THE ADVERTISER.

Published every Thursday by
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Proprietors.

Office—No. 74 McPherson's Block, up Stairs,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Terms, in Advance:

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

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1874. VOL. 19.—NO. 7

THE ADVERTISER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Space.	1 w	1 m	Per Month.	Per Year.
1 inch	$1 00	$2 00	$1 00	$10 00
3 inches	2 50	4 00	1 50	20 00
6 inches	4 00	6 00	2 75	35 00
12 inches	7 00	10 00	5 00	60 00
24 inches	12 00	18 00	8 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

BUSYBODIES.

It is a fact, as I've been told,
That people, in the days of old,
Got rich in silver and in gold,
No matter what they bought or sold,
By minding their own business.

They did not try to wound one's fame,
Or slander anybody's name;
They cared not when you went or came;
They pleased themselves—you did the same
If it was your own business.

And if a man did what was right
In his own mind, and in the sight
Of God and Law, by day and night,
He went ahead and fought the fight,
Determined on his business.

But in degen'rate modern days
There's quite a change in people's ways,
And what a person does or says
Must be held up unto the gaze
Of every busybody.

And if you do not tell them, too,
Where you are going, and what to do,
They get in such an awful stew,
They'll even watch and follow you—
These very busybodies.

And then they surely think they know
Just when you come and when you go,
And they will whisper, so and so,
To every friend and every foe—
These very busybodies.

But if we take the pains to see
Who these same busybodies be,
We find there's not a he or she
Who has a decent history,
Among these busybodies.

But let us no more notice take
Of evil tongues; but, for their sake,
We'll hope and pray they soon may wake
From wickedness, and money make
By minding their own business.

Chicago Tribune.

THE GUITAR TEACHER.

Major Ingoldsby was learning to play the guitar.

Mark Twain says that in the fullness of time 'every man will make known a distorted desire to play upon some instrument. Therefore, you who are annoyed by an unsuccessful attempt to subjugate a fiddle, beware, for sooner or later your time must come."

Major Ingoldsby had been attacked by a desire to play the guitar. Perhaps he could not, in the entire list of instruments, have chosen one on which bad execution shows to so great a disadvantage as this particular instrument. Guitar playing is monotonous at the best, and when it comes into the hands of a novice it is infinitely worse. At least so Tom Tracy, Ingoldsby's chum, asserted, and he certainly ought to know, for his tum, tum, tum, of that guitar haunted his waking and sleeping hours. Tom Tracy was a patient man, but he had endured too much.

"Now, see here, Seth," he said, "I have stood by you through a great deal. I've marched fought and slept by your side,—starved with you, suffered with you, but I'll be blamed"—we regret to say that the word used was not blamed, which we put in for the sake of euphony—"if I'm going to suffer any farther. I'll mash that guitar into fragments if you play on it any more."

"Don't you think I make progress?" said Ingoldsby, distorting his face, and nearly dislocating his wrist in the attempt to reach the "key of C."

"Now listen—

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Except now and then a stray—"

Here was a long pause and a desperate effort to get at the "key of D," while Tom suggested "cow, pig, horse, etc." as the missing thing, before Ingoldsby could get at the right strings, and continue his song.

"picket;
Is shot as he walks——"

"Let him walk, can't you?" said Tom, for Ingoldsby was at sea again, in search for the key of the same name.

"You shut; now I've got it."

"Keep it," said Tom.

"On his beat to an fro,
By a rifleman hid in the—the—the—"

"Swamp, hollow log, gum tree!" suggested Tom.

"Thicket. Now, Tom, how do you expect any one to learn how to play the guitar, if you will shove your oar in every time he begins? Don't I remember the time when you were trying to learn the fiddle?"

"It didn't last so long as this," said Tom, rather crestfallen, for he remembered his experience.

"You only played the first bar of 'Pop goes the Weasel,' and very poorly you played it, too. If my music is bad, what was yours, I should like to know? Superlatively so. I'm not going to be made game of, if I do play badly. I'd get a teacher if I could, but there is nothing of the kind to be found in the village."

"Tell you what I'll do," said Tom; "it's a thing I would not do for any one else in the world; but if you will promise to practice when I'm at the office, I'll get you a teacher."

"Done," said Ingoldsby, extending his hand. "Shake on it. When will you introduce me?"

"To-night, if you like."

