

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, one year, \$1.50; Six copies, one year, \$8.00; One copy, three months, \$1.00; One copy, one month, \$1.00.

READING MATTER EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser

ESTABLISHED 1856. (Largest Paper in the State.)

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1877.

VOL. 21.—NO. 52.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, one year, \$1.50; Six copies, one year, \$8.00; One copy, three months, \$1.00; One copy, one month, \$1.00.

READING MATTER EVERY PAGE

This Earth is Not Our Only Home.

When bowed with sorrow and with care, When earth's saddest tempest o'er us sweeps, When friends do die like our own, And me the heart and eye to weep, We look beyond this world of care, And there behold our only home.

MARY'S ANSWER.

"No, Charles, it cannot be. As a friend I esteem you; but I cannot be your wife. Have compassion on me, but do not press me further."

Mary Granville stood before me as she thus spoke, with her hands clasped like an aspen, and I fancied that there was a tear in her eye. She was a beautiful girl, and I had thought her as good and as pure as she was beautiful; and further than this I had believed that she loved me.

"I cannot be your wife!" was her reply. "Then," said I, with more warmth than I might have displayed under other circumstances, "I leave you to yourself, and while I strive to shake off the love that has bound me to you, I only hope when you lead another into your net, you will keep him after you have caught him."

"I struggled with myself, and told Jack I had swallowed a lot of cigar smoke. I arose and opened one of the windows and stepped out upon the balcony, where the fresh air partially restored me to myself. At a late hour Jack departed for the hotel; and when I retired to my chamber I needed not to say that I was long awake. I could no longer mislead myself by the notion that I had drunk quite enough to bring the flush to my cheek.

"Oh, heaven!" I ejaculated, as I sank into a chair; "I wonder not that she fears to trust her life in my keeping."

"She would be worse than mad to take a husband whose opening pathway of life led to the pit into which the loved ones of the other days had fallen."

"But," I asked myself, "why did she not tell me the whole truth?" I found no difficulty in answering the question. I knew how sensitive she was. I knew that she had been afraid of wounding my feelings. Perhaps she thought me proud and headstrong enough to resist such liberties on her part; and perhaps she imagined that I might look upon her course as the offer of her hand in consideration of my renouncing the wine cup, and that I might spurn the offer.

"Another week passed, and I became more sad and lonesome. My business was irksome to me, and my books and papers afforded me no respite. In fact I could not read, for my mind was never on the page before me.

Another Sabbath to the church, and I saw Mary again. It seemed to me that she was paler than before, and her eyes looked as though she had been weeping lately. During the succeeding week I received a visit from my college chum, Jack Stanton, who had just opened a law office in Berryville. After supper, as we sat in our cozy parlor, smoking cigars, I suggested that a bottle of wine might not be amiss. Jack shook his head.

"No, Charlie," he said, "leave the wine for those who need it." "You used to drink, Jack." "Yes, but it never did me a particle of good."

"As for that I will not say; but my boy, I will tell you what I can say. It shall never do me any harm! I know it has harmed others, who are as strong as I am. By the way, Charlie, isn't Mary Granville here?" "Yes," said I.

"Do you know her?" he asked quickly. I turned away my face, and pretended that I heard something at the window. "I have seen her," I replied, when I had composed myself. "She plays the organ in our church."

"She and I were schoolmates," pursued Stanton; "and speaking of wine brings her to my mind. Do you know anything of her early life?" "No."

"Poor Mary, I never think of her without my resolution of total abstinence growing stronger. When we were school children together her father was the richest man in Berryville, and she and her brother were the happiest of the happy. Mr. Granville was in the habit of drinking wine, and the habit grew on him until he could not do without his brandy. He was of a social disposition, and in time it came to pass that he was greatly intoxicated. Of course, under such circumstances, one of two things must happen: the man must reform or be reformed; and Mr. Granville did not reform; and ere many years he died a drunkard's death, leaving his family in poverty and suffering. Thomas, the son, who was four years older than Mary, became very dissipated, and at the age of eighteen was killed in a street fight in New York."

