OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers.

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

County Officers.

JOHN S. STULL ..... County Judge
WILSON S. MAJORS ..... Clerk and Recorder
A. H. GILMORE ..... Treasurer
R. V. BLACK ..... Sheriff
G. B. FARKER ..... Coroner
JAMES M. HACKER ..... Surveyor
PHILIP CROTHER ..... School Superintendent
JOHN H. SHOOK, JONATHAN HIGGINS, J. H. PEERY, ... Commissioners

City Officers.

W. T. ROGERS ..... Mayor
E. L. HULBURD ..... Police Judge
J. H. DOCKER ..... Clerk
BEN. R. THOMPSON ..... Treasurer
GEO. H. LANNON ..... Marshal

COUNCILMEN.

L. D. ROBINSON, JOSEPH HOOEY ..... 1st Ward
W. A. JUDKINS, J. J. MERCER ..... 2nd Ward
LEWIS HILL, C. NEIDHART ..... 3rd Ward

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

Churches.

Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. S. F. 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. H. DOE, Pastor.

Christ's Church.—Services every Sunday, at 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. Comneron. Social meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meetings Thursday evenings.

Catholic.—Services every 4th Sunday of each month, at 10 o'clock 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. 3, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. Visiting brothers respectfully invited. A. H. Gilmore, N. G. Jas. Cochran, Secy.

Nemaha City Lodge No. 40, I. O. O. F.—Meet every Saturday. O. C. COOK, N. G. DAVID TOUNTELOTT, Secr.

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. B. 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. Rainey, 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; Joh. Bath, Vice President; A. Gerdes, 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. Hyddart, Treasurer and Business Manager.

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

I. O. of G. T.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

MRS. ADA VAN FELT, W. G. C. T. ..... Lincoln.
E. W. METCALF, W. G. C. ..... Tecumseh.
MRS. L. F. Markel, W. G. V. T. ..... Riverton.
G. W. KEENS, W. G. Sec. ..... Kearney.
MISS EVA RANSOM, W. G. Treas. ..... Falls City
A. J. SKEEN, W. G. M. ..... Brownville.
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. F. Crother, L. D.

Aspinwall Lodge No. 198.—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. J. H. Lorance, W. C. T. Geo. Sanders, Sec. H. O. Minick, L. D., Brownville.

Security, No. 135.—Meets every Saturday evening, at Fairview Church, six miles south west of Brownville. John Maxwell, W. C. T. H. H. Bowman, 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. B. Good, W. C. T. M. A. Palmer, Sec. H. F. Palmer, L. D., Sheridan.

Pleasant Prairie, No. 100.—Meet every Saturday evening, at Bratton School House, Benton precinct. M. L. Eastwood, W. C. T. E. Elwell, Sec. B. H. Bailey, L. D., Bratton P. O.

Bedford, No. 160.—Meets every Friday evening at Coal Tar School House, four miles south west of Nemaha City. Jno. Stokes, W. C. T. P. Young Sec. C. Tucker, L. D., Nemaha City.

Sheridan, No. 162.—Meets every Saturday evening. T. J. Bell, 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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. S. HOLLADAY, **Physician, Surgeon, Obstetrician.** Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1855. Office, at Main street, Brownville, Neb.

L. L. HULBURD, **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.

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 Roy building, Brownville, Neb.

S. A. OSBORN, **ATTORNEY AT LAW.** Office, No. 81 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.

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.

A. D. MARSH. **TAILOR,** BROWNVILLE, - - NEBRASKA. 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.***

JACOB MAROHN, **MERCHANT TAILOR,** and dealer in Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths, Vestings, Etc., Etc. **Brownville, Nebraska.**

THE ADVERTISER.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1878.

Publishers' Notices.

THE ADVERTISER is on sale at the Drug and Book Store of A. W. Nickell.

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Authorized Agents.

TITUS BROS are our authorized agents at Nemaha City to receive and receipt for monies due us.

THOMAS BURRESS is our authorized agent in Glen Rock precinct to receive and receipt for monies due us on subscription.

A. J. RITTER, at St. Deroin, is our authorized agent at that place, to receive subscriptions and advertising, and to collect and receipt for monies due THE ADVERTISER.

JOHN S. MINICK is our authorized agent at Aspinwall, to receive subscription and advertising, and collect and receipt for monies due us.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, Publishers Advertiser.

A Saintly Spree.