"Very good. I did not know there was a guitar teacher in the village. Who is he?"

"A little fellow on Varick street."

"Does he play well?"

"Prime. I can sit and hear him by the hour. By the way you can learn to sing there, too."

"I shall be much obliged, Tom."

"Not at all. I do it to save my life. I must go to the office for half an hour. Meet me at half-past seven on the post office steps, and I'll take you down. I should go raving mad soon, if you kept up that row here, I know I should."

They had known each other from boyhood, and, as Tom said, had been in the army together. Both had a heart in the cause, and did their duty well. And now they were well established, Seth in the law, and Tom in medicine, in a thriving village.

Ingoldsby waited at the post-office, In a village like this, every one goes to the office at the opening of the mails, even though he never receives letter or message, from friend or foe. Several idlers about the office nudged each other and pointed him out as the man who had lifted the banner of his regiment in the midst of a terrific fire, when the color-bearer and two sergeants had fallen in quick succession, and sustained the flag while the broken regiment closed up about it. This was on the Union side. That is over now, and we,as friends and brothers, are ready to clasp hands across the myriad graves of brave men on both sides. The tempest is past; let there be fraternity again. So thought the men who did the fighting, and so think they now. Tom came up and divided the interest, for he was a gallant officer, and had done his work well.

"Come along," said he, "I hope I have not kept you waiting."

"Not at all," said Ingoldsby; "the mail has just come in."

They turned into Varick street, and Tom stopped at the gate of a house standing in a perfect bower of roses and vines. Tom rang, and they were admitted. The servant took their hats, and showed them into a nice little parlor, where books, music, and articles of taste and virtue were gathered about. A woman's hand had evidently been at work here. A guitar, often used, stood in one corner. Tom called his companion's attention to it.

"There, I told you so. I don't suppose there is a better player to be found in the country than Vic. What do you think of playing 'Dodsworth's March' upon the guitar?"

"Vic. What is the rest of the name?"

"Didn't I tell you? Upon my word I think you are right. I said nothabout it. And——"

He was interrupted at this moment by the entrance of a person, at sight of whom Ingoldsby rose in some confusion. Be it known that Seth Ingoldsby was not a ladies' man. In fact he rather avoided them. Why he did is immaterial. While he gave woman her due, as a rather necessary portion of the human race, he kept out of her way. And this was as enticing a little maiden as ever brought a bachelor to his knees. A slight figure dressed in exquisite taste, in plain muslin, with cherry-colored ribbons at the neck and shoulders. Tom managed to keep his countenance while he introduced them.

"My cousin Vic, Major Ingoldsby," he said; "if you want to put on style, you can call her Miss Stanton. I never do. The point is, Victoria, the Major wants a music teacher—a guitar player. And as I have had all his hideous music to endure for the last three weeks, I bring him to you. If you can't bear it send him back. If you do, and I am forced to commit either suicide or murder, you will have it to answer for. I've got to go down and see Nellie. Take good care of Seth."

"But Tom?" began the Major.

It was useless. Tom dashed out, got his hat and was off like the wind while Major Ingoldsby, holding on to his guitar-case desperately, as if he expected to perish the moment he released his hold, sat, like Niobe, the picture of woe

"The sight of his misanthropic face was too much for Vic. Stanton. She burst into a merry peal of laughter, and before the Major knew it he was laughing too.

"The Impudent scoundrel," he gasped as soon as he could recover his breath. "He told me that he would get me a guitar teacher, and you see me, with this ridiculous case. I do not know what to say to you, Miss Stanton. My only excuse——"

"Do not make any, Major Ingoldsby. I am sure that everybody knows that Tom Tracy will be a blockhead sometimes, with malice prepense and aforethought, and we cannot help it. I am glad to meet you. For, if Tom Tracy has a good feeling for anybody, it is you. You are welcome."

"But this ridiculous guitar."

She took the case and placed it in a corner, and coming back to a place near him, began to talk. And she could talk as few ladies can.

Seth Ingoldsby forgot that he was afraid of women, and suffered himself to be drawn on, step by step, until he began to tell his army experience. A strange and varied life it was, and she listened to him with unflagging interest, starting him now and then by an artful question, or a sly hint. At length he stopped of his own accord, with a laugh.

"I am getting prosy, Miss Stanton. Will you not play something?"

"Certainly. Do you prefer the guitar? Mine is out of order."