"Mrs. Granville survived him but a few months, absolutely dying of a broken heart. Poor Mary, thus left fatherless and motherless, without brother or sister, at the age of fifteen, was forced to earn the bread she ate, and nobly she did so. If you know her, Charlie, you know one of the grandest women that ever lived. But—what is the matter? Why bless me, you look as pale as a ghost!"

"I struggled with myself, and told Jack I had swallowed a lot of cigar smoke. I arose and opened one of the windows and stepped out upon the balcony, where the fresh air partially restored me to myself. At a late hour Jack departed for the hotel; and when I retired to my chamber I needed not to say that I was long awake. I could no longer mislead myself by the notion that I had drunk quite enough to bring the flush to my cheek.

"Oh, heaven!" I ejaculated, as I sank into a chair; "I wonder not that she fears to trust her life in my keeping."

"She would be worse than mad to take a husband whose opening pathway of life led to the pit into which the loved ones of the other days had fallen."

"But," I asked myself, "why did she not tell me the whole truth?" I found no difficulty in answering the question. I knew how sensitive she was. I knew that she had been afraid of wounding my feelings.

wrong. Tell me, Mary, do you love me?" "I cannot speak falsely," she whispered tremblingly; "for my own peace of mind, perhaps, I love you too deeply."

"Listen to me one moment," I added, drawing her nearer to me, and when I tell you what I have learned, you shall be the judge."

"She did not strive to free her hands, but gazed up eagerly into my face, and her eyes beamed with a hopeful light. "You know John Stanton?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "He was my best friend while at college, and our friendship has not grown less."

"He has been to see me, and told me of the trials and sufferings of one of the schoolmates of his earlier days. Oh, Mary, I think I know very well why you refused my hand, and I blame you not. It may be that our paths may be different through life; but you shall at least know that the whom you loved will so live that he shall not be unworthy of your kindest remembrance. I know that hitherto my feet have walked in paths of danger; but henceforth I am freed from the dread strain. Under the new light just dawned upon me, I hold the wine up to be a fearful enemy, and I would show it as I would a shameful life and a clouded death-bed. For my sake I would do this, so that my sainted mother if she can look down from Heaven upon her boy, can smile approvingly upon the course he has chosen. And now, Mary, if at some future time you should feel that you could trust your happiness to my keeping, you will give me some token thereof, and I will come again and ask for your hand, and should it be my blessed lot to receive it, I will devote every energy of my being to make your life a joyous and happy one."

"I let go her hands, and bowed my head to wipe away a tear. I had turned toward the door, really intending to depart and give her time for reflection; but when she pronounced my name, I looked back, and her hands were stretched out toward me.

"Not now," I whispered. "I will not ask your answer yet. Watch me; prove me! Only give me assurance that I have your love, and I will—"

I stopped speaking, for Mary's head had been pillowed on my bosom, and she was weeping like a child.

"Now!" she uttered, as I wound my arms around her. "Oh, Charles! I never doubted your truth. I know you cannot deceive me. God bless you for your noble resolution, and let me help you keep it!"

"I cannot tell how long I stopped that night. I can only tell that I was very happy, and that my prospects for the coming year were bright."

The following Sabbath, a calm and pleasant day, the organ gave forth a new strain. The daughters of Zion were no longer in a strange land. They had taken their harps down from the willows and within the temple, more resplendent than of old, sang the song that had aforetime made joyous the city of their God. All marked the grandeur of the fairy organist on that beautiful Sabbath morning, and seemed moved by the inspiration. To see it was like the outpourings of a redeemed soul, and with bowed head and folded hands I gave myself up to the sublime influence.

founders. They would talk about the reserved rights of the States at a baby show, and lecture on the evils of centralism at a funeral.—Inter Ocean.

