THE ADVERTISER.

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

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

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AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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THE ADVERTISER

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Churches.

Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School at 2½ p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. S. P. WILSON, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock a. m. H. B. DYE, Pastor.

Christ's Church.—Services every Sunday, a 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. REV. MATTHEW HENRY, Missionary in charge.

Mt. Pleasant Cumberland Presbyterian.—Church four miles south-west of Brownville. Services first Sabbath in each month. B. J. JOHNSON, Pastor.

Christian Church.—Services every third Sunday of each month, by Elder J. Conneron. Social meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meetings Thursday evenings.

Catholic.—Services every 4th Sunday of each month, at 10 o'cloch a. m. Father Cummisky, Priest.

Schools.

Brownville Union Graded Schools.—J. M. McKenzie, Principal; Miss Jessie E. Bain, Assistant High School; Miss Lou Tucker, Grammar Department; Miss Alice Hitt, 1st Intermediate; Miss Kate Cox, 2d Intermediate; Miss Emma Smith, 1st Primary; Mrs. Carrie Johnson, 2d Primary.

I. O. of O. F.

Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. Visiting brothers respectfully invited. A. H. Gilmore, N. G. Jas. Cochran, Sec'y.

Nemaha City Lodge No. 40, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Saturday. O. C. Zook, N. G. DAVID TOURTELOTT, Sec.

Knights of Pythias.

Excelsior Lodge No. 15, K. P.—Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited. J. B. McCabe, C. C. WM. KAUFFMAN, K. of R. S.

Masonic.

Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M.—Stated meetings "Saturday on or before the full of each moon." Lodge room open every Saturday evening for lectures, instruction and social intercourse. J. C. McNaughton, W. M. R. F. Souder, Sec.

Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M.—Stated meetings second Thursday of each month. R. W. Furnas, M. E. H. P. A. R. Davison, Sec.

Furnas Council No. 3, R. S. & S. E. M.—Stated meetings second Thursday of each month. J. C. McNaughton, T. I. M. A. R. Davison, Rec.

Mt. Carmel Commandery No. 3, K. T.—Stated meetings second Monday in each month. W. T. Rogers, E. C.; A. W. Nickell, Rec.

Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63, K. R. C. R. & C.—Meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Mondays. R. W. Furnas, M. P. Sov. R. T. Ramey, Secretary.

Adah Chapter No. 2.—Order of the Eastern Star. Stated meetings third Monday in each month. Mrs. E. C. Handley, W. M.

Societies.

County Fair Association.—R. A. Hawley, President; John Bath, Vice Prest.; S. A. Osborn, Secretary; J. M. Trowbridge, Treasurer. Managers—H. O. Minick, S. Cochran, F. E. Johnson, Thomas Bath, Geo. Crow, J. W. Gavit.

Choral Union.—J. C. McNaughton, Prest. J. B. Docker, Sec.

Blake Dramatic Association.—W. T. Rogers, Prest. J. B. Docker, Sec. and Treas.

Metropolitan Cornet Band.—D. T. Smith, Musical Director. E. Huddart, Treasurer and Business Manager.

Brownville Literary Society.—R. W. Furnas, President. A. O. Cecil, Sec.

I. O. of G. T.

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W. F. WARREN, W. G. Chap. .... Nebraska City.
A. J. SKEEN .... Dist. Dep. for Nemaha County.

Brownville Lodge No. 69, I. O. of G. T.—Meets every Friday evening in Odd Fellows Hall, over Nickell's drug store, Main street. Strangers of our order visiting the city are invited to meet with us. B. M. Bailey, W. C. T. B. F. Sanders, Sec. G. W. Fairbrother, Sr., L. D.

Nemaha City Lodge No. 109.—Meets every Monday evening. Mrs. S. A. Huntington, W. C. T. John F. Crother, Sec. P. Crother, L. D.

Aspinwall Lodge No. 108.—Meets every Saturday evening. John S. Minick, W. C. T. T. J. Hitt, Sec.

