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Nebraska Advertiser

THE ADVERTISER
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Publishers and Proprietors.
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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1875. VOL. 20.—NO. 15. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
ATTORNEYS.
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Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
Office opposite First National Bank, Main St.,
Brownville, Neb.
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Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Real Estate Agent,
Office in Court House Building,
Brownville, Neb.
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Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Real Estate Agent,
Office in Court House Building,
Brownville, Neb.
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Office in Court House Building,
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Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Real Estate Agent,
Office in Court House Building,
Brownville, Neb.

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Main Street, Brownville, Neb.
J. M. Peterson, M. D., Physician,
Office, 121 1/2 Main Street, Brownville, Neb.
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AND JOURNAL OF
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Orders from the country solicited and promptly filled.

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BEST IN MARKET.
Every Sack Warranted!

J. L. ROY,
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Undertaking a Specialty.
Keeps a full line of
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A. W. NICKEL,
DRUGGIST
AND
BOOK SELLER
has every thing in his line at the
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Jewelry, etc. All work warranted.

A. ROBISON,
DEALER IN
BOOTS AND SHOES
CUSTOM WORK
MADE TO ORDER.
Repairing neatly done. No. 30 Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

To the Republican Voters of Nemaha County.
We are upon the eve of another election, and it is important that we seriously consider the issues, and so measure our actions as to subscribe our highest interests. Our first aim should always be to preserve in our vigor and strength the National Government of the United States. In no other manner can domestic peace and tranquility, and the greatest happiness of the people be secured or preserved. The loyal people of the United States need no new illustration of this truth. The Republican party has but one opponent. Whatever name the opposition may assume, whatever disguise it may wear, it is but the Democratic party. In the approaching national election which occurs on the centennial anniversary of our independence, there will be but the two parties. It will be a contest of great magnitude, and will involve issues which we have too conscientiously believed to be forever settled. One more rout to the Republican party in 1875, such as it sustained in 1874, and the nation will pass irrevocably into the hands of the Democratic party. It is not too late to avert this, for both parties know and feel its truth, and both are measuring the ground accordingly.

And what have we to hope from such a result? Did the Government pass into the hands of the Democratic party, our fears would be less; but the unholy alliance, the already alarming assembly of the late open enemies of the Government in the national congress, are calculated to inspire us with a deep apprehension of danger. That the next congress will contain eighty-four members who recently bore arms against the National Government, is a circumstance which should arouse all Republicans to a sense of the danger and of their duty. With this increase of members and representation, their purpose and intentions are less concealed, and the country is recently informed that "Nation" is to them an odious word.

There is an intimate connection between municipal and State elections, and elections for officers under the United States Government. It is impossible that the majority of the officers should be under the control of one party, and the National Government in the control of the other. That party which fills the most State and municipal offices will control the National Government. Every defeat which a party sustains in a municipal election, enervates and demoralizes it in all succeeding elections, of whatever character. No party can throw off its politics three years out of four, and maintain its vigor unimpaired on the fourth; and the party which undertakes to do so, with the best of intentions, is sure to be defeated. If the principles of one of the parties are right, and the other wrong, all offices, from the highest to the lowest, should be filled by men, who are pledged to the party which is right, and certainly by men who hold, in their purity, the correct principles.

The besetting evil of the Republican party, to which is attributable its recent defeat, is its division. It has been perpetuated by our opponents, to their infinite pleasure, and is fanned and fed by their malice. Where our opponents have been weak, they have encouraged divisions among us, with a view to profit thereby. It is not difficult to see that our division has resulted in no good to ourselves, but has infinitely advanced the interests of our common opponents. "If a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand," and every Republican should feel the truth, that he that gathereth not with the party scattereth abroad.

We address ourselves only to such as are Republicans and not the Democratic party; and to all such we would respectfully urge the duty of prompt and united action in the approaching campaign. Why should we longer stultify ourselves by a course of action which injures the party to which we all still profess to belong, and advances the interest of an opposition party whose record and principles we justly despise? Does any one want an office? Let him go into an office, or be a candidate for it in the Republican convention. Do you want honest men put in nomination? Go into the convention and nominate them. Do you want capable men? Go likewise and nominate whom you will. There is room, and there will be a fair competition for all. No party leader has undertaken to give, who has never had an opportunity to do so. Let him make a man whatever, from the pursuit of any position which he may desire.

