THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,

Publishers and Proprietors.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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GEO. S. SMITH.....District Attorney
WILLIAM H. HOOVER.....District Clerk.
O. A. CECIL.....Deputy Clerk.

County Officers.

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WILSON E. MAJORS.....Clerk and Recorder
A. H. GILMORE.....Treasurer
DAVIDSON PLASTERS.....Sheriff
E. E. EBRIGHT.....Coroner
JAMES M. HACKER.....Surveyor
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J. R. DOCKER.....Clerk
W. T. ROGERS.....Treasurer
GEO. H. LANNON.....Marshal

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W. A. JUDKINS, J. J. MERCER,.....2nd Ward
LEWIS HILL, C. NEIDHART,.....3rd Ward

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office, over Theodore Hill & Co.'s store, Brownville, Neb.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
May be consulted in the German language. Office next door to County Clerk's Office, Court House Building, Brownville, Nebraska.

J. H. BROADY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

W. T. ROGERS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care. Office in the Hoy building, Brownville, Neb.

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Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1855. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. Office, 41 Main street.

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Office, No. 81 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

PAT. CLINE,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
CUSTOM WORK made to order, and fits always guaranteed. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Shop, No. 27 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

J. W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER.
Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed. First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb.

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Cutting, or Cutting and Making, done to order on short notice and at reasonable prices. Has had long experience and can warrant satisfaction.

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry
JOSEPH SHUTZ,
No. 59 Main Street Brownville.
Keeps constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on short notice, at reasonable rates.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

95 Main Street 95

HUDDART'S
GROCERY & PROVISION
STORE.
Second door east of Post Office,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

95 Main Street 95

HAVE YOU SEEN
THE ELEPHANT.
Having purchased the
"ELEPHANT"
LIVERY AND FEED STABLES
I wish to announce that I am prepared to do a first class livery business.
Josh Rogers.

IN BROWNVILLE THE LAST WEEK OF EACH MONTH.
MATHEWS
DENTIST,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

LADIES,
Please remember, if you want any Sewing machine repairs of any kind, or any machine, or any attachment, needle, oil; or if you want a new machine, or a new cabinet put on an old machine, or a rebuilt machine, you will save from 25 to 50 per cent by calling on or sending to B. G. WHITTEMORE, Brownville, Neb.
N.B. The Victor, Florence, New Davis, W. & W. Needles, 60c. per dozen, all others 50c. per doz. Assorted numbers sent post paid to any address. Every needle warranted of the best quality.

D. B. COLHAPP,
Manufacturer of
FINE CIGARS
59 Main Street,
Brownville, Nebraska.
Orders From Neighboring Towns Solicited.

B. STROBLE,
Dealer in
FAMILY GROCERIES, TEAS,
Queensware, Glassware,
WOODENWARE, BRUSHES, CANDIES
CANNED FRUITS AND NUTS,
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AT CITY BAKERY.

OLD RELIABLE
Meat Market.
BODY & BRO.
BUTCHERS,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Good, Sweet, Fresh Meat
Always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed to all customers.

J. L. ROY,
UNDERTAKER

Keeps a full line of
BURIAL CASES & CASKETS
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
56 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB.

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-ly.

E. HUDDART'S
Peace and Quiet

Saloon and Billiard Hall!
THE BEST OF
Brandies, Wines, Gins, Alcohols
And Whiskies.
No. 49 Main Street, Opposite Sherman House, Brownville, Nebraska.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,
LINCOLN, NEB.
SNIDER & WRIGHT,
PROPRIETORS.
This house is now conducted in first-class style. Large rooms for COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS. Billiard parlor and reading room connected with the hotel. The people of Southern Nebraska are solicited to try Metropolitan, when visiting Lincoln.

J. R. HAWKINS. WM. P. SMITH.
Hawkins & Smith,
TONSORIAL ARTISTS,
1st door west Frst National Bank,
Brownville, - Nebraska.
Shaving, Shampooing, Hair Cutting, &c., done in the highest style of the art.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

JOHNSON & CRUMMEL,
ARCHITECTS,
CONTRACTORS,
BUILDERS,
—AND—
GENERAL JOB SHOP
(Roy's old shop)
Brownville, Nebraska.
Be sure and give us a call for terms and specifications, as you will save money by so doing. All work promptly attended to. Shop work a specialty. Having tools and all the necessaries, and several years experience, we will contract for the removal of building, and guarantee satisfaction.

