THE ADVERTISER.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

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Excelsior Lodge No. 15, K. P.—Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited. J. C. McNAUGHTON, C.C. F. E. JOHNSON, K. R. S.

Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week in their new hall over Lowman's store. Visiting brothers respectfully invited. HENRY COHN, N. G. B. R. THOMPSON, Secy.

Brownville Division No. 19, Sons of Temperance. Meets every Friday evening in Odd Fellows Hall, over Thurman's drug store, Main street. Strangers of our order visiting the city are invited to meet with us. A. G. GATES W. P. G. W. FAIRBROTHER Sr., R. S.

Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M. Stated meetings third Thursday evening in each month.

Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M.—Stated meetings first Monday night in each month.

Furnas Council No. 3, R. S. & S. E. M.—Stated meetings fourth Monday in each month.

Mt. Carmel Commandery No. 3, K. T.—Stated meetings second Monday in each month.

Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63, K. R. C. R. & C.—Meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Mondays.

Adah Chapter No. 32.—Order of the Eastern Star. Stated meetings third Monday in each month.

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Presbyterian Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m. J. T. BAIRD, Pastor.

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TIME SCHEDULES.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Burlington & Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska.

MAIN LINE.

11:55 a.m. leave	Plattsmouth	2:05 p.m. arrive
2:45 p.m.	Lincoln	11:15 a.m. leave
10:05 p.m. arrive	Kearney Junc.	5:45 a.m. leave

OMAHA BRANCH.

1:15 p.m. leave	Plattsmouth	12:15 a.m. arrive
2:40 p.m. arrive	Omaha	10:50 a.m. leave

BEATRICE BRANCH.

3:55 p.m. leave	Crete	7:45 a.m. arrive
6:05 p.m. arrive	Beatrice	5:45 a.m. leave

Chicago & North Western Railway.

Trains at Council Bluffs arrive and depart as follows

GOING WEST	ARRIVE	GOING EAST	DEPART
Day Express	10:35 p.m.	Day Express	6:35 a.m.
Night Express	3:15 a.m.	Night Express	4:05 p.m.
		Ex. Freight	10:50 a.m.

W. H. STENNETT, Gen. Pas. Agt.

Kansas City, St. Joe. & C. B. Railroad.

Trains leave Phelps Station as follows:

Going North	8:30 a. m.	Going South	9:35 a. m.
Going North	4:35 p. m.	Going South	8:45 p. m.

A. C. DAWES, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Midland Pacific Railway.

9:30 a m	8:05 p m	Nebraska City	2:00 p m 6:00 p m
2:30 p m	8:05 p m	Lincoln	10:35 a m 1:30 p m
5:00 p m	8:05 p m		10:20 a m 9:40 a m
6:40 p m	10:15 p m	Seward	10:00 a m 8:00 a m

J. N. CONVERSE, Sup't.

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E. E. Ebright,

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J. S. Stull,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.—Office, No. 70 Main street, (up stairs,) Brownville, Neb. 18-6y

J. H. Broady,

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

E. W. Thomas,

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

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.

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A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician. Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1858. Office, Lett & Creigh's Drug Store, McPherson Block. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. 19-6m

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

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

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BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER, First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

HOTELS.

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

FAREWELL.

The crimson sunset faded into gray:
Upon the murmurous sea the twilight fell;
The last warm breath of the delicious day
Passed with a mute farewell.

Above my head in the soft purple sky
A wild note sounded like a shrill-voiced bell;
Three gulls met, whealed, and parted with a cry
That seemed to say "Farewell!"

I watched them; one sailed east, and one soard west,
And one went floating south; while like a knell
That mournful cry the empty sky possessed,
"Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

"Farewell!" I thought, it is the earth's one speech;
All human voices the sad chorus swell;
Though mighty love to heaven's high gate may reach,
Yet may he say, "Farewell!"

The rolling world is girdled with the sound,
Perpetually breathe from all who dwell
Upon its bosom, for no place is found
Where is not heard, "Farewell!"

"Farewell, farewell"—from wave to wave 'tis tossed,
From wind to wind; earth has one tale to tell;
All other sounds are dulled and drowned and lost
In this one cry, "Farewell!"

—From the October Atlantic.

BECKY'S FORTUNE.

