OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers.

S. B. 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 E. MAJORS ..... Clerk and Recorder
A. H. GILMORE ..... Treasurer
R. V. BLACK ..... Sheriff
O. B. PARKER ..... Coroner
JAMES M. HACKER ..... Surveyor
PHILIP CROTHER ..... School Superintendent
JOHN H. SHOOK, JONATHAN HIGGINS, J. H. PEERY, } ..... Commissioners

City Officers.

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

COUNCILMEN.

L. D. ROBINSON, JOSEPH BODY, } ..... 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 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. R. DYE, Pastor.

Christ's Church.—Services every Sunday, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 3 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. R. 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'clock a. m. Father Cummisky, Priest.

Schools.

Brownville Union Graded Schools.—J. M. McKenzie, Principal; Miss Jessie K. Bain, Assistant High School; Miss Lou Tucker, Grammar Department; Miss Alice Hill, 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, Secy.

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. McCANE, 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. R. 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, R. 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; 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.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

MRS. ADA VAN PELT, W. G. C. T. ..... Lincoln.
E. W. METCALF, W. G. C. ..... Tecumseh.
MRS. L. F. Markel, W. G. V. T. ..... Riverton.
F. G. 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 P. Crother, Sec. F. 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, five 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, nine 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. W. 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. 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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. S. HOLLADAY,
Physician, Surgeon, Obstetrician.
Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1855. Office, 31 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.
Willgive 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. 31 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.

B. M. BAILEY,
SHIPPER AND DEALER IN
LIVE STOCK
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Farmers, please call and get prices; I want to handle your stock.
Office—34 Main street, Hoadley building.

GEORGE ARSMTRONG,
GRAIN DEALER,
Brownville, Nebraska.
Farmers, please call on me for prices. I will give you the highest the market will afford, as I am desirous of handling your grain. 44tf

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.

THE ADVERTISER.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1878.

Publishers' Notices.

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

LOCAL NOTICES, set as ordinary reading matter, will be charged ten cents per line, each insertion. Set in display type, fifteen cents a line.

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.

Information Wanted.

COLUMBUS, GA., June 21, 1878.

Postmaster, Topeka, Kansas:

Dear Sir: On the 18th day of April last, a man was killed in Harris county, of this State, while traveling through this country, by one Dowdwell Adams, his carriage driver. Adams is now in jail here, and will be tried for murder on the second Monday in October, next, at Hamilton, Harris county, Georgia.

The deceased was found by the police of this city on the morning of the 19th of April in the Chattahoochee river, where Adams had thrown him. The deceased had been for some time about Tuskega, Ala., and was known there by the name of Harry Love, but in looking through his effects I find that he owned a grocery store at Oxford, Kansas, in 1876, and that one A. Barnard was his business man, and from letters written by Barnard, found in the trunk of the deceased, I find that he was called Barber, and from other papers I am satisfied that his real name is Harry W. Barber. He had some $3,000 in money and other personal property amounting to $1,000, which is all now in the hands of a responsible party, held subject to the claims of his relations. I find pictures of ladies in his trunk, three of which I take to be his sisters. The pictures were taken in Iowa. I find another picture of a lady I take to be his wife, printed at Wilmington, Ohio. He has been in and about Topeka, and left things there for his wife. No traces of his relations have yet been discovered.

I am the solicitor general charged with the prosecution of the murder, and I am very desirous to find out something about the deceased and his relations. Will you be kind enough to hand this letter to the editor of some paper in Topeka for publication. Perhaps they will do so without charge, to assist in finding out the relations of the deceased.

Should the paper be kind enough to publish it, will you please mail a copy to my address.

I have in my possession several pictures of the deceased, and will forward them to parties who feel satisfied that they can assist me in my investigation.

All communications addressed to Col. H. Bussey, Solicitor General, Columbus, Georgia, will receive prompt attention.

By giving this your attention, you will confer a great favor on

Yours truly, H. BUSSEY.

Thrilling Adventure.

