

Nebraska Advertiser

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1876.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS. T. L. Schick, Attorney at Law... J. H. Broadly, Attorney and Counselor at Law... E. W. Thomas, Attorney at Law... W. T. Rogers, Attorney and Counselor at Law... PHYSICIANS. J. S. Holladay, M.D., Physician, Surgeon... H. L. Matthews, Physician and Surgeon... NOTARIES AND COLLECTION AGENTS. L. A. Bergmann, Notary Public and Conveyancer... BLACKSMITHS. J. W. Gibson, Blacksmith and Horse Shoer... NEMAHIA CITY ADS. TITUS BROS. DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE SUCH AS DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Notions. NEMAHIA CITY, NEB. Highest Market Price allowed for COUNTRY PRODUCE HIDES, FURS, Etc. J. & E. HUDDART'S Peace and Quiet Saloon! AND BILLIARD HALL. CITY BAKERY. GROCERIES, CONFECTIONS, FRESH BREAD, CAKES & PIES. A. W. NICKEL, DRUGGIST AND BOOK SELLER. J. L. ROY, FURNITURE! PLOTT'S STAR ORGANS. HOMEWOOD MILLS. WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP.

NURSERY STOCK.

NURSERY STOCK "DIRT CHEAP" Will sell what remains of the "Farm Nurseries AT PRICES NONE WILL CALL IN QUESTION. The trees are three and four years old, and of choicest varieties, principally fall and winter. The collection consists of most improved varieties Crab Apples, not before offered for sale, will be closed out this spring. Evergreens, two to four feet high, raised in our soil and climate, will be retailed cheaper than ever before by wholesale. Also one and two year Forest Trees—Ash, Elm, Honey Locust, and Coffee Tree—Gray Willow Cuttings by the million, very fine—free to four feet high.

FURNAS NURSERIES, Brownville, Neb.

STALLION SEASON. Will make the season of 1876, commencing March 1st and ending July 1st, at the stable of A. S. Holladay, Brownville, Nebraska.

HAMBLETONIAN CHIEF!

Will make the season of 1876, commencing March 1st and ending July 1st, at the stable of A. S. Holladay, Brownville, Nebraska.

The Andersonville Post-Office.

Written by a Prisoner belonging to one of the Connecticut Regiments—G. H. Hitchcock.

No blanket round his wasted limbs, Under the rainy sky he slept. While, pointing his riven arms, he gazed, Around him, Death, the archer, crept.

He dreamed of hunger, and held out His hand to clutch a little bread, That a white angel with a torch Seemed bearing, smiling as he passed.

The vision waked him, and he spied The post-boy, followed by crowd of famished prisoners, who cried For letters, letters from their friends.

Crawling upon his hands and knees, He hears his own name called and lo! A letter from his wife he sees.

Gasping for breath, he shrieked aloud, And lost in nature's last eclipse, Fainting amid the suppliant crowd, Caught it, and pressed it to his lips.

A guard who followed, red with wrath, And flourishing a rusty brand, Reviled him with a taunting oath, And snatched the letter from his hand.

"First pay the postage whining wretch!" Despair had made the prisoner brave: "Then give me back my money, sir; I am a captive, not a slave."

"You took my money and my clothes— Take my life, too, but let me know How Mary and the children are, And I will bless you ere I go."

The very moonlight through his hands, As he stood supplicating, shone, And his sharp features shaped themselves Into a prayer; and such a tone Of anguish was there in his cry, For wife and children, that the guard, Thinking upon an oath, passed by, And left him swooning on the ward.

Beyond the "dead line" fell his head, The eager sentry knew his mark, And with a crash the bullet sped Into his brain and all was dark.

But when they turned his head back, Upwards the light, the pale lips smitten, Kissing a picture, fair and meek, That held in either hand a child.

THE FARMER'S STORY.

"See you sit on the fence, sir, writing in that little book. I thought perhaps you might be writing poetry. A good many folks come down here of a summer and make poetry about the sheep and the moon. Peggy reads 'em out to me in the paper, and the folks, too, sir. Do you write stories? Yes? Well, that's a gift. If I had it I think I could make one about what has happened to me. Peggy says it could be done."

"Now, it's all plain sailing nothing out of the common; but I wasn't always a well-to-do old farmer. Once I was a farmer's boy—a hand, with nothing of my own but a stout heart, and strong limbs, and good health."