B. F. SOUDER,
Manufacturer and Dealer in

HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS,
COLLARS, BRIDLES,
ZINK PADS, BRUSHES, BLANKETS,
Robes, &c.
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Full stock ready made goods constantly on hand

LETTER HEADS, AND BILL HEADS
Neatly printed at this office.

ADONIRAM PODGE.

Adoniram Podge was as lank and lean
As a withered up stalk of corn;
And his face was as solemn as ever was seen
Since the days when Adam was born.
He lived on a farm in the edge of town,
And managed to keep on his legs
By the getting of money and salting it down
When he sold his butter and eggs.

His nose was as long as a piece of chalk,
And his eyes were little and gray,
And he hacked when he opened his mouth to talk,
And twitched in an awkward way.
His voice was sharp as a steel-spring trap,
And his head was minus of hair,
But he covered it up with an old fur cap
That his grandfather used to wear.

Adoniram Podge got a liberal price
For the truck that he took to town;
The top of his measure was always nice,
But shabbier deeper down;
And his wood was straight on the top of the load,
And crooked and knarled below;
Aut the heavier part, on a rutty road,
Will always shake down you know.

Adoniram's Bible was worn and old
From the usage it had got;
But a piece of knowledge that never was told,
Was, whether he used it or not;
If so, his memory served him wrong,
For he was not much of a doer
To the needy and friendless, who came along
With the story that they were poor.

A capital man in the Church, was Podge,
To groan when the minister prayed;
And he knew to a T the collection dodge,
And how much money he paid:
And he had, in a frame, in his dark spare room,
Kept clean and neat by his wife,
A paper which stated a certain sum
Had made him a member for life.

Adoniram Podge kept a hired man,
And he fed him on potatoes and beans,
That were kept cooked up in a big tin pan,
Along with some pig-weed greens;
And he made him work from the dawn of day
Till the sun took its final lurch,
And he docked him, then, a part of his pay,
To use for the good of the Church.

Adoniram finally died one night,
And left the farm to his son,
Who does, as near as a good son might,
The things his father had done;
And he daily drives to the market town
With the mare and her spavined legs,
And he gathers money and salts it down,
The produce of butter and eggs.

And he keeps the Bible so worn and old,
And he reads it without a doubt;
But the leaf containing the Rule of God
Is somehow or another torn out;
And blotted are all the verses which speak
Sharp things of the tricky doer,
While through its pages 'twere vain to seek
For a word of cheer to the poor.

Our Great-Grandmother's Story.

"So thee wants to hear thy grandmother's tale once more? Aye, aye, war talk brings up old memories that have slumbered for many a year. Yes, that is a piece of the very gown I wore the day Abiel Wheeler went to fight so gayly, and came back——"

"Well, but grandmother, begin at the *very* beginning, won't you?"

"Aye—patience, patience, children. An old woman must e'en tell a story her own way. This was how it all came about:

"John Wheeler—Abiel's father, thee knows—was a hard man and a grasping. His lands joined ours, and he was forever finding some matter to make a lawsuit about, forever throwing hard words at my father and doing all he could to trouble and annoy him. His sons, too, were always provoking my brothers, Luke and Matthew, till it was all the dear, patient lads could do to forbear smiting them. So thee may believe when we grew up, and Abiel at once took to joining me on the way home from meeting, and leaning over the fence to talk while I milked my cows. I was stirred to anger against him, and turned him off pretty shortly, I promise thee.

"I was 16 when the war broke out, and it was not many months before there was fighting all around us. Jonathan Shubrick, the Squire as the world's people called him, of our township, raised a troop that carried off half the young men of the neighborhood, and, scarcely a month afterward, one bright August morning, Abiel Wheeler galloped up to our gate waving his bandanna, his handsome face all in a glow. Luke and I were standing in the yard talking for a few moments before he started for the rye field where my father and Matthew were already at work.

"'Great news, Luke!' Abiel shouted. 'The redcoats are within six miles of us at ——. Major Shubrick expects them to attack every hour. We got the news by a sure hand, and I and half a dozen others are going to have a crack at them, too. Come, will you join? I've a fowling piece I'll lend ye. Spur up your courage man, now is your time to show yourself a brave fellow, Quaker or no Quaker.'

