From the Chicago Journal.

## THE RICHEST MAN.

BY E. W. BLAISDELL, JR.

Old Vord of the valley hath wealth untold;
Aye, vastly rich is he.
He hath houses and lands, and store of gold.
And stately ships on the sea;
Yet his spirit is mean and his heart is poor,
Aye, poor and shrivel'd and cold.
For he knows no love but the love of self,
And he knows no god but gold.

Old Mord of the mountains the world calls poor,
Nor houses nor ships hath he;
His acres are few and his cottage small,
Yet a prince among men is he.
His heart is as warm as the genial sun,
And hath store of love untold;
And he loveth far better his fellow men
Than houses, or lands, or gold.

Then give me the lot of old Mountain Mord,
And his rich warm heart give me,
And take—if you wilt the heart of Vord,
With his riches on land and sea,
For the poor man's lot were better far—
And the poor man's weary toil—
Than to crawl through life with a *miser* heart
And go hence with a *pauper soul.*

*Rockford Ill.*

## OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

**The Unlicensed Liquor Business—Extravagance—The 'Longshoremen—Strikes—Trouble and Suffering—Servants—High Buildings—Thanksgiving—Business—Weather.**

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5, 1874.

UNLICENSED LIQUOR DEALERS.

The souls of the liquor dealers of this city are being agitatated just now by the action of the Excise Commissioners, who are hunting down those who sell the ardent without proper license. The Liquor Dealers' Protective Union resisted the law; but in the test case the court went against them, and wide-spread consternation ensued, as well it might, as not one in five of the thousands of saloons in the city ever took out a license. The decision of the court makes every one of them liable to heavy penalties, and the police are determined to bring them to the score, no matter at what cost. They hope to be able to close about a thousand of them by this means.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS

has always been charged to the feminine account; but this winter, it strikes me, the sterner sex may fairly take their share of condemnation. One rich young man recently purchased two seal-skin coats, costing severally $500 and $900, and two Ulster coats, the belt buckles wrought in massive gold and equally massive silver. What do you think of that? One man paying $2,000 for overcoats with thousands about him wanting bread! True it is that every rich young man in New York does not buy such extravagant articles; but the mania for rich clothing, extravagantly rich clothing, has taken possession of young New York.

To pay $150 for an overcoat is nothing rare, and a suit, from hat to boots, including overcoat, that does not go a long way into $300 is not much of a suit. Add to this the diamond studs, the ring, the watch, and the other adornments, and Charles Augustus manages to carry about with him the best end of $2,000, which has to be renewed very frequently. But, nevertheless, they have cut down the $650 salaries of the poor teachers seven per cent., and are standing out against the 'longshoremen, who want enough wages to keep soul and body together. Speaking of the

'LONGSHOREMEN,

their strike is general, and embraces the many thousands of men who find their daily bread in loading and unloading ships. It would seem the heighth of folly for any set of laborers to strike at the beginning of a long winter, but the 'longshoremen have from the nature of their employment, fair prospects of success. Any man can roll a barrel, but every man cannot put a package properly in the hold of a vessel, or take it out without damage. It is a trade. And when a vessel arrives, the demand for the services of the 'longshoremen is immediate and pressing. The raw man cannot take his place. There are 9,000 of these men. They have made the demand for forty cents an hour for day work, and sixty for night work, and they are well organized to hold out. The steamship companies are trying to get other men, but the trouble is the skill. Novices make bad work of it. The

COOPERS

are still holding out, and are organizing co-operative shops, that enough employment may be had to keep the strike from being a failure. Other occupations are banding together, in most cases, however, to prevent threatened reduction of wages. There will be inevitably a great deal of

TROUBLE AND SUFFERING

in the city this winter. Labor is very scarce now, and as the cold weather puts its veto on the little building that is going on, more men will be thrown out of employment, and the trouble will increase. The city is a cruel place for a man out of work; rent, food, fuel, everything costs so much that when the daily labor that supplies it stops, starvation or the accepting of charity is only a few weeks ahead. It costs a laborer all he can earn to-day to live to-day—he cannot provide for the morrow when work stops. Heaven help the poor this season!

SERVANTS.

