

Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear— It matters little if dark or fair— Whole-souled honesty painted there.

A FORTUNATE KISS.

An Old But Good Story. The following pretty story is narrated by Brainer, who vouches for its truthfulness.

In the great University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a noble youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them.

One day he was standing at the square with some of them, prattling away an hour of leisure, when their attention was arrested by a young and beautiful lady, who, by the side of an elder one, was slowly walking over place.

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth."

The poor student, the hero of our story, who looked at that pure, angelic face, exclaimed as if by inspiration: "I think I could have it."

"Well, well," exclaimed his friends in a chorus: "Are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered, "but I think she would kiss me if I asked her."

"What, in this place and before all our eyes?"

"Yes."

"Freely?"

"Yes."

"Well, if she would give you a kiss in that manner I will give you a thousand dollars," exclaimed one of the party.

"And I, and I," exclaimed several or three others, for it happened several rich men were in the group, and bet on high on so improbable an event.

The challenge was made and received in less time than we take to tell it.

Our hero (my authority tells not if he was plain or handsome; I have peculiar reasons for believing he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time) immediately walked up to the young lady and said: "Mine fraulein, my fortune is now in your hands."

She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her footsteps.

He proceeded to state his name and connection, his aspirations, and repeated simply what had just taken place between him and his comrades.

The young lady listened attentively, and at his ceasing to speak, she said blushing, but with great sweetness:

"If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish in me to refuse your request."

And publicly, in the open square, she kissed him.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter that way, and whom she had consented to kiss.

He received him with a scrutinizing bow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he ordered our hero to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our friend pursued his studies in such a manner that it soon made him regarded as the most promising student in the university.

A Boy Charmed By a Snake.

A correspondent of the Reading Daily Eagle, writing from Windsor, Pa., gives the following remarkable story of a large black snake charming a small boy.

For the past two weeks a son of Allen Rogers, aged eleven years, a wood cutter on the Blue Mountains, about three miles from Hamburg, has been in the habit of leaving his father's house every morning about 9 o'clock and not returning till noon.

The parents of the boy have questioned him several times as to where he went, the boy would reply, to play with a neighboring boy named Springer. On Friday last the father watched his boy, and followed at a short distance.

Why Poor Stock Does Not Pay. The following dialogue, which we find in the National Live Stock Journal, illustrates the subject of stock growing, in its relations to profit or loss, in a way which no farmer can fail to comprehend:

Stranger.—What are farms worth in this part of the country?

Farmer.—Well, about \$50 per acre. Was offered that for mine a few days ago.

Stranger.—I saw a statement in the National Live Stock Journal, from Messrs. Jas. N. Brown's Sons, that on the grass plain—that is where cattle run to graze the whole year around—it takes four acres to carry a steer thro' a year. Is that about right?

Farmer.—I do not take the paper you speak of—times are too hard to permit a farmer to take papers—but the estimate of the Messrs. Brown is just what I allow on this farm.

Stranger.—What kind of stock do you graze?

Farmer.—I have the common stock of the country—that's good enough for me. I don't want any of the new-fangled cattle on my farm.

Stranger.—Well, this is my first visit to these parts. I don't know anything about what kind of stock your native cattle are, or how profitably they can be handled. Am looking for a location hereabouts, and shall be glad to get your ideas about handling stock here to the best advantage. At what age do you market your steers?

Farmer.—I keep them until they are four years old past.

Stranger.—And what do they weigh at that age?

Farmer.—Well, they vary, you see, considerable. Some of them will go 1,200, and others not quite so much. Handling steers on grass is not as favorable to extra heavy weight as grain feeding; but then, you see, less labor is required, and, on the whole, I am of the opinion that it pays as well or better than feeding grain.

Stranger.—You sell in Chicago, I presume? How do prices average?

Farmer.—Well, we have to take prices as we can catch them—they are up and down. If I have a good lot I sometimes get five and a half cents per pound for them.

Stranger.—What interest can be secured on money loaned here on mortgages?

Farmer.—Well, ten per cent. is the going rate.

Stranger.—Then I guess I will not invest in a farm, if I have got to handle these native steers you speak of. That business will never do for me.

Farmer.—Well, how so?

Stranger.—You call your land worth \$50 an acre. It takes four acres, or \$200 worth of land to keep a steer a year. Money commands ten per cent and over; and so you should have \$20 a year for interest on your \$200 worth of land. You keep your steers until four years old and over; and they, therefore, cost you \$80 at the lowest calculation. They weigh 1,200 pounds and you sell them at five and a half cents, after paying freight to Chicago, commission, exchange, etc., which according to my arithmetic, makes \$66—a plump loss of \$14, and the

freight to Chicago on every steer you raise. If I was in your place I would look up some newfangled stock, if there is any to be found anywhere. You would look a long way, I think, before you would find anything else that would do so poorly as the kind you have. I am not surprised that times are too hard to raise a newspaper. If you were to take a steer or so less you might have a little money to spend.

Farmer.—Well, I never just figured it out before; but it does seem to me that this thing of grazing these steers is not quite as good as it ought to be. But, could I do any better, on any other kind?

Stranger.—Why, of course you can, Good grade short-horns will mature a year younger; and, at \$20 a year of interest on your four acres of ground, would cost you at three year old but \$60; and even if they weighed no more at that age then your scrubs do at four, and even if they sold for no more per pound, they would sell for \$96, leaving \$6 profit, when the scrubs make \$14 loss—a difference of \$20. Now, this is not all—but I have not got time to stop and discuss this question with you. I have a few old copies of the Live Stock Journal in my pocket, and I will leave them with you and go on my way. If you glance over them, you will find some excellent articles bearing on this subject. Do not remember now just the full particulars, but you will find it all figured out there, the names of the parties given, the prices paid in the markets, etc.; from which you will find that your grade Short-Horns at three years will weigh something like 200 pounds more than your scrubs at four, and that they sell for one to one and a half cents per pound more in the market. The grade short-horn costing \$90 to raise, by your showing, will sell for \$91—a profit of \$31—while your scrub makes a loss of \$14. If you handle one hundred steers a year, there is, as I figure it up in my head, about \$4,500 difference between scrubs and good grade short-horns. Good morning.