We are pleased to note that there is an awakening and a general "coming home" to the party going forward in other localities, and we are assured that all Republicans in Nemaha county will heartily co-operate in nominating and electing the several officers at the coming election honest and capable men of Republican principles.

Under the Microscope.
A learned man tells us of an insect, seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. (With the naked eye it may sometimes be supposed "fully" haired.) Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales, like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like cows in a meadow. Even the ugliest plant that grows shows some remarkable properties when closely examined.

The Fairy Shell.
One day, when wandering on the shore That once was ruled by Marinell, I found within a shell a rock A strangely twisted, curly shell, With spirals wrought of pearls white, And hollows tinged with rosy light.

This shell possessed a wondrous power, For placed against the listener's ear, He heard, though gentle, faint and low, The tones of those he loved most dear; Though parted far by land or wave, The faithful shell an echo gave.

"Oh, happy gift to man," said I; "More precious than the painter's art; How oft shall thou, in distant climes, Console the ever faithful heart, Bring back the cherished voice again, And take from absence half its pain."

"Vain are thy thoughts," a nymph replied; "For those who own it will lament That never, though its echoes faint, Can tidings from the loved be sent; The distant sound is only caught, But never words of message brought."

"Twill only when yearnings vain; 'Twill only pierce the heart anew; And bring to mind with tenfold pain, The anguish of the last adieu. When all is lost beyond recall, 'Twill better far a veil should fall."

She ceased, I turned and threw the shell Beneath the tossing, foaming tide; Too well can memory waken grief, That man should seek for aught beside. Love needs no art; for love can last When all the things of time are past.

THE PRESCRIPTION.
"I wish you would tell James, when he comes in, to turn the cows in the lower lot. And if Turpin calls, tell him I have concluded to take those sheep. I want the Merinos. And while I'm ready, please take my memorandum book and note down four harness straps, five pounds of nails and a gimlet, half a jockey strap and—yes, I believe that is all. I forgot when I made out the items this morning."

Mrs. Streeter rose wearily, laid her sleeping babe quietly in its crib, and proceeded to record the articles named. She was young—not over twenty-five, but the blonde complexion was sadly faded, the brown hair thin and lusterless, and faint lines were already marking the white forehead, while the tired eyes told of care, and hinted strongly of an unassisted heart.

And this thin-cheeked, pink-lipped woman had been called a beauty only seven years before! She had been admired and petted, but not spoiled. And when she gave her hand to Newton Streeter, she could say what so few girls of eighteen can, "I married my first love."

Judge Streeter, the father, was supposed to be wealthy. But soon after his son's marriage a financial crash came, and his thousands dwindled into hundreds.

It was false pride, perhaps, but the young man shrank from a position under those who had once looked up to him. And his thoughts turned wistfully towards the Western prairies, where the sun he could now call his own would render him independent of others at least. He expected objections from his young and accomplished wife. But she said with his 178, and was not only willing, but eager to go and help him make a home that should be all their own.

The purchasing of a prairie tract, some farming implements, and the expense of building a small house, exhausted his entire capital; and the young couple began their married life as many others had done who had not been blessed with their advantages. A hired man seemed necessary on the farm, but a girl could be dispensed with. Indeed, the small dwelling contained but three small sleeping apartments, and this fact, added to their uncertain income, induced Mr. Streeter to take upon herself the entire care of the household.

She was a systematic house-keeper—abhorred dirt in all its phases; and the rich, alluvial soil seemed ever haunting her, like a taunting spirit that could not be appeased. In dry weather it was a fine, black dust that found its way everywhere; and in wet it became a smutch that was hardly less aggravating.

and extravagantly fond of music. But there was no room in the small dwelling for a piano, and books only added to her labor by accumulating dust, for where was the time?