The diver engaged at the Moyne river, Belfast, Australia, in removing the reef had a rather narrow escape from losing his life on Thursday evening, the 6th ult. It appears that Mr. Smale had fired off a charge of dynamite and displaced a large quantity of stones at the bottom of the river. He went down to prepare for lifting stones by the aid of chains into the punt. While engaged in rolling over a large stone he saw something which he supposed at the time was a piece clean-looking kelp moving about in front of where he was working. In a few moments this object came in contact with the diver's arm, about which it quickly coiled, partly holding him. Immediately Mr. Smale touched what was coiled round his arm he became aware of his position, and tried to extricate himself from the grasp of a "sea-devil," but found it a far more difficult job than he anticipated.

Catching hold of the part hanging from the arm he walked along the bottom of the river toward the end of it, when he was firmly held by one of the feelers of a large octopus, better known among sailors as the "devil fish." Mr. Smale tried to pull the fish, off from its hold of the rocks, but without effect for some time. At last the fish, perhaps thinking it had not got sufficient hold or power upon its prey, loosened itself from the stones and quickly transferred its feelers or arms around the diver's legs and body. In this position Mr. Smale thought the best thing for him to do was to get upon deck as soon as possible, and he quickly made tracks for the ladder which reaches from the punt to the bottom of the river. The diver was certainly a curious looking object when he came up. This huge, ugly-looking thing appeared to be entangled all over him, holding him in a firm embrace.

However, Mr. Smale's fellow-workmen were not long in freeing him from the unfriendly hug of his submarine companion. The body portion of the octopus was only about the size of a large soup plate, with eyes in its head like those of a sheep, but it possessed nine arms, each about four feet in length, at the but as thick as a man's wrist, tapering off at the end to as fine a point as that of a pen knife; thus it could spread over an area of nine feet in diameter. All the way along the underneath part of each feeler are suckers every quarter of an inch, giving it immense power. Mr. Smale declares it was powerful enough to keep three men under water.

Every dove has a cote, and every dog pants.

"Patchie."

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

The bell had rung, the school was out,
And from the hall with busy feet
The boys rushed forth with a laugh and shout
And crowded through the village street,
Like prisoners from their cells broke loose,
Escaping from the calaboose.

Across the street, and all alone,
A small boy walked with rapid gait,
Like one unknowing and unknown.
With head erect and form so straight;
He heeded not the crowd that cried,
"See 'Patchie' on the other side."

I wondered much why this should be,
But when I looked I knew too well,
The noblest of them all was he;
But sad to think, more sad to tell,
He from the crowd had been detached,
Because his pantaloons were patched.

No answering word escaped him there;
I watched him as he climbed the hill,
Then thought "Each other's burdens bear,
And thus the law of Christ fulfill,"
And so I joined him on the road,
Hoping to lighten his sad load.

I spoke in loving words and kind;
He, smiling, looked up into my face—
He had a true and noble mind—
And answered with a manly grace,
"My father, sir, has long been dead,
And mother earns our daily bread.

"To school she sends me every day,
I do the best there that I can,
And mother says she'll get her pay,
When I grow up to be a man;
And, sir, I hope that I shall be
All that my mother wishes me.

"They call me "Patchie,' I don't care,"
Said he, while passing through the gate,
"It's what we *are*, not what we *wear*,
That makes us good and makes us great;"
He touched his cap, and said good-night,
I whispered, "Noble, brave and right."

I started on my homeward way,
Not only boys but men, I thought,
Pass by the poor ones every day,
Only the rich and grand are sought;
This world, so full of foolish pride,
Puts "Patchie" on the other side.

DODGING FOR LIFE.

John King was sent in haste on an errand to his uncle's, a mile distant. His way led along a well-trodden path across a belt of woods.

It was in Western Pennsylvania, in the dark years of Indian wars; but the savages had not been seen in that vicinity for some time, so that no danger was feared for the lad on such a short trip. Indeed he had passed over the same road almost every day since his father moved into the Presque Isle country, two years before, and had never met anything stranger than a wild turkey or a deer.