"Many's the night, when the stars were in the sky, I used to go out to the great pasture where the sheep browsed all day, and sit and think thoughts I had no words for, and make beautiful pictures for myself in my mind—not fine ones, sir. This is what I used to see the oftenest. A little cottage with a wide fire-place, such as they had in my day. A dresser with a row of delf upon it, four chairs and a table of white pine. When I had these I was to marry Peggy Grey. But when I should have them, and she her white wedding-gown and the house linen, neither of us knew."

"She put her sixpences into a red earthen savings bank, and I kept mine in an old glove. For two years we had been waiting and hoping and were not much nearer than at first. Sometimes I felt down-hearted. Sometimes her little letters were a bit sad. And just as I sat in the meadow I knew she sat before her kitchen fire in the house where she lived at service. Simple folks we were, but we had hearts, and felt, perhaps, as deeply as greater folks might."

"My master, the farmer, was a close man. He squeezed as much work out of his hands as possible. But it was a steady place, and he paid all he promised; so I stayed, never thinking what trouble staying would bring me to—trouble that never would have come but for Mark Hulker. A good-for-nothing fellow he was, a disgrace to the rest of us, and he cheated the master and left his work undone. So after hours master set me at his stint, and it being indoor work, I kept it all night. The old man liked that, and set me a new task every night. All the better for me, I thought; he would pay me extra, and what was weariness to me if it brought me nearer my Peggy? So I counted the hours' work as so many shillings. But when Saturday night came he gave me just my week's work."

"Master," said I, "I've worked over-hours every night, you forget that?" "I hire you by the week," he said. "I'll give you no more than one week's wages. So if you don't like it there are plenty of strong lads to be had if you are growing lazy." Then he turned his back on me, and Mark laughed. That angered me, and words fell from my lips. We had a quarrel, master and I, and I called him a "niggardly old rascal"; and with that he dismissed me from his service.

"At dawn you go," he said. "You have worked to-day and have a right to your bed at night, but at dawn you go."

"I marched out of the room with words I never should have used on my way to my garret, and threw myself on my bed. But I did not stay to be turned out. At midnight I rose softly, made up a bundle, and climbed out of a window. I cut my hand

with the glass of a broken pane and the blood dropped down upon my clothes. But I was too angry to feel the pain, and I bound up the wound with a handkerchief. Then I trudged on, meaning to look for work the next day. So I did, but found none. Then the thought struck me to make my way to — and see Peggy. It would be a comfort to me whatever came. So I turned my steps in that direction and kept on till night fell. Then, faint and weary, I lay down under some bushes and fell asleep.

"Out of that sleep I was aroused by a shout and the clutch of strong hands. Men stood about me. One shouted my name. They held me fast and bound me. "I struggled, but it was no use. Numbers were against my single strength."

"What are you? Robbers? I've nothing worth the taking," I said, at last; and when standing still I saw faces I knew about me—those of the farm hands at my old master's."

"You know what we want, Jack Marlowe," said one. "If he did speak an ill word, at least he was a good man in the main, and you'd worked for him three years. You might have answered him as you liked, but to try to murder him was too horrible. We didn't think it of you, Jack—we didn't think it."

"Murdered! Is old master murdered? Why lay it to me? I swear I never hurt him."

"If he is not quite dead it's none of your fault," cried another man. "Don't perjure yourself—look at the blood on your clothes."

"The blood from my hand was in blots and smears all over my vest. I felt my heart torn sick when I looked at it."

"Master will clear me," I said. "He says it was you," said one of the men. "At least, he nodded 'yes' when we asked him if you did it."

"Then old master was not right in his mind," I said. "He'd never be against me."

"After that I heard the whole. Master had paid the men and dismissed Mark. He had only said: 'All right; I'm tired of work,' and had eaten breakfast there, and left in sight of all. But I was gone; and when they found that master, who was always up at cock-crow, did not rise at nine, they opened his door and found him on the floor, senseless—they thought dead at first. He had been robbed of his pocket-book, a watch, and an old-fashioned pin he always wore in his neckerchief—the painted head of a lady set around with what he used to tell us were pearls—an ornament older than his grandfather."

"They found nothing about me, of course; but the quarrel and my cut hand made the case hard against me. The master, dying, as they thought him, had been able to speak at odd times, and said that, to the best of his belief, I was his assailant. I was dark, to be sure, but in the struggle he felt that the man wore a cap, and I was the only hand who had anything but a straw hat. Besides, he came from the inner passage and through the door or windows as a burglar would have done. And I was the only missing member of the household. So I lay in prison with this awful charge upon me, until they knew whether master would live or die; and my greatest grief was for Peggy."

