BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1877.

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Close by the Door.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

I will stop in this long stretch of shadow, To think of it. I, Davie Gray, Am a very old man-so they tell me-Just eighty years old yesterday. It doesn't seem so very long, either, Since I counted my years half a score, And looked strangely at old Deacon Gridley Half-asleep in the chair by the door,

Then I thought, "'Tis forever and ever ; How long and how weary a span Must eighty years be to live over!" And I pitfed the sleepy old man. haven't done much for the Master, Nor much for his creatures, I know; should have worked better and faster, Before the years hurried me so.

lighty years! They hold shadow and sun

A home, a few acres of land, A few leving words from the children, A clasp that dropped out of my hand; The sound of a lullaby loving, Of my mother's low prayer by my bed; The echo of clods on her coflin, The day daughter Nellie was wed;

A remembrance of bugles in battle, Of sounds, and awaking again; long sunshiny days without shadow, And tempests of horrible pain. Then holidays seemed crowded closer, Like beads on a string that is frayed-It will scatter them shortly-some Beulah, Some Marahs, some sin-burdens laid;

But, oh, such a poor little record To write underneath the fourscore! What an item to buy me admission, Close up though I be to the door. Stop! What was that beautiful story The school children sang yesterday? I can't quite remember. Ah, truly, They sang of "the Boer," and "the Way

It is the beautiful, tender old story: How loving our Father must be, To send, out of mist and distraction, Such comfort and counsel to me! Shall beckon me in by and by, afe-guided where He shall conduct me-

My place isn't up very high.

Translated from the French for the New York Times.

Knight who had just returned from beauty shall not be wanting, butthe wars and married his cousin Yse-

The bride was beautiful and young. of listeners, whose curiosity was rais-The blended tints of the lily and the ed to the highest pitch. rose are not more lovely than was the delicate bloom of the girlish chate- the answer.

The Knight no longer cared for the excitements of the combat; his only Cash paid for Butter & Eggs desire now was for the pleasures of spreading out his hand, toward the bles, and the servant found that his home lifer His sword was allowed to child. rust in its scabbard, and he thought | Yseult snatched up her baby-but | looked at it, though from time to time beside himself with rage and horror. order on short notice and at reasonable prices. Has had long experience and can bright surface as if inviting the death shall avenge the misfortunes of IN BROWNVILLE THE once more. The sun had its trouble plunged it into the breast of Theos.

for its pains, the armor was left un- But to the astonishment of all, the disturbed on the wall.

were now bidden to the castle, not for- killed him, and served him right. a long hidden truth, and you know happiness turned to shame, their only my dear children, there is nothing son a hunchback!

more dangerous than to make and But the young husband and wife republish such a discovery. Now there is no doubt that this the better to accomplish this, they magician was a brave old fellow, who prayed God to send them another busied himself in trying to benefit son. In another year this prayer was humanity, he was very learned, too, granted. They took good care to igand very virtuous. He was old in nore the magician at the baptismal years, but always young in feeling, fete of this second child. The boy and inspired the greatest confidence was straight, as well as strong and

in all who came near him.

do to secure this great good.'

you have many kinsmen who ought to be able to assist you in this matter; call them together this evening, and after the banquet, ask each one to wish something for your son; I will answer that all the wishes shall be

fulfilled, but on one condition.' 'And what may that be?' "That I may also form a wish for

'It is no condition that you exact from me,' replied the young father, but a very great honor you confer. I am sure you will only wish what will make my boy both good and happy.

'This evening, then.' 'This evening.' At the time appointed Yseult ap- old servant. peared in the great salon of reception holding in her arms the baby, all enveloped in lace and silk stuffs, and

fast asleep. Then she laid it gently world, my boy. down in its cradle of gold and ivory, while the father invited the guests to look at his heir, and told them what the magician had engaged to do. Immediately after Theos appeared.

'Gentlemen,' he said to the cave- you are bunchbacked.' orders From Neighboring Towns Hers who surrounded the cradle, 'happiness is very hard to find. We all love this little one because we love its parents, and we must all wish for the wrongdoing is pardoned oftener than with eyes full of admiration. I jointhings most likely to make it happy. misfortune." I have the power to make your wish-Loading Single and Repeating, 7, 16 and 34 shootes es certainties. Speak, my friend, adds. Rovolvers, 5, 6 and 7 shooters, \$2,69 to \$20.