I know this is a dreary picture for a farmer's wife, but perhaps there is another side. Newton Streeter took the memorandum, glanced hastily at the neatly written items, and then said: "One thing more, Mary, and then I'm off. Please see this button a little closer."

The loose button was confined to its place, and then Mary Streeter watched her husband as he stepped into the light buggy and drove away.

But not longer, might she linger, for the sponge was waiting in the kitchen to be kneaded and the baby's naps were like angels' visits. And before her task was well over his bugle note sounded to arms, and the fretful child was taken up and caressed and soothed to quietness. But he would not go down again, and back and forth from the hot kitchen she carried him, as she watched the leaves brown in the oven.

She was conscious of a strange dizziness when she arose from a stooping position; her head was aching miserably and her eyes seemed burning. What was coming over her? She must be ill! Oh, no!—she had no time for that! And her thoughts drifted away to the dear old home of her childhood. And she asked herself for the first time if she had done wisely in leaving it for this life of toil and care.

It was a dangerous position for a wife and mother, and she clasped her child more closely to suppress the disloyal answer.

She heard James, the hired man come in, and recollecting the message for him, arose, and that unaccountable dizziness seized her and she sank back utterly powerless.

When Mr. Streeter returned, exultant over the thousand dollars he had deposited in the bank—and with which he hoped to purchase another parcel of land—he found no supper prepared, and his wife helpless upon the bed with cheeks flushed with fever, and the wailing child distracting her with demand for care.

A physician and nurse were soon summoned from the city, and the weary wife enjoyed the luxury of being ill.

But convalescence soon followed, and before leaving his patient the old doctor, a close observer and a deep thinker, took the husband aside and asked: "Do you know what brought this fever on your wife, Mr. Streeter?"

"No!" in a surprised tone. "Shall I tell you?" "Certainly. I am very anxious to know."

"You have worked her nearly to death."

"You are speaking of my wife not my horse?"

"Granted, and I say again, you are working her to death."

"Really, doctor, such language is unparliamentary."

"Yes, there it is; the old doctor was right!" he thought. And then aloud:—"Do you know what I went to the city for the day you were ill?"

"To deposit some money for my land, I think you said," she replied wearily.

"Yes, I do not need that land. I have far more than I can cultivate now. And you shall have that money—or, at least, all that you want of it—and go home and stay this summer, and try to get some of your bloom back?"

"And you?"

"Never fear for me. Only hurry and get well enough to travel, and I will either go with you, or place you in the hands of kind friends, and you shall be sheltered in the old home this summer. I shall write to-day that you are coming."

Mrs. Streeter could hardly believe it was not one of her feverish dreams. But it all came about in good time, and she arrived safely at home, where she was petted, caressed and cared for to her heart's content.

"You are all trying to spoil me," she would exclaim; "I shall never be fit for a farmer's wife any more."

"And why not, pray?" asked a younger sister, as she tangled a spray of apple blossoms among her curls.

"There, if you ever put your hair up in that ugly knot you wore when you came home, farmer's wife, or President's wife, I'll—I'll—"

"Pinch the baby," suggested Fred. "No, he shall never suffer for the sins of his parents," and she ran off with the household pet, as was her wont, to relieve the mother of all care.

And thus among loving friends, riding, walking and, when at home, reading, music and writing long letters to her husband, the summer passed swiftly away.

And now he had written that he was coming, and she was counting the days that must elapse ere she could look upon his face and be clasped to his heart. She was eager to go now. Her holiday was over. Health had returned, and not for an instant did she shrink from the old life.

And when the husband came and saw the wonder one summer had wrought, he again told himself that the good old doctor was right.

A few days were given to the old friends; Judge Streeter had recovered his equiptise in the financial world—and then they turned their faces toward their western home.

It was evening when they arrived, and the wife looked with woeful bewilderment on the change. It was not her home, and yet it should be. A handsome front had been added to the old building; and before she had time to question she was ushered into a parlor newly furnished and already lighted. An elegant piano stood in a recess evidently constructed for its reception, and on it lay a card with the initials of Judge Streeter, and the words, "To my daughter."

