THE ADVERTISER.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1873.

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THE ADVERTISER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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One Inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 4 00	$ 6 00	$10 00
Three Inches	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	20 00
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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.—Office on Main street, 3rd floor Masonic Block, Brownville, Neb.

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

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. May be consulted in the English and German languages. Office, No. 70 Main street, (up stairs) Brownville, Neb. 15-tf

W. T. Rogers,
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Hewett & Newman,
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L. A. Bergmann,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.—Office on Main street, Brownville, Neb.

D. P. Hatfield,
Notary Public, Land and Collection Agent, Peru, Nemaha County, Nebraska. Collections promptly made on the Republican and American Forks, and throughout the County.

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DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Paints, Oils, Wall Paper, etc. McPherson Block, No. 68 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

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A. F. GOODRICH, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Will pay taxes on lands in Nemaha and adjoining counties. Will act as agent for the purchase and sale of lands. Office, Brownville, Neb.

THOMAS P. HUGHES, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public. Office, corner Main and Water streets, Brownville, Neb.

Nathan S. Hoover, Real Estate and Tax Agent. Nebraska Destrict Claim Agent. Will attend to business in Nemaha and adjoining counties. Office in Court House, Brownville, Neb.

GRAIN DEALERS.

Geo. G. Start,
GRAIN DEALER IN GRAIN AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, and Storage. Top warehouse on Water street, Aspinwall, Neb.

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J. H. Lininger,
SADDLER, Collars, Etc., No. 71 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Mending done to order while you wait. Prices reasonable.

BRIDGE BUILDING.

C. W. WHEELER, Bridge Builder and Contractor, Peru, Brownville P. O., Nemaha County, Neb. Superintendent of Bridges on the Missouri River. The strongest and best wooden bridges in use.

HOTELS.

AMERICAN HOUSE, J. B. Robison, Proprietor. Pleasantly located on Main and Water streets. Good Fires and lively Stables in connection with this House.

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WM. RICHARDSON, Gun Smith & Lock Smith, Nemaha City, Nebraska. Shop, Main street. Guns made to order, and repairing done neatly and promptly. 1-3-y

BLAC SMITHS.

J. M. Gibson,
BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER, First door south of Farmer's Hotel, Main street, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

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A. LEE ROBINSON, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 3 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Manufacturer and dealer in Gents, Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots and Shoes. Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. Repairing done to order.

SALOONS.

JOSEPH HUDDART & CO., Brick and Quiet Saloon, No. 1 Main street, Brownville, Neb. The best Wines and Liquors constantly on hand.

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 59, 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.

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, No., on the K. C., St. Jo. & C. B. R. R.
Also with hacks to Arago via 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. H. THOMPSON, Prop't.

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 Insurance of 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, HARDING, CAPS, Latest Styles, variety, TURE! LINE OF dings, for
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.
Crass 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

SCHOOL
OFFICERS AND TEACHERS
We invite your attention to the superiority of the
BEARD 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 oil or varnish. The seat, arms and back are beautifully carved and polished. We guarantee against breakage in fair usage. It is the school house for school or church purposes.
We also manufacture "THE GEM," as its name indicates, an elegant stationary Top Desk.
The "SAMPSON" absolutely defies competition in price for furniture WITHIN REACH.
We are also making a full line of Recitation Settees, Teacher's Desks, Chairs, and all SCHOOL FURNITURE. Our list of apparatus includes globes, Maps, Charts, Slated Paper, Liquid Slating, Chalk, Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus, Dictionaries, and everything desirable in any grade of school furniture, all of which we will sell cheap, or on sufficient time to enable a district to levy and collect a tax.
Baade's Reading Case is rapidly superceding the ordinary reading Tablets. 2,500 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 Stair 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 { A. H. GILLETT, M. M. WILES. } 8y1

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.

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.

HOW THE BABY CAME.

The Lady Moon came down last night—
She did you needn't doubt it—
A lovely lady dressed in white;
I'll tell you all about it.
They hurried Len and me to bed,
And Aunty said, "Now, maybe
That pretty moon up overhead
Will bring us down a baby.

"You lie as quiet as can be;
Perhaps you'll catch her peeping
Between the window-bars, to see
If all the folks are sleeping.
And then, if both of you keep still,
And all the room is shady,
She'll float across the window-sill,
A bonnie white moon-lady.

