THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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THE ADVERTISER

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Higest Market Price allowed for
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GROCERIES, CONFECTIONS, Canned Fruits.
FRESH BREAD, CAKES & PIES.
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Persons wishing Photograph work done in the best style, at lowest prices, should not fail to call and see for themselves.
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has every thing in his line at the
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Every instrument fully warranted. Factory and office, Washington, N. J. Correspondence solicited.

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"DIRT CHEAP!"
Will sell what remains of the Furnas 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 choicest collection 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—ties four to eight feet.
FURNAS NURSERIES,
Brownville, Neb.
34m3

STALLION SEASON.

HAMBLETONIAN CHIEF!

Will make the season of 1876, commencing March 1st and ending July 1st, at the stable of A. S. Holliday, Brownville, Nemaha County, Nebraska.
PEDIGREE.—Hambletonian Chief was sired by Hambletonian Prince, he by Administrator, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, the sire of Dexter, Jay Gould, Volunteer, and the grandsire of Goldsmith's Maid, and many others noted for great speed and endurance. Hambletonian Prince's dam was sired by Black Rock, he by Roe Buck; granddam a very fast mare by old Sea Gull, he by Duroc, son of imported Diomede. Administrator's dam was sired by Mambrino Chief, 2nd dam, Arabian Tartar, 3rd dam by Duroc Messenger, son of Duroc, out of a mare by Messenger, son of imported Messenger. Hambletonian Chief's dam was sired by Green's Bashaw, he by Vernol's Black Hawk, he by Long Island Black Hawk, son of Andrew Jackson by Young Bashaw, son of imported Arabian Grand Bashaw. Young Bashaw's dam was by Bond's First Consul, grand dam by "Messenger. Belle, the dam of Green's Bashaw, was sired by Webber's Tom Thumb, 2nd dam, the Chas. Kent mare, (dam of Rysdyke's Hambletonian) by imported Bellfounder. 3rd dam by One Eye, (the sire of Flora Temple), by Hambletonian. 4th dam, Silvertail, by imported Messenger. (See Bruce's American Stud Book.)
Hambletonian Chief
is a dark mahogany bay, 15¾ hands high, two white feet, star in forehead, with powerful limbs and muscle, and free open trotting gait which only needs time to develop itself, being inherited by him from his illustrious ancestors.
He will be allowed to serve only a limited number of mares, at the low price of $10 payable at time of service; and those $10 who wish to secure his services are respectfully requested to make an early application. Mares not proving to be with foal can be returned free of charge. All accidents at the owner's risk. Apply to
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—OF—
BROWNVILLE.
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Agents supplied at figures that defy competition for the same class of instruments. Try one. Address, EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

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DEALER IN
BOOTS AND SHOES
CUSTOM WORK
MADE TO ORDER.
Repairing neatly done. No. 58 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

PLOTT'S STAR ORGANS
Are as perfect parlor organs as are manufactured. Correspondence solicited with organists, musicians, and the trade. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

HOMEWOOD MILLS
Having in my employ Mr.
HENRY SHIFFER,
acknowledged to be the best miller in the State, I am prepared to furnish GOOD FLOUR in any quantity. Every sack warranted.
My Flour is for sale at all the principal stores in Brownville.
GEO. HOMEWOOD.
Sheridan Mills, April 1st, 1875.

FRANZ HELMER,
WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP
ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.
WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. [34-1y.

ALONE.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead;
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her burried head.
Her orphaned children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan;
Then fell the first tear he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
But, ah, no more for him!
His little world, once warm and bright—
It now was cold and dim.
Where was her sweet and kindly face?
Where was her cordial tone?
He gazed around his dwelling place,
And felt he was alone.

The wifely love—maternal care—
The self-denying zeal—
The smile of hope that chased dispair,
And promised future weal;
The clean, bright hearth—nice table spread—
The charms o'er all things thrown—
The sweetness in whate'er she said—
All gone—he was alone!