"'For shame, Abiel Wheeler!' I cried. 'I wonder thee dares taunt my brother like that. He is doing his country as much good, maybe, staying quietly at home to garner up the food for the fighting men, as with sword and gun in hand, taking the lives God gave, and doing the work of Belial in the name of liberty!' And here I stopped to draw breath, and I know my eyes flashed with anger, for he laughed outright—that merry, provoking laugh of his.

"'Well done, pretty Ruth he exclaimed. 'You have spirit enough hidden away under that plain little kerchief and cap of yours! But I like ye none the worse for it, and so fare ye well. Shall I bring ye home the gayest flag the redcoats are sporting now for a First Day handkerchief? Here, I'll give you a token that I'll keep my word,' and so saying the saucy fellow leaned from his horse (I was standing close by the gate) *and kissed me!* I could have killed him! And Luke darted forward with a furious look, but he had galloped off, waving his three-corned hat as he glanced gayly back at us. 'Twas like Abiel. I had known him since we were babies, to be sure—but to dare!

"Well, all the long, hot, bright day, mother and I were alone, for father and the boys took their dinner with them to the fields. Toward evening, a neighbor came and carried mother off. There was a sick child needing to be doctored and all the country round knew of mother's herbs and simples. She was a born doctor, and has cured many a one in her day. So I was left all by myself in the house, and sat lonesome enough at my spinning, while far off over the hills I could hear the dull, ominous, booming sound of cannon, that told the fight was raging six miles away. God help the mothers and wives now, whose sons and husbands were in the midst of the fray!

"It was growing late, the short August twilight coming on, and the broad harvest moon rising behind the quiet hills, and still I was alone. The distant sound of battle still rose and fell, making my heart throb with the thoughts of what was going on, when suddenly a strange figure, as I tho't, came up the garden path, with hasty and yet faltering steps. I started up, a scream just breaking from my lips, when I saw it was Abiel Wheeler! But how changed from the morning! Covered with dust, his clothes torn, his brown curls all taugled and matted with the blood that had soaked through a handkerchief bound round his head, and one arm in a sling. I wouldn't have known him! And when he spoke his voice sounded hoarse and broken.

"'Ruth,' he said, 'I insulted you this morning, and insulted your brother. My father has wronged yours in a thousand ways, I know. I never thought one of our family would have entered your doors again, yet now I come to you to help me in my sore need. Our forces are beaten and flying; the enemy are in hot chase; I have dragged myself away with my life only; I can go no further; in God's name shelter me till the pursuit is over!—for my mother's sake, Ruth!'

"I held my breath at his words. In one flashing moment the memory of all we had suffered at his father's hands, his insolent conduct in the morning, rose up before me. I could have found it in my heart to turn him away almost with curses!—and yet something made me pause.

"'Stand here in the porch,' I said at last, half choked with the bitterness of the inward strife. "Thee has put a hard thing before me, Abiel Wheeler. I must have time—a moment to think what I will do,' and turning away from him I darted into the house.

"'What ought I to do?' I cried aloud in my perplexity. 'I am alone here. He is a bold fellow. O dare I, ought I to take him in? It may not be true that they are pursuing him.' But even as I spoke the wind bore the sound of galloping hoofs on the clear air, and Abiel's despairing voice cried to me from the porch, 'Make haste, O dear Ruth! in pity make haste. I am so faint with loss of blood I can scarcely stand or see."

"Scarce knowing what I did, the sudden thought came to me, I will take the Bible, and whatsoever verse my eyes fall on shall be my guide; and, hastily opening the great book that lay on my father's table, I bent over it in the gathering darkness.

"Children, I read these words: 'But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good unto them that despitefully use you and persecute you.'

"It was enough. I went out to the porch. 'Come, Abiel Wheeler,' I said; 'thee shall have the shelter of my father's roof, and I will save thee if I can.'

"He looked up gratefully in my face, and without another word I let him rest his arm about my shoulders, and so helped him, half fainting as he was, up stairs into the garret. A kind of closet had been partitioned off from the sloping gable end, the only entrance to which was the space of one plank that could be slipped out of place and then put back, leaving no opening visible. My father had made it a hiding-place for valuables in those troubled times. In this narrow, stifling corner I concealed the son of my father's enemy, replaced the plank, flew down stairs and bolted the front door just in time, as a party of troopers in British uniform dashed up to the porch.