Zion, No. 137.—Meets every Thursday evening, at the Kennedy School House, two miles north west of Brownville. H. O. Minick, L. D., Brownville.

Security, No. 135.—Meets every Saturday evening, at Fairview Church, six miles south west of Brownville. J. W. Ritchey, W. C. T. John Maxwell, W. S. Geo. Crow, L. D., Brownville.

Linden, No. 98.—Meets every Saturday evening, at Linden School House, six miles north west of Sheridan. H. F. Palmer, L. D., Sheridan.

Pleasant Prairie, No. 100.—Meet every Saturday evening, at Bratton School House, Benton precinct. B. H. Bailey, L. D., Bratton P. O.

Bedford, No. 150.—Meets every Friday evening at Coal Tar School House, four miles south west of Nemaha City. C. Tucker, L. D., Nemaha City.

Sheridan, No. 162.—Meets every Saturday evening. T. J. Gell, W. C. T. Robt. Bryant, Sec. Geo. Harmon, L. D.

[Other lodges in the county that desire a place in this directory will please inform us of name, number, when and where it meets, names of presiding officer and secretary, together with any other information they may wish to communicate.

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

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— OF —
BROWNVILLE.

Paid-up Capital, $50,000
Authorized " 500,000

IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A
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COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS
on all the principal cities of the
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On approved security only. Time Drafts discounted, and special accommodations granted to depositors. Dealers in GOVERNMENT BONDS,
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Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths, Vestings, Etc., Etc.
Brownville, Nebraska.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
And Justice of the Peace. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

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

T. L. SCHICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office over J. L. McGee & Bro's store, Brownville, Nebraska.

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

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Physician, Surgeon, Obstetrician.
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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Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb.

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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.

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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.
Shop in Alex. Robinson's old stand.

CHARLES HELMER,
FASHIONABLE
Boot and Shoe
MAKER.
Having bought the custom shop of A. Robison, I am prepared to do work of all kinds at
Reasonable Rates.
Repairing neatly and promptly done.
Shop—No. 62 Main Street,
Brownville, Nebraska.

NEW RESTAURANT.
MEALS AND LUNCH
AT ALL HOURS.
CONFECTIONERY, CAKES, NUTS,
FRESH AND CHEAP.
MEALS ONLY 25 CTS.
Oysters Cooked to Order.
Rossels Old Stand.
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OLD RELIABLE
Meat Market.

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

T. A. BATH
is now proprietor of the
City Meat Market,
and is prepared to accomodate the public with
GOOD, FRESH, SWEET
MEAT.
Gentlemanly and accommodating clerks will at all times be in attendance. Your patronage solicited. Remember the place the old Pascoe shop, Main-st.,
Brownville, - Nebraska.

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

J. M. NOBLE,
Of York Grove Mills, Atchison County, Mo., will deliver first class COTTONWOOD LUMBER, of any description, in Brownville, at
$15 per 1000 Feet!
Orders left with John Craddock, at the gun smith shop in Brownville, will receive prompt attention. 401m

Book-keepers, Reporters, Operators, School Teachers,
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At Great Mercantile College, Keokuk, Iowa.

VEGETINE
For Dropsy.
CENTRAL FALLS, R.I., October 19, 1877.
DR. H. R. STEVENS:
It is a pleasure to give my testimony for your valuable medicine. I was sick for a long time with *Dropsy*, under the doctor's care. He said it was Water between the Heart and Liver. I received no benefit until I commenced taking the Vegetine; in fact I was growing worse. I have tried many remedies; they did not help me. Vegetine is the medicine for Dropsy. I began to feel better after taking a few bottles. I have taken thirty bottles in all. I am perfectly well, never felt better. No one can feel more thankful than I do.
I am, dear sir, gratefully yours,
A. D. WHEELER.