"Across the sill, along the floor,
You'll see her shining brightly,
Until she comes to mother's door,
And then she'll vanish lightly.
But in the morning you will find,
If nothing happens, maybe,
She's left us something nice behind—
A beautiful star-baby."

We didn't just believe her then,
For Aunty's always chaffing;
The tales she tells to me and Len
Would make you die a-laughing;
And when she went out pretty soon,
Len said, "That's Aunty's humming;
There ain't a bit of lady-moon,
Nor any baby coming."

I thought myself it was a fib;
And yet I wasn't certain!
So I kept quiet in the crib,
And peeped behind the curtain.
I didn't mean to sleep a wink,
But all without a warning,
I dropped right off—and don't you think,
I never waked till morning!

Then there was Aunty by my bed,
And when I climbed and kissed her,
She laughed and said, "You sleepy-head!
You've got a little sister!
What made you shut your eyes so soon?
I've half a mind to scold you—
For down she came that lady-moon,
Exactly as I told you!"

And truly it was not a joke,
In spite of Len's denying,
For just the very time she spoke
We heard the baby crying.
The way we jumped and made a rush
For mother's room that minute!
But Aunty stopped us, crying, "Hush!
Or else you shan't go in it."

And so we had to tip-toe in,
And keep as awful quiet,
As if it was an awful sin
To make a bit of riot.
But there was baby, anyhow—
The funniest little midget!
I just wish you could peep in now,
And see it squirm and fidget.

Len says he don't believe it's true
(He isn't such a baby.)
The moon had anything to do
With bringing us that baby.
But seems to me its very clear,
As clear as running water—
Last night there was no baby here,
So something must have brought her.

OUR ILLINOIS LETTER.

Omaha, Sterling, Dixon, Chicago and La Salle Gossip.

PALMYRA, LEE CO., ILL., November 7, 1873.

Editor Nebraska Advertiser.

You exacted before we left a promise to write for the ADVERTISER while absent, and though we have nothing new, strange or startling to communicate, our scrupulous regard for the obligation of a contract will not permit us to violate it, though you might be willing to release us in view of these circumstances. But there is one other circumstance the assurance of which, acquired by a long course of experience within the inner sanctum, prompts us more strongly to write than a promise, a request, a bribe or a threat, the assurance that when you have glanced over this letter you will—give it to the devil.

On our way from Brownville we found a few minutes time to run over to Omaha. We sought out Dr. L. B. Arnold's office, and, although that professional was not in, we stepped inside and legalled ourself with the only newspaper to be found. It proved to be an ADVERTISER of an ancient date, and the most prominent and only article we now remember therein was the editor's blessing upon the Dr. when he passed through the Hymenial ordeal. Our waiting proved unavailing, and a kind hearted individual finally volunteered to direct us to the Doctor's residence. We will wager that to this day he flatters himself that he did a favor for the Doctor, however much our adipose, 165 pounds, argued to the contrary. We found the professional gentleman at home, of course. What right had we to expect that he would be in his office? What newly married man does stay in his office? So we reason now, and so we ought to have reasoned then. We are glad to say for our friend Bruce that he is doing a good business in the metropolis, and the golden egg of success will be his in due time if he doesn't kill the goose. The hour spent with the Doctor's family was pleasant and will haunt our dreams pleasantly for many days.

In due course of time we were unloaded at Sterling and at once run the round of our acquaintance and enjoyed ourself as much as most mortals can under similar circumstances. We found everybody and everybody's sister, so far as our observation has extended, to be in a good state of preservation. Sterling shows evidence of continued substantial growth. In the matter of manufactories, particularly, it is growing rapidly, and will in a few years be the most prominent manufacturing town in the West. There is scarcely a limit to the extent and variety of the articles manufactured. Sterling has the largest distillery, but one, in the United States. Immense quantities of corn and barley are here liquified and shipped to almost every part of the world. Farmers are paid at the distillery about five cents per bushel more for their corn than current market prices, and while they entertain mixed notions concerning the legitimacy of the use to which their cereals are put, they are induced by the handsome margin they receive, to say, "Oh, love the *still*." In close proximity to this immense distillery, whether from a fancied propriety in the association, or as a compliment to the former, we do not know, a large and extensive burial case manufactory has recently been built, and sends the manufactured caskets, as the liquid corn aforesaid is sent, to almost every part of the world. We found "Chawles," of the *Gazette*, behind his meerschaum and apparently in his element, which to all appearances and all intents and purposes seemed to be smoke. Tho' "Chawles" makes considerable smoke we venture to guess that he does some destruction—of tobacco "und such tings." The notorious old pedagogue, Eastman, was perambulating the streets, to a casual observer, without any apparent motive, but to the more practised eye he would be set down at once as a gatherer of locals. How he ever came to lay down the *baton* for the quill is a mystery to us.