The Summer Rose.

By R. H. WILDE.

My life is like the summer rose, That opens in the morning sky; But ere the shades of evening close, Is scattered on the ground—to die.

But on the rose's humble bed The sweetest dew of night are shed; As if she wept such waste to see; But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf, That trembles in the moon's pale ray; Its hold is frail, its date is brief, Restless and soon to pass away.

Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade, The parent tree shall mourn its shade; The winds bewail the leafless tree; But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print which feet Have left on Tampa's desert strand; Soon as the rising tide shall beat, This track shall vanish from the sand.

Yet still, as grieving to efface All vestage of the human race, On that lone shore-long moans the sea; But none shall ever lament for me.

Story of a Thousand-dollar Bank Note.

The death Josiah Cobb recalls a singular incident of his life. About 1829 a colored woman named Sarah Ridgely called at Mr. Cobb's grocery and purchased a small amount of groceries, giving him a thousand-dollar bank note in payment, thinking that it was a one dollar note. Supposing that it was stolen, he detained the bill and advertised for an owner repeatedly; but, no one claiming it, he invested it in city stock. Several false claimants appeared for the note and it was the subject of several lawsuits, which terminated in Mr. Cobb retaining custody. The history of the claimants is as follows:

Mr. Cobb one day was conversing about the money with a man who made so many particular inquiries that Mr. Cobb mistrusted his motive, and told him the woman was dark and had a large wen on the side of her neck when in fact she was a mulatto, and had no such wen. Soon after a dark woman with a large wen on her neck appeared from the Baltimore almshouse and professed to be the Sarah Ridgely, but the fraud was easily exposed, and up to this time the woman who left the bank note has not been heard from. Mr. Cobb allowed the money to remain with accumulated interests until 1866, when it amounted \$3,740, and then he presented it to the Union Orphan Asylum.

A whimsical comparison being made between a clock and a woman, Chas. Fox observed that he thought the simile bad; "for," said he, "a clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

Very weak phosphoric acid is a strong poison for all kinds of insects, and yet helps plants by adding to the soluble phosphates in the soil, and can do them no harm. Extensive use of it is predicted in agriculture.

At a recent meeting of a society composed of men from the Emerald Isle, a member made the following motion: "Mr. President, I move ye whitewash the ceiling green in honor of the old flag."

The three wonders of the world at present are—How fluff accumulates in vest pockets, where pins go to, and why when a man comes out of a saloon, he looks one way and goes another.

Every climate produces its appropriate food. Animal food for cold climates, fruit and vegetables for hot climates, and a mixture of both for temperate climates.

A Virginia paper describes a fence down there which is made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the other side.

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1856. THE Nebraska Advertiser, ESTABLISHED IN 1856, now enters upon its Twentieth Year, and is the OLDEST PAPER IN NEBRASKA!

That never suspended or changed its name. Age has not caused its depreciation, nor its adherence to exploded fogs, but otherwise; and to-day it stands on a sure foundation, in the Advance Guard of the Great Army of Progression.

Strong from the nourishment of long years of good principles, consistent with the American idea of LIBERTY AND HUMAN RIGHTS.

When the question was presented between Treason and Loyalty, Union and Disunion, the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars, THE ADVERTISER unflinchingly and uncompromisingly espoused the cause of Union and an undivided country, and as a consistent

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL, It has ever insisted, and does still insist, that this great country should be ruled by the party that saved it from destruction. In the political campaign of this year, and the National one to be in 1876, THE ADVERTISER will give no uncertain sound. Its editors will be found shooting efficient editorials in the same direction, and at the same foe, that they shot leaden bullets, for the mission of the Republican party is not yet accomplished, the occasion for political effort has not yet passed, American progress has not yet ended. Other labors, to save what has been gained, lie before the loyal people. THE ADVERTISER most heartily cherishes the sentiments so pointedly enunciated in the first plank of the Republican platform of Ohio—"That the States are one as a Nation, and all citizens are equal under the laws, and entitled to the fullest protection,"—and believes that the safety of the Nation lies in the full recognition of this doctrine. From the attitude of the opposition, the duty of every Republican is obvious.

AS A FAMILY PAPER, THE ADVERTISER is conceded to have no superior, and few equals, if any, in the State; and we assure our readers that it shall be kept up, in every respect, equal to its present standard of excellence, until we make it better by various improvements which we have in view just so soon as times improve among the people financially so as to justify us in making such improvements.

At the commencement of the volume just closed we promised our patrons that THE ADVERTISER should be in the future a better family paper than it had ever been before; that we filled our columns not with old "dead" advertisements, but with choice reading prepared with care for a variety to suit the general reader. Our readers will concede that we have lived up to this promise. We have for the last year carried more reading matter than any other weekly in the State, demonstrating that our ambitious declarations are not an empty blow, and that we do not make promises only to break them.

AS A LOCAL PAPER, We have an especial pride in making an acceptable local paper, embracing in this feature the entire county of Nemaha first, then Southern Nebraska and the State; in thus making it a most desirable medium for circulation in other States amongst those desiring correct information regarding Nebraska, and her claims to consideration as a young State with all the inherent qualities of greatness.

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