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Base Ball.

The following, which we find in an exchange, illustrates the mania for base ball playing, which is so prevalent in our midst:

"What's the matter with your fingers?"

"Struck with a ball and drove up, but it's a noble game."

"Precisely—and your thumb, too, is useless is it not?"

"Yes—struck with a ball, and broken."

"That finger joint?"

"A ball struck it. No better game to improve a man's physical condition—it strengthens one's sinews."

"You walk lame; that foot, isn't it?"

"No; it is the—the—the—well a bat flew out of the player's hand and hit my knee-pan. We had our innings."

"One of your teeth is gone?"

"Knocked out by a ball—an accident."

"Your right hand and your nose have been peeled—how's that?"

"Slipped down at second base—only a mere scratch."

"And you like this sort of fun?"

"Glory in it, sir. It is the healthiest game in the world, sir."

A Little Story by Gen. Sherman.

Gen. Sherman's new book of recollections is reviving that crop of war stories which had been temporally harvested. But Sherman's stories have a point and a snap which come from personal influence and recollection in the premises, and a good many of them are truly amusing reading. For example, he tells one illustration of the idea of military discipline with which the war was begun. An officer whose term had expired, remarked to Gen. Sherman that he was going home, although he had not been mustered out. Sherman remarked that he should, in case of such attempt, feel obliged to shoot the officer on the spot. The officer concluded not to start, but Mr. Lincoln happened to visit the brigade the same day, and complaint was made to him by the aggrieved party. Sherman tells it in this way: Mr. Lincoln, who was still standing, said, "Threatened to shoot you?"

"Yes, sir, he threatened to shoot me."

Mr. Lincoln looked at him and then at me, and, stooping his tall, spare form towards the officer, said to him in a loud stage whisper, easily heard for some yards around, "Well, if I were you, and he threatened to shoot, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it."

The officer turned about and disappeared, and the men laughed at him. Soon the carriage drove on, and as we descended the hill I explained the facts to the President, who answered, "Of course I didn't know anything about it, but I thought you knew your own business best."

I thanked him for his confidence, and assured him that what he had done would go far to enable me to maintain good discipline, and it did.

A Strange Story.

A private letter recently received from one of the crew of the iron ship Glance, of London, which arrived in the Thames from Adelaide on Thursday, gives intelligence of a terrible event which recently occurred at sea. On the 27th ult. the Glance passed an out-bound vessel, bearing the name of Jessie Osborne, and was hailed by the captain of the latter ship, who reported that one of his crew had gone mad; that for five days the maniac had stationed himself aloft, and that nothing could induce him to return to the deck. The captain further reported that the madman had armed himself with a large chisel, with which he was cutting the ropes, and that the boatswain had tried to bring him down. The maniac, however, threw a block at the boatswain, knocking him on the deck and breaking his arm and leg. As a matter of safety to his vessel and crew the captain of the Jessie Osborne considered that it was necessary to shoot the maniac, and after some consultation that course was decided upon. The crew and officers of the Glance were requested to be present as witnesses, and in their presence the man was shot with a revolver. In consequence of the way they shot him, he died almost at the sight, and his body was eventually thrown over board. —London Times.

The following from the Omaha Republican is to the point:

In the matter of this University business, we have to say briefly that it cannot be denied that strenuous efforts were made last winter, and again during the summer, to secure a moderate sectarian control. It is asserted that none of the professors have ever attempted anything like theological instruction as toward the students. It may be so, and yet efforts have never been relaxed on the part of certain orthodox churches to obtain the dominant voice in the conduct of this University. Under strict sectarian rule and an assured majority, a conservative and liberal tendency could not find enrollment there. We will say, for the sake of argument, that the same state of things would prevail if the Liberals were in the ascendancy. The attitude of the Republican is that neither faction should be omnipotent. It is possible to have a State University outside of the control of any religious sect. And it is significant that those so situated are healthiest financially and educationally.

Advertiser.

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Written for the Advertiser.

LIFE LESSONS.

BY WITCH HAZEL.

The road is tiresome, truly.

With never a rest or a turning;

Only down in the valley, and up the hills.

With feet that are weary and burning,

And hearts aching bitterly, longing

The lesson of life.

It's weariness strife;

Such knowledge is not worth the earning.

Groves where others may linger,

Might afford a rest, God willing;

But our life is a duty, and never for ease,

Do we pause, or stop, or turn back;

We go on, with hopes that are thrilling

The heart and the soul.

That not wholly vain,

Is the station in life we are filling.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Notes on the Presidents—How They

have been Traduced and Maligned.