Goods sent by Express C. O. D., with privilege to ed he, addressing the father, 'what do

'That he may be brave,' replied the Knight.

RICAGA

'A noble wish,' said Theos, 'and it is the first that should have been made; but the boy would have been brave in any event, for are you not his father, and have you not the name of being the sight of me?' one of the bravest knights in Christendom?' The cavalier bowed.

'And you, Madam ; what do you desire for your child?' asked Theos of

him,' replied the mother.

was a very gallant magician.) guests he said to one of them, 'What ror, admiring himself.

do you wish for the son of our host?' have lived,' was the reply. 'And you?' he asked of another.

'That he may be always rich.' 'And you?' 'That he may be always strong.' Still there were three more wishes;

girl-cousins of the baby. 'May he have beautiful blonde hair' said the first. 'And eyes blue as sapphire,' added the second. 'And teeth like pearls,' wished the third.

kinswomen have desired for him.' 'Thanks, Theos, but you have a

prowning gift to add to all these.' 'Well, what is it?'

'You give me permission?' 'Yes, for I know that it will be the most precious gift of all, because of your great wisdom, and your great love for us.'

Theos seemed to turn over in his mind all possible things that might complete the happines of the child. BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, THE YOUNGER | Everybody was silent. Then turning toward the frail creature, the magic-

'Thou wilt be brave and love thy In a solitary chateau on the borders parents, long years will be thine, and of the Rhine there once lived a young great strength and riches, and great The magician paused. 'But what?' asked the whole circle

'But thou will be a hunchback,' was

Yseult cried out, while her husband cried out with anger.

about it no more than if it were a di- it was too late-its little back was alstaff. As for his armor, he scarcely ready deformed. The Knight was young man to don it, and ride forth my son.' And drawing his sword he

wounded man neither staggered nor After a time a baby son was given to fell. Such things are of little account the cavalier, and, as you may well to a great magician. He quietly drew think, this arrival made no end of re- out the sword, saying, 'It is stained joleings in the old chateau, for the with the blood of an honest man.' Esop. new comer was the one link that And so, with a forgiving smile, he bound still closer the Knight and the disappeared, no one knew whither. For many years he was unbeard of. All the friends of the happy couple Some thought that the wound had

getting a certain magician who lived The rest of the company soon deon the other bank of the river, and parted in no very gay mood; but, as whose life had once upon a time been | you may suppose, none of them bearsaved by the Knight. He found the ing the burden of sorrow that weighed wise man with a halter about his down the hearts of the young parents. neck charged with having discovered Their joy changed into grief, their

solved to hide their misfortune; and beautiful. He had also the lovely The magician went to the baptism hair of golden tint, with the sapphire and saw the child, who was called eyes and pearly teeth of his unlucky brother. Thus he was received with 'My dear Theos,' said the Knight, a welcome as warm as the one that 'I am very anxious that my son shall had greeted the heir. He soon bebe happy, and as you know every- came the most important personage thing, you can tell me what I must in the chateau. Everybody waited on his looks, obeyed his commands. The magician replied: 'Sir Knight, humored his caprices. The deformed boy was given entirely to the care of an old servant, who fortunately was

devoted to him; as he grew apace in his poor, crooked way. Sometimes the beautiful, proud mother, moved by an impulse of natural affection, came on tip-toe to the door of the boy's chamber, praying God to give her courage to embrace her son, but when she saw the little fellow with the terrible hump on his back, crouched in a corner, the al-

ways sprang back murmuring : 'Was there ever anything so dreadful? I cannot, cannot kiss him! 'Who is the lady who looks in at my door?' once asked the boy of the

'Your mother,' was the reply. 'And what is a mother?' 'She who brought you into the

'Why, then, does she not love me is I am her child? It seems to me that she should care for her own flesh and blood.'

'She does not care for you because 'Is it wrong, then, for me to carry this hump ?' 'No, but it is a misfortune, and

'Then because my back is round, instead of stright, I am not to be loved? 'It seems so, my poor child.