He looked into his cold, wild heart—
All sad and unresigned;
He asked how he had done his part
To one so true—so kind?
Each error past he tried to track—
In torture would atone—
Would give his life to bring her back;
In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last, and then he dreamed,
(Perchance her spirit woke.)
A soft light o'er his pillow gleamed,
A voice in music spoke:
"Forgot—forgiven all neglect—
Thy love recalled alone;
The babes I leave, oh, love, protect;
I still am all thine own."

MARRYING A BEGGAR.

CHAPTER I.

"So much for bringing poor relations into the house! I really believe that Charles has fallen in love with the girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason to her husband, a merchant in moderate circumstances in the city of Boston.

"Well, suppose he has; she is a good girl, is she not?" quickly responded the merchant.

"I don't know but that she's good enough; but she is a pauper!"

"Not exactly a pauper, Mrs. Mason."

"Didn't we take her into the family to keep her from starving?"

"I did not so understand it. You needed a young woman to assist you in sewing, and employed her at half the usual wages."

"Yes, and isn't she a pauper for all that?"

"Gently, Mrs. Mason; you forget that she is my sister's daughter," said the merchant a little steernly.

"What if she is? She is a penniless girl for all that. A pretty match for *our* son!"

"Bnd why not for our son? I am not a *millionaire*. If the times don't come easier than they have been, I shall fail before the year is out."

"So much the more reason why Charles should look out for himself."

"If he loves my niece, I sincerely hope he will marry her, for I believe she is one of the best girls in the world; certainly she is vastly superior to the silly, affected, mincing, novel-reading misses of fashionable society. I commend his taste and his judgment."

"Well, Mr. Mason, I *am* surprised!"

"Not the least occasion to be surprised."

"Let me tell you, Mr. Mason, that I never will consent to see Charles throw himself away on a pauper. If you haven't the spirit to prevent so disgraceful a match, I shall send the girl away."

"Don't you do it madam," said Mr. Mason, in a firm, decided tone.

"I *shall* do it!" replied the lady, waxing warm at the obstinacy of her husband, who in trivial matter, was in the habit of letting her have her own way.

"Better not," quietly responded the gentleman.

"The minx put on such airs and smirked so, that I really believe she meant to catch him."

"What, Grace? Impossible! She is a little gentle, quiet thing, and I'm sure the idea of a flirtation never entered her simple head."

"Humph!" sneered the lady. "I know better. And now that he is really making love to her, the provoking jade seems to look upon it as a matter of course; thinks it is just as much a proper thing that she should be the wife of our Charles, as though she had been born a princess!"

"Poor thing! I suppose she is human, and actually loves the boy!"

"Loves him or not, I'll make an end of it."

"Don't be rash, Mrs. Mason," replied the husband, twirling in his fingers a buff envelope, marked "Telegraph."

"What have you got there?"

"I had almost forgot to mention that brother Joseph has arrived in New York, and telegraphs that he will be here to-night by the New Haven train."

"Just like you! Never tell of a thing till the last moment!" said the lady petulantly.

"I received the dispatch only two hours ago."

"Here is another kettle of fish," continued the lady, musing. "That everlasting niece of yours is in the way again."

"I hope the poor girl has no more sins to answer for."

"Where do you suppose your brother Joseph will leave his property?"

"I have not the remotest idea,"

"Don't you suppose that angelic niece of yours will wheedle him out of a part of it?"

"I hope so."

"You don't want he should leave it all in your family, then?" sneered the lady.

"No, I hope he will do justly."

"I wish I could get her out of the way before he comes."

"Don't attempt it, Mrs. Mason," said the merchant, with very decided emphasis.

"If she were only out of the way, Henrietta would come in for the whole," added the lady as she hurried out of the room to make arrangements for the reception of Uncle Joseph.

CHAPTER II.

Uncle Joseph was a Calcutta merchant, in which capacity he had accumulated an immense fortune. Being a bachelor, the probable disposition of his property became a question of considerable interest among his relations.