We have been about two weeks out here in the country just rolling in "hay-seed." Some good friends have "done us proud" by volunteering to have us culled as an honorary member of the Grange in this neighborhood. We suppose the compliment was tendered us for the distinguished manner in which we used to despatch a good square meal, or for the untiring persistency with which we could sit on the fence and watch the weeds grow, or for some other notorious conduct of that character. Granges, by the way, are fast becoming things of the past in this locality, judging from the infrequency of the meetings and the apathy of the worthy Patrons.

The Circuit Court in and for Lee county is now in session at Dixon. A murder trial is now in progress which is creating considerable public interest. A week has already been consumed in its hearing. O'Brien, of Peoria, is assisting in the prosecution, and the defense is conducted by Eustace, Barge, Dixon, of Dixon. A spectator of court proceedings in this circuit would have no cause to complain that Judge Gantt's court is too slow, for time here seems to be no object. Everything proceeds deliberately, and with moderation.

On the site of the bridge which fell last summer a new wooden structure is being erected and will soon be completed. Its cost is less than one-sixth of the one destroyed.

Dixon is not notorious for anything unless it be as the home of the inimitable Shaw, of the tribe of Benjamin, who presides over and prepares the spice as well as substantials for the *Telegraph*. He could send the Danbury *News* man 'under the ropes' if he could be prevailed upon to make the effort. But then Ben is modest and does not seek the glittering baubble of fame. It is said that he is so excessively modest that he never changes his shirt, but then we have never heard that called modesty in an individual before.

We have circulated around some since we have been here. Last week we went to Chicago, and divided our time between Oak Park, a suburban village, where a brother resides, and the city. We spent several hours at the Exposition, during which time we could do no more than walk thro' the immense building. It would be idle to attempt a description of the exhibition, so vast and multifarious is its character. The department of "Nebraska's Products" was of especial interest to us. The U. P. Railroad Co. have succeeded in procuring for exhibition many fine specimens of the productions of our State, which it did us good to witness. Among others is a section of earth showing the quality of the soil, six feet in depth, the prairie sod being on the top. We were very much interested in the process of type making, which we had never witnessed before. One mould will turn them out faster than even "Gib" could "stick" them. The Art Gallery is very fine and contains a collection of beautiful and rare paintings and statuary. Many have been sent from England for exhibition. The Exposition is a "big thing on ice," and is worthy the patronage it has received.

While in the city we called on Frank Kilbourn, a Brownville boy, at the Singer Sewing Machine establishment, on State street. Frank had his quill behind his ear and bore every evidence of being at work. We had no time to stay with him, so "left him alone in his glory" among his ledgers and "sich." Newt. McCoy, he said had called recently, and together they had 'done the city,' all of which we verily believe to be true and so state.

We had not seen Chicago since the fire and were pleased to see it more beautiful than it then was. If a first class fire will help Chicago so, are there not some other cities which we may call to mind that ought to Phœnix it a little?

We have also rusticated a few days in the vicinity of La Salle, Ills., on the banks of the Vermillion river. This, you know, is in the coal country, and the place from which the celebrated Vermillion third vein of coal is obtained. The larger number of the mines are drifts in the bluff along this stream, although in some places the anthracite is brought up from a considerable depth. In some places the vein is exposed in the bed of the river and at a low stage of water may be moved in large quantities. The vein is from three to four feet in thickness, and is of the finest quality of soft coal in use. It is worth at the mines 7 and 8 cents per bushel, or $2 per ton. Think of that ye dwellers in the "treeless State!"