"Keep it from her," I begged them "until she must know it."

"And they were kind and did it, and her letters were sent to me in prison. It was a weary time, and the one drop of comfort in it came with those letters. I had had five from her when at the end of one came this:

"DEAR JACK—I never hide anything from you, and not to boast of conquests, a thing I'd never do, but just to let you know that I keep no secrets to myself, I must tell you what has happened."

"Our master has hired a man, a lazy fellow, that I disliked at first sight, Mark Hulker by name, and what should be do but take a notion to me, or pretend to do so, trying his best to sit up with me after work hours, and follow me about wherever I go of a holiday. Then he tries to make me like him by telling me how rich he is. Four hundred dollars he has laid by, he says, and has a gold watch like a gentleman. The other Sunday I was dressed for church, and so he walks."

"Why Peggy," says he, 'you've no pin to your collar.' "Said I: 'I can't afford money for finery.' "Then says he: 'Now how lucky it is that I've one to give you, and he pulls a pin from his pocket.' "Jack, I couldn't help looking at it. It was a lady's portrait, with hair all white—though she was so young—like an old woman's. He said it was powdered as they did in old times; and a pink dress—and all about tiny stones—and no bigger than a silver quarter altogether. How he came by such a thing, goodness knows! But of course I wouldn't have it. Says he: 'Now do take it, Peggy. I want to keep company with you, and now you know the truth.' "So says I: 'I want neither your company nor your presents, and please remember that hereafter.' "

"It was rough, I know, but I hate him so. And I was none too rude for he bothers me yet as much as ever. Though you know if he were ever so

good and handsome I am always your own Peggy and think of no one else.

"When I read that you could have knocked me down with a feather—the pin was the one that the old farmer had lost, I knew, and it was Mark who was the thief, and who had tried to murder him."

"I sent for the lawyer who was to take my side, and had all along believed me innocent. I gave him the letter."

"It's old master's pin," I said. "What shall I do, sir?" "And he said: 'You can do nothing my poor fellow, but wait and hope. I have a clew now and I'll follow it.' "Then he went away, and afterward I heard what he did. He went down to the place where Peggy lived, and took her out of danger of eaves-droppers and told her all that had happened. The brave girl trembled and wept, but she spoke out."

"He's innocent," she said. "I don't believe him guilty if an angel told me he was."

And the lawyer said, out of his heart, though she was but a serving lass: "He's worthy of you, Peggy Gray. I do believe, and that is saying a good deal."

"Then he asked her about the pin, and the two had a long talk. It ended in Peggy bursting into tears, and promising to do anything and everything he asked if he would but tell me why she did it."

"He told me afterward, and it was hard work for little Peggy with her honest heart. Bless her! She turned herself around and made a different creature of herself, and she tried to make Mark Hulker think she had been coquetting all the while, and oh! how she cried when she told me she let him kiss her and put his arm around her waist. But she gained her end by it. One night my good old lawyer and two other men were shut up in the pantry with Peggy's master, and she dressed in her best, waiting for Mark Hulker."

"That night she had promised Mark to take his pin, and if he proved he had the money he bragged of, to promise to marry him, and Mark came as nery as could be, and a little the worse for liquor."

"Now, lass," said he, 'a promise is a promise. There's the money to count and the watch to look at and the pin to wear. Now you'll have me?'"

"And just then the pantry door opened behind him, and a hand came down on his shoulder."

"We'll have you, my fine fellow," said a voice, and there and then they arrested him; for the money and the watch and pin were old master's; and one who knew, his son James, was here with the detectives."

"He gave up all hope from that minute and confessed everything. How he had made up his mind to rob old master that evening before he was dismissed. How he had seen me climb out of the window, and so dressed in clothes like me, and made his plans to throw suspicion upon me."

"They brought me the good news first—thought it into my cell, and threw herself, weeping, into my arms, crying out: "You're free, darling; free and clear, thank Heaven!"

"They did not hang Mark, for master, after a while, got better and, in the end, quite well. But they punished him for the robbery and for something he had done, of the same kind, before ever he came to master's."

"And as for the old man, when he was well he was so sorry for the charge he had made against me, though he honestly believed me guilty, as well knew, that he made me a present of a little farm and stocked it for me;—and the wife gave Peggy her outfit; and here we are, as happy as the sheep in the meadow, yonder, or the bees in the hive, hard by. And when we hear talk of books and plays, Peggy says to me: "Jack, if they only knew our story, they'd make one of it, I'm very sure; and, as they say you're a writer, why, I tell you, sir."