"Take mine. They say it is a superior instrument," he said.

He opened the case, and gave it to her. She ran her fingers lightly over the strings.

"They told you the truth, Major. This is certainly a remarkable instrument. What shall I play?"

"If you don't mind, I should like 'All quiet along the Potomac.' That is the one I have been trying to learn, and wich Tom hates so fervently—I suppose I do play it in a fearful style."

She smiled as she began a sweet prelude, and then sang and played the song with a touch and voice which seemed wonderful to Ingoldsby.

"I don't wonder he praised your playing and singing," said he. It is too bad. He led me to expect a teacher."

"And why not, Major? I should be glad to teach you anything I know. My knowledge is not great, but such as it is it is entirely at your service. I have heard so much of you from Tom that I do not make a stranger of you."

"Of course not," said Ingoldsby, stoutly. "That would be absurd. I'm quite one of the family."

"Really," thought Miss Vic, "for a man who is afraid of girls, he makes wonderful progress." Then aloud—"will you take your first lesson to-night?" Certainly he would. It was exactly what he wanted, and so she sat by his side, and—

"Bowed his hand to teach him fingering," as good old Shakespeare hath it, until he quite forgot how the time flew, until he happened to look at a clock. It was eleven.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Stanton. You are to blame for this. I shall not hear the last of this soon if Tom finds out how long my first lesson lasted. By the way; your guitar is out of order. Suppose I leave mine until I return again."

"I shall be glad if you will," she said. "And call as often as you like. I am a stranger here, so to speak, for I have been away from home for two years. I am glad you called."

And so Seth Ingoldsby went away, feeling wonderfully elated somehow, and wondering how he could have been such a fool as to avoid the society of women, if they were all as agreeable as this damsel. Her cherry lips and dancing eyes had made a deeper impression upon him in that first meeting than he would have cared to own. He rather hoped that he should find Tom out, but he reckoned without his host; for that worthy was in, leaning back against the wall, puffing lazily at a cigar.

"Mr. Ingoldsby, I believe," he said. "Formerly Major Ingoldsby, a gentleman who had a rooted aversion to the female portion of the community. I hope I see you well. How did you enjoy your first lesson on the guitar? And do you propose to continue the lessons to any extent?"

"Let me tell you, Mr. Tom Tracy, that such a trick as that would would insure you a good thrashing from a less good natured man than myself."

"Take a cigar, Seth," said Tom, with inimitable sang froid. "Now, sit down; put your feet on the hob—very good. Don't you like your teacher?"

"You know very well that no one can fail to admire Miss Stanton."

"Just my opinion, my dear Seth. Did she give you a lesson?"

"Yes," said Ingoldsby, slowly. "But does that absolve you from the impudent action that took me there?"

"Now, if you ain't the most faultfinding dog upon the face of the earth I hope I may never get my just deserts. Here I have been working for your benefit, have introduced you to the prettiest girl in the country, and what is the result? Casting pearls before the animal mentioned in the scripture, and, like that animal, you turn again and rend me. Now, is that right; is it Christian; has it even the first point of common decency in it, Major Seth Ingoldsby? Here I lay myself out to serve my friend, and behold how he raves."

The injured tone assumed by Tom, rather amused the other.

"That's enough, Tom. It was a joke. Let it pass as such. Where did you get this cigar?"

"One of my stock at the store. I suppose you will beat me out of six or eight every day. It will just serve me right. When you get done smoking, come to bed. I suppose that I have dished myself now. It is just like me. You will be taking lessons every week day, but what excuse you can find for Sunday nights, I don't know."

"I did not know that Mr. Stanton had a daughter, Tom. Where has she been?" asked Seth.

"Interested, are you? At school. I used to write to her in the army. I never showed her letters to you, because she used to laugh at you, dreadfully, though she never saw you. She will laugh at you worse now. What a figure you cut hanging on to the neck of that guitar, gaping like a graveyard. I saw you when I passed the window."

And with this good night, Tom went slowly to bed muttering as he went.

He was a true prophet when he said that Seth would go often to Stanton's. Somehow Vic never could keep her guitar in order, and his was left. He made wonderful progress, too. By very great labor he could leap to the word "picket," a wonderful performance for him. But after a time, great gaps came into the lessons, which were not there before. 'Beats,' Tom called them. Very learned was Tom on the subject of music.