As Becky sat on the doorstep of the doctor's cottage, knitting in the twilight, all the work done for the evening—the milk strained and put by in the shining pans, the cups and saucers all polished and standing in rows on edge in the pantry, all the flies scared out, and all the shutters closed in the well dusted room—she fell a-thinking of Bob Parker, and wondering whether he meant anything by grinning at her so when he stopped to say a word about the weather at the back gate.

"I'd like to know," said Becky to herself. "Bob is a good young fellow, and I'm mos tired of livin' out; even if I wasn't, doctor *does* want a man on the place, and Mrs. Cope I don't think would mind hevin' married help.

"Heigh, oh! I reckon married life has its trials, too. There's some turns out very bad; but you don't want to go and sot down an old maid after all, and I kind o' expect whichever way you do, you'll be sorry. So you might as well have somebody to find the marketin' as not. Bob is handsome, too, in his Sunday better-most, and he's light, and I'm dark, and I've heard that's lucky. I—"

"Want to have your fortune told, pretty lady?" said a voice at her ear at this moment.

Becky was a good Methodist and believed heartily in a peripatetic Satan. When this inquiry came so pat upon her day dream, she jumped up and uttered a little scream, feeling quite sure that it was the old gentleman in proper person that stood at her elbow; but as she recovered breath, she saw nothing more dreadful than a slight, young gypsy woman, in a red flannel saque and short brown calico dress, with a handkerchief over her head, a baby strapped to her back, and some odd trifles—shoe-strings, buttons, a comb or two, and a few boxes of matches, ranged as if for sale, in a dingy little chip basket, which she carried in her hand.

"Let the poor gypsy tell the lady's fortune," said the soft voice again. "She knows what she was thinking of as she sat there, and she can tell her if her wish'll come true."

When a girl, simple or gentle, looks into vacancy and simpers to herself, would it be hard if a shrewd bystander could not guess her thoughts. But this apt hit struck Becky as miraculous. She said "Law, now!" and blushed again.

"The pretty lady knows that I can see her thoughts," said the gypsy.

An English girl doubtless would have disclaimed the title "lady," and remarked that she "was but a servant;" but Yankee help, what is left of it, considers itself entitled to the term as well as its mistress. And as for the "pretty," Becky had her mirror and her vanity as well as you and I. She merely responded, "I hain't said nothin'," and sat down on the poarch again. But she looked at the sibyl with longing eyes, and longed to question her.

If it had bee a common fortune-teller, like Mrs. Bobbs, in the village, why, of course, it would not have been a temptation, becaus no one believed old Mrs. Bobbs knew much after all, even if she did tell Maggie Larkin that she'd marry a man that came from foreign parts. And every one knew that came true, for Maggie was Mrs. Schwackhammer, the German blacksmith's wife, that day. But a real gypsy—a gypsy with black eyes and hair, and a brown skin, and a little dusky baby on her back—why, that was some one worth while, and Becky felt it too good an opportunity to let slip; but what should she do? She had spent all her wages, and gypsies did not read the stars for love, as she knew very well.

"I dunno about fortins, she said, gaining time to think. "Don't believe in 'em."

"Wait till you've heard yours," said the woman.

"Besides," said Becky, "I hain't no small change."

The gypsy looked grave. Then smiled again, and said:

"Oh, I might find one," said Becky "P'raps I might. If Mrs. Cope was home she'd lend two shillin' to me, she would. She sots store on me, Mrs Cope does—but she and the doctor has gone away in gig to see their darter that has a new baby, and I'm all alone and shall be all night, so you see—"

"Oh, yes!" said the gypsy, with a sudden flash in her eyes, "but as for money, no matter. I have taken a spoon, a silver spoon, you know, that the lady gave the cook. I wouldn't touch one that wasn't honestly come by."

"Of course not," said Becky, "I wouldn't sit here a talkin' with you if I thought you would; but Mrs. Cope ain't one to give away spoons."

"Nor to have much silver," said the gypsy.

"Much *you* know," said Becky. "Why, she's got a dozen tea and a dozen dessert and six table and two salt; tea-pot, cream-jug and butter-plate; and two knives and sugar tongs. There now."

