

TRUNK LINE.
U. S. Mail and Transfer Hacks.
MAKE REGULAR TRIPS DAILY FROM
PERU, NEBRASKA,
—TO—
Nebraska City, making connection with trains on the Midland Pacific R. R.
Brownville and return daily, making connection with the Busses to Phelps Station, Mo., on the K. C., St. Jo. & C. B. R. R.
Also with hacks to Arapavia Nemaha City, Aspinwall, Hillsdale and St. Deroin.
FREIGHT AND EXPRESS of All Kinds transferred on these routes at reasonable rates.
☞ Passengers comfortably provided for. Charges moderate.
OFFICE at Daily Bros.'s Drug Store, Peru. All orders will receive prompt attention.
M. R. THOMPSON, Prop't.

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 flanged 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 "ECONOMY" 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.
Baade's Reading Case is rapidly superseding the ordinary reading Tablets. 20,000 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 Street,
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 J. A. McGILLETT, W. M. WILES. 9y1

BLANKS of all kinds, for sale at the Advertiser Country Room.

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 NINE YEARS.
JOHN BRUNSDON,
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 IRON CLAD WELLS in NEMAHA COUNTY. Calls by letter receive prompt attention. Purchasers may make choice of PIPE, GALVANIZED 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.

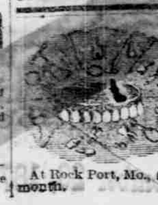
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Nebraska City, Nebraska.
CAPITAL, $100,000.00
PAID UP CAPITAL, $100,000.00
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $500,000.00
Is now prepared to do a general Banking Business. Buy and sell Gold and Currency Drafts on all the principal cities of the
UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.
Money loaned on approved security only to depositors. Interest allowed on time deposits. Special attention given to collections. Interest allowed on time deposits.
Officers and Directors.
J. STERNASKY, President.
A. J. POLLARD, Vice President.
JOHN L. CARSON, Cashier.
A. J. CAMPBELL, Asst. Cashier.

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. S. DENSER, H. G. FETTER, W. G. FOSTER, F. A. TISDEL, Jr.
W. H. ROOVER, President.
THEO. KILL, Vice-President.
R. E. GATES, 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.
At Rock Port, Mo., from 1st to 7th of each month.

I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

The marriage rite is over,
And though I turned aside,
To keep the guests from seeing
The tears I could not hide,
I wreathed my face in smiling,
And led my little brother
To greet my father's chosen,
But I could not call her mother.

She is a fair young creature,
With meek and gentle air,
With blue eyes soft and loving,
And silken, sunny hair—
I know my father gives her
The love he bore another;
But if she were an angel,
I could not call her mother.

To-night I heard her singing
A song I used to love,
When his sweet notes were uttered
By her who sings above;
It pained my heart to hear it,
And my tears I could not smother,
For every word was hallowed
By the dear voice of my mother.

My father, in the sunshine
Of happy days to come,
May half forget the shadow
That darkened our old home;
His heart no more is lonely,
But I and little brother
Must still be orphan children—
God can give us but one mother.

They've borne my mother's picture
From its accustomed place,
And set beside my father's
A younger, fairer face;
They've made her dear old chamber
The boudoir of another,
But I will not forget thee,
My own, my angel mother!

"HAWK EYE."

Editor Nebraska Advertiser.

Your Lincoln correspondent, who hides himself under the signature of "Hawk Eye," is over much worried concerning my position as found in the Brownville *Democrat*. His arguments thrown into a syllogistic form are as follows:

1st. The man who assumes and maintains an independent and manly position in politics does it from base motives. Mr. Church assumes such a position. Therefore Mr. Church must have sinister designs in proclaiming his independence of ring control and party discipline.

2nd. Honest and reliable party men never say that they will not vote for corrupt officers. Mr. Church says he will not vote for such men. Therefore Mr. Church is not an honest and reliable Republican.

3rd. Men who say that they will not vote for corrupt men for office are no better than "highwaymen claiming unlimited license to dagger every man as caprice, jealously, envy or other wicked or unstable motive may dictate." Mr. Church does say he will not vote for such men. Therefore Mr. Church is no better than a highwayman.