The family of Mr. Mason, the merchant introduced in the last chapter, included but two children, a son and daughter.

Grace was the only daughter of a sister, recently deceased, who had been for many years a widow.

It was supposed that Uncle Joseph would make one of his nieces his heiress. This was the old fellow's whim, and no one could gainsay the whim of a bachelor. From some indication of preference which he had bestowed upon Henrietta in her childhood, it was generally believed that she would prove to be the fortunate one.

Henrietta had been educated to be a lady. Her delicate fingers were never soiled by rude collision with pots and kettles, and she had been taught to believe that it was delicate sensibility to be afraid of a spider or a bull-frog. She played the piano with passable skill and lingered away half her time at full length on the sofa, pouring over the contents of a novel.

Such was the prospective heiress of Uncle Joseph's large fortune. Her father was far from approving the education she had received, and had used all the influence he possessed, short of quarreling, to have these defects remedied.

Uncle Joseph came and was welcomed as became the dignity of one who had a fortune to bestow.

Henrietta thought he was a "dear love" of a man, and she wondered that the ladies ever let him remain a bachelor.

Grace, by the contrivance of Mrs. Mason, was not present when her uncle arrived; but Mr. Mason, understanding the trick, sought her in person, and introduced her to the man of money.

The poor girl was too modest and retiring to force herself upon the notice of Uncle Joseph, who was too deeply absorbed by the unremitting attentions of Henrietta to perceive her situation, or discover the menial capacity in which she acted.

At tea, Uncle Joseph complained of being ill, and said that he had not been well since he landed on the previous day.

Mrs. Mason and her daughter were all sympathy. The ailing bachelor was conducted to his apartment, ond herb teas and jugs of hot water were put in requisition. Henrietta volunteered to sit all night by his bedside and minister to his wants; but the sick man did not deem it necessary.

During all this confusion Grace was not to be seen. She was not permitted to assist in the preparations for the sick man's comfort; everything must be done by Henrietta's own hand.

Notwithstanding the kind attentions lavished upon Uncle Joseph, there was no improvement in his condition; but on the contrary he rapidly grew worse, and at mid-night the physician was sent for. Henrietta had not left the bedside for a moment. She was the most devoted creature in the word, and the bachelor could not but contrast her devotion with the utter neglect of Grace, who had not once entered his room, even to enquire how he did. Henrietta's prospects were decidedly brilliant.

The physician came, and after feeling the pulse of the sufferer, inquired where he resided when at home.

Uncle Joseph replied that he had no home—had just come from Calcutta.

"I see," said the physician. "Was there any sickness on board the ship?"

"There was. I came by the overland route to Liverpool, thence by a New York liner. There was a steerage full of emigrants on board, among whom the fever raged fearfully."

"Just so," returned the physician, "and you have got the ship fever."

"The ship fever!" exclaimed Henrietta, rushing out of the room.

The sick man turned, and witnessed her abrupt departure. With a sigh, such as only can be wrung from a bachelor conscious of his loneliness, he drew the bed-clothes closely about him, and apparently abandoned himself to the fate which the dreadful disease seemed to foreshadow.

The physician made up his prescription and retired. No one was left with Uncle Joseph but his brother.

"I am deserted, brother," said the sick man.

"No, brother, I am here."

"But there is no hand of woman here; well, it is a dreadful disease," and the sufferer sighed again.

Mr. Mason went down to the sitting-room, whither his wife and daughter had fled.

"How is this wife? Is Joseph to be abandoned now that he most needs attention?" asked he of Mrs. Mason.

"You don't think we are going to stay in the room with the ship fever?" replied Mrs. Mason.

"You may as well be in the room as in the house."

"We must leave the house immediately. Why did he not go to the hospital? It was not very considerate of him to bring the ship fever into the family. He might have known that he had it."