"Yes, I know" said the gypsy. "I can see 'em shining in—in—something *dark* and *deep*—"

"The old sideboard in the sittin'-room," said Becky. "That's so."

"Well," said the woman, "It's better to be a gypsy, and not care for things like those. They are all trouble. But see how we run away from our talk, and the light-haired man, a-riding in a cart, a thinking of you all the while. I see him," said the woman, squeezing up her eyes. "He has red cheeks, and very thick boots, and, yes—a striped shirt, not a white one."

"I vow and declare!" said Becky.

"And he hasn't proposed yet, I think." said the gypsy.

Becky unconsciously shook her head.

"I see he hasn't" said the prophetess. "And what *you* want to know is when he will!"

"I *never did*," said Becky, not as a denial, but as an ejaculation.

"Listen, pretty lady!" said the woman glancing down the road, along which a sulky-looking man, with a tinkers outfit, was just then plodding. "Listen, lady. I can tell you all you want to know, and I'll make a bargain. I'll ask you nothing now, and I'll come back in a year; and if I've told you true, you can pay me then. Could anything be fairer?"

"Why, I reckon not," said Becky.

"And at nine to-night," said the gypsy, "the pretty lady will come to the corner of the old barn yonder, and the gypsy will work a spell with three hairs of the pretty lady's head, and a bit of something the man she thinks of has touched, and she shall know what she wants to know. It's a good fortune; the lady needn't be afraid. Wait! Does his name begin with A, or *B*?"

"B, is it? Well, we'll know all about B—Bo—about Bob? eh?—at 9 to-night behind the old barn;" and off she walked, following the trudging tinker down th road, while Becky clasped her hands together and cried:

"It's more than nat'ral. Lord forgive us all?"

Nine o'clock seemed very long in coming to Becky. Perhaps the gypsy woman found the time long, too. All woman are impatent, but the tinker, who had trudged back along the road, took it quietly, lying among the long grass under the trees, quite hidden from all observation by the shadow of the foliage and the dusk of eventide, thinking of something pleasant that made him grin, and chewing bad tobacco.

However, whether it seemed slow or fast, time went on, of course, and brought nine o'clock with it. Becky listenend to the last stroke dropping from the eight-day clock in the kitchen, as she locked the door after her, shook the door of the hen coop to see that it was fast, and hurried toward the big barn tremulous with expectation.

When she was out of sight, the tinker arose out of the grass and leant over the fence of the garden, and chewed there a long while. Then he slipped his long legs across it and came into the door-yard.

The gypsy and her baby waited for Becky according to promise, and the gypsy had a pack of cards in her bosom, and an end of a candle in her pocket. She lit the candle with matches from the same receptacle, and Becky held it while she read her fate for her. Firstly, the gypsy saw the light young man, and then the ring, and then a heart turned toward her, and then—oh, yes!—then was the wedding. Bob would offer himself in three days, and they would be married in three months. After that the prophetess. warming with her subject, predicted two children, and a wagon and horse, three cows, and numberless pigs. To rural vision nothing more was needed. Becky produced a calico dress which might still be worn, and a ginger-cake for the baby. The woman praised the dress, thanked her, bade the child say "ta ta" to the pretty lady, and Becky would have gone away but that the woman stopped her.

"I haven't told you all yet," she said; "not all. I see a surprise; perhaps it is a present. Sit down. Let us see. But perhaps you can see it yourself. Put your handkerchief over your face, lady. Now shut your eyes. Think hard of what you'd like best to have. What comes into your mind?"

"Grand'ther always promised," began Becky, but she did not finish just then. Something twined itself about her waist, not the arm of a lover or his wraith, a harder thing—a bit of clothes-line. The handkerchief fell from her face—the gypsy woman was helping the tinker to bind her arms behind her.

"You need not be afraid, pretty lady, you will not be hurt," said the soft-voiced sibyl; "not hurt at all, lady. Only you must not follow us; and the fortune—that is all true. Gypsies read the stars."

When Dr. Cope and his wife came back next morning they found their silver gone, the wardrobe robbed, and every chicken flown; a little after they found Becky gagged and bound behind the barn, and, though an acute detective was called in to find the property, he never found it. But, of course, although he could not make Mrs. Becky a confederate, he got the story of the gypsy out of her; and Bob Parker has been heard to declare, speaking of poor Becky, that "sich a darned fool he never heard tell on," the prophecy does not seem likely to prove true. And Bob, the two children, the wagon, horses, cows, and pigs are still only dreams vainly nourished in the soul of Becky Pilkins.