A Test of Courtesy.

A singular incident occurred on one of the cars of the Pleasant Valley Passenger Railway a few days ago, which serves to illustrate the importance of every one being willing to grant, by way of courtesy, what he exacts from others in like manner. In other words, it is not only improper, but may prove very embarrassing for persons to set up a rule of politeness for others which they are unwilling to have applied to themselves.

A car on the road was joggling along from Allegheny to Pittsburg. Among those first in the car was a negro who had a seat. Finally, the last seat was occupied, and a white man entered. He stood up for a time, and the next stop was made for the admission of a lady. The car started again, and while several of the passengers who had seats were gentlemen, none offered to rise that the lady might be seated. And just here it may be remarked that it does make some difference in forming a judgment as to what ought to be done in such a case whether the person is sitting or standing. The white man, who was holding on to a strap, and overcoming his jolting as best he could, seemed to have a much keener appreciation of the courtesy due to the lady than the colored man, or any of his white brethren who were so comfortably seated. After glancing at several of the seated gentlemen, none of whom seemed to be particularly concerned about the lady who was less fortunate, he at length fastened his eyes on the negro, and addressing him, said:

"Sir, could you oblige this lady by giving her a seat?" The negro could not resist the appeal, and as he rose the lady acknowledged the courtesy with a bow to the black man and a complacent glance toward the person who had spoken in her behalf. To the mind of every one in the car, perhaps, there was something more conveyed than the words themselves indicated. It was a delicate rebuke to the negro for sitting so long while a lady was compelled to stand and undergo the awkward surging of the car.

Now for the sequel: The lady rode but a few blocks, and as she got up to leave she saw a man standing in the aisle, who she recognized as the colored man who had given her a seat. She was a subsequent finding, which too plainly indicated the impression that the white man "scored one" against his colored brother. In a few minutes the bell rang again, the car stopped, and a stately daughter of Africa is added to the compelled-to-stand-up alongside of her dusky brother, who at once saw his opportunity and seized it. Turning to the gentleman who had so politely appealed to him under like circumstances, he said:

"Sir, will you be good enough to oblige this lady with a seat?" The passengers bit their lips, turned in their seats, and did other queer things as the white man rose and rendered his seat to the colored lady. From which let us learn never to exact from others, by way of politeness, what we are not willing to concede under like circumstances.

Captain Burton's Discoveries in the Land of Midian. A correspondent of the Times, writing from Alexandria, informs the public that Captain Burton, the African traveler, has made a "find" of unusual interest. At the request of the Khedive he visited the "land of Midian," the desolate region on the eastern side of the Gulf of Suez, the easternmost of the two long and narrow peninsulas in which the Red Sea ends.

Accompanied by M. George Marie, a French engineer, Captain Burton landed in Midian on the 21st of April, and in an exploration of some weeks explored a region full of ruined towns built of solid masonry, with made artificial lakes and massive fortresses, all marking a wealthy and powerful people. Their wealth was based on mining operations, and Captain Burton reports the existence of gold, silver, tin, antimony, and turquoise mines. The auriferous region is extensive; indeed, the discoverer believes he has opened up a California, and the Khedive proposes to have the country worked by European capitalists.

It will be remembered that in the Bible Midian is always described as a land full of metals, especially gold, silver and lead. It is more than probable that Solomon's Ophir was situated there, as the small ships in which he imported gold, ivory, and peacocks were launched at the head of the Red Sea. Midian is part of the Egyptian Viceroyalty.—London Spectator.

A man of genius never seeks applause; while the little minded or those who have but a small portion of intellect, try by their vanity and concealed boastings to build upon the mental resources of others their own fame and reputation. However it is for the best, for they soon fall to their proper level—once they reach it, they never rise.