I see. Just my luck. I never did know enough to secure my own bread and butter. Good-by, Mrs. Streeter; and again nodding to the husband, he trotted out to his vehicle and went on his way, his cheery voice humming to his horse, perhaps the tune he had just heard.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.
Democratic Leaders—Brooklyn—Home Again—Religious—Business—Weather.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.
New York, Oct. 4, 1875.

John Morrissey was ignominiously kicked out of the Democratic Convention at Syracuse, but he has no idea of letting the matter drop with that defeat. He changes the field of battle merely from Syracuse to New York, and that he will do better here can be no doubt. In the State Convention he was terribly out of his element. The farmers, merchants, and other decent men sent to that convention from the rural districts did not take kindly to the short-haired, broken-nosed gambler, not knowing that prize-fighter as he was and gambler as he is, he is a better man, by all odds, than he who opposed him. True, he is a gambler, but what better are any of the leading Democrats of city?

John Morrissey wants power, and he wants control of patronage that he may add the profits of political plunder to the profits of his faro banks; but he could not steal more than the leaders who have preceded him, if he tried. As between the gambler Morrissey and the other Democratic aspirants for the control of the city, I should much prefer Morrissey. He has a sort of honesty, a rough sense of honor, and a great deal of liberality. What he should plunder the city of would not be thrown away in a reckless manner, and the city would get back something. He is the most decent man of the lot. Morrissey and his adherents are making a splendid fight against Kelly and Tammany, and you need not be surprised if they beat them in the city this fall. Tammany has become so dictatorial that the "outs" have become restless. Creamer, a leading anti-Tammany man, in a speech Wednesday night, accused Kelly of using thieves and murderers in his interest, and of all sorts of guilt and corruption. Tammany will put a full ticket in the field, and so will the Morrissey faction.

Now, if the Republicans only had sense and energy enough to put a proper ticket into the field, and work for it, they could slide in between these warring factions and get possession of the city. But they will not do it.

BROOKLYN.
Brooklyn is suffering quite as much as New York for want of good government—indeed, if any difference, the Democratic ring in that city is the more rapacious of the two. For its city expenses, \$8,000,000 was collected for 1875. This money is all gone, and three months remain to be provided for. The tax levy next year will have to be not less than \$15,000,000, which is seven per cent. on the valuation. The way the money goes is frightful. In '67 \$175,000 was appropriated for the Wallabout Bay improvement. The next year the commission got \$385,000 more, and in eight years they swelled the expenditure to \$1,200,000. The big bridge is another swindle. The cost was originally placed at \$3,000,000, but the way money is being expended upon it, it will cost \$20,000,000 to finish it. Prospect Park, which was to have cost \$500,000, has already reached an expenditure of \$10,000,000, and it is not yet half finished. Paving has been made the vehicle for very big steals. Nearly a million of dollars have been paid for paving on three streets, which any honest contractor would have been glad to have done for \$200,000.

It is any wonder that 6,000 houses are standing empty in Brooklyn, and that a man's poverty is estimated by the amount of real estate that he owns? Ten principals, one hundred lieutenants, and about two thousand strikers, have stolen all this money for the taxpayers. And yet there are Republicans who look for reform by an alliance with the men who are, and have been for years, doing this kind of work.

HOME AGAIN.
The cold weather has brought back to their homes the thousands of families who have been feasting and flirting at the various summer resorts for the past four months. When it is pleasantly cool here it is very cold on the sea-shore and up in the mountains, and there is precious little fun in flirting on hotel piazzas in overcoats and furs. And so back they come from uncomfortable quarters, to which fashion drives them once a year, to their comfortable homes in the city, where they would have been better off all the season. They come back weary, tired and sick. Not rested by a season of rest, but weary by a season of dissipation. They will rest in their own homes a month, to get strength to go through the displacements of the winter that is before them. But with the return of the fashionable, New York looks more like New York. The streets are full of pretty women prettily dressed, the Avenue and the Park shine again with handsome equipages, and the long deserted houses up-town are once more opened to admit the light of heaven. The theatres and places of amusement be-

gin to show the effect of the incoming flood and so do the retail stores.—The traders—and for that matter everybody else—are glad to see them home, for it means a resumption of business, and an end of the regular summer stagnation.

IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.
great preparations are being made for a vigorous campaign this fall and winter. Beecher will make Plymouth Church unusually lively, that public attention may be taken from his late troubles. Fulton is organizing a terrible raid upon the sinners, because it is his nature to, and the clergymen, and the more active laymen, are glad to get their loins for a season of active, earnest, aggressive warfare.—Moody and Sankey are to be here to assist, and all the churches have determined to stand behind these new fangled evangelizers, and give them all the help possible.

It is probable that an enormous building, something like Barnum's Hippodrome, will be erected for these men, which will be the centre of religious action for the city. That they can do a vast good here there can be no doubt. If they can convert the Democratic leaders of the city, it would be a result of which, as in the old times, they would have been canonized. If they work with as much zeal and effect as they did in England they will make it possible for the Republicans to carry the city next year. If the rum mills could only be closed, their chances of effecting something would be better. But with thousands of bars kept up and made a power by thousands of thieving politicians, the tendency downward would be terrible. However, if Moody and Sankey can stir up the decent men of the city to an organized movement on the rum shops, they will have accomplished a work that will entitle them to the gratitude of the city for all time to come. They cannot but do good, and they cannot commence too soon.

BUSINESS.
still continues fair, and, if anything, is improving. There are large numbers of merchants from all over the country here, and they are buying with tolerable freedom. While it is not the old-time rush, business is so much better than it has been, that everybody feels encouraged. The jobbers look for a still better trade later in the season.

INFLATION IN THE CITY.
The meeting last Thursday night at Cooper Institute, to endorse the Democratic infationists of Ohio and Pennsylvania was a failure. The speeches were dull and heavy, and they did not succeed in interesting the not large audience present. There were more expressions of dissent than assent, and its only effect was to show that inflation has no adherents here. The merchants and business men generally of the city have had too much worry with a shifting currency, not to desire ardently to get back to something like solid ground. It was not a comfortable thing to have your goods depreciated 5 per cent. in a day by the fall in gold, particularly when that fall was the work of a lot of speculators in Wall Street, whose action no one could foretell or prevent. They want a currency which is the same to-day as it was yesterday, and will be the same to-morrow, so that they can calculate with some degree of certainty. And I think they are right. No greater calamity could befall the country than the wild speculation that would certainly follow the increase in the volume of the currency that the infationists of Ohio and Pennsylvania are demanding.

THE WEATHER.
is splendid, and New York is now a delight. The health of the city is good. PLEASANT.

A Florida Devil Fish that Almost Baffled Fifteen Men.
From the Fernandina (Fla.) Observer.
A monster devil fish was caught under the N. Y. steamship wharf on Monday afternoon. He had in some way got under, but was unable to find his way out from among the piling. Some men at work upon the wharf heard the splashing which he made and fired several shots at him, but as they seemed to have no effect, a harpoon was obtained and his capture effected, fifteen men being required to tow him to the shore. The blood which escaped him colored the water for about ten feet on either side. He was sixteen feet in width and fifteen in length. His fins were about four feet long, and his tail about the same length, and not much larger than a person's finger. His mouth opened to the width of two feet and was eighteen inches in length, and projecting from each side of it was a feeler about one foot wide and two feet long, which he rolled up and unrolled at will. So far as can be ascertained, there has been only one of these singular fish caught in this region before this one. Previous to the war one larger than this one was captured near Center street wharf.

LOAF CAKE.—If pounds of flour, 1 1/2 pounds of sugar, 1 pound of butter, 5 eggs, 1 pint of milk, 1 1/2 pounds of fruit (raisins and currants), 1 teaspoonful of soda, splines, lemon, etc. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately. Dissolve the soda in the milk. Stone the raisins and rub them and the currants in a little of the flour to prevent them settling in the cake. Rub the sugar and butter to a cream. Add the eggs, milk with the soda, splines, lemon, flour, and lastly the fruit.