SOME EVERY DAY MAXIMS.

"Moral Courage" was printed in large letters and put as the caption of the following items, and placed in a conspicuous place on the door of a systematic merchant in New York, for constant reference:

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a 'seedy' coat, even though you are in company with a rich one and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage *to* tell a man why you refuse to credit him.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance rather than to seek for knowledge under false pretenses.

Have the courage, in providing an entertainment for your friends, not to exceed your means

Have the courage to insure the property in your possession, and thereby pay your debts in full.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

The Democratic party wants to preserve intact "white civilization" in the South. It had better get some first.

Can anything to compare with our progress and prosperity under Republican management be shown from the history of our opponents?

The Republican party was the growth of necessity, the creation of the ideas of the nineteenth century against those that took hold of other ages.

With such principles yet to contend for, the party has not fulfilled its mission, but yet has work to do that shall elevate mankind and make the world happier and better.

Till the South recognizes the dignity of labor, equality of political and civil rights, and the utmost freedom of political faith, her magnificent country will never be developed.

Colored citizens have borne their part in the contests through which we have passed, and we must not shrink from fairly enforcing the guarantees we have given them.

He is a traitor to humanity and Heaven who does not insist on the same terms of citizenship for all; on the same laws for all; and on the same respect for all the rights of all.

In the reign of terrorism that would surely follow a national Democratic success, life itself would be as insecure as valueless to colored Republicans and their white friends in the South.

It was the protest of humanity and justice against cruelty and tyranny—and to it came all who believed in equal right before the law, freedom for all mankind, and honesty as the ruling motto.

Though the Republican party, or rather the men elected by the party, have not always discharged their duties with fidelity, the record made during the past fourteen years challenges the admiration of patriots.

What does Governor Leslie, of Kentucky, mean when he talks in a recent proclamation about a "female colored girl?"

A San Francisco man committed suicide because a pictorial sheet characterized him as an "old nuisance."

A COROLLARY.

Susan B.
Says that she
Never sat on Theodore's knee.
H. W. B.
Says that he
Never once touched Mrs. T.
Now, if we
Do agree,
Susan B.
Had nothing to do with Theodore T.
Then you see,
We agree,
H. W. B.
Did not touch 'Lisabeth's L. E. G.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Elections—Tweed—Vanderbilt—Business—The Weather.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW YORK, NOV. 14, 1874.

THE ELECTIONS.

Did you hear anything drop out your way? Are you, dear Republican reader, in receipt of notes every hour from your jocular Democratic friends, asking you how you like it? Does your Democratic neighbor slap your back with a vigor unknown to former years, and remark, "Things have kind o' changed, aint they?" That is what is affecting the Republicans of New York just now. A more hilarious, jolly set of men than the Democracy are not in existence. The enormous majority given to the Democracy in this city is very easily explained. A vast number ef Republicans—the best and hardest working Republicans formerly—voted deliberately and in cool blood for Tilden and the Demoeratic ticket. They did this, not because they have lost their Republicanism and propose to go into the Democratic party, but because they believe that the leadership of the party has fallen into bad hands, and that a rebuke is necessary. One solid, substantial merchant, who has always given liberally of his time and money to the Republican cause, told me the day before election that he should vote the straight Democratic ticket.

"Your reason?" I asked.

"Because," was his reply, "it is time to slap somebody in the face. The good old party has gone estray. We promised civil reform, and we have not done a thing in that direction. We promised the settlement of affairs in the South, and anarchy reigns there. We pledged ourselves to purity in the administration of affairs, and lo! Ben. Butler runs the appointing power. Simmons was made Collector of the Port of Boston against the protest of every merchant of that city. Shepherd is in favor in Washington, and, in short, the buzzards, the camp-followers, the brigands, of the party are too close to headquarters. I am going to vote with the Democracy just this once, as a note of warning."

As this man did, so did thousands of others. The Republicans of the city felt that a change was necessary—that within the party evils had grown up that required radical and very severe treatment. And so they either voted the Democratic ticket, or refused to vote at all.