One of the great troubles in the small towns and cities of the country is to get properly trained and educated servants. This want can now be supplied at a trifling cost. A number of charitable ladies who have time and money more than they know what to do with, and some little heart, established, a year or so ago, a training-school, to fit girls for service, on Tenth street. They take raw girls and teach them to cook, wash, iron, sew, to wait at table, and do everything that comes under the general head of housework. The work of preparation is done in no slovenly way. Twice a week a French cook goes into the kitchen with all the girls, and delivers to them a lecture on the preparation of such dishes as he selects, illustrating by actually doing the work before them, and making them do it. They run a laundry, a restaurant, and a dress-making establishment in the house, to the end that it shall be, not only of use to the girls by teaching them their duties by actual practice, but that it shall be self-sustaining, which it is. The school has taken thousands of poor girls who were starving because they did not know how to work, and has turned them out capable and intelligent and worthy of good work and good wages anywhere. The manageress of this sensible charity is Mrs. Julia Corson, and it is located at 47 East Tenth Street. A girl from this school is almost certain to be honest and capable. Housekeepers in want of good, trained servants will do well to make a note of it.

HIGH BUILDINGS.

The mania now running among those who build at all is altitude. Some years ago the Equitable Life Insurance Company ran up a building that loomed above anything else on lower Broadway, and since that height has run in the minds of everybody. The new *Tribune* building is nine immense stories high, with a tower almost touching the sky; the new building of the Western Union Telegraph Company is almost as high; the Domestic Sewing Machine Company is eight; the new post-office cannot be counted in stories, but it is an enormous building, and so on. The view of the city from the Jersey City Ferry is becoming peculiarly pleasant. These buildings, with the scores of others, tower up above their surroundings, relieving wonderfully the monotonous uniformity which formerly wearied the eye. Those tall buildings do not pay—in fact, every one of them is a dead loss above the fourth story; but, nevertheless, I hope the building of them will go on. They beautify the city, and the public get a benefit whether the proprietors do or not. It is a fact that none of these buildings pay three per cent. on the cost of construction and present price of ground; but the proprietors all live in hope of the future. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

THANKSGIVING

was more generally observed in the city this year than ever before. All business, except the saloons and restaurants, was suspended, and the day was devoted to jollity, hilarity, and what was better, charity. The various charitable institutions of the city were supplied with more than usual liberality, and every deserving poor person in the city got one good square meal. At the three mission-houses in the Five Points over 3,000 people were fed. The prisons all gave the inmates a special dinner, and all hospitals, charities and all other institutions did likewise. The newsboys' homes and lodging-houses had a grand time. The little ragamuffins were bathed, their hair combed, and their clothes dusted, and a good dinner given them, and for one day in the year they were happy. It is to the credit of the citizens that, hard as the times are, the contributions of provisions and other supplies were far beyond those of any preceding year. It went a long way toward restoring confidence in human nature, to see the enormous piles of meats, cakes, bread, butter, and every other possible thing to eat, piled up before the doors of the charities—all the free gifts of citizens, and unsolicited, except by the usual announcements in the newspapers. There is some good in humanity yet.

Services were, of course, held in all the churches, and to the credit of New York let it be recorded that they were all crowded. Possibly the extra decorations and the unusually superb music had something to do with the attendance.

The sermons were, as a rule, nonsectarian, the pastors devoting themselves largely to the grandest of all the virtues—charity.

Beecher's church was literally jammed, and thousands were turned away. Business being suspended, all the strangers in the hotels went to see the hero of the great scandal, which, in addition to the usual attendance, made a mighty throng.

BUSINESS

continues to improve as the season goes on, much to the gratification of the merchants. Buyers begin to be absolutely lively, and something of the old time has come back again.

THE WEATHER

is as pleasant as it can be. It is not especially cold, and the skies are bright and the air bracing and healthy; consequently there is very little sickness in the city. If business were only better, and employment for the laborers was not so scarce, the season would be a delightful one. But we can't have everything.

PIETRO.

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The Piscataqua *Observer* is responsible for the following:

A gentleman called at a hut in the Aroostook Valley, and requested some dinner. The lady (her spouse being absent) refused to supply his necessities for money or love of humanity.

"Very well," said the hungry traveler, as he turned his footsteps from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to eat to-morrow."

"Why not?" inquired the woman.

"Because the Indians are digging a tunnel at Moosehead Lake, and they are going to turn all the waters of the Lake into the Aroostook Valley, and you and the rest of the people are to be drowned."

Upon this intelligence the old lady hurried to the priest to inform him that a flood was to overflow the valley, and to ask what was to be done in the sad emergency.

The priest endeavored to quiet her fears by telling her that God had promised that he should never send another flood upon the earth.

"But," exclaimed the affrighted woman, "it isn't God that's going to do it—it's the cussed Indians!"

## ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN.

Tennyson lived too early, and the story of Enoch Arden was written too soon; for almost every day some strange event brings up the reflection that all the songs of the Sierras have not yet been sung, nor the strange happenings in the land where the Oregon hears no sound save that of its own dashings have been told.