In ancient days, it came to pass,
St. Peter and St. Paul, alas!
Went out, each seated on an ass,
To bum around Jerusalem.
They called at taverns, great and small;
First Peter treated, then St. Paul,
Till from their asses both did fall—
These bummers of Jerusalem.

They shout and roar; oh, shame! oh, shame!
And each of them did loudly claim
That Champagne Charlie was his name,
These brawlers of Jerusalem.
At length, when they had had enough
They sat themselves, cigars to puff,
And then commenced a-playing bluff,
These gamblers of Jerusalem.

Two Yanks into the bar-room came;
The one was blind, the other lame;
Says Paul, "Lets play a four-hand game
Of euchre, in Jerusalem."
He touched the blind, and then the lame,
And both of them all right became,
And then sat down to play the game
Called eucher, in Jerusalem.

But both the saints were rather slow,
And with the Yanks they had no show,
For they had come from Chicago,
To clean out old Jerusalem.
So, Paul and Peter were quickly beat,
And then struck in to pay the treat;
And both the Yanks took "whisky neat"
To drink, in old Jerusalem.

They tossed the dice, to see who'd pay;
That's much the best and shortest way;
But saints don't toss dice every day,
Not even in Jerusalem.
St. Paul threw first—eighteen he made,
(The dice were cogged, I'm much afraid);
"You can't beat that, old man," he said,
"And no one in Jerusalem."

St. Peter muttered, "Sacre bleu!"
He took the dice, nineteen he threw!
Says Paul, "Come, that'll do for you,
You fraud of old Jerusalem!"
At length their money all was spent,
And each home to his hash-house went,
And didn't come out till after Lent,
To spree around Jerusalem.

A FIERY STEED.

Along a pleasant, winding, lonely country road, with splendid great apple and pear trees standing on either side, and the Spring flowers dotting the green carpet so thickly that the green is almost hidden, comes slowly, on this poet's May-day, a diminutive, old, odd-looking white horse, drawing a small market-wagon filled with household furniture, accompanied by an enormous shaggy Newfoundland dog and as pretty a country maid as ever milked a cow or made a pat of golden butter.

The broad-brimmed straw hat she wears shades a low brow, to which clings babyish rings of hair the color of the glossy, satin-smooth buttercups, a pair of innocently roguish eyes, cheeks brown with an underlying tinge of rose, a charming, redlipped mouth, and a firm, round chin.

Across the brow, however, at this moment, flits the shadow of a frown, and a look of comic perplexity comes into the sweet young face. The odd-looking horse has stopped in the middle of the road, and remains perfectly motionless, staring directly before him, save when he bends his head to take a nibble at the flower-thick grass, as though suddenly oblivious of everything under the sun except the tranquility of the June-like May afternoon.

'Oh, Charlie! Charlie! go on—do!—that's a dear!' coaxes the young girl, coming to his side and gently patting his head with her little brown ungloved hand; but Charlie merely whisks a too-familiar fly away from his forlorn old tail, and makes no further sign.

'Charlie, good horse, Charlie,—oh, why didn't I bring some carrots with me?—Charlie, you bad, *bad* fellow, if you don't go on, I'll whip you as sure as you stand there! Come, be a darling.' And thus she alternately begs and threatens; Lion assisting in dog language, with an occasional dash at the heels of his obstinate equine friend; but Charlie refuses to 'be a darling,' plants his feet more firmly than ever, and never stirs; and at last, with an air of resignation, she goes back to the path, seats herself on a rude seat formed by nature of the gnarled roots of a mishapen old tree, and waits patiently for at least ten minutes. At the end of this time Charlie looks about with a just-wake-up expression in his eyes, as who should say, 'Dear! dear! I quite forgot that there was work to be done,' and starts off with quick steps that gradually become slower and slower.

With a sigh of relief the young girl arises and follows—Lion, bounding back from the wood, where he has been making hasty explorations, having it in his mind that his mistress is not to be left without his protection for more than two minutes at a time, takes his place by her side—and the perplexed look fades away into a smile that brings to light two rows of pearl white teeth.

But, alas! the smile is premature. In another ten minutes, again overcome by the beauty and peacefulness of the day, Charlie falls into a reverie, stops once more, and once more refuses most decidedly to 'go on.'