The Democracy are as jubilant as men can be. The Manhattan Club, which is the headquarters of the leaders of the organization, was, on Friday night, a scene of revelry of the wildest possible kind. Champagne flowed freely, and the more Democratic fluid—whiskey—was as common as water. Thurman, of Ohio, made a speech, as did Tilden and the other magnates.

No wonder they feel jubilant. They see ahead of them a long vista of good things. They see in this triumph the election of a Democratic President in 1876, which gives unto them the unchecked control of the city, the State, the whole country. Through the minds of these men float visions of positions of trust unhampered, and of plunder unlimited. They see in the immediate future a revival of the glorious days of Tammany, when the great city, bound hand and foot, was in their hands, bleeding money at every pore. They see the revival of the Americus Club, with its jolly gang of roysterers; of the old Tweed times; in brief, when every man who could control fifty votes had his hands in the treasury, elbow deep. And, by the way,

BOSS TWEED

is the most jubilant man living. He expects an early pardon and a quick deliverance from his bonds. The old man chafes under his confinement now more than ever. He wants to be out. Now that the Democracy have made the world fit for him to bustle in, he wants to be in a position to bustle. He knows very well that the Democracy will need him; and that now that they have the power, they will not permit him to languish in bonds.

Possibly when Tweed gets out, and gets his hand on the wires once more, the Republicans who were so fast to vote for Tilden may conclude that it would have been better to have borne the ills they had rather than fly to those they knew not of. New York will taste the sweets of ring rule once more, sure. What short memories men have.

SOMETHING ABOUT VANDERBILT.

Gladly, oh how gladly, do I turn my eyes from the political field in any other direction. Who is there on this side of the water who has not heard of Vanderbilt the railroad king? Would you know something more of him? Well, the old gentleman is now eighty-two years of age and is as strong and vigorous as he ever was, or, at least, he does as much work as he ever did. He has outlived all his contemporaries. The great bulk of his enormous fortune he has made within the last ten years. When he bought Harlem stock it was down—worth nothing—he made it valuable. To make it more valuable he got control of its only rival, the Hudson River, and to make that just as profitable as it could be he gobbled the Central. And then to give Central a proper Western outlet he took in the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. Having a direct line to Chicago, the Commodore adopted one idea, viz: that the only points to be considered were New York and Chicago, and whoever interferred with this notion was remorselessly killed. Erastus Corning made a fight for Albany, and he went under. Dean Richmond made a fight for Buffalo, and he was swamped. And what is true of Bichmond and Corning is true of everybody who has ever come in his way.

In the course of nature he cannot long hold out, and it is some interest to know of the people who are to inherit his vast estate and vast power. He has had thirteen children. The oldest is the wife of J. M. Cross, Esq., of this city; the next is the wife of D. B. Allen; Ethelinda Eliza married a broker, Osgood, and Emily is the wife of W. K. Thorne. Next after the four girls came a boy, who was named William. "Billy," as he is familiarily known, is his father's lieutenant in the railroad world, and has very great ability—in fact, it is said he is stronger and quite as hard as his father. Then come three daughters, and another boy, Cornelius. The latter is a widower, and a man of little account. He is a spendthrift, and so utterly unlike his father that the old man refuses to pay his debts, or, for that matter, have anything to do with him. It will be remembered that the late Horace Greeley lent this Vanderbilt a large sum, which the father refused to pay. Francis and George, who followed Cornelius, died young.

William is looked upon as his father's successor—indeed, it is said that the great king of the rail has made his will, leaving him his entire estate, specifying particularly, however, how it is to be used. He desires that the supremacy in transportation, which he has held so many years, shall remain in the family, and that it shall go on and accumulate, as such interests always do if they are controlled by a hand strong enough to keep them together.

The people have different hopes, and it is well that time is always on their side. The power wielded by Cornelius Vanderbilt is too great to be safely entrusted to any one man. He holds the keys to the transportation facilities of the country. He has the screws in his hands, and a single turn costs the farmers of the West and the merchants of the East millions. He has it in his power to make or ruin cities, and who can say what injustice, caprice or interest may do? He is too strong to be fought, and so the whole country has got down on its knees before this gray-haired old man and worships him. It is not the first time the people have bowed before a golden calf.