VEGETINE.—When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the VEGETINE will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

VEGETINE
For Kidney Complaint and Nervous Debility.
ISLESBORO, ME., Dec. 28, 1877.
H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.:—
Dear Sir.—I had had a cough, for eighteen years, when I commenced taking the Vegetine. I was very low; my system was debilitated by disease. I had the Kidney complaint, and was very nervous—cough bad, lungs sore. When I had taken one bottle I found it was helping me; it has helped my cough, and it strengthens me. I am now able to do my work. Never have found anything like the Vegetine. I know it is every thing it is recommended to be. MRS. A. J. PENDLETON.

VEGETINE is nourishing and strengthening; purifies the blood; regulates the bowels; quiets the nervous system; acts directly upon the secretions; and arouses the whole system to action.

VEGETINE
For Sick Headache.
EVANSVILLE, IND., Jan. 31, 1878.
MR. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—I have used your Vegetine for Sick Headache, and been greatly benefited thereby. I have every reason to believe it to be a good medicine. Yours very respectfully,
MRS. JAMES CONNER.
411 Third St.

HEADACHE.—There are various causes for headache, as derangement of the circulating system, of the digestive organs, of the nervous system, &c. Vegetine can be said to be a sure remedy for the many kinds of headache, as it acts directly upon the various causes of this complaint, Nervousness, Indigestion, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Billiousness, &c. Try the Vegetine. You will never regret it.

VEGETINE.
Doctor's Report.
DR. CHAS. M. DUDDENHAUSEN, Apothecary, Evansville, Ind.
The doctor writes: I have a large number of good customers who take Vegetine. They all speak well of it. I know it is a good medicine for the complaints for which it is recommended.
Dec 27, 1877.

VEGETINE is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers: for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep.

VETETINE.
Doctor's Report.
MR. H. R. STEVENS, Esq:
Dear Sir,—We have been selling your valuable Vegetine for three years, and we find that it gives perfect satisfaction. We believe it to be the best blood purifier now sold. Very respectfully,
DR. J. E. BROWN & CO., Druggists,
Uniontown, Ky.

VEGETINE has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

VEGETINE
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON, MASS.
Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.
OLDEST
REAL
ESTATE
AGENCY
IN NEBRASKA.
William H. Hoover.
Does a general Real Estate Business. Sells Lands on Commission, examines Titles, makes Deeds, Mortgages, and all instruments pertaining to the transfer of Real Estate. Has a
Complete Abstract of Titles
to all Real Estate in Nemaha County.

ORGANIZED, 1870.
STATE BANK of NEBRASKA
AT BROWNVILLE.
CAPITAL, $100,000.
Transacts a general banking business, sells Drafts on all the principal cities of the
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Special accommodations granted to depositors.
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BOUGHT AND SOLD.
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H. E. GATES, : : : : : Cashier.
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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.

The Swallow.

Of all the birds that swim the air
I'd rather be the swallow;
And, summer days, when days were fair,
I'd follow, follow, follow
The hurrying clouds across the sky,
And with the singing winds I'd fly.

My eager wings would need no rest
If I were but a swallow;
I'd scale the highest mountain crest
And sound the deepest hollow.
No forest could my path-way hide;
No ocean plain should be too wide.

I'd find the sources of the Nile;
I'd see the Sandwich Islands,
And Chimborazo's granite pile,
And Scotland's rugged Highlands;
I'd skim the sands of Timbuctoo;
Constantinople's mosques I'd view.

I'd fly among the isles of Greece,
The pride of great Apollo,
And circle round the bay of Nice,
If I were but a swallow,
And view the sunny fields of France;
The vineyards merry with the dance.

I'd see my shadow in the Rhine
Dart swiftly like an arrow,
And catch the breath of eglantine
Along the banks of Yarrow;
I'd roam the world and never tire,
If I could have my heart's desire!

—*Nathan Haskell Dole, in St. Nicholas for April.*

The Song of the Milkmaid.

Turn! turn! for my cheeks they burn;
Turn by the vale, my Harry!
Fill, pail! Fill, pail!
He's turned by the vale,
And there by the stile waits Harry.
Fill, fill!—fill, pail—fill!
For there by the stile waits Harry.
The world may go round—the world may stand still,
But I—can milk and marry.