Mrs. Grant and her Benefactions.

Mrs. Grant is greatly beloved by the poor of Washington, for it is a fact not generally known that she and the President are very benevolent and charitable, and have a regular list of pensioners on their hands. She is a very kind mother, and tender-hearted, withal. I remember that when the President was inaugurated, I saw a young West Point cadet being carried to the White House, who had been suddenly taken ill on the avenue. "It's Mrs. Grant's orders," said a servant, "that he be taken to Colonel Fred's room." And so he was taken there, and though he was ill several days, yet he was carefully nursed by Mrs. Grant in person until he had recovered sufficiently to be sent home. I mention the circumstance to show that, although surrounded by numerous cares, yet she possesses a true, womanly heart, and finds time to do a great deal of good.

Why should the bee have taken as a symbol of industry? Not a bee is to be seen all the winter long, while the cockroach is up at five o'clock in the morning, and never goes to bed till midnight. Let's exchange this thing.

Inebriated gentleman who has fallen down stairs to another who offers to help him up—"Wharouse slabber! round a fella? I allus come down stairs that way!"

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Social Topics—New Amusements—A Sale of New England, China—The Last From Brooklyn—Etc., Etc.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28, 1876.

The week may be summed up thus, in brief: weather in extremes, amusements insatiable. Business wedged in between times. With Lent already in view, the gayeties of the season whirl faster and faster, and there is no end to fun this winter, though it may not be of the grandest kind. Still there is much social ambition to be seen in the last refinement in evening air. People might very truthfully send out invitations which, would read, "To meet the new dinner service," or to exhibit the drawing-rooms, refurnished by Cottier, who is the fashionable high art furnisher, for those who eat, sleep and drink according to a standard.

FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS. The young folks, of course, belong to a musical or dramatic society of the selectest sort, which gives excuse for dozens of delightful evenings, at rehearsal in cozy private parlors, and a gratifying dash at public applause in the name of charity, which as of old beareth a multitude of sins, amateur and otherwise. Dickens parties, where everyone dresses after some character from the great novelist, are more elaborate than ever. The characters are more deeply studied, and their dress, manner, and speech are carefully taken from the pages of the "Household," or the "Globe" editions of the novels. The more one can look like one of Cruikshanks designs the better.

ROSEBUD PARTIES. But for fun alive, and deepest dissipation, go to a rosebud party, to which all the ladies invited are seeing their first season in society—that is, if you can get a card for it. No favor dispensed by a kind and charming hostess is so coveted as an invitation to her rosebud party, for the compliment bears on the face of it that she considers you one of the eligibles of her acquaintance. Going, you find the drawing-rooms—nobody says yellow anymore except an old fashioned fellow like myself, we take so closely after the English—hung with fern, smilax, and Spirea, feathering from mantel corners, baskets of half blown roses on every stand, and scores of debutantes in pink and cream-colored floating about, with all the mischief they learned at Mrs. Meares' or Madame Chegaray's at five hundred dollars a quarter, fresh in their pretty heads. These pretty bacchantes, fresh from up town boarding schools, wait the wildest, flirt the deepest, and sit charming the most demurely of any belles about, unless we except a few of our pretty married women—and do this with more freedom than they will ever find at command again.

FOUND PARTIES. This form of amusement is bound to be caught up at once for the use of church parties and ladies' charities, it is so cheap and so diverting at once. It has the patronage of fashion this winter, for it is a favorite form of spending a social evening among matrons and elderly business men who are not above having some fun of an evening in their good clothes. So while the young people are off in their pink gauds and dresses for a dance—say the "Elks" ball, or that of some select and expensive regiment—the rooms of the cozy Madison avenue house are thrown open to a hundred or so friends without any special preparation in the way of flowers or music, but with a hot sit down supper to follow in comfort for everybody. The guests come well-dressed but not over-dressed, for the end and aim of a found party is to have a good time. Each one is expected to bring with him or her a package of something or anything to weigh exactly a pound, done up so that nobody can tell what is in it. The fun is to hold a parlor auction, with the gibbet speaker as auctioneer, and the proceeds are sold to the benefit of some charity which the hostess has at heart.