Let us hope that when he dies, William, the son, will be content to give up this great power and let it divide itself naturally.

BUSINESS

is thin enough, though it is improving slowly. There is enough showing itself to save the year from dry rot, and that is about all. The West does not come up as it ought. What is the matter? The Democracy say that it will improve now that the elections have given a prospect of Democratic supremacy. Will it? We shall see.

THE WEATHER

is more like June than November. It is warm, and oh, how dry. There has been no rain for two months, and everything is suffering. In the country round about the suffering is terrible. What is the matter? No rain and Democratic victories everywhere? There ought to be a change.

PIETRO.

An Indiana clergyman sued a newspaper for libel and dropped dead within a week. The Detroit *Free Press* says these fellows will learn something by and by.

Old Dr. Todd's son is bringing Todd's manual down to date—a much needed work, for there is very little in that manual of Old Todd's about modern mixed drinks.

A ferryman was asked by a timid lady whether any persons were ever lost in the river over which he rowed. "Oh! no," said he, "we always find 'em the next day."

The opinion is being strengthened every day that the man who first made a shirt to open behind did more for the world than one who has discovered five comets.

Love's Language—Young bride: "Was she his own darling duckums?" "Yes; she was ownty donty darling duckums." Exit old married man, enraged and disgusted.

Albert Edward can pay his debts if he wants to. He don't want to, however.

DEAFNESS.

Probably the most frequent way in which the ears are injured is by the attempt to clean them. It ought to be understood that the passage of the ear does not require cleaning by us. Nature undertakes that task, and in the healthy state fulfills it perfectly. Her means for cleansing the ear is the *wax*. Perhaps the reader has never heard what becomes of the ear-wax. I will tell him. It dries up into thin, fine scales, and these peel off one by one from the surface of the passage, and fall out imperceptibly, leaving behind them a perfectly clean, smooth surface. In health the passage of the ear is never dirty; but if we attempt to clean it, we infallibly make it so. Here—by a strange lack of justice, as it would seem, which, however, has no doubt a deep justice at the bottom—the best people, and those who love cleanliness, suffer most, and good and careful nurses do a mischief negligent ones avoid. Washing the ears out with soap and water is bad; it keeps the wax moist when it ought to become dry and scaly, increases its quantity unduly, and makes it absorb the dust with which the air always abounds. But the most hurtful thing is introducing the corner of the towel screwed up, and twisting it around. This does more harm to the ear than all other mistakes together. It drives the wax down upon the membrane much more than it gets out. Let any one who doubts this make a tube like the passage, especially with the curve which it possesses; let him put a thin membrane at one end, smear its inner surface with a substance like the ear-wax, and then try and get it out so by a towel! But this plan does much more mischief than merely pressing down the wax. It irritates the passage, and makes it cast off small flakes of skin, which dry up and become extremely hard, and these are also pressed down upon the membrane. Often it is not only deafness which ensues, but pain and inflamation, and then matter is formed which the hard mass prevents from escaping, and the membrane becomes diseased, and worse may follow. The ear should never be cleaned out with the screwed up corner of a towel. Washing should extend only to the outer surface, as far as the finger can reach.—*Hinton's Physiology for Practical Use.*

NEBRASKA CITY AND THE TRUNK ROAD.

In speaking of the Trunk Road, the Nebraska City *News* says: "A connection with Plattsmouth is of no particular importance to us; and any attempt to secure bonds either in Cass or Otoe for such river bank line would be futile."

If some young newspaper fledgling had written the above we should not wonder, but we are informed that the *News'* men are old Nebraskans, and how any man who has sense and has watched the effects of railroads on this State can pen such nonsense is beyond our comprehension. If this Trunk road had been built years ago, towns and villages would have sprung up on the Nebraska side of the river, and wealth and prosperity centered here. The A. & N. would have never been built and probably the M. P.

Setting aside this view and saying nothing about the utter and silly selfishness of Nebraska City, (if that is her view of the case) please look for one moment at the ignorance displayed in the above.