—*Harper's Weekly*

Now that all sounds well, but we happen to know the milkmaid didn't say it just that way. As near as we could catch the words, she sung:

So! so! brute! huddup your foot!
Look at ye now, where you've stuck it!
Hold still your tail
Stiff as a flail,
And both hind feet in the bucket!
There stands a tramp by the barnyard gate,
And—so there! you brute, or I'll lam ye!
So, now; so! Ah, beast! There you go!
And there goes the pail, too; dog-gon a cow, anyhow.

—*Burlington Hawk Eye.*

WAS IT UNMAIDENLY?

"Gussie, tell me, do you love me or not? I have been waiting for your answer as long as I can wait, and you must tell me now. Gussie, *do* you love me?"

Will Hammond stood at one end of the long snowy pine table, looking very handsome and very much in earnest as he watched the saucy, graceful way Gussie Green tossed her head, and the bright color came warming her pretty cheeks.

It made a pleasant picture, the big kitchen in the Greendale farm-house, with its dresser full of shining tins, its big, deep seated windows draped with spotless dimity; its dozen old-fashioned rush-bottomed chairs, and one great big cozily-cushioned rocker beside the cooking stove; with its snowy floor, with here and there strips of bright rag carpet, its long white pine side table that was loaded down this cold frosty winter morning with toothsome dainties in a fair way of preparation for the table.

And prettiest of all was Gussie Greendale herself, with her bright brown and white calico dress, so neatly covered by a big bib apron, her sleeves rolled up to her pink dimpled elbows showing small, exquisitly moulded arms; with her pretty arch-face, of clear brunette complexion; her well-poised head with its shiny, dusky hair arranged neatly and becomingly; with her saucy, roguish eyes, whose merriment hid the great depth of tender passion of which she was so capable. Will Hammond looked at her for fully a minute, all his heart in his eyes, while Gussie went complacently on with the work in hand, which, at that especial minute, consisted of spreading delicious-looking lemon custard on a layer of jelly cake.

A minute, two, three passed, and the young man waited, and the girl spread custard with her dainty brown hand as though life itself was dependent thereupon.

Then he spoke.

"Will you answer me, Gussie? Yes or no?"

And Gussie raised her roguish, coquetish eyes with a demureness that he might have known was dangerous.

"Really, I don't know which it is. There, now, Will, are you satisfied?"

Satisfied! And he thought, as he bit his moustache in sheer vexation, that it took some magic skill he feared he never should possess to woo this outrageous little enchanting flirt.

Satisfied! With her delicious red lips pouting so near him, and he not daring to kiss them—satisfied, with that haughty little head so near his, and he not daring to cradle it on his breast!

"Doubtless my content is supreme," he said bitterly. "Gussie did it ever seem to you that perhaps I mean what I say? Sometimes I have imagined you treat it all as a good joke and nothing more. Gussie! You *shall* answer me! If you have an idea beyond having that custard spread smooth on your cake, you shall tell me—yes, or no!"

And Gussie, with her fine-layered custard jelly-cake poised on her fingers, looked critically, admiringly at it, then at him.

"Very well, Will, since you insist upon yes or no—no!"

And she sat the cake down with a little emphasis.

"No!" he echoed, in a voice that was husky with the sudden end of the exquisite dream he had been indulging so long—ever since he had come to the Greendale farm-house in midsummer, and where he lingered now, out of all prudence so far as his business was concerned, at the beginning of December, simply and solely because in Gussie Greendale were centered all the hopes of his life.

And she had deliberately said—no. She had coolly, almost coldly told him she did not love him, or its equivalent.

"No! Gussie, you can't mean that—you never can be so cruel!"

"I mean just what I said—I have that habit. But I can offer you every encouragement in asking some other young ladies the same question who have other ideas than those of cake-making, who doubtless will be very glad of a chance to say, 'yes.' Isn't this kitchen awfully hot?"