Couldn't Behave Himself.
A Saratoga correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser overheard two young ladies talking, and this was what they said: "Well, I'm going home to-morrow." "Going home to-morrow. What for, pray?"

"Because I can't behave myself." "Well, out with it, Jennie. What have you been doing?" "Lots of things."

"Well, give us the first." "You know Frank Kennedy, Nell?" "That soft, simpering fellow that always tells you how 'chawning' you look?"

"Exactly. This morning I saw him coming, and made up my mind to take him down." "Well, what then?" "I put my diamond brooch in a chair, pin upwards, and asked him to set down."

"He sat down of course, and what then?" "What's the trouble?" I asked. "Nothing in particular, only I tho't of an engagement at this very moment; you must excuse me. And off he went; and would you believe it, Nell, the brooch was sticking to him."

"That was awful, Jennie," and the two girls giggled together for five minutes. Nell broke the spell by demanding: "What next?" "Why, you see I was talking with that young sprig of a clergyman, the Rev. Tom Parsons. We had nearly talked each other to death, when, as luck would have it, he made some remark about mosquitoes. I was on my guard from that time, and I began telling him of my experience at Rockaway. 'Did they bite very hard?' inquired the Rev. Thomas. 'I wish, Mr. Parsons,' said I, 'you could see my legs and judge for yourself.'"

"That was a horrid spell, Jennie. How could you say such a thing?" "Why, Nell, it popped out before I knew it." "And what did Mr. Parsons say?" "He blushed clean to the eyes and I ran away."

White League's Atrocities.
The Jackson, Miss., correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes as follows concerning the recent atrocities of the White Leagues about Clinton, Miss: "On last Saturday night a body of armed men rode to the house of 'Squire Haffa, who lived near Oak Ridge, below Edwards, in this county, entered his house and killed him in bed, in the presence of his wife and family. He was not at the meeting at Clinton, and had committed no offense that we know of. Locally he held some influence as a white Republican. His wife taught a colored school in the regular employ of the County Superintendent of Education."

A colored man, writing to his brother, from Raymond, says: "On Friday, September 11, Matthew Slaton, Wm. Freeman, Henry Page, and others, went out in search of a man that was said to be dead, and on the Utica road, at the left of the two-mile board on Fourteen-mile Creek, in Mrs. Morris' swamp, the body was found almost eaten up by buzzards, and parties above named put the body away. The name of the man was Esquire Hodges. It is said there are more in the same woods dead but not yet found."

On Friday, information was received in the city of the assassination of Calvin Johnson, secretary of the Byram Republican Club. It appears that he had been driven from his home by threats, and spent a day or so in Jackson, but, Wednesday, the 8th inst., being assured that there was no danger, he started to return. The same night, about 11 o'clock, Mr. Henry, living out on the old Gallatin and Raymond road, some six miles from this city and near the bridge, heard shots fired, and going to a corner of his cotton field discovered three armed men standing by a dead colored man. They asked Henry to examine and see if it was not Calvin Johnson. He did as requested, and said it was the man. He was shot three times, or had three gun shot wounds.

I could fill columns with similar reports, all duly sworn to, but it is needless. These will show what has been going on in this enlightened (?) community.

Cole Younger Captured.
A Louisville Courier-Journal special of Sept. 27th, from Somerset, Ky., says the Sheriff of Fentress county, Tenn., has captured a man answering the description of Cole Younger. He had \$4,490 and offered all to be released. He is now in the jail of Fentress, and is believed to be the partner of Jesse James who was killed at Pine Hill last week. The special says that James and Younger were both concerned in the late Virginia bank robbery.

There is not a clergyman in White Pine County, California. It may also be stated, not as a reflection, but as an item of news, that there isn't a scandal there, either.

"Any ting pite you dere?" inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling. "No, nothing at all," "Well," returned the other, "notting pite me, too."