'But you love me, though?'

'Yes, with all my heart.' 'But why?'

'Just because you are unfortunate.' 'And why do you, a stranger, love that I feel nothing else. My friend, me for that which causes my mother, who should care for me most, to hate

made,' replied Herman, with a sad

As the boy grew, his infirmity also 'That he shall love me as I love increased, until he was frightfully deformed, while his brother sprang into 'He will love you Madam as soon as a beautiful lad, so beautiful that they the history of his birth and baptism, he is able to know you.' (Here, my called him Phoebus. The young gen- and the family council over his cra- song?" readers, you will observe that Theos tleman was quite aware of his good | dle. looks, and passed whole hours in Then turning toward the older marching up and down before a mir- said poor Esop.

The little hunchback also looked at tinued the kindly old man. 'As you that price for your songs.' 'That he may live as many years as his mirror, but only to laugh at his cannot enjoy the pleasures that your But think. If you indeed wish to poor plight. One day he saw some brother lives for, you must seek com- sing like me I must give you my children playing in the court of the fort elsewhere; your soul is pure and hump. It is my music box." castle, and said, 'I should like to play good, though your body is deformed;

vant. The child ran off eagerly, but envy you the gift.' three wishes to be made by the young a few minutes after he came back, his eyes full of tears.

the old man. 'They made fun of me, and threw stones. You see I am wounded, but 'Sir Knight,' said Theos, your son that is nothing. And then they callwill have all that his kinsmen and ed me a bad name-'Esop.' What

> 'Esop is the name of a man.' 'Of a wicked man, is it not?' 'No, Master Herman, Esop was a very good man.'

growing to be a great man? 'What did he do?'

moral deformity ridiculous.'

'No; he was a slave" 'Why then should I complain, I love soon found voice in delicious balwho am free and rich? I want to lads, written in praise of the young read these fables, it will amuse me more than playing with children who When he finished singing he would

throw stones at me.' The old servant started off to find 'So must it be,' said the magician, understood of the meaning of the fa-

> ideas Were very good. 'So,' said Herman, 'my hump does this great man meant,'

> this? I don't mean my study books, 'Oh, yes; there are a great many

'You will bring me some, then ?' 'Well, what shall I bring?'

and mind, you must always call me The servant obeyed, and little by called, read through his father's libra-

life, until one day, when he happened to see a handsome young knight, might have thought he was basking splendidly mounted, galloping across in his mother's smiles. Scarcely had are as beautiful as Apollo, the divine.' ten in his usual vigorous style. But Euripides, Theocritus and other earthe country.

horse so gallantly?'

'But I have never seen my brother.' 'He does not want to see you.' 'And why?'

'Because you are a hunchback'

is be coming from?' the window.' 'And what was he doing there?'

ble to the young girl whom he wishes to marry. 'And she loves him?'

'And Is he wise?' 'Not overmuch; indeed he knows very little. Your mother has often

told him that he was so beautiful that he needed nothing beside to make him loved.' 'At what age do people marry!' 'At twepty, if one wishes.'

He eagerly doned his handsome suit, sprang on his horse, and then, as he said, started off to seek his for-

covered with mud. 'What is the matter, my poor master?' cried his servant.

rosy as the dawn, and serene as the starry night. She was at her balcony when I passed; so I looked at her ed my hands in supplication. I would have given my life for her. But when she saw me she burst into laughter. Then I spurred my horse so fast that I fell off and rolled on my do."

back."

'You have hurt yourself!'

'The world is so made, my boy." 'Then the world is like me, illy

'What has happened?' demanded

does it mean ?"

'Because he was a hunchback like in some way, even if he had no hu-

who was physically deformed made accompaniments to the equally lovely

the book of fables. The boy was so delighted with Esop that for several nights be hardly slept. Then he tried voice. to explain to his companion what he

not prevent my understanding what 'No, indeed.' 'Are there any more books like

'No matter, so that they are good,

little Esop, as he was thenceforward walk. ry. He was content with his student

'It is the Chevalier Phœbus.' 'And who is he?' 'Your brother.'

'From the chateau that you see from | waited him.