"An 'accidental flat,' you see, is different from an ordinary flat. If one is flat by nature, all is right. Mind, I am not speaking of music. But these accidental flats are created by some sudden change. There's Seth. He used to be a sharp, but now he's nothing more nor less than an accidental flat, because—"

Here Seth picked up a book to throw at him. Master Tom decamped in hot haste. If Seth Ingoldsby had ever been in a delirium, he was in one now. But, being a soldier, he looked the matter in the face. He was committed as a bachelor. All the female prophets he had ever met with said he would never marry, except one, who allowed him a family of twelve girls and a boy. The thought, at the high price of calico, was maddening. But then he admired Vic, and he rather thought she liked him. Suppose he popped the question, and was accepted? What then? A host of probable results arose "in his mind's eye."

But matters came to a climax. It happened in this wise: Tom had just been into the room where they sat, and was especially facetious on the subject of music lessons generally and this one teacher in particular. As usual he had been driven out, and Seth went on with his lessons. It was something new and difficult, and those white hands were laid on his pretty often, to prevent him from straying to the wrong keys, as they were very apt to do. I am afraid he made some mistakes purposely.

Seth was only a man after all. He looked at the little hand several times and, at last, when it was very near him, seized it and pressed it to his lips. Tom, coming in soon after, was astonished to find Vic cosily seated on the sofa with Seth's arm about her waist.

"Hallo!" he cried. "Rather a new style of guitar lesson, this."

"I like your teacher so well that I have engaged her for life. Provide a new room mate, my boy. You have lost me to my music teacher."

"And *served* you right." said Tom. "I suppose you think you are to have your own way. My consent must be asked, and refused. That is if Nellie says 'no,' to me. I am going down to see. If you think you are going to beat me, Master Seth, you are mistaken."

So there were two accidental flats in the village that year, and all the world and his wife went to the double wedding.

THE NEW POSTAL LAW.

The post office bill passed by the last session of Congress makes the following changes in the postal laws:

Newspaper and Periodical Postage.—On and after January 1, 1875, newspapers and periodicals mailed from the office of publication to be paidin advance by weight at the following rates: Issued weekly or oftener, 2 cents a pound and fraction thereof; less frequently 3 cents. To be weighed in bulk and paid by attaching a special adhesive stamp, for the purpose, to the package, or as the Postmaster General may direct. One copy of each newspaper to actual subscribers to go free in the county where they are printed in whole or in part.

Other Mailable Matter.—The new law makes a uniformity in all matter other than letters, newspapers and periodicals, limits the packages to four pounds, at one cent for each two ounces.

Salaries of Postmasters.—The new law fixes the salaries of first, second, and third-class offices on a new basis, according to the receipts of the same. Postmasters of the fourth-class to be paid by a commission on the receipts and the full receipts from the post office box rents.

THE NEW PENSION LAWS.

The following changes in the pension laws were made during the last session of Congress:

Total Disability—Increase of Pension.—All persons who while in the military or naval service who were so permanently and totally disabled as to require the regular presence, aid, and attendance of another person, to have their pensions increased from $30 25 to $50 per month, commencing June 4, 1874.

Partial Disability—Increase of Pension.—Persons who are now entiled to pension under existing laws, and who lost either an arm at or above the elbow, or a leg at or above the knee, shall be rated in the second-class, and shall receive twenty-four dollars per month commencing June 4, 1874.

In order to obtain the benefit of this act pensioners have only to return their certificates, accompanied by a letter giving their post-office address, no formal application being required. No medical examination will be ordered, excepting in cases where the evidence on file fails to show the point of amputation.

Capitalists Alarmed and Withdraw their Capital from the West.

A few days since there appeared in the financial article of the New York Times, the following paragraph, of the significance of which we need not speak. It requires no comment.

Advices received by an eminent bank firm shows that a serious awakening among the Granges is imminent, and that they beginning to view with some apprehension the strong hostile feeling their policy has evoked in the centre of Eastern capital. It is a fact that a number of leading houses in Canada and the East have communicated with some of the heaviest firms in Milwaukee, inviting them to close their accounts and signify their intentions to withdraw their interests from all sections in which the Grange sentiment is so overwhelming. They say they do not propose to subject themselves to risks of business under such arbitary and even coercive restrictions and influences. It was also reported that the Astors, Moses Taylor, and others, leading New York capitalists, have decided to withhold all contemplated investments, and withdraw their existing interests from the danger of such control. It is very evident that in the event of any further aggressive movements against capital in the West, the East is prepared to resort to very extreme measures against the States so influenced, both as means of self-protection and retaliation.