Near La Salle, on the Illinois river, is the natural curiosity known as "Starved Rock" or "Point." It is a ledge of rock perpendicular at the side, and only approachable by a narrow wagon way. The rock is covered by evergreens, pine and cedar, and is very picturesque. The historical event which gives the rock more than ordinary interest is said to be this: Many years ago the remnant of the Illinois tribe of Indians were besieged upon this rock by the hostile Iroquois, if we remember aright—at any rate we won't spoil the story for a name,—and were there kept until the "last of the Illinois" died of starvation. A public demonstration was given on this rock in September last, which was attended by many of the dignataries of the State. Chief Justice Breese was to deliver the oration, he having given considerable attention to the study of the early history of the State, but for some reason we understand he was unable to be present. It is a famous pic nic resort, and lovelorn swains and their inamoratas from La Salle, Ottowa, Mendota and the country round about resort there annually in shoals, to sip tea and look at babies in each other's eyes. We think that some disappointed and reckless lover owes it to himself and the country to throw himself from the bristling heights to the rocks below, and thus give the place, as the "Louis Leap," a tinge of romance it never has enjoyed as the "Starved Rock," and at the same time make his unrequiting maid feel sad to see the ugly grease spots he has left on those nice white stones. Near Starved Rock" is another curiosity known as "Deer Park," being a level piece of ground surrounded on three sides by perpendicular walls. It is, like the former, a fashionable resort for parties of young people, and from the tender recollections and experiences there had it doubtless derived the name, "Dear Park," which may easily have been corrupted into Deer Park, or the rustics thereabouts may have a peculiar manner of spelling the word indicative of tender feelings and thus varied the orthography so as to loose sight of the significance of the term. We saw here, too, the unusual phenomenon, in a prairie State, of the clearing off of timber, so that the land might be made tillable.

La Salle is the terminus of the Illinois Canal and we saw many boats laden with products of the soil for Eastern markets.

Two or three of the coal farms near La Salle planted in the interior of Nebraska would give their proprietors an opportunity for doing a "land office business."

Well, we have told nearly everything, and spoken of nearly everybody we have seen, so we may as well subside. We shall be at home in the course of a few days where you or any other of the "villians" may interview us at length.

We might send special regards to our modest "Dora," but to the uninformed it might seem rather too demonstrative, while "Dora" would have cause to regret the decidedly feminine nature of his name.

T. L. S.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11, 1873.

Dear Major:

On the 4th of this month we had a city election as was an election. It was the most fearfully mixed up race ever witnessed in the State of Illinois, and so far as old political issues—Republican and Democratic—are concerned, the oldest inhabitant cannot tell which is ahead.

In the first place a self constituted committee of seventy very respectable citizens of all church denominations and political proclivities, held a meeting of their own. They talked of nothing, worked for nothing, and prayed for nothing but the total abstinence from beverages of all kinds, and particularly the enforcement of the so-called "Sunday law." By the "Sunday law" is meant the closing of all saloons or drinking places on the Sabbath, which is right and proper in all Christian communities. This was the only issue made by this committee of seventy, and every one of them expected to be Mayor or City Treasurer, or, at least, Alderman.

A second organization sprung up, headed by Hon. A. C. Hessing, a leading German, and Dan O'Harra, a leading Irish Catholic. This crowd advocated free beer, free whiskey and freedom generally in everything, promising all things to all men. This was called the People's party.

And still a third party was organized by leading members of the Republican and Democratic parties, styling themselves the "Union Law and Order" party. This latter party made their nominations, placing on their ticket very near an equal number of Republicans and Democrats, with many strictly temperate persons and others not quite so much averse to a little toddy, particularly on the sly.

The committee of seventy did not fully endorse this ticket, but finally came to the conclusion that it was the best they could do, and reluctantly went into the fight—some of them occasionally taking a *wee* drop on the sly to keep up appearances—but a great majority did not touch a drop of anything.

I omitted to mention that a majority of this fusion finally agreed that it was not so wicked to sell beer and wine on Sunday as the original committee of seventy had proclaimed. But the fusion was a little like oil and water, it would not mix very readily.

The Hessing-O'Harra or People's ticket made their nominations last, and, as did the other party, they placed persons on their ticket of both political persuasions, as well as on both sides of the temperance question.

Thus the tickets were made up and a vigorous personal campaign was prosecuted. Old political issues were entirely ignored, and the fight was between men as men and not as politicians. Indeed the leading political speakers never opened their mouths. So it was neither a Democratic or Republican victory.

In almost every county in the State two or more tickets were run on precisely the same plan. The contest, with but a very few exceptions, was local and personal, and not political. When a square fight was made the Republicans, as usual, were successful, with increased majorities. But, as intimated, there were but three or four counties in which a square fight was made. The rest were all conducted similarly to those in this city. Hence, the late election was really no political test, at least so far as this State is concerned.