Certainly Gussie's cheeks were remarkably red, but whether or not it was the heat of the kitchen, Willard Hammond did not inquire—he had his answer.

And Gussie's fingers flew faster than usual, and the pantry doors slammed somewhat, and one entire pan of cookies were burned to small oval cinders while Gussie stood meditatively by the window.

"Think you must be going, eh? It is rather sudden, isn't it, Mr. Hammond?"

Farmer Greendale passed the warm tea biscuits and asked the question at the same time, and Gussie gave a little start that no one saw at the answer.

"Rather sudden, Mr. Greendale, and yet, when I think how I have prolonged my vacation, I feel I should have made my decision weeks ago. Yes, I think I will leave you on Thursday of this week.

He handed his cup to Gussie for his second installment of tea, with a perfectly cool nochalance of manner.

Going on Thursday—and this was Tuesday! Only two more days! And then, Gussie made up her mind she would *not* feel lonesome when he had gone; she had never been lonesome before he came, why now?

And as she handed back his cup she struggled hard to shut her eyes to the fact that never again would life be as calm and rosy-hued as before she saw Willard Hammond, unless——

And with the perverseness of womankind at least *some* womankind—Gussie's eyes sparkled, and her cheeks glowed, and the dimples came in her chin, and she felt dreadfully miserable to think of that "no!"

And Mr. Hammond heard and saw with jealous pain, and forthwith began an easy conversation with Farmer Greendale.

"I need not say how I regret breaking the pleasant connections I have had here among you, but it is, of course, impossible that such a life should last forever, delightful though it is. Besides, imperative summons from my cousin in Boston—one of the prettiest, most bewitching little ladies you can imagine, Miss Gussie—makes it a double duty for me to go."

Gussie smiled and said "indeed," as camly as though he had announced his intention of riding over the farm, while she experienced hot and cold thrills at thought of that cousin of his.

"He only said it to make me jealous, and he *shall not do it*," Gussie said to herself, and then, with woman's inconsistency, went deliberately at work thinking, and fretting, and groaning, until by Thursday morning she was almost the ghost of herself.

Until this morning, this Thursday morning, with a damp, raw east wind and a clouded, lowering sky, when Willard Hammond was going, Gussie had not entirely realized what it would be to her after he he had gone, who had been the very sunshine of her life for so many blessed weeks. But now, with all the bustle and excitement of getting him off, and now, when his trunk stood strapped in the hallway, and she had taken a peep in the room he had occupied, and that made her feel as if there was a funeral in the house, now knowing it was the last time she would ever see his overcoat hanging on the hall-rack, or hear his tread on the stairs, Gussie came to a terrible realization of what she had done, how she had crushed all the light, and warmth, and beauty, out of her life, and all because she was an inborn little coquette.

And that city cousin of his! Gussie wanted to choke her, whoever, wherever, whatever she was, that she dare be so much to Willard Hammond, whom *she* loved, for all she had so cruelly refused him—and, shall it be confessed, with not a doubt that he would renew his offer.

Would he renew it? Gussie sprang from the window where she was watching one of the farm hands harnessing up the horses that were to take her darling away from her.

Would he?

The thought sent brilliant flashes to the sweet eyes that had been dim for so many weary hours, and—now comes the question, was it unmaidenly in her?

Gussie went into the sitting-room where Mr. Hammond was alone, waiting for the horses.

He glanced up as she came shyly in, looking very fair to see.

"I am still waiting, you see, Miss Gussie. It is real good of you to come and help me be patient."

"Miss Gussie!" He never had called her so until that other day, and he never had addressed her more familiarly since.

"There is still some time, Mr. Hammond—nearly half an hour yet. I am sorry you should be impatient to get away."

He laughed—not the free joyous laugh she so loved to hear, but a cold, constrained mirth.

"It is rather strange, isn't it, after being in no hurry for so long? What a fine creature Cæsar is!"