"'In the King's name!' shouted the officer who led them; and, dismounting, he hammered on the lintel with the but of his pistol.

"Trembling like a leaf, I unbolted the upper half of the door.

"'What does thee want, friend?' I said, and the very desperation of the moment made my voice calm.

"'Entrance, in the King's name! he shouted. 'We have sure information that one of the most active of of these cursed rebels has fled in this direction, and may have sought shelter in this house. I claim the right to search it and make him prisoner if he is to be found.'

"'Friend, thee sees I am alone here,' I said, 'a defenseless girl, and thee knows the Quakers are men of peace. But enter if thee will. I am not afraid to show ever *room* in my father's house.'

"'Don't fear, we won't harm you, my pretty mistress,' he answered, smiling. 'Only get a candle, and make haste, for we are something of the busiest while these fellows are at large.'

"Children, thee can imagine what I felt as I undid the door, with the sacred trust I had accepted on my soul—Abiel's life in my hands; everything depending on my keeping calm, and showing no hesitation in my compliance with the soldier's demand. But God strengthened me in the hour of trial. Tranquilly I lit a candle and led those rough men through the house, shouting their ribald jests, singing, insolently peering into every closet and nook, with coarse comments on what they saw.

"'There seems to be nothing suspicious here,' said the officer at last. 'We may as well draw off, men; this young girl looks pale and weary; and he turned to me with more courtesy than I would have thought he could show.

"'If you please, Captain,' said one of the men, touching his cap, 'we haven't searched the *garret* yet.'

"My heart gave a leap, and I almost dropped the candle; but I said, quite calmly, 'There's nothing in the garret except a lot of old clothes, and my mother's herbs drying. Thee can go up if thee thinks it necessary.'

"'It is my duty to search everywhere,' the Captain answered, rather shortly, as though he suspected me; and tramp, tramp, up the stairs they went. O, would they suspect the hiding-place? Would Abiel move or groan?

"But all was silent as the grave. The men gave hardly a look around, and the Captain said, 'I suppose it was a mistake; there is clearly no one here. I am obliged to you, young lady; we will trouble you no further.' And tramp, tramp they went, leaving me turned to stone on the spot with the sudden revulsion of feeling. They mounted their horses, and in five minutes were out of sight and hearing.

"Then I flew to the hiding-place and tore the plank away. 'Abiel, Abiel!' I cried, 'they are gone; you are safe! Dear Abiel, thank God I've saved you!'

"There was no answer. I thrust my candle in at the aperture. He lay on the floor in a dead faint. To this day I can't tell you how I got him out of that stifling hole and down the stairs, though he was a stalwart fellow, and I only a young girl. I only know that when father and the boys and mother came back, all at the same time, they found him lying on the couch in mother's room, with his hand tightly clasped in mine, and his beautiful blue eyes looking love unspeakable into my face as I knelt beside him. And when my father exclaimed in astonishment, as well he might——"

"Our great-grandfather told him you had saved him, and promised to be his wife; that was it, wasn't it grandma?"

"Ah, thee knows the old story by heart already, doesn't the, child? There, give me my handkerchief; these spectacles of mine are wonderfully dim!"

So ended our great-grandmother's story, told to us for the last time eleven years and more ago. Dear old lady; she was 96 when death took her; and now, when the merry Independence bells are ringing in our ears, they bring back the echoes of the bygone days, when stout Abiel Wheeler and beautiful Ruth Fletcher plighted their faith amid the cannon roar of '76!—*Christian at Work.*

Last week three stacks of barley belonging to Church Howe were struck by lightning and destroyed. It is not for us to find fault with the means used by a mysterious Providence to bring a man to repentance. Legislative investigating committees and state courts he has so far dared with impunity, but we beseech him not to defy the power that has sent the lightning after him. There may be yet time for repentance. Let him hasten to avail himself of it before it is everlastingly too late. When he is in danger we find that, with all his sins, we love him still. With the nice yellow butter he brings in, he makes the editor of the Nemaha *Granger* think of his mother, but without any of these transitory aids he takes us back even farther and makes us think of our grandmother. In many respects he resembles the old lady. They part their hair precisely alike, and as the sands of life are running down to a fine point with her, there is the same blank look upon her countenance so characteristic of our friend Howe. Is it any wonder that his welfare is dear to us?—*Kearney Press.*

Some twenty years ago a bare-foot boy was passing a house in a village in Pennsylvania, where he lived, and heard, for the first time in his life a piano. Having the gems of music in his soul he was entranced; he stopped, and when the piece was finished, stepped modestly in, and mustered courage to say, "Please ma'am play more." What woman that had music in her soul, but would have felt the appeal and graciously responded to it? Instead of which, the player replied, "get out of here with your big feet!"