The particulars which follow might well be set down as a reportorial fancy were they not well know to a number of witnesses who reside in this city, some of whom are acquainted with one of the characters of the chapter.

ACT I.

It was over forty years ago in the State of Indiana that two lovers ripened into one and started out in life with one resolve.

Hand in hand two forms turned to the West to seek a fortune which seemed to stand upon the mountain tops and beckon them on. It was summer in the shades of the forests upon the slopes, and spring time in the valleys, so that the journey was made while nature was tendering an ovation in the earth.

For two years these two dwelt together away from kindred and early associates, fortune meanwhile laying its treasures at the door of their household. To add to their comforts and joys, a beautiful child tripped before them and learned songs from the murmur of the sea, which she sang beneath the thatch of the house that opulence had built in the valley.

ACT II.

Suddenly there came a change which caused as strange a story as has seldom been told. The wife, still in the bloom of womanhood, abandoned the roof of her husband, taking the child with her. No reason was left for her action, and the husband went about his worldly affairs, trusting to time to bring about a solution of what appeared to him to be the most mysterious occurrence in the world.

After a while he heard that she was married and living in the States. He kept the secret close in his heart, and continued to amass a fortune which to-day is estimated at $100,000.

Soon after he received an appointment as U. S. Interpreter of the Flathead Indians in Oregon Territory. But in the midst of his cares he forgot not the days when he had loved a fair thing in the East, and the pilgrimage they made together across the Western main. Twenty-five years ago he came back with the hope that he might find the object he still cherished with the fondness of youth. Inquiry was of no avail, and he returned to the spot where the only delightful period of his life had been passed. Fifteen year were added to his life, and still the story of the old, old love came back to him. He was growing infirm and once more he reasoned, before the summons should come he would make another effort to find the only bride his life and heart had ever known.

ACT III.

He arrived in Kansas City Tuesday morning, having heard that the object of his search was living with her second husband in the quiet little village of Water Valley, Clay county, Mo., four miles distant from this city. Tuesday night he was under her roof. Forty years of separation! The bride had grown gray, and the innocent child was in the prime of life, married, and living happily with the mother.

The father and husband told the story of his life and of his fortune, and again asked the wife of his youth to make another journey with him to the land over the mountains. This she refused to do at this time.

An arrangement was made, however, which will, if carried out, again bring the twain beneath the same roof, to close the last chapter of life as they began the earlier ones—as man and wife.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

He is to visit Indiana, where he will remain during the winter. On the opening of spring he is to call this way on his return, where he will be joined by the only one he has loved, and to whom he has been faithful for forty weary years.

This is the story as it came from the lips of a man in whose face there was a shadow yesterday of the sunlight of spring; upon whose lips there were whispers of hope, and in whose heart there sprang up anticipations that seemed to make age forget its burdens.

Who will not wish him another bridal journey over the mountains by the sun, when the next spring-time shall come?—*Kansas City Times.*

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HOW THEY LOVE FISH.—A young gentleman in this city, in whom we have the most perfect confidence, gives us the following conversation, which he heard between two colored citizens the other evening as he was returning from prayer-meeting:

"Sam, does you know Jonah?"

"Jonah, what Jonah?"

"Why, Johnah what swallowed de whale, don't you know him?"

"Why, dam his big-moufed soul, was he from Firginny?"

"Ob course he was from Firginny."

"Well, de Firginians always was hell for fish."

---

An experienced housekeeper says that the best thing for cleaning tinware is common soda. She gives the following directions: "Dampen a cloth, and dip in soda, and rub the ware briskly, after which, wipe dry. Any blackened ware can be made to look as good as new."

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Now the lachrymal glands of the recording angels are exhausted in dropping tears on the oaths of agonized husbands struggling desparingly with the dining-room stove pipe.

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Gen. Kilpatrick delivered some lectures in Lincoln last week, and the capital papers slop over with hifalutin encomiums.

### Making up a for Deficiency.

Judge Collins—so we will call him—a well known and highly respected Knickerbocker, on the shady side of fifty, widower with five children, full of fun and frolic, ever ready with a joke—to give or take—was bantered the other evening by a miss of five and twenty for not taking another wife. She urged that he was hale and hearty, and deserved a matrimonial messmate.

The Judge acknowledged the fact, admitted that he was convinced by the eloquence of his fair friend that he had thus far been very remiss, and expressed contrition for the fault confessed, ending with offering himself to the lady, telling her she certainly could not reject him after pointing out to him his henious offence. The lady replied that she would be most happy to take the situation so uniquely advertised, and become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, but there was one, to her, most serious obstacle.

"Well," said the Judge, "name it. My profession is to surmount such impediments."