Gussie knew he meant one of the two handsome horses he could see from the window, and she knew, too, that there was no satisfaction in his farewell.

He had ceased to care for her—that was evident, or he would have taken this golden opportunity—and it was her own act that was recoiling in such fearful violence at her heart.

She was trembling with nervous excitement and jealous love and despair. She saw the carriage come bowling up toward the front door; she knew—

She only knew she loved him dearly, dearly, and she must lose him by her own cruel act.

She could not endure it—this brave, sweet, faulty girl, with her foolish little head and her loving big heart; and so—do you blame her?—I don't not a bit—she went tremblingly up to her rejected lover, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Mr. Hammond—Will! don't go off so—indeed—indeed—I want you to—please—please forgive me for what I—said—what I did not say—I mean——"

And the hot blushes and the tears came both at once, and through them both Will Hammond saw a glow in her eye that made him drop his overcoat, and step nearer to her—so near, her quick, hurried breathings were on his cheek.

"Gussie! what do you mean? Gussie, for God's sake don't cheat me if I am not to have your love! Gussie *do* you love me, darling?"

And it was the happiest moment in both their lives.

But—was it unmaidenly?

Professor Barret and His New Electric Light.

Why Its Adoption as a Means to Illuminate the Streets Will be an Economic Move.

Professor Barrett's experiments with electric light prove more successful as they are prosecuted, and his proposition to light the city by this means is receiving more favor daily among our wisest economists. The scheme is to have from fifteen to eighteen candles located in various parts of the city, in such a way as to interlace the light and neutralize the shadows. Professor Barrett has a project in mind by which so great an elevation will not be necessary as has been supposed. In fact, a selection is to be made of the necessary number from the watch towers of the Fire Department. All that is necessary is to put in the engines, machines, and candles, and place the lighting of the city in the hands of the Fire Department, where it could be managed without additional expense, as there are already engineers at the different points where the candles will be placed. It is estimated that the cost of maintaining each light will be $5 for twenty-four hours, including labor, candle, and coal. The candle burns 20 cents, and lasts eight hours, making a light equal to 600 gas-jets. In this way $150,000 or more would be saved during the first year, and thereafter it would be much larger. As to the quality of the light, it can be made as steady as a gas-jet or an oil lamp. As to the internal application it will be used readily and cheaply to light up machine shops, depots, or packing houses. In New York it is utilized in some factories to the exclusion of daylight on account of its superior intensity.

On Wednesday evening, May 2d, at about 10 o'clock, the people of Lawndale, in the extreme south-west limit of the city, were startled by the sudden illumination of the streets. The residents rushed out of their houses, in doubt whether the end of the world had come, a comet had suddenly burst across the horizon, or Jove was about to thunder out of a clear sky. It is no exaggeration to say that their sleep was troubled that night, for they went to bed with the phenomenon unexplained. The next day it was learned that the panic had been caused by Professor Barrett, seven miles away, at the North Side Water Works, who had turned the great electric light upon them in commiseration for their want of street lamps. This circumstance serves to show the penetrating power and utility of the new rival of the gas monopolies in Chicago.—*Inter Ocean.*

A farmer's daughter, living near Cleveland, Ohio, answered a personal in a newspaper, entered into correspondence with the "unknown," finally met him, was married, went to the city to live, and returned to her father's house in two months, dressed like a beggar, and looking twenty years older than when she went away. Her husband was a gambler and a loafer. This is a personal romance in a nut-shell.

A Georgia cow has given birth to a singular creature. The offspring seems to be someting between a calf and a camel, having the hump and form of the latter.

The Hay-Burning Stoves of the Mennonites.

Nebraska Cor. Chicago Times.

The grass furnace or stove is not costly or complicated, or likely to get out of order. On the other hand, it is a contrivance so simple that many will say of it as one old man did when he first saw a railroad track, "Nobody but a fool could have tho't of so simple a thing." In a word, as the Irishman made a cannon by taking a large hole and pouring iron around it, so the Mennonite mother of food and warmth is developed by piling brick or stones round a hollow.