Ex-Presidents Fillmore and Van Buren visited England in 1856, and the New York World calls attention to the fact that they attracted very little notice in that country. Mr. Buchanan, as American Minister, took precedence at court and in all formalities and ceremonies of the ex-Presidents. The reception of ex-President Grant is different in every particular. The people of England are enthusiastic over his visit, all classes hasten to pay him honor, and the Queen and Prince of Wales receive him as a guest honored above all others.

by unanimous vote of both branches of the Legislature which preceded the Chamberlain Legislature. These modest South Carolinians want all the judges, and law and justice don't stand in their way.

Religion of Nature.

There is something exceedingly pleasing and sublime in the contemplation of the growth of vegetables, the germination of seeds, appearance of sprouts, development of stems, branches, leaves, buds, blossoms, flowers and fruits, their variegated forms, dimensions, movements, colors and orders. Some persons, who have never turned their attention to this subject till the evening of their days, have been astonished at the wonders which burst on their view. A new state of existence seemed to open upon them. Their perception and estimate of things were changed. Instead of considering the world as calculated only for what man too generally makes it—a scene for the display and gratification of the most groveling and sordid passions—they find a theater crowded with enchanting specimens of the Creator's skill, the study of which imparts the sweetest pleasures and the knowledge of which contributes the greatest wealth.

These pious, mistaken people who incessantly murmur against the world and long to depart from the "howling wilderness," as they are pleased to term it, approach their Maker by reviling his works. They are waiting for future displays of His glory and neglect those revailing ones by which they are surrounded, forgetting that "the whole earth is full of His glory," looking for sources of pleasure to come and closing their eyes to those before them, thirsting for the waters of heaven, and despising the living fountain which the Father of all intelligents has opened for them on earth. They seem to think happiness hereafter will not depend upon knowledge or that knowledge will be acquired without effort—a kind of passive enjoyment independent of the exercise of their intellectual or spiritual energies. But they have no ground to hope for any such thing. Reasoning from the analogy and nature of mind, the happiness of spirits must consist in being imbued with a love of nature in contemplating the wisdom and other attributes of the Deity as they are unfolded in the works of creation. In what does this consist? It is not possible that human or finite beings of any class can ever know God except through the medium of his works.

It is admitted that the study of nature is a source of exquisite pleasure to intelligent beings and the most refined ones, that the mind can conceive of; it is also one that can never be exhausted. These persons, therefore, who take no pleasure in examining the works of creation here, are little prepared to enter upon more extensive and more scrutinizing views of them in the other world. If they have no wish for an acquaintance with the Creator's works while they live, they have no right to expect new favors for them after death. The works of God are all perfect, these in this world as well as those in the other, and he that can look with apathy upon a lily or a rose, a pearly dew-drop or a fly, or any other production of a flower-garden or forest, has not begun to live. Besides, we are not sure that other worlds possess more captivating or more enabling subjects for contemplation and research, more thrilling proofs of the wisdom and beneficence of God.

An occurrence has lately transpired at Nice. A notorious habitue of the Casino, who had made his money principally there, had set up a veritable pair of horses, "tiger and all, and cut quite a swell driving around in the neighborhood. One day he was riding in the environs of the town upon the fine roads, when his servant, sitting upon the raised box behind, who had been feeling somewhat uneasy at not receiving his wages for some time, seeing his master quite alone, ventured to ask him if he would make it convenient to pay him.

The master was in a good humor, and asked: "How much is it, La Fleur?" "One hundred and twenty-five livres, may it please you, monsieur." "Very well, here it is," said the master, spreading the sum in paper currency upon the seat of the vehicle. "Now La Fleur, have you a pack of cards with you?" "Certainly," answered the obliging lackey. "I always carry them, monsieur," producing a pack at once. "That is well. Now, I will be bankrupt, and you shall play against me. I will take the front seat, the back one shall serve for our table."