Fun, it is. You never saw such fun as when the packages are opened, and the Wall Street man who bids five dollars for a these paper parcel finds that it contains a Bologna sausage, bought on the way up town by a fun loving matron, or the stiff bachelor bids off a girl's powder and rouge box or a frisky young married woman finds a pound of smoking tobacco in hers. Not very great or high-toned amusement, like the informal coteries, upon Park avenue, where the elect decide the movements of powers and parties in the interval of serious flirting and composing serene epigrams.

A KETTLEDROM IN NEW YORK. Did I hear a quiet old lady (not to mention a young one) say that she would like to know what is meant by a kettledrom? With all the pleasure in life. It is an English custom of inviting one's acquaintance to a fashionable five o'clock tea, to which the ladies go in their bonnets, to gossip an hour with cups of tea in their hands, served with very thin wafers. It is essentially a city institution by which a good many persons who see each other often are got together, and an hour is made to do duty for a good deal of civility. For the country, the old fashioned tea-drinkings are in better taste, and are given with zest by

ladies in suburb an towns, who like to play at being neighborly in the old way.

Did I ever mention the friend who used to call his wife's kettledroms Beecher parties for he declared their sole purpose was to get her friends together in their best bonnets, to talk over the latest of the Beecher scandal? That was long ago, however. At a kettledrom to-day, like that to which my pretty neighbor has gone this afternoon, one will meet a dozen magazine people, with their best manners on and their prettiest things to say, two dozen handsome rich women who get the literary ones, and laugh at their nice things, one or two leading women afflicted with a desire to be managing something, and who are striving their acquaintance upon the momentous question of having a women's banner at the Centennial exhibition, as if it were the original matter of difference with King George. They will get what they want; there isn't one of their friends who would give them a subscription for a banner for the moon, to get rid of them. Beside these, a few young men who are at leisure because they can't get anything to do, and a parlor philosopher or two will drop to behemelon in the tea. You know the fashionable profess themselves unable to drink tea without a slice of lemon in it, in the Russian manner.

OLD CHINA. Fine ladies are getting as fond of old china as they were in Addison's day. But the difference is, that instead of filling their rooms with Chinese monsters, and dragon tea cups, they have taken to making historical collections of the various porcelains a potteries of the world. A plate of real Majolica, or cup and saucer of royal service gives one esteem among connoisseurs, as one who "has the right feeling for art" in this direction, but one who would win renown among amateurs must have at least one broken-nosed specimen of all the wares from the time of Solomon down. Cabinets, carved and velvet-lined, are consecrated to these treasures where the royal blue and gold of true service and the splendors of Dresden are surrounded by gaudy Hungarian ware, in red, green and yellow. Hideous Madonnas in Majolica, ugly as the painted plaster parrots Yankee peddlers used to carry round, together with every species of old English delf known to the top shelves of kitchen closets. Alas to this increasing passion, and enterprising speculation has been scoring New England villages and South Carolina homesteads for treasure of this sort, of whose value their owners never dreamed before. The sight at the Somerville auction rooms where they were sold this week was very funny. It looked as if all the property of a country village was there for vendue. Sets upon sets of blue East India china, and odd pieces of cracked cream colored wedge-shaped English tea sets of pretty chintz patterns, saramoch Holland painted ware, and English blue dinner services, rehearsing the history of Dr. Syntax on their pictured sides, or scenes from the war of Independence, including portraits of George Washington, were mingled in a sort of indigestion of china. The ugliest old pots and basins were there, with some really superb Staffordshire and hand-painted bits of Flemish pottery, long-necked, straight-sided pitchers and jars embossed in indigo blue. I was shown a yellowish wedge-wood pitcher, as common looking as the cheapest kitchen ware of to-day, the mate of which brought \$25.00 at yesterday's sale. Let me warn all your readers who think of selling their grandfather's furniture, or their grandmother's crockery for old rubbish, to be careful what they are about, for they may be throwing away a small fortune. If the man who had half a dozen silk Washingtons to sell happens to have any old tea sets or odd pieces, (the more for the better,) he wants to trade, I will be happy to talk with him.