4th. Many of the great leaders of the Republican party are dishonest and corrupt, others are pure in character and honorable in all their relations with their fellow men. Mr. Church chooses to vote for the great, the good, and for those who never swerve from the true line of duty. Therefore Mr. Church seeks to exalt himself a whipper, and is inclined to pray with the Pharisee, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men, extortioners, unjust, corruptionists, or even as these *Re-publicans*."

The foregoing are specimens of the arguments and conclusions of "Hawk Eye" as published in your paper last week. They only need to be stated to show how absurd his reasoning is. No other word of contradiction or argument from me is necessary to convince thinking and reasonable men of the fallacy of his positions.

Should I ever be so unfortunate as to nominate myself as a candidate for public position, then my motives and past record would be legitimate subjects for discussion by the press and the people who think that "nothing good can come out of Nazareth." In such a position I would assume to be a qualified, an honest and an upright man. I would then subject myself to the charge of parading my own virtues. It then might truly be said of me, "Lord, I thank thee I am not as other men, &c."

Until that time comes permit me, if you will, to claim simply that the Greeleys, independent of corrupt cliques, are preferable to the Grants, however honest, in the hands of corruptionists. Permit me, if you will, to prefer an honest Democrat rather than an extravagant Furnas, of any school, with his record of bribery. In taking this liberty I profess nothing as to myself, morally or intellectually, but strive according to the measure of the light that comes to me in my humble condition, to act in the interest of humanity and an honest, economical government of the people by the people. "The party lash has no terrors for me" when wielded in the interest of the true principles of the party, but when in the hands of a tyrant compelling voters to go the straight ticket without regard to the moral character of the men who compose it, then I propose to rebel in the interest of better men, "the terrors of the lash" to the contrary, notwithstanding. "Hawk Eye" is a Philosopher of a peculiar type if he has discovered that there are no more corrupt men in one party than in another. Until now men have admitted that corrupt men gravitate towards the party in power. So long as they are not permitted to control the organization and its machinery little harm is done. History discloses the indisputable fact, however, that such men do eventually get control of the party caucusses and conventions and for a time perpetuate their power, and that in consequence new parties are forced into existence, composed of the better elements of the older ones.

We trust, however, that "Hawk Eye" will grow wiser as he grows older, but until he makes considerable progress in this direction, we suggest the name of "Owl Eye," as being more in accordance with his dark and secluded position.

JARVIS S. CHURCH.

BRICK POMEROY ON THE TEXAS STUMP.

The Houston (Texas) *Mercury* publishes a speech recently made by Brick Pomeroy in its city, from which we make the following extract:

"One year ago I differed from you regarding Mr. Greeley. He was the bait set by the bondholders of the land to trap you. You took the bait, and fell into the trap. I wanted no Radical; but one who had proven by his acts his allegiance to truth and integrity and the principles of Democracy. I refused to support him, and you denounced me. I believed it to be as impossible for the principles of Democracy to triumph by the election of Greeley as it would have been for you to secure wedded bliss by courting a lady for five, ten, or fifteen years, and then popping the question to the hired girl of your neighbor across the street. * * * *

"He then alluded to the Republicans of Texas who were distinguished for their enterprise, and honored for their worth. The North has many of such, and Texas would be glad to see more of them, (alluding to Sumner, Randolph, and Goode, of Sherman.) He said may you have 25,000 more like them. While they will aid you financially they will not hurt you politically, and we can well spare them in the North. He here paid Houston a high compliment, as being the liveliest and most enterprising city in Texas. [Here a voice inquired: "*What has Northern men done for Texas?*"] Pomeroy replied, "taken the weeds out of your fence corners, raised vegetables, planted fruit trees, built your largest and best houses, imported your finest breeds of horses and cattle, erected nearly every machine shop, foundry, and mill that you have among you. *They have minded their own business, and have not disturbed a large audience by asking foolish questions. They have striven by honest industry to keep out of the sheriff's hands, and thirty feet ahead of the tax collector.*'" [Loud and prolonged cheering.]

If Brick Pomeroy continues to preach doctrines like these he will soon be denominated "a d——d Yankee."

COURTING SCENE.