Sixteen thousand acres of land were taken up near Kirwin, Kansas, by emigrants within a month.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love is like the wild rose briar;
Friendship like the holly tree;
The holly is dark when the rose briar blooms,
But which will bloom most constantly?

The wild rose briar is sweet in spring,
Its summer blossoms scent the air;
Yet wait till winter comes again,
And who will call the wild briar fair.

Then scorn the silly rose wreath now,
And deck thee with the holly's sheen,
That when December blights thy brow,
He still may leave thy garland green.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Beecher and Tilton.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW YORK, August 8, 1874.

Beecher, Beecher, Beecher. Tilton, Tilton, Tilton. We are having a surfeit of Beecher and rather too much of Tilton. None of your senses can escape either Beecher or Tilton. As you walk the streets the newsboys howl "All about the Beecher scandal-l-l!" You look over the dead-walls, and portraits of Beecher and Tilton, in advertisements of sensation papers, stare you out of countenance. Sit down at table, and your next neighbor will, a thousand to one, ask you, "What is the latest regarding the Beecher scandal?" and insist upon discussing the entire case, commencing with the marriage of Tilton, down to the absorbing conundrum, "What will Moulton testify to?"

And by the way the whole thing just now simmers down upon this one man, Moulton. The fate of Henry Ward Beecher is in the hands of Moulton While Tilton has been gaining friends every day and Beecher losing ground with equal rapidity, after all Tilton's unsupported statement will never drive Beecher out of his place. For while Tilton affirms, Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton deny, and Theodore has not kept his hands sufficiently clean in the matter of miscellaneous love-making to be accepted as a competent witness, no matter how strong his statement. No one who knows the parties doubts Mr. Beecher's guilt, but the people get very judicial in such cases, and insist upon the charges being proved judicially. Now, Mr. Frank Moulton was with Tilton when Tilton charged Beecher with the crime, and it has been stated over and over again that Beecher confessed to adultery with Mrs. Tilton in the presence of Moulton. The great moral, or rather immoral question is, will Moulton swear to this? If so, it settles the entire question and makes a funeral of Mr. Beecher. If not, while the people at large, will believe all that Tilton has charged. Plymouth Church will affect to disbelieve it, and hold its pastor.

Why should not Moulton testify to what he knows, he being a friend of Tilton? Because it is no small thing to incur the enmity of so strong and powerful a body as Plymouth Church and whoever assaults Beecher does just that. To Plymouth Church Beecher is more than a man, he is a demi-god. They believe in him, in a wild way, as the sum total of everything that is good and great, and no matter what the proof may be they propose take him through.

If Moulton sides with Tilton to the extent of supporting him by testimony, vials of wrath, equal in quantity and quality to those uncorked upon Tilton, will be poured over his devoted head, and that Mr. Moulton cannot afford. It remains to be seen whether he will have the nerve to do this.

Now that Tilton has been arrested for libel and the matter has got into the Courts, it is possible that Moulton may be compelled to swear. If so, look out for broken crockery. By the way,

IT IS A MISTAKE

to put Tilton down as a blatherskite, or as an utterly unreliable man. He is a man of great genuis, a good and true friend, and in most things steady and level-headed. He has notions that take him out of the channels in which men float, and his cross-country expeditions have been frequent, and to him most disastrous. His operation with the Woodhulls hurt him, though I doubt if there was anything more in it than he stated. She is a wonderfully attractive woman—wonderful in intellectual force, wonderful in conversation and with a peculiar wierd way about her that could not but catch and hold a dreamy poet such as Tilton is at times. Then they held views to some extent in common on the questions of love and marriage, and there was just enough of danger in supporting her to make it fascinating to him. Besides all these there was a business consideration involved which Tilton in his circumstances could not overlook. Altogether Theodore is a good fellow. He has his faults—he is indiscreet and impulsive, but who of us is perfect? I presume I am not, at least I am not going to hurl the first rock at Tilton.

I predict that Mrs. Tilton will come back to him, and that despite all that has happened he will take her back. She is the mother of his children, and Theodore Tilton can no more live separated from her than fly. When this wretched business is over they will be reunited, and possibly a change will be wrought in both of them that will make their lives happier.