"Ah, Judge, this is beyond your powers. I have vowed if ever I marry a widower he must have ten children."

"Ten children! Oh, that's nothing," said the Judge; "I'll give you five now, and my notes on demand, in installments, for the remainder."

It it needless to add that they were married without delay.

### THE NEW KING OF THE TURF.

Saratoga Correspondence New York Graphic

Not having seen the great race, the next thing was to see the victorious racer, so to-day I drove out to call on Fellowcraft. Fellowcraft is as gentle as a little dog, and submitted to being kissed and patted with a quietness that almost became patronizing condecension. He has not a proud air, however, like some of the racers of his family, notably his uncle, Asteroid, who always strikes an attitude when visitors approach him. Fellowcraft looks rather meek, but yet has an air of determination as if conscious that when things become serious he would show who was who. He is a chestnut, and has some of the Lexington marks, a pair of very long white stockings on his hind legs, and a good-sized star on his forehead. His mane and tail are decidedly blonde, just the red-yellow with which the blonde of the period has familiarized us. He had on his traveling clothes of red flannel, but one of his attendants kindly removed his bonnet to show his face. Fellowcraft hurt himself not a whit in the race; he came in—those present at the finish told me—perfectly fresh, and looking as if he could run another four miles. He ate a good square meal, full rations, as soon as it was offered him after the race, and no better sign of health can a horse evince.

### PRESCRIPTION FOR THE CURE OF DRUNKENNESS.

There is a curious prescription in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The recipe came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, father of the Rev. Newman Hall and Capt. Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his utmost efforts to regain himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for several months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquors, although he had for many years been led by a most debasing appetite. The recipe, which he afterwards published, and by which so many have been assisted to reform, is as follows: "Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 grains; spirit of nutmeg, 1 drachm; to be taken twice a day." This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partly supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

### Where He had the Advantage.

Just at the close of the war of 1812, a United States man-of-war entered Boston harbor. The commodore was known as a bully, of the first water. Entering a barber shop in Boston, and finding no one but the boy present, he demanded, in an insolent, overbearing way, "Where is your master?"

"Not down yet, sir."

"Well, I want to be shaved."

"Yes, sir, I can shave you."

"You?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, you may try it, but look here, youngster, (laying his loaded pistol on the table,) the first drop of blood you draw on my face, I'll shoot you."

"All right, sir," was the boy's reply.

The boy shaved him, and did it well. After the operation was thro', the bully turned to him as he took up his pistol and remarked:

"Wasn't you afraid?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Didn't you believe I would shoot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why wasn't you afraid?"

The boy very coolly replied, "Because I had the advantage."

"Advantage! How?" demanded the irate bully.

"Why," said the boy, with the utmost nonchalance, "if I had drawn blood, I should have taken the razor and cut your throat from ear to ear."

The bully turned pale, but never forgot the lesson.

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If every farmer and every farmer's son would plant one tree each, every year, and every farmer's wife and daughter would cultivate half a dozen flowers every year, how much brighter the world would be!

### NEBRASKA.

Many have doubted whether Nebraska is an agricultural State, but there can be no question whatever, as to its adaptability for stock raising. Hundreds of Nebraskans have become wealthy through the raising of stock—particularly sheep and cattle, and thousands are yet to reap riches in this State from the same fruitful source. It becomes all who are in this business or who intend to engage in it to procure the very best breeds attainable, for it is an acknowledged fact that the best are as easily and as cheaply raised as the poorest, (often cheaper,) and it is the madness of folly to "scrub" along when an investment of a few dollars more would procure in time the best of stock that would command the highest prices. A Nebraska gentleman, engaged in this business for thirteen years, went to Chicago last year for the first time, and on his return he told us that through all these years he thought he had been raising stock but he found at Chicago that he had been mistaken.

It pays every time to have good stock when you have any at all.

In this connection we make note of Wm. B. Coffin, whose efforts in acquiring wealth for himself, and in demonstrating the principle that we have just been speaking of, are alike commendable.