Aware that such generalities are too vague, I will make my description more specific, and hope to render the whole mystery plain and level to the lowest capacity.

The material used for the Russian furnace seems unimportant. Some employ common bricks, others stone; one builder told me he preferred to mix one part of sand with two of clay.

In his judgment this mixture retained heat longer for radiation through a house. The position of a furnace is naturally as central as possible, because heat tends to diffuse itself on all sides alike.

Furnaces will, of course, vary in size with the size of the house. A good model is this: Length, five feet; heighth, six, and width two and a half. The bricks employed are about six hundred, unless the walls be of extraordinary thickness. The structure may be said to have six stories. 1, the ash-box; 2, the fire-box; 3, the oven; 4, smoke passage; 5, hot-air chamber; 6, smoke passage either to chimney or to drum in an upper room.

Many questions have been asked me as to the size of the fire or fuel-box. Its length is about four feet, its width and height each about a foot and a half. It is asked, "How is grass pressed or prepared for the fire-box?" It is not prepared at all, but is thrust in with a fork as one would throw fodder into a rack. People suppose they must be putting in this fuel all the time. This is not the fact. At the house of Bishop Peters (48x27 ft.) which is a large one for a new country, the grass or straw is pitched in for about twenty minutes twice, or, at most, three times in twenty-four hours. That amount of firing up suffices for cooking and for comfort.

It will be observed that the heated air strikes the oven, and also the reservoir of hot air, both above and below, and that no particle of hot air reaches the chimney till after turning four corners. It works its passage. The iron plates, doors and shutters are such as any foundry can furnish. They are inexpensive. In a case where I inquired the cost, it was $5.

Straw and old prairie grass have been thought as useless as grave stones after the resurrection. But the recent utilizing of them is in keeping with the spirit of the age—with developing patent flour best suited to human uses from that part of the wheat which had been the food of hogs, and with planing mills so contrived that they feed their boilers with their own shavings. Indeed it surpasses all witty inventions in its line, unless it be the proposal, just now stated, for turning even tramps to an account, by clapping them into the regular army, and sending them among Indians to scalp, or to be scalped, no matter which.

Many Nebraska Yankees were made happy last winter, thanks to the Mennonite stove. More will be next winter. That household blessing to an outsider seems capable of little improvement. But the Yankee will improve it, for he has improved everything else he has borrowed—everything from watches to steam engines, ships, and even religion. It fact, his betterments in the last article are said to be as manifold

As if religion was intended
For nothing else but to be mended.

Thus Yankee cuteness may render the Russian stove simpler, smaller, cheaper—of better material—of more elegant design—of more economical combustion. But, as now used by Nebraska Mennonites, it is worthy of all acceptation by a prairie pioneer. A Hibernian, hearing of a stove that would save half his wood, said he would buy two and save the whole. The save-all that he was after he would have found in a Mennonite grass burner.

The Price of Liberty.

The case of Henrietta Woods vs. Zeb Ward, tried in the United States Court at Cincinnati the other day, is a pointed commentary on the kind of a government we had under the rule of the old pro-slavery Democracy. In 1853, Ward, feeling in need of a little pocket change, and having no spare "nigger" to sell, came over to Cincinnati and kidnapped Mrs. Woods, then a strong, likely young colored woman. A negro had no rights which a white man was bound to respect, and he was enabled to get her to Texas without difficulty, where he sold her to a planter. Her friends made efforts to find her, and she did what she could to invoke the aid of the law, but all in vain. She made no money, the courts were closed against her, and if they had not been her oath was of no value, and the consequence was that she remained the property of her master until freed by the fortunes of war. The want of money to pay her way North compelled her to remain and work for a considerable time after she was free. At last she returns and finds a new dispensation, and seeks a remedy for her wrongs in the courts. Twenty-five years after she was abducted, prematurely old and decrepit from the hardships of her enforced bondage, a jury give her a verdict of $2,500 against the man who perpetrated the great wrong. It should have been $25,000. The kidnapper is said to have grown wealthy off of the price of this free woman. It is humiliating to think that there ever was a time in this republic when human liberty was so cheap.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Modern and Scriptural Scandals.