The master assented to this, amused at his master's condescension. Look was rather on the master's side, but both became eager in the game, thinking of that and that only. Little by little the footman's money was going, until all that was left of his wages was five livres. He began to feel anxious, when suddenly the lack turned and he won the whole sum back with every sou the master had about him. Piqued at his loss, the master wagered a horse, which the lackey won, then its mate, next the harness, and lastly the carriage itself. Luck ran all one way, and the servant, La Fleur, won everything. The master took out his watch and put it down against a given sum. The cards were shuffled; the lackey won. "I have nothing more, La Fleur; you have cleaned me out," said the half-desperate gambler. The servant was in high spirits at his strange run of luck. "Here are a hundred livres, monsieur. I will stake them against your position; if you win they are yours. If you lose we change seats."

"Agreed!" The cards were shuffled. La Fleur won, and the vehicle returned to Nice with its former master sitting in the servant's box behind, and La Fleur beside him. Mr. Daringer Weighs Himself. A happier man than Mr. Baringer never whistled himself home. Everything had gone well with him three days. He had worked off some billions looking fifty cent pieces, that his clerk had taken in, on a gullest rustic customer, and then he had charged them up to the clerk for taking them in. His lawyer had collected a bill of a man Baringer thought dead; the assessor had made a mistake and only assessed his property at less than one-third its actual value; and Mr. Baringer was pretty confident he could get one of paying the tax altogether, on the ground of erroneous assessment. And then, finally, a policeman had shot his neighbor's dog. Everything transpired to make Mr. Baringer feel happy as the heart of a spring. He whistled all the way home, and he trotted a merry round in a deep rich wheelbarrow tone as he skipped up the stairs, he smiled as he entered the hall, and there the song died away, and the smile went out of the silent gates of the Was, down into the echelon sides of the silent Had Been, out into the shoreless sea of the distant "Ain't come" back again; and Mr. Baringer stood transfixed. "Well," he growled after a moment of silent reflection and contemplation, "the object that had so suddenly changed his happy mood, 'what next, I wonder?' As if there weren't enough legitimate uses for money to make it go faster than any one man can earn it, somebody must go and buy scales with it. What under the sun, what in the name of common sense can we do or want with grocery scales here? I believe in my soul that woman would buy a complete set of Fairbank's hay scales if some peddler would come along and offer it to her."

He dashed his hat violently on the hat rack, and climbed moodily on the scales to weigh himself. "Fancy old scales, too," he said, "carpeted platform and nickel-plated indicator. I wonder if I've gained anything since last fall!" But, as he stepped his full weight upon the platform, he was surprised to observe no change in the dial. The indicator pointed at "nothing" as resolutely as though it meant it. "Hah!" exclaimed Mr. Baringer, in some amusement. And he bounced himself lightly on the platform, and watched the indicator with some appearance of interest. But it never took the slightest notice of him. Then Mr. Baringer became excited. He jumped up and down on the platform, and urged himself down like a tidal wave, but the indicator never smiled, and obstinately indicated the nothing point at every effort. Then Mr. Baringer got frightened and a little mad. "By thunder!" he exclaimed, "I know better than that; I know I weigh a pound, anyhow. Here," he shouted nervously, "I'll see what you mean by this!" And he ran out and brought in an armful of bricks and piled them on the platform, and seated himself on them; but the indicator remained as steadily as though it had been merely painted on the dial plate. Then he went out again, his eyes starting at each other across the top of his nose, and came staggering in with the axe, and the lawn mower, and held them on like Madia among the ruins, and glared at the indicator with a dreadful expression of countenance; and the indicator only seemed to settle a little more firmly in its place, and that was all. Then he walked forth again, and came in with his hair standing on end, and piled a box of sand, a coal scuttle, a pair of dumb bells, a coil of lead pipe and a piece of curlstone on, and climbed to the summit of the heap and looked. The platform groaned under the tremendous weight, and the indicator braced itself up, and indicated that it wasn't going to budge under any such inducements. Then Mr. Baringer got mad. He cried and dimed down to the door, and began to bombard the thing with the various articles he had piled on it, and he yelled and howled at it until the racket brought the servants and the children and Mrs. Baringer into the hall. "Erasmus Baringer!" shrieked his wife, "what are you doing? What is the matter with you?" "Matter?" he yelled, trying to throw the lawn mower at the dial. "Doing? 'S matter with me? Ruined! Ruined by a woman that will buy anything a peddler can bring her. Scales that wouldn't show an ounce if you piled mountains on 'em! Scales! A blamed old lying-fraud! An old piece of iron that would be rejected at a bankrupt junk shop! Scales! A vile, miserable, fraudulent!" Mrs. Baringer was down in a corner of the hall, holding on to the carpet with both hands, screaming with laughter, and on the verge of convulsions. "O, help! help! help!" she shrieked. "O, I am going to die, I know I am! O, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, he, he, he! O, dear, dear, what a fool a man is! O, mercy, mercy! O, Erasmus Baringer, you'll be the death of me yet! O, mercy, mercy! Sca—ha, ha, ha—le! Ho, ha, he! Scales! O, Erasmus Baringer! Scales! O, I'm a dying woman! Can't you stop me, somebody! Scales! O, you donkey! It's my new healthifter!"—Burlington Hawk.