BOSS TWEED

has nearly gone out of public sight. It is astonishing how soon a man is forgotten in New York politics, when he has nothing to give. He might as well be dead. It is true he has influence enough to get better treatment than other convicts, but that is about the extent of it. The old man went over to the Island, and that day his star set. Other aspirants for power administered upon his estate at once. The venerable old villain's political property was divided just as soon as it was tolerably certain that he could not get out for a year. Morrissey grabbed a portion, and the other gin-mill politicians took the balance, and were Tweed out to-day he could hardly reinstate himself, for the men who have usurped his place will hold what they have, and the old man, having no places to dispose of, could not organize a new party to stand at his back. They like him as well as they ever did—that is, those who liked him at all—but personal liking has little to do with such matters. The politician anywhere is selfish—the New York politician is particularly and essentially so. He commands respect precisely in proportion to his power—once dead, always dead.

But I am happy to be able to say that the old rings will never again have the power once wielded. Tweed heid it all in his hands and used it to the advantage of himself and his friends unquestioned and unchecked. He was the source of power and the fountain of wealth. Whoever was useful to him was rewarded magnificently, and whoever was opposed to him was mercilessly killed. But now that power is divided. There are a dozen able and unscrupulous men aspiring to be Tweeds, and as they are warring with each other it is not impossible for the decent elements of the city to wrest the power from them and reform and purify the government. It is fortunate that each of the aspirant leaders had rather see the power go into the hands of the opposition than to let it be grasped by a rival. Let us hope that these rogues will continue to fall out, till honest men come to their own.

CHILD STEALING.

The kidnapping of children, inaugurated in Philadelphia, has broken out in New York, which might have been expected, for I know of no soil in which villainy thrives so well as here. A child of about five years of age was stolen from 35th street, nearly a week ago, and the only clue the parents could get to it was by advertising in the *Herald*. The answer came promptly—the child had been stolen and was being held for a ransom. In this case, however, the cold-blooded villains made a mistake, for the parents of the child have no means and cannot possibly raise a tenth part of the sum demanded. The fact that they lived in a good house in a fashionable quarter of the town, add rode in a carriage and dressed in purple and fine linen deceived the operators. They did not know that the house was mortgaged, that the carriages were hired, and that the daily profits of the head of the house was absorbed in keeping up the style that indicated wealth. Hereafter the kidnapping fraternity will probably employ a lawyer to search the records, that they may be certain of striking fat game. It must be provoking to steal a child and have it turn out that the parents cannot pay a dollar for its return. Negotiations are going on with the thieves direct, the detectives being unable to get any clue to its whereabouts.

BERGH AND BARNUM.

Bergh is after Barnum. Bergh says the hurdle-racing in Barnum's Hippodrome is cruel and dangerous; and he cites the following facts: The performances at the Hippodrome commenced on the 17th of April, and up to the 17th ult. the following casualities had occurred: Miss Hess, arm broken by being thrown from her horse; at the same time two other ladies were thrown, but not hurt. Miss Lewis, hurt by being struck with the pole of a chariot. Miss Alice Costenaigra, hurt by being thrown from the racer Castro, and having a horse jump on her; Castro was instantly killed, but the lady has since reported for duty. Frank Dooley, leg broken while riding an elephant race, and death ensued. Mrs. Anna Davis, collar-bone broken by the horse Spot falling with her over a hurdle, and dead.

But just as Bergh got ready to move on the great showman, the entire concern was moved to Boston, where, there being no Bergh, horses may fall with men and women as much and as often as they choose. I rather believe that Barnum started the report as an advertisement. People will go a long way to see a horse fall on the rider. PIETRO.

Civil rights conversation in Macon between two darkies: "Say, Bill, when dis civil rights bill done passed 'fore Congress, do you know what I'se gwine to do?" "No, Sam; what yer gwine to do?" "I'se gwine down to the Brown House and take dinner—settin' at de same table wid dem white folks. And den I'll set out in front and smoke my cigar, jes' as big as any of 'em." "G'way, nigger. If you 'tempt to eat dinner at de Brown House I bets you eats supper in h—l."

Over 2,500,000 votes were cast in the late Parliamentary elections in Great Britain. The total number of voters in the United Kingdom is about 3,000,000. Fifty years ago there were only 200,000 voters.