In reply to a criticism of a christian subscriber on publishing the Beecher-Tilton scandal news, the Des Moines *Register*, says:

We think it is 'quite the thing' for a newspaper to do, to give the news of the day—no matter whether the news be the almost phenomenal crime of the greatest preacher of the age or the pettier crime of a person entirely obscure. The question whether such a stupendous offence is 'a proper thing to tell of in a newspaper,' is easily answered. It is. The Bible tells of similar scandals of David the sweet singer of Israel, and of those of Abraham, the father of the faithful, who did meaner things than ever Beecher has done, such as the men and the christians of this age would ride any man on a rail for doing now, and of others of the great but once wicked people of the Sacred Record. If the Great Editor who inspired the authors of that holy book thought such sins worthy of mention and comment in the book of eternal record, it would seem to be a proper thing to tell of in a daily paper of news. We make no pretence of being more proper in these things than the Bible is, and if the men who wrote that did not think it right to withhold the news and the facts about David, Abraham, Noah and the like, it is a little too much to expect a daily newspaper to suppress the news about Beecher. A nice world we would have of it truly if 'the church' could get the press of the day to shield from exposures the Ondordonks, the Beechers, and others like them. The propriety, the decency, to Christianity, it seems to us are all the other way. For, *take away the fear of exposure*, and how much more madly and boldly rampant would not this crime against all that is purest and noblest and holiest in life become? There is a great deal of cheap cant and snobbery in this current criticism of newspapers for doing their duty in taking the world as they find it and in publishing the news as it is.

Story About Mr. Lincoln.

The death of Mr. Denton, of Delaware County, Iowa, recalls a story he used to tell. In the early days of the Illinois Central Railway the line was not fenced, and one day two cows belonging to a Methodist clergyman were killed. Being sued for damages, the company resolved to make a test case of it. The President of the road directed Mr. Denton to take $500 in gold and go to Springfield and retain Abraham Lincoln, whom he knew well, for the company. Mr. Lincoln replied to his request:

"I am sorry you didn't come yesterday, Nick, for I have been retained by the preacher and his friends."

Denton explained fully the importance of the case to the company, and then, pulling two buckskin bags filled with gold out of his pockets, he put them down on the table before the lawyer with a startling clink, saying, "Mr. Lincoln, the President of the company authorizes me to hand you this retainer of $500 to take our case."

Mr. Lincoln jumped to his feet, flushed with anger.

"Nick Denton," he said, "I have given my promise to that preacher and his friends, and the Illinois Central hasn't money enough to buy me away from his side. I don't know that I shall ever get a dollar from him—but I'll do my best to make your company pay for those cows."

Denton said that he never felt so mean and small in his life as he did at that moment. And he used to say that Lincoln was the noblest and best man in America.

When asked to state his creed, the late G. W. Blunt, of New York City, said: "I believe in God, his infinite power and mercies, the mission of Christ, the Flag of the Union. Have through my life been subject to many exposures—small pox, ship-fever, cholera, yellow-fever, and Democracy. Never took either."

The following notice speaks for itself: Office hours for listening to commercial travelers, 7 to 11; solicitors of church subscriptions, 11 to 1; book agents, 1 to 3; stationery, peddlers and insurance men, all day. We attend to our own business at night.

Yes, brother journalists, there will come a time when religious societies will not expect seven dollars' worth of gratuitous advertising in return for a ticket entitling the bearer to a chance in a raffle for a ninety-cent hair brush.—*Albany Argus.*

De big sunflower may rise above de modest tater vine, an' brag about its Sunday clothes, and put on airs so fine; but when de winter howls around, an' de snow lies at de doah, de big sunflower, oh! whar am he? De tater hez de doah!