Detected by a Dream. This singular incident, that hints at a psychological mystery which the spiritualists unravel satisfactorily enough to themselves, but which clear headed scientists can not easily explain, is vouched for by a San Francisco paper. A lady visiting her sister in one of the elegant mansions of that city went out shopping the other day, carelessly leaving her purse, containing coin and a valuable diamond, on a bureau. On her return the purse was missing, and with great trepidation the house was searched over and over, but fruitlessly. In the middle of the night the lady of the house was awakened by the entrance of her sister, who was acting in the most singular manner and asking nervously for writing materials. Her nervous system seemed to be highly excited, and she did not appear to be in her right mind, though it was not a case of somnambulism. Paper and pencil were given to her, and she immediately covered the former with scrawls which were hardly decipherable. She soon quieted down and passed into her normal condition, when the two ladies set themselves to work to decipher the writing, in which they were finally successful, finding, however, it all to be a repetition of the sentence, "She has hid it under the stool." They decided that "she" meant the new servant, and proceeding to the latter's door they knocked for admittance. At the foot of the bed stood a covered stool, the cover reaching to the floor. Highly excited, the ladies rushed to it, tipped it over, and there lay the lost purse, with its contents intact. The servant from the outside of the door had closely watched the ladies' movements, and as they placed their hands upon the stool she turned, ran down stairs, unlocked a door, and rushed into the street and away before she could be apprehended, and she has not been seen or heard of since. So far from being a spiritualist, the lady is very positive in her disbelief of any such agency, and, moreover, is an old school Presbyterian, and in accordance with her religious doctrines is opposed to any such theory as spiritualistic influence.

A Lamb With a Cow Mother. A short time ago a fine Outworld ewe belonging to Maj. McDonald, of Davison county, gave birth to a black lamb, immediately after which she died. About the same time a young heifer on the Major's place dropped a calf which died. The Major, soon after consulting "Handful Sheep Husbandry," placed the lamb with the heifer, first holding it up to the cow's under till it suckled. The result of the affair is that the heifer at once adopted the lamb, and it is now fat, thrifty and vigorous, being but seven weeks old and weighing over fifty pounds.—Sedalia Times.