THE LATEST FROM BROOKLYN. A New York letter without Beecher would be like a New England Sunday without baked beans. From the appearance of thing in Plymouth Church, the present calendar year will be spent in proving what everybody is convinced of already. But the Council now convened at the call of the church itself is headed by Dr. Leonard Bacon, whose acuteness, velled skillfully under a daring frankness, will not hesitate to probe the truth in whatever direction it lies. It is possible that Plymouth Church has accented too liberally on Dr. Bacon's support in the Council. Already, shrewd questioning has drawn out the order of action in Mrs. Moulton's case, in which the ingenuity of Plymouth Church maneuvering appears to better advantage than its honesty by a long sight. It didn't propose to go on with the Council in spite of its own protest, till it was sure that Drs. Storrs and Baddington were pretty certain not to come. Plymouth Church and its pastor were always magnanimous when there is nothing to lose. All the social arts of the society are brought up to bear on the delegates; they are kept supplied with flowers, and the latest paper to read, and ready for mailing. A handsome lunch is spread for them in the church parlor all the time, and carriages are at their command. But neither Dr. Bacon nor the Andover men have come for a free lunch.

MR. BOWEN AND MR. JOHNSON. Mr. Bowen is choosing his time and method of presenting his proofs so as to throw their full light on Mr. Beecher without dragging his victims into the glare. The satanic brain which makes the moves for Plymouth church sees the only defence possible is to refuse any evidence from Mr. Bowen that will not damage others worse than Mr. Beecher. To give names and dates to the public as they demand, would drag more than one family of the church into disgrace—Mr. Beecher's safety lies in the irreparable nature of the injury he has done his victims. Mr. Bowen knows that the utmost malignity of Plymouth will visit him when he speaks, and this with the stronger consideration of humanity to the injured and the innocent, may well give him pause. Mr. Oliver Johnson, former editor of Beecher's paper, does not show so well since the publication of a letter of his to Mr. Bowen, pleading for Mr. Tilton, and speaking emphatically of Mr. Beecher's guilt. Mr. Johnson and Professor Tyler appear to have "crawfished" badly under the influence of a position on the Christian Union. And the charge of black-mail made against poor Mr. Loder is proven true of another man entirely, and the Tribune is manly enough to come out and do the poor upholsterer justice. There is much feasting on toast pie in many quarters, nowadays, over the latest view of things.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION. Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth who goes to school at the Atlanta colored university: "Look hyar, boy, you goes to school don't yer?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Gettin' eddykashun, ain't yer?" "Yes, sir." "Larnin' 'rithmetick and 'figgerin on a slate, eh?" "Yes, sir." "Well, it don't take two whole days to make one hour, do it?" "Why no," exclaimed the boy. "You was gwine ter bring dat hat-chit back in a hour wazen't yer?" "Yes, sir." "An it's bin two days sence yer borrowed it. Now, what's your eddykashun gwine ter do you, thoo skulled niggers when yer go to school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fetch back a hat-chit?"

A Mean Man. A certain husband in Moline has proved himself a liar and a snake-thief in the eyes of his wife. And he heaped this appropriation upon himself by a stale old trick, too. If it had been new, the novelty would have furnished some excuse, but it was threadbare effrontery and diabolical. He had invited an old college friend of his to visit himself and pretty wife. He talked with her and walked with her. At first the husband was delighted, and then began to feel about it. He couldn't think of anything but the old "bomblin' trap" which Othello didn't step to set. He gathered his grip-sack and said he was going to Omaha, but got off at Rock Island and took the return train for Moline. It arrived in the dead of night. He crawled off that train like a thief. He let himself into the house with a slight key—an inhuman invention opposed to the interests of society. Shortly after, his college friend left the house without his baggage or even his street clothes. Nobody knows just why he left such an hour, and in such a plight, but it has set Moline to guessing, which is bad. Some men won't allow themselves to be happy, and that mean Moline husband is one of them.

To make French pancakes take two eggs, two ounces of butter, two ounces of sifted sugar, two ounces of flour, half a pint new milk. Beat the eggs thoroughly and put them into a basin with the butter, which should be beaten to a cream; stir in the sugar and flour, and when these ingredients are well mixed, stir in the milk; keep stirring and beating the mixture for a few minutes. Serve with a custard of milk and sugar, and pile the pancakes on a dish, with a layer of preserve of marmalade between each.

Mr. Miles, a stock farmer residing a few miles south of Crawfordville, Ind., has lost five head of fat cattle, recently, with a new disease. The cattle become very much swollen about the neck and breast, and survive the attack but a few hours. No remedy has been discovered, nor can the disease be attributed to any particular cause.

A Scottish student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of his examination, how he would discover a fool. "By the questions he would ask," was the prompt and highly suggestive reply.

A Texas farmer named Wade says he caught a rabbit on his place the other day having on its head seven horns. But before we believe this story, we want to know how many "horns" Wade had in his own head when he looked at the animal.