We can imagine the effect this had upon the sensitive, friendless youngster. But he has since had his revenge, in the bliss he has had in playing and singing and composing tunes for thousands who love music as he then loved it; for this bare-foot boy was none less than P. P. Bliss—the incomparable singer and composer who spent his whole life in making others happy under the influence of his exquisite music.

One day recently ten thousand persons met together in that same town in Northern Pennsylvania to erect a monument. Dr. Pierson, of Detroit, Mr. Moody, Vicent, Sankey, Maj. White and other leading spirits were present. Three thousand Sunday schools in America, England, Ireland and Canada had lovingly contributed $12,000 to put up a simple monument to the memory of the sweet singer of Israel, the rest to be kept in trust for his two orphan children.

We are not told whether "the lady" was present or not.—*Exchange.*

Russian Atrocities.

NEW YORK, August 24.—The Turkish minister of foreign affairs informs his diplomatic agents abroad that Russians, on entering Eski Saghra, disarmed Mussulmans, employed Mokhtars to fetch Mussulmans out of their houses, and they were massacred. Eleven hundred were thus put to death. The Russians entered Lavatz, and fifteen women and children fleeing from the invaders were killed. Others, to escape outrage or death, had to abandon everything, even their children. Every Mussulman house in Lavatz was pillaged. After recapture of the town the Russians carried devastation and carnage into neighboring districts, and drove out all Mussulman inhabitants of the village of Herste, and burned all the men and some of the women. Only one woman escaped. Seventy Mussulmans of Yuklim were shut up in a barn, which was fired. Forty-four other Mussulmans were massacred, and all Mussulman women outraged. Eight young girls who resisted were killed, and two burned with the men. The greater part of the other women, with their children, were taken outside of the village, where one after another were slaughtered. Twenty women and children who escaped massacre were rescued by Ottoman troops. The English military attache himself witnessed all these horrors. The Russians disarmed Mussulmans of Eski Saghra, Kazanlik, and neighboring villages, and distributed arms among the Bulgarians, who drove down four hundred Mussulmans to the river Tunja and massacred them. At Eski Saghra and its neighborhood Bulgarians continue massacre of the Mussulman population. Atrocities committed by Cossacks and Bulgarians continue. Women and children who had sought refuge in Khidirkeni were massacred. Other families shut up in a granary were delivered by our troops. Among them were several women and children wounded. Bulgarians put to fire and sword the Mussulman village of Sofedl and several others, after having carried off the women and girls whom they outraged, killed and mutilated horribly. One woman and her two sons were the only persons saved.

If the inhabitants of the State Prison of Nebraska get all that the State has to pay for in the way of provisions for them, they ought to be a happy lot. In three bills for prison supplies appear flour, meal, dried apples, beans, hominy, coffee, sugar, currants, pepper, sage, syrup, vinegar, celery, peaches, eggs, butter, chickens, ham, mackerel, tripe, pickles, cheese, catsup, horse-radish, tomatoes, onions, tea, oysters, lamb tongue, pigs' feet, crackers, and tobacco. That humming-birds are not in the list is probably an oversight. If the gentlemen temporarily deprived of their liberty cannot be satisfied with this fare, they had better move to another hotel. Probably the middle man who stands between Nebraska society and the convict gets more of the chickens and oysters than the person in stripes.—*St. Joe. Herald.*

The Richmond *Enquirer* has its opinions on a very important matter, and thus expresses them: "The Liberty of the South is due alone to the unflinching devotion of the Democracy to principle, and this truckling to the administration is an act of the basest ingratitude. The organs, fuglemen and parasites of the administration support the liberal policy towards the South because it is believed to be the winning card for the corruptionists. The solid South is no less a bugbear to that party now than is was before the Presidental election, and we have simply to contend with a different trick to split it."