'He went to make bimself agreea-

'She will certainly love him, for he is so handsome, and then he rides splendidly.'

'Well. I want to be married.'

To whom? No matter whom. Have me some peacock, and stupid as a goose. dne clothes made, and tell them to saddle for me a magnificent horse : I am going to ride.' So they made

It was scarcely two hours after when the boy returned, bitterly weeping, his elegant mantle sadly torn and

'Ch! I am very miserable.' 'What has happened?' I have seen a beautiful young girl,

'Never mind that. The laughter of the young girl has wounded me so

I want to die. 'That is not possible.'

'Why not?' 'First, because you would be los for killing yourself, and then you still have many years to live.'

'Who says so?' 'The magician.' 'What magician?'

Then the old servant told the boy back.' 'What will become of me then?'

'Shall I give you some advice?' conso if you learn the art of charming

'Well, in my place, what would you learn to sing.

'I would learn to play the flute.' 'What, blow into a bit of wood like blind beggar! That would make my cheeks as ugly as my back.1 'It is, however, a fine instrument.' 'But there must be others,'

'Yes; there is the harp.'

'What is it like?'

said, 'Bring me the harp.' The poor boy was so sad that he felt Why, then, did they call me Esop? the need of pouring out his sorrows hunchback when he rode by.

ing soul, and to the poet, for poesy you really love me?' and pain are sisters, he soon learned to express himself in song, while his 'He wrote fables, in which the man fingers produced the sweetest musical voice. His heart would swell with you.' 'He was right. And was he born the loftiest strains, while his sapphire Phoebus ran again to his brother. eyes glistened with emotion. Grief had made him a poet, and his

> girl that he had seen on the balcony. allow his head to drop in his hands, while he dreamed. Some one knocked at the door.

'It is I,' said Esop. I will not part with it.' 'And who are you?' 'Yam the elder son of the Count' 'Ah! poor child, will you ever forgive me?' said the retreating voice. 'Who is the woman that speaks so

sadly ?' demanded the young man.

'Who sings here?' said a sweet

'It is a repentant mother,' replied the old servant. 'She repents of what?'

'Of having so long neglected her 'It is my mother, then?'

'Yes, my poor boy.' 'Ah! It is a blessed day! She speaks to me at last.' Afterward. ess scattering flowers on his usual

began a new song, but it was gayer now I smile as did the lake at the first columns. This intention he an- says that cheese formed a part of tho than that of the day before. One rays of light,' be finished his song when some one 'Who is that chevalier who sits his knocked at the door. 'Who is there?'

he asked. 'I, your brother,' replied a cross

voice. 'And what will you?' 'I wish that you would be quiet. My lady-love is here, and your song will annoy her.' Having said this b's kinsmen he would have been like "Crumbs of Comfort." He at once that any of these ancient natious had my Lord Phobus returned to the your other boy. This deformity was a wrote an article, and ordered it to be discovered the use of rennet in mak-

'Where have you been?' said the young girl, poutlngly. 'I have been to silence the young fellow who was singing."

'Why have you done that?' 'Because I thought the noise would

sing like that?' 'No. Why should I?' 'Because I am determined that will not marry you until you can.' Phoebus did not know what to do, for it was simply impossible for him to put together two ideas in a song, or to sing a single note. Always thinking of his body, he had quite forgot-

All this time Esop was in tears, for Phoebus will have grace and beauty. it was very hard that the moment he He will don the armor of his father began to feel some pleasure in singing Esop a mantle embroidered with gold, his brother should command him to ride forth with renown.' and led out a splendidly-caparison- refrain from it. Pheebus knocked again at the door. 'Who is it?' said Esop.

> that you call be brother for the firs ime? 'I come to ask a favor.' 'Enter.'

Phoebus shut the door, and though his brother, he could not help laughing at the sad look of the hunchback. 'What can I do for you?' said Esop | perfectly straight!' 'I want you to teach me to sing the

'It is I, Pheebus, your brother.'

'What do you want with me, now

not marry me until I can sing as you 'And who is this lady?'

Why do you want to know it?'

ong you have just finished.'

'The one that you forbade?'