A Visit to the Immigration Office.

Editor Nebraska Advertiser.

Persons visiting the city of Omaha should go to the Immigation Office.—Col. Noteware, the Superintendent, is always happy to have people call and see the productions of Nebraska that he has collected.

Of the vegetable productions, there is a large number of samples of wheat, corn, barley and oats, of different varieties and from all parts of the State. I noticed, among other things, a sheaf of timothy hay from Colfax county.

What interested me most was the specimen of minerals. There was coal from Richardson county; kaolin, or white clay, such as table ware is made of, from Cass county; cement stone, and the manufactured cement, from Beatrice. This cement is used in the foundation of the U. S. building in Lincoln, and is manufactured quite extensively at the cement works at Omaha, where it is pronounced as good as the imported article.

I also saw a block of marble from Gwyer's quarry, in Sarpy county.—This stone has one face polished, and it is equal to the celebrated Vermont marble. It will be used in the U. S. building at Lincoln.

Thus one by one the natural productions of Nebraska are being discovered and utilized. Coal is mined in Richardson, Pawnee and Johnson counties in the South-east, and in Dixon county on the Northern border. Valuable building stone in nearly or quite every county in the Eastern half of the State. Fine clay and ochres in various places, valuable salt springs, hydraulic cement, and as the State becomes settled many other things will be discovered that will be of great value to the people.

How about Nemaha county? Valuable building stone is found in nearly every township in the county.—There is no doubt but that there is coal in abundance. The same stone that cement is made of is here in abundance, and I know of a fine clay that I think is equal to the Cass county kaolin. All we need is capital and perseverance to develop these various mines.

Right here I wish to state, that I want any person, who finds any mineral that he thinks will be of value, to bring it to the Post office, and I will label and take care of the specimens, and put them in a place where they can be seen, and I believe they will be of value to the finder, and to the county at large.

W. A. POLOCK.

A SHARK STORY.

Mr. Keatly, of No. 838 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, in company with two friends, went out to Coney Island Wednesday afternoon. The party wandered along the beach, and when near Bath, Mr. Keatly suggested they should bathe. The three accordingly went into the water. Mr. Keatly, however, wandered out somewhat further than the others, but did not go beyond his depth. While swimming around he felt a soft, cold substance rub against his leg. He did not pay any attention to it until the rubbing was repeated several times. Becoming alarmed he glanced downward and saw a large shark in the act of turning on its side. Before he could gain the shore the sea monster had fastened his teeth deep into the fleshy part of his groin, causing him to yell with pain and terror. Fortunately, however, he had sufficient presence of mind to make a grab for the fish, and succeeded in catching it by the narrow part of the tail, between the dorsal fins. He clung to it with desperation, at the same time making every effort to get ashore. The shark, meanwhile, tugged so fiercely to go away that it terribly lacerated the flesh of Mr. Keatly, who finally succeeded in making a landing. The shark, with great difficulty was forced to loosen his hold, and was finally killed by being repeatedly struck on the head with a large stone. Mr. Keatley's wounds were then dressed, and he was removed to his home in Atlantic avenue. The shark, which measured five feet eight inches from the tip of his nose to the end of its tail, is now on exhibition in Brooklyn.—*New York Times.*

The pressman of the Bethlehem, Pa., *Times* is 16 years old, and measures six feet and seven inches in height, and wants same one to "beat him."

There is nothing more calculated to weaken a boy's moral character than to get his fishinghook fastened on rubbish in the river.

A Missouri man who swapped wives with another Missourian got a cow, a calf, thirty good steel traps, and four children "to boot."

What is the difference between a Jew and a lawyer? The one gets his law from the prophets, and the other his profits from the law.

A Toast—Woman: the last and best of the series—if we may have her for a toast, we won't ask for any but-her.

When a lady stands at the hymeneal altar with her intended, you may know that she is about to draw her beau nto a knot.

Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, weighs 300 pounds.

A woman 83 years old is the most adroit thief in Albany, N. Y.