The expiration of certain patents on portions of sewing machines is causing a vast deal of litigation between purchasers and agents, many poor women who have purchased on the installment plan being compelled to pay $50 or $60 on a machine which now can be purchased for from $20 to $30. They claim that a reduction on their deferred payments, in proportion to the different scale of prices, is only just.

Captain James B. Eads, engineer of the iron bridge at St. Louis, has made elaborate plans for a grand iron bridge over the Bosphorus, connecting Pera—European Constantinople—with the Asiatic shore. The bridge, if built, will be about 6,000 feet long—over a mile—will have fifteen spans, will be 100 feet wide, and, save the masonry and flooring, will be built of iron. The height of the roadway above the surface of the water will be 120 feet. The central arch will be 750 feet span. The two central piers will be fifty feet thick of solid granite blocks, locked together with iron braces. The main piers will be 270 feet high from the foundation to the summit. It is estimated that the cost of construction will not exceed $25,000,000, and the time six years. Capt. Eads is now 58 years old. This bridge will probably be the crowning work of a great engineering experience.—*Inter Ocean.*

A Haunted Railroad.

The employes of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific road, on the southwestern division, are having a little sensation of their own which is creating no little excitement along the line. It is claimed that the road is haunted by a "woman in white" who about the hour of midnight appears and presents a more ghostly spectacle than Wilkie Collins' most thrilling conception. According to the Fairfield *Ledger*, the shape, whatever it may be, was seen on Wednesday night of last week, by engineer Moore on train No. 8, between Perlee and Pleasant Plain. It was walking up the track toward the engine, and the careful engineer, thinking it a thing of flesh and blood, actually whistled for brakes and almost brought his train to a stand still. Just as the form was within a few feet of him it disappeared. He saw a face plainly, and supposed it either that of a lunatic or a somnambulist. On Thursday and Friday nights it was seen at different places between the two towns by engineers Shaffer and Crow, who agree with Moore as to the description, manner of appearance, etc. Since its first visit the train men have been on the watch, determined to see what it is and how it gets there. They are too brave to be frightened by the apparition, even if it is an inhabitant of the spirit world, but still their curiosity gets away with them, and in their determination to ferret out the mystery, they do stand a little in awe of the fragile form that gives them these mysterious visits.

The matter is a common topic of conversation among railroad men on the division. Three years ago a married woman was outraged in a terrible manner near the place where the white specter has been seen, receiving injuries which caused her death some three weeks after. Now there is a suspicion that one or two parties who know more about the affair than they have ever told, take occasional business trips on the line, and that it is to trouble their conscience that the form appears.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

General Lew Wallace, the "Fair God," appears to have a very clear idea of what he is talking about. A regiment of anti-Indian Bashi-bazouks would doubtless prove exceedingly serviceable. The lightest possible marching order is demanded in connection with Indian fighting, and the best marksman at long range, the man who most thoroughly understands Indian tactics, who can live most like the Indian, is the best class of soldier to be employed in such a dangerous and unsatisfactory style of warfare. Another idea is to kill them off by contract. There is a magic spell connected with a contract which no other form of national inducements or reward can bring. Let some enterprising Yankee take the contract to kill, capture, or civilize a certain number of braves within a given space of time, and the thing is as good as done.—*Inter Ocean.*

A writer on "Turkish Ways and Turkish Women," in a recent *Cornhill*, remarks: "The crescent is not a chance representation or symbol of the Mohammedan faith; the new moon is inseparably connected in the Mussulman mind with special acts of devotion. Its appearance is watched for with eager expectancy, and the moment the eye lights on the slight thread of silver in the western twilight, it remains fixed there while prayers of thanksgiving and praise are offered, the hands being held up by themselves; the palms upward and open, and afterwards passed three times over the visage, the gaze still remaining immovable. The eyes are snatched off, if possible, to be turned straight on some lucky face or precious object."

The New Orleans *Democrat*, whose editor recently visited the President, says that "there is something extraordinary in the audacity with which the President has adopted the Democratic principles, and at the same time held the bulk of his party together in support of his policy. He is bringing his whole party over to the Democracy, and is quietly taking possession of the entire stock of popular Democratic political capital, while he retains the offices for the strictly Republican administration fold. This is not exactly Tylerizing or Johnsonizing. It is something much shrewder than either."