And in this manner that dreadful horse behaved for a whole hour, making short progresses and long pauses, until finally coming to the conclusion that there had been enough of this sort of thing, he deliberately drags the wagon to the side of the road, takes up his station beneath a wide-spread oak, and proceeds to munch the young grass at his feet, with a look in his eyes that says as plainly as words, 'From this spot move me if you can.'

'Oh, Charlie! Charlie! how can you?' begins the young girl, loudly and indignantly, following him with small hands clasped beseechingly. 'Oh, you wicked, *wicked* Charlie!'

'Did you call me?' asks a masculine voice, to her great astonishment; and as with a slight start she turns in the direction of the voice, she sees a young man walking rapidly towards her, the sound of his approaching footsteps having been completely lost in the inquiring bow wows of her canine guardian. 'Did you call me?' he repeats.

'No sir,' she replies blushing prettily, and looking at him with frank, child-like eyes. 'I was speaking to the horse. Be still Lion.'

'Beg pardon. I thought for an instant you were speaking to me. It seems I have the honor of being a namesake of your fiery steed. But you are in trouble. What is the matter? Can I help you in any way?'

'There's nothing very serious the matter,' she says with a smile. 'We are moving to-day, and father went on ahead a long time ago, having business to settle with our new landlord, and he must be at this very moment waiting for me at our new house, and wondering what in the world has become of me. You see we have no boys in our family and the other girls are younger than myself, and father and mother both thought—this being a very quiet road—that Lion and I could look after Charlie and the furniture; but Charlie, who generaly behaves very well, has been awfully contrary, and has stopped every few moments and the consequence is we have been already two hours on a journey that should have taken us but one, and there's just as long a distance to go yet; and with Charlie—oh, you wicked horse!—standing under that tree, I don't know how we are ever to get to Grasstown.'

'It's almost as bad a plight as the old woman was in with her pig, when he wouldn't go under the stile, and she was afraid she couldn't get home that night,' laughs the young man—a nice young fellow he is, with gentleman stamped on every feature of his handsome face. 'But suppose I cut you a switch? Perhaps that, used with discretion, might have some influence on the fiery steed.'

'Oh no, that would never do!' she says, shaking her head emphatically. 'Charlie was never whipped in his life. He'd be so scared at the sight of a switch that I believe he'd run away.'

'Wouldn't that be a desirable thing under these circumstances?' asks the young man, with a broad smile, the idea of the old horse, whose principal desire appeared to be not to move at all, running away, striking him as inexpressibly comic, and thinking, 'Bless her kind little heart! he continues: 'Well since you refuse the switch, I will try how a command in a masculine voice will affect him;' and he commanded, 'G'long Charlie!'

Charlie started, turned his head toward the speaker, recognized a master, backed away from the oak, and went off on a quick walk.

'Well, the idea!' exclaimed his young mistress.

'And now with your permission, I will walk with you to the end of your journey, for I'm sure if I leave you Charlie will note my absence immediately, and stop under the next tree.'

'Oh no, indeed! you must not,' says the pretty country maid. 'You were going in an entirely different direction. And I could not think of taking you so far out of your way. Many thanks for your kind offer, but indeed, sir, I couldn't. Charlie will behave well now. Wont you, Charlie?'

'Good heavens! I never knew my name was so musical before,' thinks the young man, then explains: 'I was going in an entirely different direction because I missed my train at the last station, an if I had waited, would have had to wait two hours for another; but being rather impatient by nature, and tempted by the fine day, I set out to walk, my destination being the next village. And now if I return with you I shall have a much pleasanter walk, catch the next train, and lose no time after all. Lion approves of my plan. Don't you, Lion?' And Lion, usually very suspicious of strangers, comes and lays his startlingly cold nose in his new friend's hand.

And so the two young people walked along side by side, crushing the pretty flowers under their feet as they go, and Charlie, looking back every now and then out the corner of his right eye to see if the masculine voice is still there, never falters but keeps steadily on his winding way. After a few moments' silence the innocent little maid raised her bue eyes—they have been hidden by the long lashes—and says in a shy voice:

'You said you were going to Daisyville. I have lived there all my life.'

'Not a very long time,' says the young man, with a smile.

'Seventeen years. I was born and my three sisters were born in the same little farmhouse we are now leaving.' And a tear trembles on the long lashes and rolls down the round rosy cheek.

The young man looks at the tear with pitying wonder.

'And were you very happy there?' he asks.