"Heaven forgive your heartlessness! But is my brother to die with no one to care for him?" exclaimed Mr. Mason, indignantly.

"You must hire a nurse."

"And you will desert him?"

"We can't stay where the ship fever is."

"No, papa, it would be suicidal," added Henrietta. "His fortune would do us no good if we caught the fever."

"Go, then! but there is still one in the house who has a heart," replied Mr. Mason, as he left the room to seek the apartment of Grace.

Grace was ready in a moment to attend her uncle to the sick room, where, regardless of the danger of contagion, she laved the burning brow of the sufferer, and did all that an angel hand could do to render him comfortable.

Early in the morning Mrs. Mason and her daughter departed for the residence of a friend in the country.

CHAPTER III.

For several weeks Grace, with such assistance as Mr. Mason and Charles could give, nursed the invalid with the most untiring devotion. All her time was spent by his bedside. She was all gentleness and sympathy, bearing patiently with his petulance and ill-humor, and never betraying the slightest appearance of anger when he scolded and even swore at her.

The fever turned and he began to mend. He was now out of danger, and rapidly advancing to complete restoration.

The physician commended the skill and devotion of his nurse, assuring him that he owed his life to her.

But the devotion of the poor girl cost her dearly; for scarcely had Uncle Joseph recovered, before she was taken down with the fever, and for weeks languished on the very verge of the grave.

Yet there was no female hand to lave her brow save that of a hired nurse. Charles Mason loved her as he did his own existence, and day and night he watched over her with a constancy and devotion worthy the loving heart of the gentler sex.

Uncle Joseph, too, was an anxious watcher round her bed. Though he was a bachelor, and had spent the greater part of his life in India, away from the gentle influences of female society, he showed an aptness in the sick room that would have done honor to a Benedict.

To the intense relief of her devoted friends, Grace recovered. The disease was banished from the house, and Mrs. Mason and Henrietta ventured to return.

"I trust you have had a pleasant visit, madam," said Uncle Joseph, coldly.

"Pleasant! nay, far from it. You do us injustice; we were perfectly miserably on account of your dangerous illness."

"Humph!" said Uncle Joseph with a sneer.

The love between Charles and Grace, strengthened by the scenes of suffering through which they had passed, was now an unalterable sentiment. Uncle Joseph had not witnessed their mutual devotion to him in his illness, without suspecting the existence of some strong bond of union between them. And the young man's untiring attention to her in her own sickness had confirmed the opinion.

Seeking a favorable opportunity, he conversed with Charles upon the subject, who readily anmitted his affection. The bachelor recommended an immediate marriage.

The step was not, of course, ungrateful to the feelings of the lover. And the desire to redeem Grace from the life of drudgery to which she was reduced by the heartlessness of his mother, seemed to demand their immediate union.

The young man's intentions were soon noised through the family. Mrs Mason renewed the opposition she had before made, and even went so far as to threaten that, if she could not break up the match, she would embitter the lives of the parties.

Uncle Joe remonstrated.

"May I ask, madam, what objection you can possibly have to the marriage?" said he, with considerable sternness in his manner.

"What objection! why, the girl is a beggar; I have employed her in my family to keep her out of the almshouse, which, I think, is objection enough," replied Mrs. Mason, disliking the interference of Uncle Joseph.

"Your son, I think, is not wealthy, so that he need *demand* a rich wife."

"He need not marry a beggar, though."

"She is worthy a prince, beggar though she is."

"O, very likely," sneered the lady.

"I owe my life to her, and I can never cease to be grateful to her. When *others* forsook me, *she* was constant," replied Uncle Joseph, pointedly.

"She knew you were rich," said Mrs. Mason, sarcastically.

"So did you and your amiable daughter. You were like angels round my pillow till the doctor said 'ship fever,' when you fled like sheep."

The lady looked black as a thunder cloud.

"I trust you will withdraw your objections to this marriage, Mrs. Mason. You perceive that Charles is resolute, and will have his own way about it," continued Uncle Joseph, in a more pliable tone.