A mechanical horse has been showing his paces at Berlin. The rider is mounted on a hobby between two high wheels and moves his legs in rising and falling in the saddle, and the machine goes along as fast as a fast trotting horse. It is all the same whether the machine goes gently over stones or moves swiftly on the hard road, and the facility with which the strange steed turns round corners excites the admiration of all beholders. The inventor believes that his horse will be of great use to porters in carrying light loads, and he has confident hopes that it will be highly appreciated by the numerous classes who are fond of saddle exercise but who are too poor to buy and maintain horses of flesh and blood. It is even suggested that the mechanical horse will make an excellent charger on the battlefield as it is an animal that can neither eat nor die.

How a Thief Was Detected.

Recently, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, Police Commissioner Carson was standing on the north side of Fifth Street, near Race, when he and a friend were startled by a report, as if of the explosion of a pistol. Looking across the street he saw a young man with his head bowed and his hands up to his face, as if suffering.

"Somebody must have shot him," said one.

"Perhaps he has tried suicide," said the other, as there was nobody near to do the shooting.

They crossed over to the young man; who by that time had been accosted by Officer Smallwood, who was walking him toward Hill's drug-store. Mr. Carson remarked that perhaps it was a case of cigar theft and consequent punishment.

The officer was accosted by Alexander Corbin, who keeps a small cigar-stand. The officer told the story, whereupon Corbin, in great triumph, said that the cigar that had caused the trouble had doubtless been stolen from his case. He had for a long time been troubled by cigar thieves, who had robbed him of $300 worth. To detect and punish them if possible he had lately charged 25 of them with powder in small tin cylinders. Some of them had been stolen. He thought that if the officer would search young McCarthy he would, perhaps find more of the same kind on his person. The search was made, and, sure enough, another of the loaded weeds was found.

A reporter procured one of these small infernal machines and examined it. The cigar is of common stock, dark wrapper, full size. Exactly one third of its length—the middle third—is occupied by a tin cylinder, about an inch and a fifth in length and about a fifth of an inch in diameter. The end toward the mouth is of tin, and well secured; but that toward the other end of the cigar is covered only with paper, and very thin paper at that. The inevitable result of the smoking of one of these cigars is an explosion when the cigar is about one-third burned.

A lady who had two charming little daughters was one night summoned from the nursery just as she was preparing them for their crib.

"Say your prayers and get into bed," she said, and I'll come back and tuck you in."

When she returned, however, she found them still on their knees, and in a perfect tumult of laughter.

"What are you doing?" she asked, "Don't you know it is wrong to laugh over your prayers?"

"Well, mama," said the elder, "I guess you'd laugh too, if you heard what sister said."

"What did she say, then?"

"Why, she said—O mama, it was so funny!—she said, "Oh, Lord, for Christ's sake, give me a new green parasol!"

The mother was delighted with the little one's faith, and the "new green parasol" was forthcoming.

A curious love case at Dubuque, Ia. A school teacher at school No. 5, in that city, thirty years of age and decidedly unattractive, fell plump in love with one of her pupils, a boy fifteen years of age. Her infatuation was so great that she would get the boy behind doors at recess to kiss and hug him, continually soliciting him to walk home with her, and wrote to him gushing and endearing notes. Finally she became so bad that she took rooms near the boy's home in order to see him oftener. The boy reciprocated the passion. Finally his mother discovered the affair, and the teacher had to resign. About a month ago the boy ran away and the teacher soon after followed him, and it is believed they met and arranged for a future marriage, when the boy is old enough. At present she is at Minneapolis and he is in Vermont.

A pretty little girl in Shreveport, La., told her papa that there was a pretty little bird in her pretty little rooms singing a pretty little song. The affectionate parent told her to go back to bed, as it was probably only a Katydid; but when he went to bed himself, his wife told him to listen to the strange music of a mocking-bird, which filled the room. The devoted husband struck a match, and discovered the musician on the lower shelf of the wash-stand. It was a singing mouse.

In requesting a waiter at Mansfield to pass him the mustard, Mr. Secretary Sherman explained that he spoke for himself alone, and did not wish to be understood as representing the wishes or preferences of the President. The mustard was then passed—the waiter stating that the act, on his part, had no political significance.—*Hawkeye.*