'So happy,' replies the girl, 'that we fear we never will be half so happy any where else. And'—a sudden light breaking over her face—'I believe that is what ails Charlie. He knows it isn't right be going to a strange place, and does his best, poor fellow, to prevent it.'

'Undoubtedly,' gravely assents her companion. 'But why, if you will permit me to ask, are you bidding farwell to Daisyville?—G'long Charlie,' as Charlie evinces a desire to listen to the conversation.

'Father didn't own the place. He had it on a long lease, which ran out the very week (a month ago) our landlady died, and her heir—a nephew—and his mother are coming to take possession of the estate, and they want our farmhouse for their gardner. When Mrs. Marks was alive her gardener had rooms over the stable, and very comfortable rooms they were, too, and the kitchen garden was just back of the big house. But I suppose the new people are more stylish than the old ones, and want the kitchen garden larger, and farther away than Mrs. Marks' was, and so they take from us our home, and we are obliged to move over to Grasstown.'

'And are your father and mother as much attached to Daisyville as you and your sisters are?' he asks.

'Even more attached to it,' she answers, 'if that be possible. It almost breaks my heat to see mother's sad face. But I must try to make the new homes as bright for them as I can—that is if ever I get there. Oh, dear! How very unfortunate that Charlie should have taken it into his head to be so naughty, this day of all others!'

'On the contrary, I think, Miss Gray'—it has transpired that her name is Bessie Gray—'that it is the most fortunate thing that could have happened.'

Her blue eyes and red mouth open in wonder.

'Because'—answering the look—'If Charlie had behaved well instead of badly, you would have been at Grasstown long before this, and I should not have had the pleasure of of meeting you. And now I am about proposing something which will seem extremely absurd to you, although in reality, the wisest thing that could be done, under the circumstances. Suppose we turn Charlie's head in the direction of his old home, and see what speed he will make then?'

'But,' looking at him, half frightened, as Lion bounds forward, with a loud, joyful bark, to meet a stalwart old man, who comes suddenly around the corner, his hat in one hand and a red silk handkerchief in the other, and who shouts the moment he catches sight of her—

'Why, girl, where have you been? What on earth is the matter?'

Bessie leaves unfished the 'But' began speech, and runs laughingly to him, and, takes his hat from his hand fans him energetically, while she explains, 'Charlie was the matter, father. You can't think how aggravating he's been. He wouldn't go until this gentleman'—another pretty blush—was kind enough to make him go.'

The old man looked keen'y at the young one. 'And pray where did come from, and who may you be?' he asked, sharply.

'I will tell you where I cane from, and how I happened to meet your daughter, at some future time. Meanwhile you will learn from this who I am'—handing a card to the old farmers, on which was engraved, 'Charles Marks, Jr.'

'Our old landlady's nephew and heir?'

'The same, at your service; having no desire, in spite of my agent's arrangements to the contrary, to begin my life in Daisyville by tuming so worthy a tenant' (in his heart he added, 'with so pretty a daughter') out of the house he has occipied so many years, I was just propsing to Miss Gray as you made your appearance that Charlie should be stopped in his mad career, and oneeand for all be turned towards his old home.'

'Are you quite in earnest, sir?'

'Never more so in my life. Whoa, Charley, poor old boy! and around went the horse and wagon, and off started the fiery steed so fast that they could no longer follow him. Lion 'leaping a yard in air' in the exuberance of his delight, galloping by his side.

'He's all right,' said the old man, his face beaming with happiness. 'And won't mother look wonderfully surprised when she sees him coming up the lane? I don't know how to thank you, sir.'

'Don't thank me. I deserve no thank,' says Charles Marks, holding aside a low-hanging tree branch that Bessie may pass under.

'And the new gardener?' asked Bessie looking back at him.

'Will have the rooms over the stable. You said they were comfortable.'

'But your train?' persists Bessie, with the first gleam of coquetry that ever sparkled in he blue eyes.

'I'd much rather walk,' says Mr. Marks.

When next the blossoms are on the orchard trees and the Spring flowers are running wild through the grass there is a new mistress at the big house in Daisyville—a pretty little thing with lovely blue eyes, bright golden hair, and a sweet cheerful voice. Her name is Bessie, and she is the idol of her husband, and, strange as it may appear, the beloved of her mother-in-law.

And in the stable, as well, nay, better, cared for than the handsome ponies and the splendid chestnut, is an old, white, odd looking horse, called Charlie, his days of toil all over, and all his ways ways of pleasantness, all his paths paths of peace.