"His *own* way! All this for bad advising! I cannot prevent it, perhaps; but I will never consent to it. No! a son of mine shall never have my consent to marry a beggar girl."

"Madam, she is no longer a beggar. She is the heiress of all my fortune," said Uncle Joseph with sudden energy.

Mrs. Mason's brow contracted.

"And Henrietta?" said she.

"Never touches a penny! She deserted me when I most needed a friend," replied the bachelor, vehemently. "If I had ten thousand fortunes they would be but a poor return for all that grace has done for me. I make over fifty thousand dollars to the newly-married couple as soon as the knot is tied; the residue at my decease."

The marriage took place soon after. The ceremony was performed at the house of Mr. Mason, in spite of the opposition of his wife; for when the merchant said it should be so, he had the firmness to carry his point.

The newly-married couple took up their residence in a beautiful house, purchased for them by Uncle Joseph, who consented to make his home with them.

Henrietta is now five-and-thirty years of age, and an "old maid." Mrs. Mason still continues to be a termagant, though her husband maintains his integrity with firmness and decision. She has never forgiven Uncle Joseph for making Grace the heiress, and probably never will. But the worthy bachelor never ceases to rejoice over the disposition he has made of his property, and probably *he* never will.

Value of Covered Manure.

When rough sheds have been built to cover the manure heap, the crops fertilized by this pile have been increased in productiveness sufficient to pay for the shed-covering the first year. We have never seen any exact figures of the proportionate value of covered manures, that we remember, until the following, which we find by Lord Kincaid, a Scotch land owner and farmer. They present the best statement possible, we think, of the advantages of the plan:

Four acres of good soil were measured; two of them were manured with ordinary barn yard mannre, and two with an equal quantity of manure from the covered shed. The whole was planted with potatoes. The products of each acre were as follows:

Potatoes treated with barn-yard manure:

One acre produced 272 bushels.

One acre produced 292 bushels.

Potatoes manured from the covered sheds:

One acre produced 442 bushels.

One acre produced 471 bushels.

The next year the land was sown with wheat, when the crop was as follows:

Wheat on land treated with barn yard manure:

One acre produced 48 bushels, 18 pounds (of 61 pounds per bushel.)

One acre produced 42 bushels, 38 pounds (of 61 pounds per bushel.)

Wheat on land manured from covered sheds:

One acre produced 55 bushels, 5 pounds (of 61 pounds per bushel.)

One acre produced 53 bushels, 47 pounds (of 61 pounds per bushel.)

The straw also yielded one third more upon the land fertilized with the manure from the covered stalls, than upon that to which the ordinary manure was applied.

In looking round for an original rhyme for month yesterday, we came across it in the only place in the world where it could be found—the New York Commercial Advertiser. It read as follows:

There were two men a training went,
'Twas in December's month;
One had his bayonet thrown away,
The other had his gun th—
rown away.—*Vicksburg Herald.*

The *Catholic Tablet* in an able article on drunkenness in the United States, alludes to the fact that in St. Louis and Chicago 75 per cent. of the saloons are conduct by Germans, 10 per cent. by Roman Catholics of foreign birth, 10 per cent. by Americans, 3 per cent. by women, Germans and Irish, and 2 per cent. by negroes.

A Washington doctor says that love is an affair of the stomach, and not of the heart; but we really cannot conceive of a love-sick swain singing to his mate, "Ask my stomach what means this sadnesss." It wouldn't be right. She might think it was something else.

Dr. Revillout states that lemon juice used as a gargle, is an efficacious specific against diphtheria and similar throat troubles. He has successfully thus employed it for eighteen years.

ANDERSONVILLE.

Some Reminiscences of the Georgia Prison Pen.

A Captured Union Soldier's Story of His Sufferings.

From the Ohio State Journal.