A VIVID AND GRAND PICTURE

The following telegraph dispatch, sent from Pittsburg to the N. Y. *Tribune*, descriptive of the recent destructive storm which visited Pittsburg, is grandly sublime, full of interest, though somewhat extravagant in rhetoric:

"A description of the appalling storm, or water-spout, whichever it may be called, should not be out of the way, although it would be impossible to draw even a faint picture of the awful original. At about six-and-a-half o'clock on Sunday evening two great black clouds came up from opposite points of the compass, one to the southwest and one to the northeast. They rose slowly, like two awful demons. Their edges were ragged and black, flecked here and there with patches of fiery colors. A dozen little promontories jotted out here and there, like the heads hydra upon each, changing shape and appearance every moment, assuming the appearance of bird, or beast, or monster; occasionally extending far up across the intervening space as though to reconnoitre the enemy, and then again receding. But all this time the two great giants swathed in inky blackness, and almost without outline, slowly approached each other. Suddenly a noise between a roar and a growl burst from each. There was no distinct detonation like ordinary thunder, but a low, terrible and continuous rumbling growl, causing the air to vibrate and the very foundations of the earth to shake as though a tertian argue had seized upon the everlasting hills. A fringe of fire like the aurora borealis began to run along the ragged edges, faint at first, but growing in intensity every moment, until it looked as though the two demons had put on an armor of fire. On they came, nearer and nearer, when suddenly a mighty bolt of blinding light leaped from the central head of the demon of the northeast, burned high up in the sky, and then fairly struck the opposing demon. A moment and a deafening crash divided the hot atmosphere and made the earth tremble palpably. But the demon of the southwest was not even stunned, but paid back his assailant with a forked javelin of sulphurous flame.

"This was the opening of the grand battle. The long lines of flames that enveloped the combatants ceased to dance and flicker, and like the borealis gathered into tongues of silver and blue fire and leaped forwards simultaneously from both directions, until the rapidly narrowing space between them seemed to be an ocean of fire. The two demon clouds met directly over the city, and seemed to rock the earth to its uttermost foundation. For a few minutes previous a few heavy drops of rain had been pattering down, but when the two giants met in their death embrace it seemed as though a river had been unchained in the heavens, and was falling bodily to the earth below. For half an hour it did not rain. There were no distinguishable drops, as the term is generaly understood. It was the descent of a torrent, like a river leaping over a precipice."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton prefers not to be impeached by the Beecher whitewashers. A reporter asked her if she would make her statement before the committee if requested to do so. She answered:

"No. Not before that committee, when gentlemen who are in the confidence of its proceedings tell me that the integrity of every witness who appears against Mr. Beecher is to be impeached. I have no wish to give my testimony. When the case comes before a civil court, I shall willingly appear if summoned. There is no stronger proof that the committee have a difficult case in sustaining Mr. Beecher, than it is the understood determination to impeach the integrity of every witness against him, and there is no better proof of the strength of Mr. Tilton's position, than its subterfuges in trying to undermine him by attacking the characters of all ladies of his acquaintance.

Can Mr. Beecher, in his circle boast of nobler, truer, puer woman than those identified with the Woman's Reform movements in this country? Neither Mr. Moulton or Mrs. Tilton need be ashamed of such acquaintances as Grace Greenwood, Anna Burleigh, Anna Dickinson, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, or Pauline Davis, who have all been honored visitors at this house. It is beneath the dignity of any man and committee of men to attempt to shadow ladies like these.

THANKS FOR RATTLESNAKES.

In the state of Ohio there resides a family consisting of an old man of the name of Beaver and his four sons, all of whom were hard "pets," who had often laughed to scorn the advice and entreaties of pious and very excentric minister, who resided in the same town. It happeded that one of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake, and was expected to die, when the minister was sent for in great haste. On his arrival he found the young man very penitent and anxious to be prayed with. The minister, calling on the family, knelt down and prayed in this wise: "O Lord we thank Thee for rattlesnakes. We thank Thee that a rattlesnake has bitten Jim. We pray Thee to send a rattlesnake to bite John; send one to bite Bill; send one to bite Sam; and O Lord, send the biggest of Thy rattlesnakes bite the old man; for nothing but rattlesnakes will bring the beaver family to repentence."

"What do you call that?" indignantly asked a customer of a cheap resturant, pointing to an object he had discovered in his plate of hash.

"Wristband with sleeve button attached, sir," said walter briskly.

"Well, do you consider this a proper thing for a man to find in his hash?" asked the customer with wrath.

"Good heavens, sir!" cried the waiter, "would you expect to find a ten dollar silk umbrella in a fifteen cent plate of hash?"

Dobbs thinks that instead of giving credit where credit is due, the cash had better be paid.