"Ah, Suke! you are sich a slich gal. Heigho!"

"La! ain't you ashamed, Jonathan?"

"I wish I was a ribblu, Suke!"

"Why for, hey?"

"Cos, may be you'd tie me round that 'ere nice neck of yours, and I should like to be, I'll be darned if I shouldn't."

"O, la! there comes mother. Run."

No. 2.—"Ah, Jonathan! I heard something about you."

"Lo, now Suke! you don't say so?"

"Yes, indeed, that I did, and a great many said it, too."

"La, now! what was it, Suke?"

"O, dear! I can't tell you." [Turning away her head.]

"O, la! do now."

"O, no! I can't."

"O, yes, Suke."

"La, me, Johnathan! you do pester a body so."

"Well, do please tell me Suke."

"Well, I heard that—O, I can't tell you!"

"Ah, yes! come now, do." [Taking her hand.]

"Well, I didn't say it, but I heard that—"

"What?" [Putting his arm around her waist.]

"O, don't squeeze me so. I heard that—that—turning her blue eyes full upon Jonathan's—that you and I were to be married, Jonathan."

A LAYMAN'S GRACE.

A young married friend tells this joke on himself, perpetrated by a little three-year-old "pride of the family." She is the only pledge of love that has twined itself around the heart and affections of himself and wife.

A few evenings since, a minister visited the family and remained until after tea. At the table the reverend visitor asked the blessing, and the little one opened her eyes to the fullest extent in startled wonderment. She could not understand what had been done, and it was with great persuasion that her mother could keep her quiet during the time they were at the table. When they had left it, she walked up to the minister, for whom she had formed a great friendship, and said:

"What did you say at the table, before we commenced eating?"

"My little darling, I thanked God for his goodness in giving us to eat, so that we might grow and be strong."

"Papa don't say that."

"What does your papa say?"

"Papa says 'Godelmighty, what a supper!"

This story comes from Maine. A man in Portland married a widow. She had a fashion, which is too common among ladies who have buried a man, of giving him glowing accounts of the angelic virtues of the dear departed. As a prohibitory law is in force in Maine, he could not drown his sorrows in liquor, so he nerved his soul to take a terrible revenge. One night when his wife was sleeping soundly, perhaps dreaming of the "first" victim of her charms, he arose from his bed, took a sledge-hammer, and deliberately raising it to his shoulders, he marched to the graveyard, and smashed the tomb-stone of his dead rival into little bits. Now, when his wife says anything about the virtues of the dead man, he replies: "It may be all very true, old gal; but he can't smash my tombstone. There's where I'm ahead."

"Way down south," when a paper was printed on a Ramage by an old darkey pressman named Sam, the forms were always placed on the press and made ready for him; and so, with a well-trained negro roller-boy, the working of the paper progressed satisfactorily. But it happened one day that Sam, who could not read, was thrown on his own resources. He put the form to press and pulled a sheet; looked at it intently; turned it round and turned it over; something was the matter; he looked again, felt the tympan, held the sheet up to the light, and looking over his spectacles at the grinning roller-boy, exclaimed, "Look heah boy, why for yer don't 'stribit yer rollah?" The form was bottom up.

Dr. Johnson being advised by his physician to exercise on an empty stomach, replied: "Very well; whose empty stomach shall I exercise on?" So when a Washington Territory paper heads an article, 'Send us Wives,' we want to know whose wives we shall send.

VICKSBURG.

How the City which Grant Desolated Looks After Ten Years of Peace.

VICKSBURG, Miss., August 2.—Aside from her local interest, the conspicuous part which Vicksburg acted in the late war has given her a historic name which will never be forgotten. Her seventy times seven hills have become classic; they are holy ground; in their bosom lies, unmarked by monumental grandeur, but not forgotten, the sacred dust of her brave defenders. Indeed at this far off day, stepping ashore under these frowning heights, though their is no war nor rumor of war, one can but think of time when war, grim-visaged and terrible, stalked through these streets and filled the air with missiles of death and desolation. The city should have a brave name and lastic fame. The deeds of her defenders were glorious, and should be told in song and story. When the names of Badajos, Toulon, Sebastopol, and Saragossa are mentioned, who that has ever stood upon her holy blood-stained hills; who that has ever read of her siege, of attacks and repulses, of her garrison feeding upon mule meat, and hungry, and ranged, fighting and dying in the trenches, will fail to think of Vicksburg?