Hunters for the buried treasure of the late lamented Capt. Kidd will be interested in curious experiments with the "divining rod" made near Baltimore recently. The gentlemen brigands who have plowed the Atlantic coast with forked sticks of witch-hazel, only to find that the iron pots of their ancestor were guarded by the Devil, will appreciate the discovery that the "rod" is composed of two pieces of rattan, united at one end by a brass cap, and held at the other by a good Method. It is claimed by a correspondent that compliance with these conditions inevitably results in finding water at camp-meeting, and the deduction is not illogical that the same implement, properly handled by a professing brother, will turn up the hard-earned savings of the defunct pirate.—St. Joe Herald.

jected at a bankrupt junk shop! Scales! A vile, miserable, fraudulent!" Mrs. Baringer was down in a corner of the hall, holding on to the carpet with both hands, screaming with laughter, and on the verge of convulsions. "O, help! help! help!" she shrieked. "O, I am going to die, I know I am! O, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, he, he, he! O, dear, dear, what a fool a man is! O, mercy, mercy! O, Erasmus Baringer, you'll be the death of me yet! O, mercy, mercy! Sca—ha, ha, ha—le! Ho, ha, he! Scales! O, Erasmus Baringer! Scales! O, I'm a dying woman! Can't you stop me, somebody! Scales! O, you donkey! It's my new healthifter!"—Burlington Hawk.

Detected by a Dream. This singular incident, that hints at a psychological mystery which the spiritualists unravel satisfactorily enough to themselves, but which clear headed scientists can not easily explain, is vouched for by a San Francisco paper. A lady visiting her sister in one of the elegant mansions of that city went out shopping the other day, carelessly leaving her purse, containing coin and a valuable diamond, on a bureau. On her return the purse was missing, and with great trepidation the house was searched over and over, but fruitlessly. In the middle of the night the lady of the house was awakened by the entrance of her sister, who was acting in the most singular manner and asking nervously for writing materials. Her nervous system seemed to be highly excited, and she did not appear to be in her right mind, though it was not a case of somnambulism. Paper and pencil were given to her, and she immediately covered the former with scrawls which were hardly decipherable. She soon quieted down and passed into her normal condition, when the two ladies set themselves to work to decipher the writing, in which they were finally successful, finding, however, it all to be a repetition of the sentence, "She has hid it under the stool." They decided that "she" meant the new servant, and proceeding to the latter's door they knocked for admittance. At the foot of the bed stood a covered stool, the cover reaching to the floor. Highly excited, the ladies rushed to it, tipped it over, and there lay the lost purse, with its contents intact. The servant from the outside of the door had closely watched the ladies' movements, and as they placed their hands upon the stool she turned, ran down stairs, unlocked a door, and rushed into the street and away before she could be apprehended, and she has not been seen or heard of since. So far from being a spiritualist, the lady is very positive in her disbelief of any such agency, and, moreover, is an old school Presbyterian, and in accordance with her religious doctrines is opposed to any such theory as spiritualistic influence.

A Lamb With a Cow Mother. A short time ago a fine Outworld ewe belonging to Maj. McDonald, of Davison county, gave birth to a black lamb, immediately after which she died. About the same time a young heifer on the Major's place dropped a calf which died. The Major, soon after consulting "Handful Sheep Husbandry," placed the lamb with the heifer, first holding it up to the cow's under till it suckled. The result of the affair is that the heifer at once adopted the lamb, and it is now fat, thrifty and vigorous, being but seven weeks old and weighing over fifty pounds.—Sedalia Times.

Hunters for the buried treasure of the late lamented Capt. Kidd will be interested in curious experiments with the "divining rod" made near Baltimore recently. The gentlemen brigands who have plowed the Atlantic coast with forked sticks of witch-hazel, only to find that the iron pots of their ancestor were guarded by the Devil, will appreciate the discovery that the "rod" is composed of two pieces of rattan, united at one end by a brass cap, and held at the other by a good Method. It is claimed by a correspondent that compliance with these conditions inevitably results in finding water at camp-meeting, and the deduction is not illogical that the same implement, properly handled by a professing brother, will turn up the hard-earned savings of the defunct pirate.—St. Joe Herald.

But I "pass," said a minister, one Sunday, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it speed!" yelled a man from the gallery who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, being assisted by one of the deacons.