Wm. Henry Harrison—John Tyler

James K. Polk—Zachary Taylor

Fillmore—Pierce—Buchanan

Lincoln—Johnson—Grant.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 15th, '75.

WM. HENRY HARRISON.

This gentleman, in his "letter of acceptance" promised that if elected he would not seek or accept a re-nomination or re-election. Poor man, death, one month from the date of his inauguration, put the seal of truth and certainty on his promise.

McKenzie, in his life of Van Buren, (p 104) says that a few months before Harrison died, one would have thought that if the official newspaper at Washington was entitled to credit for veracity, he must have been one of the greatest of monsters, one of the worst of men. The *Globe* said of him, March 10, 1840: "Let them (the South) beware how they place confidence in the versatility or subversiveness of a weak, vain old man, in the doting of aspiring ambition. The combination of weakness and vanity, with three score and ten, is not to be easily governed. Let Mr. Tyler mourn his old weather-beaten pony (Harrison) in the expectation of guiding him at will. A weak, old gentleman, whose vanity, always his leading characteristic, is every day pampered with flattery, and whose obstinacy is only increased by the imbecility of age."

March 6th, of the same year, the same paper said: "Grandma Harrison, a gossiping old lady, and an imbecile, who lives on a sinecure clerkship in a city, but is pretended to be farmer living in a log cabin and drinking hard cider. The Whigs are making great exertions for the old granny, but all to no effect."

JOHN TYLER.

John Tyler then came to the front, the first "accidental President" the nation ever had, but as bright an example or specimen as any "accident" following him. The *National Advertiser* of New York, said: "It was Mr. Tyler's ambition to rise upon the ruins of prostrate selfishness," and charged him with increasing the public debt ten and a half millions of dollars. But Tyler had never been consistent. In '24 he supported Crawford for the Presidency and endorsed Clay for voting for A's and, soon after became an adherent of Jackson, and turned against Jackson when Jackson turned against the nullifiers. In '39 he professed to favor the nomination of Clay by the Whigs, and finally secured the nomination of Vice-President under Harrison, declaring himself to be an uncompromising Whig. It was not long, however, before Tyler demonstrated that he had no sympathy with the Whig party, by voting a bill commanding the regard and support of his term, papers and speakers, men of the Whig party, exhausted their powers to belittle Tyler. He was charged with wanton and gross violation of pledges to his party, a violation of the principles enunciated by the people who caused his elevation, and an attempt to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the Democratic party, which latter charge was proven true in 1844. Tyler favored the election of Polk rather than that of Henry Clay, after having endeavored and unswearingly, Andrew Johnson retired with scarcely an apologist, and such only among those who were subsidized and suborned by him.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

This man truly proved a "fossil,"

and he returned at the expiration of his four years 'mid the anathemas and execrations of the people he pretended to serve.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

No man was ever so wantonly maligned by press and politicians as was Lincoln. He was denounced as ignorant, a "baboon," "vulgar rail splitter," etc., and was finally assassinated by a representative of the malignant intelligenz who had hounded him from his first nomination. His devotion to his country cost him his life. He was the last soldier of the rebellion to fall. He found a grave in the hearts of a patriot people, and an enduring monument in the affections of every lover of freedom and free institutions.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

This was the last and worst "accidental President" ever inflicted upon our nation. When inaugurated as Vice-President he was in an advanced state of intoxication—fitting prelude to a disgraceful end. Language has been impeded by writers and speakers in fitly characterizing the ignominy attaching to him. While doubtless much of the abuse hurled at his predecessors was undeserved and unwaranted, Andrew Johnson failed securing the nomination himself. These facts preclude the necessity of reciting the language so frequently indulged in against Tyler, as his character can easily be conjectured.

U. S. GRANT.

This brings us to the present incumbency. But it is not our purpose to recount the measure of abuse bestowed upon him. Our every reader is familiar therewith. But when his name passes into history, the people whom he assisted Lincoln in redeeming, and the citizens of the nation which he so valiantly fought to perpetuate, will reverence his memory, while those who defamed him will perish from remembrance as well as sight. For centuries Washington, Lincoln and Grant will be recognized as the American trinity, names not born to die.

"The eternal years of God" are thine.

Rack-feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay from a manger, because the food is not easily digested.

"I took that \$100 note you gave me about a year ago. Don't you remember? You told me to look out and not spend it."

"Why, that's a counterfeit!" said he at last, this is a double outrage. Why, all this month is counterfeit except two \$5 notes!

But where did you ever get a \$100 bill?

You may borrow that of the neighbors, I suppose."

"Mr. Maxon in a despairing way

took the money and carelessly glanced

it over at first, then more eagerly,

scanning each bill carefully.

"Well, well," said he at last, this is