What we need here is the best of sheep and the best of cattle, and the man who introduces them and who emphasizes their introduction by care and consequent profit will be recognized by practical and common-sense people as a public benefactor.—*Columbus Journal.*

---

General Grant, in his brief speech, declared that, in the death of Lincoln, the South lost its best friend. We believe the President. Lincoln was the most conscientious and sensible man in the whole Republican party. He was the best friend we had in that party.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Nearly every Democratic paper in the South would probably echo the above. And yet, up to the day of Lincoln's assassination they denounced him as a boor and a brutal tyrant—a work in which they were aided by the Democratic press of the North—some of them even going so far as to publish advertisements offering a reward for his head. Now these same papers confess their utter want of sagacity and common sense by professing to regard the man whom they traduced and villified to the very mouth of the grave, and whose assassination they encouraged, if they did not directly plot it, as a true friend of the South. They are undoubtedly right in this last judgment, but of what value has the discovery of their mistake been to them? They continue to assail the purest patriots with the vilest accusations, simply because they are Republicans; and were President Lincoln to rise from the grave to-day and to resume the place at the head of the nation from which he was removed by assassination, scarcely a month would elapse before the flood-gates of defamation would be opened against him as wide as ever. Blind partisanship and insane prejudice have been the bane of the Southern "Conservative" mind, and seems destined to continue to be so for a generation to come. A people who can be wise only when too late, will remain practical fools thro' life. What is said of the rebel hatred of President Lincoln applies with equal propriety to the hatred manifested toward him by the Democratic party of the North, many of whom vied with their Southern allies in defaming him while he lived, only to profess to revere his memory when he died. Their present professions of respect, however, are a confession of stupidity and injustice which should cover them with shame and cause them to be more circumspect in assaults upon the objects of their political antipathies hereafter. With few exceptions, however, it is too much to expect that they will learn wisdom even by experience.—*Illinois Journal.*

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The St. Louis *Democrat* describes a "sheet and pillow-case party" as follows:

"Those who were fortunate enough to attend the grand sheet and pillow case party at the Armory Hall last evening were well repaid for their trouble. It was a singular sight to see the hall filled with ghostly figures, all dancing as lively as could be. The funny part of the thing was that the disguises were so perfect that gentlemen oftentimes at the end of a set found that they had been dancing with each other. About 11 o'clock the disguises were removed amidst great merriment and no little astonishment, as the parties recognized each other. Altogether, it was one of the jolliest parties of the season."

We suggest that the lovers of fun in Brownville get up such a party.

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"Well, doctor," said a chap just from the dentist's chair, "how much do you ax for the job? Guy! but you did it quick, though."

"My terms," replied the dentist "are one dollar."

"A dollar for a minit's work! one dollar — thunder! Why a doctor down t'our place drawed a tooth for me two years ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work. And he only charged me twenty-five cents. A dollar for a minit's work! You must be jokin'?"

---

The wisdom of the Alabama negro who made the following answer to the querry as to why the Southern people were constantly growing poorer, is worthy of consideration:

"Afore de war de white gentlemen tended to de politics, and de colored people worked, consequence was, dat crops was good and money was plenty. Now-a-days de white gentlemen and de colored am both gone crazy on politics, don't do no work, and consequence is ain't neither of 'em got 'nough to buy born bread."

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When Napoleon was a small boy and was asked whether he could tell what nationality he was of, he indignantly replied: "Of Corsican." When Chang and Eng was a small boy he was asked if he was a native of Siam, and he indignantly replied, "Of course Siam."

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The New Orleans *Republican* has the following: "Kate Field says the man who has held her hands in his more than two or three seconds does not live. Now, why did that man die? Was he a shining mark, or was he to good and gentle for this cold world of ours?"

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A romantic young man recently eloped with a Miss Waters, the daughter of a wealthy New York merchant. He doubtless experienced, in accordance with the old maxim: "Stolen waters are sweet."

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The Rochester *Democrat* tells a good-little-boy-story which might do in many other cities of larger dimensions than pretty Rochester. The time was five o'clock. A swing-bridge had just opened, and it was a miserable, wet day. A charitable lady stood waiting for the closing of the bridge, and the good little boy, who was not over twelve years of age, moved along, miserably clad, thro' the mud. "Ain't that rather cold work, my little man?" said the lady. Did he burst into tears and say that his father was a drunkard and mother was dead? Did he turn up his eyes to Heaven and long to be with the angels in the far-off land? No; he didn't do anything of the kind. He merely turned his head and remarked: "Go to Hell!" That boy may live to be the President of a railroad company.

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Lincoln is having made a 2000 barrel cistern on the public square.

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"Sweet are the uses of adversity." We don't like sweet things.

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The prime-evil forest was situated in the Garden of Eden.


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D. W. PIERSON, Co. Superintendent.

42tf

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My stock is all grown in my own Nursery. Not a tree offered grown elsewhere.

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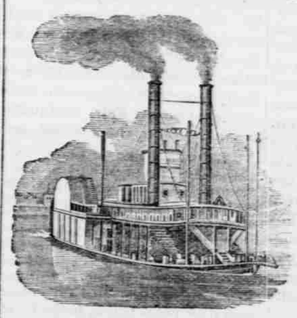

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