Truly yours,

PARTICULAR D. STONE, JR.

MRS. SKINNER ON THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

Miss President, feller wimmen, and male trash generally—I am here today for the purpose of discussing women's rights, recussing her wrongs, and cussing the men.

I believe sexes were created perfectly equal, with the woman a little more than the man.

I also believe that the world would to-day be happier, if man had never existed.

As a success, man is a failure, and I bless my stars that my mother was a woman. [Applause.]

I not only maintain these principles, but ma ntain a shiftless husband besides.

They say man was created first. Sposin' he was? Ain't first experiments always failures?

If I was a betting man, I would bet two dollars and a half that they are.

The only decent thing about him was a rib, and that went to make something better. [Applause.]

And then they throw it into our face about Eve taking an apple.

I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree and only gave her the core.

And what did he do when he was found out?

True to his masculine instincts he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian Bend, and said, "'twan't me, 'twas her;" and woman has had to father everything mean since, and mother it too.

What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we let down our back hair and swim in a sea of sanguinary gore. [Sensation.]

Bring up your little daughters to love and caress the ballot, and when they are old and scrawny they will not depart from it.

Teach them that man occupies no position which a woman cannot fill, even to a pair of pants.

Teach them that without the ballot woman is simply a cooking and washing machine, that with it she can just rule her little roost.

Give 'em little ballots to play with.

We have plenty of ballot girls, but what we want is ballot women.

The male creature now sitting on this platform, whom the law compels me to call husband, says I have got ballot on the brain.

He says I sleep with a ballot under my pillow, and dream that I am commander-in-chief of a large army of ballots, and am cleaning out everything that looks like the male sex, while the band plays "See the conquering shero cometh."

Such remarks show that man was created lower than the beasts of the sea, the carrion of the air, or the rhinoceros of the prairies.

And what can be expected of this man Skinner, whose intellect is lower than that of a common quahaug? [Applause.]

My soul is filled with poetry and sentiment, and his vulgar remarks grate on my ear, and when I hear persons use expressions that are not refined and genteel, I want to go thro' 'em like brimstone and molasses. [Hear, hear.]

I'm astonished that there ain't more interest manifested in the absorbing topic. This hall ought to be packed from dome to ceiling, and a couple of hundred climbing up the lightning rod outside.

A short time ago I addressed an immense throng on Boston Common; at least thirty-seven persons, including men and women of both sexes, who stood packed together for at least fifteen minutes hanging on my words, the enthusiasm finally reached such a pitch that they insisted on burning my effigy to slow music.

And we are bound to succeed.

Our speakers don't lack brains or influence, but there is one thing I wish they did lack; and that is their desire for a husband.

No matter how rabid a woman is on this question, or how much she talks against the men on the platform, she'll grab the first man that offers himself, and turn right straight round and that is where we are weak.

Most women seem to think that we were made for one purpose, and that was to have Mrs. on our tombstones.

They'd be missed all their lives, and when they die they're missed the better.

From the creation of the world we have had all the great men on our side.

There's Pharaoh. What did Pharaoh do?

Recognizing the fact that women must inevitably rule, he issued an order to strangle all the male children. If this thing hadn't slipped up, it would be money in our pockets. Mr. Pharaoh is dead now, and hadn't forethought enough to leave the business to some good man.

Among those who escaped justice at this time was a youth called Moses, of bull rush fame, and since then every Mose has been a wart upon the face of nature, including the wretched object whose rear name I am encumbered with. [Cries of "that's so," and "put him out."]

No, you shall not put him out. Neither shall he go out of his own accord.

When we get home I will show him what one solitary woman can accomplish for this great cause with her good right arm. [Applause.]

Herod was also a woman's rights man.

He ordered all the male children to be slain, and what sweeter proof could we have that Herod's head was level?

My dear sisters, we can't all be Herods, but we can wear his tintype next our hearts, and press on to the goal.

Coming down to the present day, where do we find woman?

We don't find her.

In ten cases out of nine she finds herself.

Come with me to the worst portion of our great city. After ascending thirty-one flights of rickety stairs what do we find?

A miserable basement.

In one corner sits a wretched woman, once the belle of the city.

She makes vests. Thirty-four vests for one cent.