Ten years have passed since that eventful 4th of July which witnessed the surrender of the town, which lay torn by shot and shell, scattered by fire, made desolate by famine. To-day I stand in a thriving, busy, prosperous little city, which shows hardly a sign of the terrific storms of war which swept over it. For several days I have walked up its steep streets, climbed Sky Parlor hill and Castle hill, looked at its old forts and earthworks now rapidly disappearing, and have found other curious travellers upon a similar sight-seeing mission; but they, as I, find not so much as we could wish worth seeing. We have all been much interested in the numerous caves in the sides of the hills. We find them every where that we go. All have narrow entrances, but inside many of them are spacious and divided into compartments or rooms. It was in these that the women and children took refuge during the bombardments. An old resident of one of these "dwellings" told me some marvelous stories of the scamperings of people to these hiding places whenever the big guns would commence to make it unhealthy to remain in their homes; of hair breadth escapes where what seemed an inevitable tragedy would suddenly become a comedy, of ludicrous scenes, and sometimes sad tragedies.

Yesterday, with a former staff officer of a general commanding here in 1864, I rode from the Mississippi river below to the Yazoo river and Chickasaw bayou above, following the old line of fortifications around the city. We struck the line of earthworks about four miles from the city, and after leaving the heavy works near the river bank, had at times some difficulty in tracing the line. Here we would find a line of rifle pits, almost obliterated, and ending abruptly in a field of cotton, then beyond, upon a higher point, heavy earth-works, indicating the location of a battery. About three miles northeast from the city, on the Jackson road, we came to the Grant-Pemberton monument, as it is called; a heavy piece of artillery placed endways in the ground, which marks the spot where Pemberton formally surrendered to Grant. A field of waving corn surrounds and hides the monument, and not more than thirty yards off stands the one-room board shanty of a colored man who owns and cultivates the forty-acre "plantation." Formerly a marble staff stood upon this spot, but it was found necessary to erect something more enduring. Relic hunters literally carried the monument away in their pockets. Leaving this historic spot, we rode on to that silent city, the national cemetery, where sleep their last sleep twenty-five thousand of the nation's dead. It is a beautiful spot, and most liberally has a remembering government assisted nature in its adornment. Standing upon Prospect hill we looked down upon its wide concrete drives and promenades, embowered in southern foliage, some of which would do credit to your Cave Hill; below at the great father of waters, whose winding course is an unobstructed view for more than twenty miles, across to the village of De Soto and Delta, in Louisiana, and then back again, two and a half miles to the south of us, the spires, domes, the terraced streets, and the green embowered streets of the city, itself upon lofty hills, yet below us. The scene was beautiful, grand and touching beyond the newspaper correspondent's pen. As the sun dropped behind the Louisiana swamps, which stretch far away to the blue horizon, we rode over Fort Hill, where we had another view, looking eastward, and then down through deep cuts, past a negro settlement—dim, dingy and dirty—over a fast-running bayou, and up again into Vicksburg.

Vicksburg as it is, is not the Vicksburg of 1863. Though the people complain of foreign rule and burdensome taxation, the last report of the mayor—a pretty general report it is, too—shows a ratio of improvement and a degree of prosperity flattering. The population of Vicksburg in 1860 was 5,500; in 1872, it was 14,780. The total value of property in 1860 was $1,273,000; in 1872 it had increased to $5,357,083.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Rock Island, Illinois, constable, rather conscientious in his attempt to do his duty, was lately left in doubt as to whether he had legally served a subpœna. He therefore made the following return on the back of the paper: "I executed this speeny by trying to read it to John Mack, but he was driving cattle on horseback, and run faster than I could, and kept up such a h—ll of a hollerin' I don't know whether he heard or not. This is the best I could do, and don't know whether the speeney is served according to law or not.

Attest, ELI SMITH, Cont."