Truth will never die; the stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory, but truth will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness, these are all imperishable. No grave can even entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison but they have been freer than before; those who enshrined them in their hearts have been burned at the stake, but out of their ashes other witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown, no storm can wreck, no abyss can swallow up the everlasting truth. You cannot kill goodness and integrity, and righteousness; the way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting.

The side door of a barroom is like a great many people's prayer books—open only on Sunday.

Inherited Inebriations.

Dr. Brown, a well dnown English writer on insanity, says: 'The drunkard not only enfeebles and weakens his own nervous system, but entails mental disease upon his family.' The author of an elaborate article in the eighth volume of the *British Psycological Journal*, in describing a class of persons fond of intoxicating drinks, says: 'They are the offspring of persons who have indulged in stimulants, or who have weakened the cerebral organization by vicious habits.'

Mr. Darwin says: 'Arising from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors liable to become hereditary even to the third generation—increasing if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct.'

Dr. Elam, a London physician, in a recent work upon Physical Degeneracy, writes of the effect of alcohol as follows: 'All this, fearful as it is, would be of trifling importance did the punishment descend only on the individual concerned and terminate there. Unfortunately this is not so, for there is no phase of humanity in which hereditary influence is so marked and characteristic as in this. The children unquestionably do suffer for or from the sins of the parent, even unto untold generations. And thus the evil spreads from the individual to the family, from family to community, and to the population at large which is endangered in its highest interests by the presence and contact of a 'morbid variety' in its midst.'

Cultivation of Wild Strawberries.

As no lady could object to having her supper table graced with a dish of bright, fragrant strawberries, which would not be the least among other ornaments in making home attractive, I will tell now of my experiment with the wild strawberry, hoping it will benefit some that have not realized their value. Wishing to have them growing handy in the garden, I took an old basket and went to the woods near by, where I knew plenty of wild ones grew, and filled it with the best plants I could find, brought them home and set them eight inches apart in two rows two feet apart. They grew rapid and vigorously, sending out runners in every direction. But with my scissors I clipped them all off, and continued to clip as often as they appeared after a shower. The result was that each plant became quite a bush with large stems. The second season after planting I had plenty of strawberries as large as any tame ones, with a much better flavor. The neighbors pronounced them larger and nicer than those obtained from the nursery. I set mine in the spring, but fall is the best time. When strawberries are planted in the fall they will fruit the next season, as it is the fall growth of the root which supports the plant for the next year's fruiting. A moist soil is always best for them. In the winter they need a covering of straw or leaves.—*Inter Ocean.*

Secretary Sherman is a wise man—a statesman. He was opposed to the silver bill, but long ago read in the action of Congress and the earnestness of the people that its passage was certain. Convinced of this, he made haste to get things in readiness to carry out the designs of the law. The consequence is there will be but little delay in setting every mint at work coining the "dollar of our daddies." The designs for the coin have been made for some weeks, and engravers have been at work on the dies. Dr. Linderman, Director of the Mints, thinks they can coin nearly $2,000,000 during March, and by the 15th of April be running at their full capacity, which is about $3,500,000 per month. The Secretary has given orders to push everything forward for that purpose as rapidly as possible.

A pleasing incident is told to us by a clergyman who has just returned from a health trip. He relates how a baggage man on a far Western railroad was so impelled by force of habit that he began to knock and kick and jam the trunk of an elephant, a menagery company having the beast on a flat-car. The force of habit was also strong, and the heap of blood and bones beside the track demonstrated that for once in a railroad encounter the trunk had the best of it. As above remarked, this incident comes from the mouth of a clergyman lately returned from a Western trip, taken for his health.

The *Scientific American* give the following which our readers, who raise poultry, will do well to heed: 'Put a tablespoonful of sulphur in the nest as soon as the hens or turkeys set. The heat of the fowls causes the fumes of the sulphur to penetrate every part of their bodies, every louse is killed, and, as all nits are hatched within ten day after the mother leaves the nest with her brood, she is perfectly free from nits or lice.'

The United States Supreme Court has decided that marriage is simply an agreement between one man and one woman to live together as man and wife, and, upon their mutual declaration and living together, the marriage is perfected, and it is not necessary to have license, to publish bans, or to have a magistrate or witness, or any other form of solemnization whatever.