Not a morsel of food has passed her lips since last fall.

Around her are fourteen children crying for bread. But, alas, she ain't got no bread, and with tears in her eyes, she mournfully divides among them the last half of a tallow candle.

Have I overdrawn this picture? No sir. And if any man dares to say that I have I'll send him home on a shutter in less than ten minutes. [Emotion in the audience.]

But, my dear sisters, I am not here simply to touch your hearts, but your pockets also.

A thing of this kind can't go on without money, and I hereby call upon four of the most able-bodied sisters, who feel 'tis sweet to be on their muscle, to pass around the hat.

Think of the greatness of our cause and its effect on thousands of ancestors still unborn.

Think of your altered firesides where widowed mothers with dissipated husbands to press their orphan children to their bosoms. Think, oh, think, of George Washington at Mr. Valley's forge, barefooted, and—shell out.

(This appeal was so moving that a majority of the audience moved toward the door. About seven dollar, and a half was collected, however which went for Mrs. Skinner's new set of corkscrew curls. After putting it in her reticule, and planting her foot upon it she proceeded.)

My dear friends, I must now bid you adieu, but I will be with you again when times are better, for I intend to agitate this question until we get our rights, and whatever we can sponge besides.

I will agitate it till my breath gives out and my wig turns gray.

From the Plattsmouth Herald.

RATS.

Did you ever see two women and a dog kill a rat? If you never have you should have been at our house the other night. We have been pestered with rats abominably, and so set a common wire trap, with small door, which caught a number. We then turned them loose in the kitchen to see the dog kill them. Last Friday night, ye editor having an immense cold, retired very early. About 9 o'clock we heard a rat squeal in the trap down stairs. Pretty soon the women heard it, and the dog began to yelp.

"Let's catch it," says the woman. "Well, let's," says the other. "Who will let it out?" suggested one. "I'll bring it up stairs," says the schoolmam; "if you'll hold the dog and let it out of the trap.," "All right," says Mrs. Mac., as brave as a sheep, "I can let a rat out, I guess." Down went the schoolmam, while Mrs. M. tried to hold the dog with one hand and a candle in the other." Wher'd you take hold?" says S.

Mrs. M.—"Get the handle of the trap."

S. M.—"Won't it bite?"

Dog—Yelp—yelp—yelp.

Mrs. M.—"What, the handle?"

S. M.—"No, the rat."

Dog.—Yelp—yelp—yelp.

Mrs. M.—"Bring it along, who is afraid of a rat?" Chorus by the dog.

The S. M. finally got the trap by the handle and started up stairs. Just then the dog gave a double inside and out twist slipped the collar and made a drive down cellar between S. M's feet. The onset landed S. M. in the apple box, at the foot of the stairs, while both women screamed, 'Oh! the rat! the nasty rat!' just as loud as they could. Once more S. M. gathered the trap, and they got to the kitchen.

"Now," says Mrs. Mac, "you hold the dog and I'll open the trap, and then we'll both run into the other room while the dog kills it."

"Yes, all right," from Mrs. M.

The next instant we heard the dog make a spring. There was an unearthly clatter of dishes, then howls, yells, yaups, screams, barks, and frantic appeals for mercy, with loud shouts for Mac. Pulling on our bifurcated garments, we started for the battle field. On opening the dining-room door the following scene presented itself: The end of the dog's tail violently excited, sticks out from under the ice-chest where he is frantically trying to reach the rat. Schoolmam crouched down on the flat top of the cook-stove—all her clothes tucked in around her feet—and the jaw bone of a piece of roast beef—left from dinner—in one hand and the tin cover of an iron pot held over her face with the other, screaming 'rat, nasty rat,' as hard as she can. Mrs. M. is up on the table, a broken lamp chimney in one hand, and the mustard cruet in the other, hollering 'rat, nasty rat—it run up my clothes'—Just then the dog chased the rat from under the ice-chest, and both women gave a scream that scared the rat so he turned grey at once, and gave up the ghost. The dog tried in vain to shake some life into him, but failed—that last scream did the business for Mr. Rat.

THE TRUTH OF THE RAT STORY.

To show how an editor can make a very big story out of a little one, we tell our readers the rat story as it is not as he tells it.