'Yes,' said Phoebus, blushing.

that I can see from the window?' "Yes." 'Then she is the young girl who thunder and shows his anger in the ed in most of them: laug hed the other day as I passed un- oak-splitting lightning.

'Her name is Angelique.'

der the balcony?" 'Yes, I was there.' 'And you did not beg her to desist

from laughing at you brother?' 'No, indeed! I laughed with her, you looked so droll in your fine clothes, with that hump on your

'And you really want to learn my 'And why not?' 'But it is only the unhappy that

sing as I do.'

'Good gracious, I don't want to pay

Phoebus sought Angelique and toid 'Go down, then,' said the old ser- through your soul, the best men will her of the hard conditions that his brother had made, if he wished to 'Accept them!' said Angellque.

'No, thanks. I would be too ugly.

'How; are you willing to marry a hunchback? 'Since it is the only price that he will take for his gift. 'But you will hate me -when I am

deformed. 'Am I not beautiful enough for both ?' said the girl, 'and I do believe When the old man explained, Esop that I love the beauty of intelligence to mere outward grace.' 'But you laughed yourself at the

man ear to listen to him. With the If I had, I should have pitied him 'And his hump did not prevent his instinct which God gives to the suffer. first, and loved him afterward. Do 'Yes.' 'Well' go and learn to sing.' 'What a foolish fancy.' 'Make haste, or I shall never matry

'Yes; but I had not heard him sing.

'Give me your hump!' he exclaimed. 'Why so?' 'Because you must.' 'Does your lady consert to marry hunchback?'

'Keep it? 'Certainly.' 'But I want it-I must have it.' 'Not so. I have kept it through

'What do you steam.'

'Then I shall keep my hump.'

hunckback provided he sings as I do?' hump. I shall marry the lady my- from the control of the newspaper tant documentary evidence of plotting

room and sought Angelique, and life go out in darkness and gloom, kneeling at her feet, he sang his third | It will be remembered that, shortly song, full of love and tenderness. He sang of a lovely lake, shadowed nation of the Liberals and Democrats | Cheese and curdling of milk was by the night, which left the first rays for the Presidency, he published a card mentioned in the Book of Job. Davof the morning sun, and which moved in which he announced his retirement id was sent by his father Jesse, to carwhile Esop sat dreaming at the win- the loiterer on the banks to trust him- from active editorici management of ry ten cheeses to the camp, and to look, dow, he saw the maids of the Count- self to its gentle rocking. 'Before the Tribune. When it became plain how his brothers fared. "Cheese of seeing you,' the song said, 'my soul that he was defeated in the election, kine' formed part of the supplies of was this shadowed lake, for all was his first thought was for his paper, and David's army at Manhamaim, during

> 'Sing again,' said the girl, 'You in the issue of Nov. 7, in a card wiit- cave of the Cyclop. Polyphemus, their knees before their son.

suddenly, after the manner of magi- entitled "Crumbs of Comfort," which and Starbo states that some of the an-'Do you see how, dear Knight, why by Mr. Creeley. I gave the nump to your son? If he Mr. Greeley was greatly surprised they did not understand the art of had only the gifts wished for him by and shocked when he read the making cheese. There is no evidence 'Ah! I had forgotten. And where grand salon where his father and misfortune alone can inserted in the Tribune of the next ing cheese; they appear to have meremake men thoroughly great, for it morning Nov. 8, under the editorial ly allowed the milk to sour, and submother, with the Lady Angellque, overcome an untoward fate; a struggle which ends in power. Your child article entitled "Crumbs of Comfort" pelling the serum or whey. As Davhas suffered; his sufferings have made crept into our last unseen by the edi- id, when young, was able to run to him a post. The beauty of his spirit tor, which does him the grossest the camp with ten cheese and an has caused this young girl to forget wrong. It is true that office-seekers his deformity of body. Is the charm tions, when his friends controlled the must have been very small .- The in his face? No, Sir Knight; it is Custom-House, though the 'red-nosed' Grocer. 'On the contrary, I like it very rather in his mind and his soul. variety was seldom found among much. It is ravishing. Can you not When one reads delightful poetry or them; it is not true that he ever grand thoughts, or when one listens to divine music, is it ever asked if the poet, philosopher or musician be that private scheme. In short the arhandsome or deformed? Esop was ticle is a mustorous fable, based on hunchbacked, Homer was blind, and someother experience than that of any both have charmed the world, as your boy has charmed Angelique. Beautiful as Phoebus is, he can never match his brother in such a race. But ten his mind. He was beautiful as a I owe you a life, Sir Knight, and I wish to discharge my obligation.