"Do they?" said Mrs. Partington, as she took up the newspaper, and her eyes fell on the heading—the Cattle Plague Bill. "Well, I don't wonder at it, for when I've been luminating in the fields, which Cowper, the rural poet, says are all in verdant plaid, I've had bulls and cows a-following of me, and there's no denying that them cattle is plagues, especially when out walking, with nursemaid and children a screaming in the perambulators, almost dead with fright."

An Indianapolis grocer who received a postal card carried it back to the postmaster and said, "Here, show me where the darned thing opens."

THE MILE-STONE.

Along the road, two Irish lads
One summer's day were walking,
And all the while, with laugh and grin,
In lively strain were talking—

About the fair—about the girls,
And who were best at dancing;
While at each pretty face they met,
Their eyes were brightly glancing.

And as they strode for many a mile,
And grew in time quite frisky;
And now and then from lip to lip
They passed the darling whiskey.

At length, a mile-stone, standing close
Beside the hedge, they saw;
And straightway up to it they went,
To con its letters o'er.

They read, and quickly doffed their hats,
With sorrow on each face,
Then lightly stepped above the sod,
And turned to leave the place.

"Spake low, we're near the dead," cried one;
"His grave we'll not be troublin';
An old man, sure, 100, and
His name is Miles, from Dublin."

A QUEER IOWA STORY.

One of the leading citizens of North [illegible] daughter, who [illegible] betrothed to a young man of fair promise, a clerk in a leading commercial house at Dubuque. His visits to the city were regular, and arrangements had been made for an immediate union, when the bride elect was taken down with typhoid fever, and in spite of all that skill and care could do, died. After the melancholy journey to Oakdale the young man returned to Dubuque. Nervous fever set in, and a peculiar hallucination seized him that his lost one was present in the room draped in the same garb which had enveloped her clay. All remonstrance was in vain. He minutely described her dress, her appearance, and her position in his chamber. Even when his parents or friends would sit or stand where he declared her to be, he saw her glide away and take another place. This went on for weeks, and the patient was gradually sinking under the physical and nervous excitement, when a friendly ruse was tried to cure him of his fantacy. Coming to Davenport, his mother found that the funeral garments were purchased of C & M., and made by a Mrs. B. She procured the material, had it made up, and returning, a young lady as near in height and appearance as could be found was dressed to resemble his deceased love, and during one of his fevered and brief slumbers was introduced into the room taking her seat in a shaded corner. His awakening was anxiously watched, and sanguine hopes of removing his hallucination was indulged in. He woke at length, and, turning his eyes in the direction of that pious fraud, started with fixed eye balls for a few seconds, then raising himself almost upright in his bed, flung his arms aloft, and shrieking in his unearthly voice: 'My God, *there are two of them!*' fell back and expired."—*Davenport Gazette.*

George N. Sanders, who died in New York City recently, was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1812. He entered political life an advocate of the annexation of Texas. During the late war he was an intense rebel, and was the rebel commissioner to England. While Secretary of the rebel navy he signed the famous contract for the building of an ironclad navy for the service of the Confederate States—a paper which contained the germ of the Alabama privateerman facts, and consequently of the Geneva arbitration proceedings. The plan was that privateer's commissions to a stock company would be issued for a percentage on the profits.

The Colorado gopher has long been considered one of the most tenacious of animals. In laying brick the other day, a Monroe street mason had occasion to break one of them, and great was his astonishment to find a young gopher in it. The creature was blind, and it could scarcely move, but it eagerly ate cheese and bread crumbs. It seems that a nest of young ones was thrown in the clay mill last spring, and it was thought that they escaped, but by some coincidence of nature this one was entombed in a brick, which was burned with the rest.—*Greeley Tribune.*

A man in Washington County, New York, kicked another man and was arrested for so doing. When brought before a justice of the peace, he informed his honor that the man he had kicked was a lightning rod man. The justice at once discharged him, with the remark: "The man who wouldn't kick a lightning rod man wherever he finds one, is unfit to enjoy the liberties for which Washington fought and Thomas Paine wrote."

One of the fruit dealers of Portland caught an urchin stealing nuts, and proceeded to administer condign punishment. The boy begged to be released, because he had just been vaccinated from a fresh cow. "What has that to do with it?" shouted the infuriated fruit dealer. "She was a hooking cow, and it got into my blood," was the whimpering reply.