A German paper gives the following as a test for purity of milk: 'A well-polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk, and immediately withdrawn in an upright position; when, if the sample be pure, some of the fluid will be found to adhere to it, while such is not the case if water has been added to the milk even in the smallest proportions.

Josh Billings: Before a man deliberately makes up his mind tew be a raskal he shood examin hisself clussly tew assertane ef he aint better constitooted fur a phool.

WINGED EVILS.—In Ohio the English sparrow is regarded as such a nuisance that the people who know its habits are talking of obtaining a legislative enactment permitting its extermination. Farmers discuss the evil, and the general verdict of the tillers of the soil it that the bird is a destroyer of grain, and that as a result of its disposition, insects have increased in number, and in consequence of the driving away of other birds, crops and trees have suffered more than ever from the ravages of worms.—*Chicago Post.*

Lime water is made by adding two ounces of slacked lime to one gallon of water, and shaking it well for a few minutes. After twelve hours the excess of lime will have subsided, and the lime water may be drawn off.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE For CATARRH

INSTANTLY RELIEVES.

6,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

The following testimonials are from Messrs. J. O. Bosworth & Co., Denver, Col., large and influential druggists. They report unprecedentedly large sales and universal satisfaction. No other disease is so alarmingly prevalent in that region. Over seven-eighths of the following gentlemen are among their best citizens:

SORELY AFFLICTED.

J. O. Bosworth & Co., Denver, Col.: Gentlemen,—Prompted by a fellow-feeling for those afflicted with Catarrh, I wish to add my testimony in behalf of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH. I have been sorely afflicted with this fearful disease for four years, and have tried every known remedy without avail, until I bought a bottle of the above CURE from you, which gave me almost instant relief. It being a constitutional as well as a local remedy, I believe it to be all that is claimed for it, a Radical Cure for Catarrh.

Very truly yours, WM. AMETRYE,
Denver, Sept. 26, 1875. with Jenson, Blake & Co.

GREATLY AFFLICTED.

Messrs. J. O. Bosworth & Co., Denver, Gentlemen,—I take pleasure in recommending SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH to all who are afflicted with this disease. I was greatly afflicted with it for a long time, and cured it with two bottles of this remedy. Almost a year afterwards I was again taken with Catarrh quite severely, and immediately sent for another bottle, which fixed me all right going over the third dose. I am confident that this remedy will do all that is claimed for it, and more too. Wishing you success in its introduction, I am very truly,

F. W. SMITH, of Smith & Doll.
Denver, Oct. 4, 1875.

TRIED EVERYTHING.

Messrs. J. O. Bosworth & Co., Denver, Col.: Gentlemen,—I have used SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I have tried almost everything, and it is the only thing that has given me relief. I therefore take pleasure in recommending its use to all afflicted with Catarrh of any kind, and claim this as my testimony to its benefits.

Very truly, W. S. DECKER.
Denver, Oct. 1, 1875.

REV. J. H. WIGGIN SAYS:

One of the best remedies for Catarrh, say, the best remedy we know of in the treatment of this long, is SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. It is not unpleasant to take through the nostrils, and there comes with each dose a feeling of relief from the inhalation. It clears the head and throat so thoroughly that, taken each morning on rising, there are no unpleasant sensations of disturbance during the entire day, but an unprecedented clearness of voice and respiratory organs. —*Rev. J. H. Wiggin, in Dorchester (Mass.) Boston.*

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, with full directions for use in all cases. Price, $1.00. For Sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Dealers throughout the United States and Canadas. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

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Dull Pain in the Side and Shoulder, loss of Appetite; Coated Tongue; Costive Bowels; Sick-headache; Drowsiness; Weight in the Stomach after eating, with Acidity and Belching up of Wind; Low Spirits; Loss of Energy; Unsociability; and forebodings of Evil.

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HEED THE WARNING!

TAKE

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The first dose produces an effect which often astonishes the sufferer, giving a cheerfulness of mind and bouyancy of body, to which he was before a stranger. They create an Appetite, Good Digestion, and

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"My plantation is in a malarial district. For several years I could not make half a crop on account of sickness. I employ one hundred and fifty hands, often half of them were sick. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of **TUTT'S PILLS.** I used them as a precaution as well as a cure. The result was marvellous; my laborers became hearty, robust, and happy, and I have had no further trouble. With these Pills I would not fear to live in the Okofonokee swamps."

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