Bonds *are voted* in Cass. $150,000 has been subscribed in Plattsmouth and Cass county, for said river line, or one from north to south through the county and $150,000 more from another source was once offered (and may be again) if the projectors would run down by Factoryville, and in through Otoe west of Nebraska City. With a savage county seat fight on her hand, and the people of Cass, and many in Otoe keen for this move, no editor, with horse sense, would write that Nebraska City had no interest in the Trunk line above their own limits. This road will be built, if not down the river, then back of Nebraska City to a point on the A. & N., and the money has almost been ready several times. Kind of twist your neck around, and look at it this way, will you.—*Plattsmouth Herald.*

The Medina *Gazette* says that both its Liverpool and Brunswick letters mentioned the strange fact on the 17th ult., after a heavy shower of rain, Mr. Wm. Newton discovered great numbers of little fish, of the black bass tribe, in the grass in his pasture lot, which could only have got there by being rained down.

A youthful Pennsylvania Granger, about to be chastised by his father, the other day, called for his grandfather to protect him from the middleman.

A Troy woman who got all ready to elope with a young man, but finding that he had been eating onions for supper, she went back to her husband.

A poor sewing girl at Indianapolis has fallen heir to $88 000. and the man for whom she made shirts at 20 cents each wants to make her his darling.

An act of great politeness—Polishing a stove.

"What Shall We do with Our Daughters."

Mrs. Livermore has made this query the text to one of her fine lectures. It is certainly an important problem, but the Devenport *Democrat* thus sums up some sensible lessons which should early be impressed upon them:

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them to make bread.

Teach them to made shirts.

Teach them to foot up store bills.

Teach them not to wear false hair.

Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.

Bring them up in the way they should go.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents.

Teach them to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them everyday, dry, hard practical common sense.

Teach them to say No, and mean it, or Yes, and stick to it.

Teach them to wear calico dresses and do it like queens.

Give them a good substantial common school education.

Teach them that a good rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives.

Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of their beaux.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlor.

Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

Teach them the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poorhouse.

Rely upon it that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

Teach them that a good, steady mechanic without a cent is worth a dozen loafers in broadcloth.

Teach them the accomplishments, music, painting, drawing, if you have time and money to do it with.

Teach them that God made them in his own image, and no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

DOMESTIC.

THE best time to buy a farm is August and September, for then the poor spots appear.

RULE FOR MEASURING GRAIN IN A BIN.—Multiply the length, breadth and height together, and that product by four-fifths. For example: A bin, 8 feet long, 4 feet wide, 3 feet high, eqals 96 solid feet, multiplied by fourfifths, equals seventy-six and four-fifths, the number of bushels in the bin.

THE *Herald of Health* is of opinion that the simple color of ones surroundings has a marked influence on his health. It says: "Yellow on the walls of our rooms has a very depressing effected on the mind. Violet is worse. A man would go mad in a little while in a violet papered or painted room. Black rooms, or rooms heavily draped in mourning, produce gloom and forecoding. Never wear mourning long, unless you wish to be sad and sorrowful beyond what nature ever intended.

A RAT PROOF SMOKEHOUSE.—The rats can be excluded from the smokehouse at a trifling cost by observing the following directions. In the first place, build your house of brick or stone, excavated from the earth within the foundation to the depth of twelve or fifteen inches. With rock well broken, (such as used for macadamizing) spread the broken rock six inches deep, and thoroughly saturate with thin lime and small mortar. When this becomes hard add another coat of rock eight inches thick, and saturate as before. Then tin the bottom and edges of the door, and the protection is complete. Three wagon loads of rock, and one of sand, ten bushels of lime, are sufficient for any ordinary sized smokehouse.

Lady—"Before I engage you, I should like to know what your religion is." Cook—"Oh, ma'am, I always feel it my duty to be of the same religion as the family I'm in."

A rejected lover in Switzerland, to whom life seemed a blank and further existence a burden, tried to commit suicide by flinging himself into a bear's den. He insisted upon being hugged, anyhow.

"Uncle, how do you do? Which would you like best, work for wages, or part of de crop?" "Waal, I 'clar, I tink bofe de best, if you can only brung 'em togedder."

There is evidently a very brilliant future before Weston, but the general opinion is that he wont begin to realize it much until somebody saws off his legs.

A Georgetown man advertises concerning his runaway wife, that "As I never pay my own debts, it is reasonable to suppose that I will not pay hers."

A yawl-boat—One filled with crying babies.