A witness in describing certain events said: "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Jacob Filkins." "What was the name of his other eye?" asked the opposing counsel. The witness was disgusted at the levity of the audience.

A grocer being solicited to contribute to the building of a church, immediately subscribed his name in the following eccentric manner: John Jones, (the only place in town where you can get eleven pounds of sugar for a dollar,) twenty-five cents.

A German Jew was eating a pork chop in a thunder storm. On hearing an unusually loud clap, he laid down his knife and fork, and observed, "Vell, did any poty efer hear such a fuss about a leedle peece of pork?"

A Pennsylvania preacher returned thanks, lately, for the prosperous condition of the crops, but carefully put in, "Excepting, O, Lord, the corn, which is backward, and the oats, which are mighty thin in spots."

The last swindle is that of the fellows who travel through the country, and at farm houses offer to exchange new feathers for old. They get the old feathers and promise to bring the new, but fail to return.

If you wish to offer your hand to a lady choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus.

An Irishman cautions the public against harboring or trusting his wife Peggy, on his account, as he is not married to her.

AGRICULTURAL.

Curing Corn Fodder.

The season will soon be here when farmers will have to cut and secure the crops of corn cut for fodder. In former years, when labor was abundant, we found it most convenient to employ hand labor, using the common corn cutter. These remarks, of course, apply to corn sown in thick drills, as no good manager ever sows broadcast. Sometimes we have found a hand who, by the skillful use of a stiff scythe, would mow rapidly, and lay the crop as regular as if cut with a cradle. After cutting it was allowed to dry on the ground two or three days if the weather permitted, and then bound in bundles and placed in shocks. We are satisfied it is quite as well to bind it up at once. For even several weeks' drying has proved insufficient in any case to repel water sufficiently from the stalks to prevent heating in the stack. This heating has always proved the great difficulty and is obviated in various ways, such as making large, upright and firm shocks, to remain in the field till winter; by spreading the undried fodder on poles under sheds, and throughout barns; or by making small stacks with three rails placed vertically in the middle to form a ventilating chimney.

The *Country Gentleman* recommends, the present season of scarce labor, that farmers cut their fodder with mowing machinee, placed so as to run sufficiently high for this purpose, and then gather it with a horse rake, like common hay. If the corn has been sown at the rate of three bushels per acre, as it should have been, the stalks will be fine enough to admit of thus being raked. It may then be pitched and drawn like hay, and built into small slacks with ventilating openings in the centre. This ventilation may be effected by placing the three rails as already mentioned, or by the common practice of building around a barrel placed in the centre which is drawn up as the building of the stack progresses, by means of a handle or rope across the top. There will be one advantage in stacking the stalks in this way, viz: the irregular and promiscuous way in which they cross each other will prevent that close settling and solidity which takes place when sown fodder is tied in bundles and lying parallel.

Planting Strawberries in the Fall.

Many persons believe that spring is the best time to plant strawberries; but the Ohio *Farmer* seems to be of a different opinion, and gives the following directions for fall planting:

"When plants are well set in the fall they will fruit the next season, as it is the fall growth of root which supports the plant for the next year's fruiting. Go into your garden to-day, and pull up a strawberry plant which has fruited this season, and you will see the old stock of roots dead and black, and from the crown of the root beneath a set of new roots putting out; these must make a good fall growth, or you will get no considerable crop of fruit next year; and a transplanting now causes a less jar in the natural condition of the plant than if taken up at any other period of the year.

"Choose for planting your runners that are well rooted; throw on a cloudy day proceed with your work. Draw a line where you desire to plant and mark a place for the row; spread out the roots evenly on all sides; set in so as to bring the dirt well up to the crown of the plant without covering it, and press the soil down firmly with your hands around the plants. If the weather should prove dry, water thoroughly, so as to soak the roots, as often as the foliage shows by its drooping appearance that water is necessary.

"Before the setting in of winter, cover the entire surface of the ground, over the plants and all, with a litter of straw or other like material, to keep the plants from the changes of freezing and thawing, to which they would be exposed if left on the surface where the sun and winds would have full play upon them. This covering should be removed