> and become a valiant cavalier, and 'And when he returns he shall marry my twin sister,' said Angelique. he had come to demand a service of themselves: 'What is the story we the management of the journal found- sion at the point of injury serious,

from man all that science has done ed man; and he never returned. do. No house to shelter him; no gar- Mr. Greeley was sick, and then that tinry, was kissed by his sweatheart, Because the lady of my love will ments to clothe him; no machinery to he was insane and had been conveyed and with her lips she passed into his assist him. The great Universe a to an asylum. Finally, about the 25th mouth the key with which he subsesealed book; himself little more than of that month, a statement to the lat- quently unlocked his handcuffs and a blank on one of its pages. In a cave ter effect was printed in one of the guined his liberty.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY he would sleep; and when the sun- morning newspapers. The next 'How, does she live in the chateau beams shone therein, he would wak- morning the following paragraph,

Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

Twas on a beauteous summer morn. When things were up and comin'. And all among the pumpkin-vines The bumble bees were hummin'; I took an early half-mile walk, As everybody'd orter, When in the cowpath I was met

By Widder Spriggins' daughter. Her eyes were black as David's ink, Her cheeks were red as fury, And one smack of her luscious lips Would bribe a judge or jury. I bow'd-she curcheyed just the way Her nice old ma had taught her: She smiled-and oh! my heart was gor

Says I, "My dear, how do ye do?" Says she, "I reckon finely;" Says I, "Of all the gals I know, You look the most divinely." I snatched a giss-she slapped my face,

To Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

In fact just as she'd orter; Behave yourself! How dare you, strm Cried Widder Spriggins' daughter, Just then an old rampageous shoep, Who had been feeding nevr, sir, Squared off, and like a top of bricks He took me with his head, sir.

I landed in a pond, chuck full Of frogs and filthy water, And then she stood and larfed and larfed That Widder Spriggins' daughter. I rather guess I cra wied out quick, Picked up my bat and mizzled, While love's bright torch, so lately lit, Out in that f.og-pond fizzled. Well, she was married yesterday,

A lawyer chap has got her:

So I'll forget, if not forgive,

The W'idder Spriggins' daughter. HORACE GREELEY.

The Loss of the Control of the New York Tribune, and Not His Defeat in the Election, the Cause of His

Insanity and Death. New York Sun, July 7. It is now nearly five years since the death of Horace Greely ; and during all that time the public has rested in the belief that his insanity and death defeat in the Presidential contest of and life-long friends, but, for reasons known only to themselves they have

after Mr. Greeley accepted the nomi-The next day he took his harp and dark in my life. You are here, and he determined to resume control of its the rebellion of Absalom. Homer nounced to the readers of the Tribune ample store found by Ulysses in the The Count and Countess fell on simultaneously with the publication by poets mention cheese. Ludolphus, of this card, and on the same page of says that excellent cheese and butter At this moment Theos appeared the paper, there appeared and article were made by the ancient Ethlopians,

> used to pester him for recommenda- ephar of parched corn, the cheese order that he might there promote or

editor of this journal. Mr. Greelev went home confident that his repudiation of the authorship of the "Crumbs of Comfort" article the article to be inserted on the fol-A week after Esop married Ange- lowing day, but again his order was lique. Theos stood near them at the unavailing. For three days as we are want of common salt I have ever noaltar, and, as he turned to pass out of informed, Mr. Greeley entreated, beg- ticed has been in surgical disease, esthe chapel with his bride, the good ged, and threatened, to get his dis- pecially in open wounds. Without a magician laid a hand fondly on his claimer printed, but all in vain. Then supply of salt the tongue would beshoulder, and immediately after the it was that he began to realize that he come broad, pallid, puffy, with a tepeasants who had come to see the had been deposed from the control of nacious pasty coat, the secretions arwedding said wonderingly among the Tribune. Another had assumed rested, the circulation feeble, the effuhave heard about that ugly hump? ed by him, and, if he remained con-Why, the beautiful young knight is nected with it longer, it must be only which at last becomes a mere sanies as a more subordinate. He could not or ichor. A few days of a free allowconsent to that, and on the 12th of sance would change all this, and the Prof. William Denton wants to November he left the editorial-rooms know what would happen if we took of the Tribune forever, a broken-heartand left bim all that Christianity can | Soon it began to be whispered that