The editor was calmly reposing in his downy couch, dreamily thinking of what he should fill the local columns of the Hearld with, when a squeaking below testified that a rat was in the trap. We the undersigned, proceeded to the spot and carried the trap to the dining room carefully closing the doors that the dog might the more readily catch it. In endeavoring to open the door in the bottom of the trap the rat escaped unexpectedly running over our feet, at which as was very natural, we sprang to one side. Our rat then took refuge under the ice chest and we took the broom stick to dislodge him, and in a few moments, occupied by the squeaking of the rat and the barking and antics of the dog the rat was killed. Could anything have been more quietly done?

Now when the editor kills a rat he and the Devil (of the printing office) and the dog do a vast quantity of jumping around an make the air resound with their cries. So to render the story sensational enough he just attributed their actions to us; very cleverly putting two stories together, you see, and the thing was done.

That he came to our assistance at all, that we occupied any such positions as he described, or that any such screaming was done is a base fabrication of his brain, and a slander upon our fair fame as rat killers.

We the undersigned testify that this account is true in all the details.

The Editor's Wife.
The School Ma'am.
The Dog.

P. S.—When the editor writes up another rat story, and reads it to a sympathising friend, let him see that the trap door is closed.

[You bet, and we hereby close this one, by asserting that our rat story is the true one, and that we could easily stop this little joke here in the 'proof,' but as the women have made a pretty good thing of it, we shall leave their trap open.—ED.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Long division—A divorce.

Visionary fruit—The apple of the eye.

A trial trip—From the cell to the dock.

Is a turkey a ghost when she's a goblin'.

Indian Chief, Antelope, 'the deer fellow, is in Washington.

Contentment is natural wealth—luxury, artificial poverty.

"Home, sweet home," as the bee said when he entered his hive.

When a butcher puts on his blouse and overalls he dresses to kill.

The obituary notice of a Kentucky lady, includes the fact that her hair was six feet eight inches long.

The difference between a truant boy and a fisherman, is, the latter baits his hooks, and the former hates his books.

The Wall street bulls may have been "cowed," as a New York paper says, but they don't "give down" worth a cent.

When money is tight get tight yourself, and then money will be no tighter than anything else. To the tight all things are tight.

"I hate to die—I wanted to wear my blue redingote to Mrs. George's party," were the dying words of the belle of Kansas City.

A young lady, of Elmira, N. Y. spent four years in learning Greek, Latin, French and Spanish, and then married a vegetable peddlar.

A medical writer says the healthiest position to lay in is with the head to the north. People who own hens should bear this fact in mind.

A Danbury man awoke in the middle of the night to comment upon the extraordinary fact that the heaviest end of the match is its light end.

The flavor of the popular chestnut-worm this season is said by an epicure to be a cross between a custard-pie and a croton bug. So says the Danberry News.

A Scranton paper, in giving an account of a shooting affray, says the wounded man is expected to recover, as the pistol ball lodged in his dinner pail.

It is estimated that over a hundred young ladies are at present studying law in the country. Probably they will all become mothers-in-law one of these days.

The N. Y. Herald heads its report of the recent Woman's Congress in that city, "Powerful Petticoats—A Brilliant Blaze of Beauty and Bifurcated Benevolence."

"I am like Balaam," said a dandy, on meeting a pretty girl in a narrow passage, "stopped by an angel." "So am I," returned she, "for I am accosted by an ass."

The man who wanted to take another person apart when he had something to say to him, lately asked for the private ear of a friend, and was told that privateering was illegal.

A man out west brags that all the flooring and furniture of his house is made of live oak, but his wife, who does the hard work of the house, says it is nothing but scrub oak.

It is pleasant to remember that not an hour passes in the increasing march of time, but there is a half dressed man somewhere on the earth calling for a shirt.

A man in blouse—scene Paris, of course—presents a bottle of perfume to his beloved, saying—"When you smell this you will regret that your Creator did not make you all nose."

It was an Irish Coronor who, when asked how he accounted for an extraordinary mortality in Limerick, replied sadly—"I cannot tell. There are people dying this year that never died before."

Mr. Smith is bound to have his joke His wife walked in front of a railway train the other day, and he said that if she had gone a step farther his children would have had a step-mother.

A plumber had an Irish lad in his employ, and one day having occasion to use a piece of zinc, ordered him to get one twelve inches square. "Yes, sir," said Pat, "twelve inches square but how long?"

"John," said a stingy old hunk to his hired man, as he was taking dinner, "do you know how many pancakes you have eaten?" "No."—"