The recent amnesty debate in Congress has moved a soldier of this city, who belonged to the 95th Ohio Ifantry and was captured by the rebels in 1864, to write out the following narrative of his experiences in one of the southern prison pens in which he was confined subsequent to his capture. His name is withheld from publication from motives of modesty, solely, and as to his reliability it is only necessary that he is vouched for by one of the most prominent and respectable business men of this city.

EDS. JOURNAL:—I was captured with about 300 others near Guntown, Miss., June 11, 1864, and was sent to Andersonville, Ga., where we arrived June 19th. Four of us, being comrades, cast our lot together and remained together through thick and thin, and we thought the greater portion of our life there was very thin. We each of us had a gum blanket, and we had one wool blanket among us. When we arrived at the pen, as we call it, the first act of our friends was to demand our gum blankets. Perhaps it was an act of charity, but we failed to see it in that light. We were then marched into the pen.

My God, can it be described? Never, no never. Thousands of beings that had once been men were crowded around the gate, eager to get a word of news from their homes. I feel sure could Brother Hill, from Georgia, have seen them, he would not be in favor of another war. Some of them had pats on, some a shirt without pants, and I have seen some men there as naked as when they came into the world. Perhaps some have forgotten what kind of a boarding house we had. Could you see thirty-five hogs, with a fence built around them, that had been kept in one field for six months, and through the center of that field a swamp reeking with filth and foaming with maggots, you would see Andersonville prison as we first saw it.

We wanted a place to lie down, and kept walking on and inquiring of the old prisones if we could not lie here and there. "No, this ground is all occupied. I can't tell you where you can get a place to lie." We kept on, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a piece of ground in the Confederacy that did not seem to be occupied. As we came near it we saw there was a railing between us and it, but we had not then heard of the dead line. Said I, "boys here it is; now we are all right." An old prisoner standing by said, "you had better look at that guard up there before you go any nearer." Looking up to the stockade I saw a guard with a rifle cocked, and at his shoulder all ready to pull the trigger. We were near the dead line.

We resumed our march and at last came to a place where we could lie down, but one of us would have to lie over a sink-hole. This was a little hole made in the ground about 12 inches in diameter and about 18 inches deep, and it was used by three sick men lying near that could not walk to the swamp, and there were thousands of such holes scattered all over the prison. In fact I think Andersonville prison was the largest privy that was ever enclosed on the face of the green earth.

I lay over that sink-hole every night from June 19 to July 1, expectin for a short time ever hour or two, when one of the sick men would want the use of it. Those who were well enough to get to the swamp would try and do so, and they would not stop on the edge of it either, for every foot of ground was used for some poor fellow's bed. So in they would have to go up to their knees in filth, and I have seen some of them so weak from starvation that they could not lift their feet out of it, and would fall and remain in the filth until they were helped out. What a glorious place that was for these "Yanks."

Through the centre of this swamp ran a little stream of water, about ten feet wide and ordinarily from six to eight inches deep, and our Confederate friends were thoughtful enough to build their cook-house on this creek, so that all the spare grease and slop could run through the prison. I have greased my old shoes with grease from this water many a time. What a refreshing drink Brother Hill, of Georgia, could have had he been there that summer of 1864, provided he would have shut his teeth to keep the maggots out!

Yes, it was a humane prison. Even the guards had compassion on some of us, so much that they would shoot into the prison at night to relieve some poor Yank that might be in misery, and I have known them to be successful. I have known prisoners to be shot while sitting on a stump as much as twenty-five yards from the dead line.

What did we have to eat? I got enough to keep me alive while I was there. Some times we got mush; no, not always mush, for I have eaten it when it had never been warm; so we will call it cornmeal and water, without salt. I have had corn bread and have picked whole kernels of corn out of it, and have planted the same where I used to lie, and by doing so have seen green leaves in Andersonville. I have drawn my half pint of corn meal, with three tablespoons of molasses, and also a half pint of "nigger peas," as the Johnnies called them, but never have I drawn anything to cook my meal or beans in. I used to get a stick of pine wood as large as my arm once in three days. The above rations were to last for twenty-four hours, but some times they had to last for two days.