en to recite his prayer to the Mumbo which had been sent to the other pa-Jumbo of his creed, who grumbles in pers from the Tribune office, was print-The report of Mr. Greeley's confine-

ment at Bloomingdale, or any other asylum, or of application for his admission to any, are preposterous. Ha ts still suffering from a nervous collapse, the result of loss of nearly all sleep almost continuously for over a month, during his wife's illness. This. finally affected the nerves of the stomach, and it for days rejected food, whereby the system was still more. weakened. Within a day or two there has been a marked change for the better, both in sleeping and eating and his physicians are hopeful; but he is still a very sick man, and, for the

precent, his friends can best show their regard by letting him alone. The truth is that, at the time this was printed, Mr. Greely had been confined for nearly a week in Dr. Choat's private insane asylum, where none were permitted to see him but a fewveay intimate friends and members of his family. Almost the last coherent words were : "The country is gone, the Tribune is gone, and I am gone !"

TROUBLE FOR BRIGHAM.

An Important Witness who Knows Something About Brigham Young's Connection With the Massacre

of Gentiles.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., July 12 .- Captain John Tobin, formerly a resident of California, later of St. Louis, and still later of Springfield, will be one of District Attorney Howard's principal witnesses to prove Brigham Young's personal connection with the massacre of Gentiles. His name is mentioned in Lee's confession. He tells a long story which is in substance that having gained the confidence of Brigham by aiding Mormon immigrants, he was appointed instructor of the territorial militia, which position he resigned because squads of cavalry were used as avengers. Subsequently he undertook to guide a party of three strong outspoken anti-Mormons to California but the party was overtaken by a band were the result of mortification at his of mounted Mormons, led by Erigham Young, junior, and compelled to stop 1872. That this is not the truth has under pretense that they were going been known to a few of his intimate to California to misrepresent Mormonism. They finally proceeded, but were continually dogged by Mormons, who been silent. At last, however, it is in at length fired on them as they were sorrow, and now that it promises love, the power of the Sun to lay before the encamped at night. The party were public the circumstances which led to left for dead, and the Mormons, taking the insanity and death of Mr. Creeley, their horses, rude away. Sixty hours 'Yor, say that the lady will marry a and to show that it was not his defeat afterwards the United States mail for the Presidency, nor yet his domes- wagon and party en route for San tic afflictions, that led to these results. Francisco, took them up, but two died 'Well, I shall not part with the but that only when he was deposed soon after. He claims to have imporwhich he had founded and built up, against the government and the Cen-Phoebus stood aghast. Esop left the did his reason give way, and his busy tiles on the part of Brigham Young,

Antiquity of Choose. had not been seen by or approved of cient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had abundance of milk, constrains the children to strive to head. Its language was as follows: | sequently to have formed the cheese By some unaccountable fatality an from the caseing of the milk, after ex-

Salt in Sickness.

oppose legislation in favor of this or Dr. Scudder remarked : 'I am satisfled that I have seen patients die from deprivation of common sait during a protracted illness. It is a comever slop may be given, it is almost would appear in the Tribuncof the fol- innocent of this essential of life. In lowing day. But it did not appear, the milk diet that I recomended in By the direction of the actual editor it sickness, common sait is used freely, was left out. Mr. Greeley hastened to the milk being boiled and given hot. the office for an explanation and was And if the patient cannot take the usthere informed that the article had ual quantity in his food, I have it givbeen omitted by the direction of the en in his drink. This matter is so imeditor in charge. Ho sgain ordered portant that it cannot be repeated too

often, or dwelt upon too long. 'The most marked example of this

Illinoisan, on his way to the peniten-