They would bring in corn bread in their wagons, unload, and drive to the dead house outside of the stockade, load up with dead bodies that were but a mass of filth and carrion, drive them to their hole, dump them in, and soon be back with another load of corn bread well seasoned for hungry men. Would sometimes get a little meat, a piece as large as your finger and I have had some bacon that was good, and some of it was very lively for a weak man. Perhaps it was humanity that suggested to them that they should sometimes bring us in some fresh beef that had been boiled enough to become a rare slime, it would rope from one piece to another as we would pull it apart to eat it; and again, they would bring us some that was good.

It has been stated lately that the hounds kept at Andersonville were not blood hounds. I say, they were, and there are some poor fellows that were unfortunate enough to tunnel under the stockade who, if still living, can this day show the work of their fangs. Every morning, as sure as daylight came, that pack of hounds used to be taken in a circle round the prison, and many times have I heard the loud prolonged bay of the hounds as they had taken the scent, and when the prisoners are caught, if not nearly torn to pieces, there was a little machine called the stocks in which they were stretched out. This held them by the neck and heels, with their faces to the sun.

But enough. I don't wish to dig any more of this corruption out of the old sore, But I do hope that I will not live to see the day when any man shall have the privilege of voting for Jeff Davis for any office that our Government has the power to bestow. No man would dislike to hear of another war with the South more than I, but if such should be the case I would like to belong to a regiment made up of Andersonville prisoners, and our war cry should be, "Remember Andersonville."

Those Enormous Expenses.

Notwithstanding all the howling about the corruption of the Republican party, it is a demonstrable fact that the expenses, deducting those which appertain exclusively to the war, are less per head than they were under the Democratic administration of James Buchanan.

The following figures, in round numbers, for the year ending June 30, 1875, tell their own story:

Annual expenses for 1858		$82,000,000
Annual expenses for 1859		84,000,000
Annual expenses for 1860		77,000,000
		$243,000,000
Per year		$81,000,000
Expense for 1875		$274,000,000
From which deduct Interest on debt of Democratic war	$103,000,000	
Sinking fund appropriation	25,000,000	
Pensions on account of war	20,000,000	
Internal revenue expenses on account of war	7,000,000	
Refunding war taxes	1,500,000	
War damages paid	4,000,000	
Printing bonds & notes and negotiating	2,000,000	
Extra clerk hire caused by war	500,000	
Interest on Pacific Railway bonds	4,000,000	
		$176,000,000
Per year		$86,000,000
Currency		$98,000,000
Difference between currency and gold on $98,000,000, average		12,000,000

Democratic expenses—population in 1860, 31,000,000; expenses, $81,000,000; equal to $2.61 per head.

Republican expenses—population in 1875, 42,000,000; expenses, $86,000,000; equal to $2.05 per head.

This is allowing nothing on account of army expenses caused by mobs in the South, which grew out of the Democratic rebellion, nor anything for increase of army, caused solely by the rebellion, which amout to $15,000,000. Every Republican newspaper should publish this exhibit.

A rascally Frenchman recently constructed a free pass in the shape of a wooden leg that carried him from Sherbrooke, P. Q., to Concord, N. H. He simply made a leg of white ash with a cushioned socket for his knee to rest in, crooked his leg at a right angle, and started. Wherever he went the conductors passed him, while the passengers dropped money and tears into his hat. When he reached Concord, after leaving the train with a caution from the conductor not to slip down, he pulled off his funny wooden leg, waved it in the air, and vamosed.

Stock hogs can be wintered thriftily on finely cut clover hay, corn fodder, and potatoes, if these articles are steamed or scalded with hot water, and a litttle bran or meal sprinkled on. The fodder will be greedily eaten, if prepared in this way.

Moses smote the water. That was before anybody had struck oil.