John was a brave, athletic boy of fourteen, quite noted in the village for his punctuality, and as sure to return on time as an express. As he left the door, he noticed that it was 1 o'clock, and said in a jolly tone to his parents:

"Now for a race with the shaddow; I shall be back before it reaches the two mark."

Some years ago, the pioneers of the borders measured the flight of time by a sort of sun dial on the cabin floor. A spot was selected where, in clear days, the sun shone full through the narrow window, and when some officer having a watch was present, the line of shaddow made at noon by the perpendicular window casing was drawn along the floor. Then the hours and half hours were spaced off on either side the noon mark, for the forenoon and afternoon. This kind of clock answered very well when the skies were clear, but in cloudy weather, a settler's family was sadly adrift on the flood of time.

When the shadow had crept across the two mark, the mother noted it, and said to herself, "For once John is outdone." When half past two was reached, she went to the door, and looked for him; when the three mark was passed, she felt very anxious about him, and called to her husband, who was in a field near by. But their confidence in the young fellow's ability to take care of himself was such that they waited, though uneasily, until after four, when the father slung his gun across his shoulder, and started up the path by which the absentee was expected.

Mr. King was a fine specimen of a border man, tall, strong, steady-nerved, brave, and intelligent. He was an experienced hunter, and a successful Indian fighter.

But now, leaving him, as with cat-like step and watchful eye he treads the belt of woods, let us go with John, and discover the cause of his unusual delay.

He had done his errand, his aunt had stuffed his pockets full of parched corn, and on his return he had reached a certain bend in the path, where he sat down on a mossy bank, to tighten the strings of his coarse shoes. Just as the matter was finished, a noise caused him to look sharply among the trees, when he espied within a few rods, running toward him with uplifted tomahawk, an exceedingly large Indian. A glance was enough to start the lad to his feet, and prompt him to his best speed for safety. But the warrior's position was such as to cut him off from the path to his own home, or to his uncle's; so that no way was left him but to strike into the untrod forest, and run for life. He had gone but a little distance, when he heard the steps of his pursuer rapidly overtaking him, and he knew that he could not escape by flight. And to aggravate his case, he saw, at this instant, just before him, a large tree upturned by the roots, and lying directly across his course.

His fate seemed sealed; every instant he expected to feel the edge of the battle-axe; and such a horror had he of the knife, and of having his scalp stretched on a hoop to dry, that he involuntarily put up his hands to save his head, a fact about which, in after years, he used to laugh heartily. The tree, toward which desperation impelled the boy's feet, had grown in three parts, and as it fell, the largest was uppermost, some six or seven feet high, and the other two directly underneath, like the rail of a fence; while the great flake of earth adhering to its roots made a cross section of wall two feet thick, a rod long, and ten or twelve feet high. What a trap!

But as he came close to it, he saw that the three prongs, as they lay one under another, were far enough apart for him to slip between, which he instantly did, just in time to dodge a furious blow from the tomahawk.

The Indian, perceiving that the place was too small to admit his huge body, swiftly sprang around the root, thinking to catch his victim on the further side. But the keeneyed lad was too wary for him. Detecting the red-skin's purpose, like a flash he slipped back between the fallen trees, so that, as his blood-thirsty enemy dashed in sight with a yell, the barricade was still between them. At this the savage rushed to the fence, and placing his hands on the upper tree, attempted to jump over, but he could not spring so high. Then he tried to crawl through where John had just gone, but found only room for his ugly head.

After a little, he turned about, and saying in broken English, "Good bye—me go 'way," walked slowly round the root, and disappeared. The boy knew, however, that it was only a trick, and kept his eyes and ears alert against surprise.

Immediately he detected the snakish eyes of the savage gleaming at him from among the dry leaves on the ground, at the corner of the root, on the opposite side of the fence, where the old rascal had crept, in order to watch the youngster unseen.

After lying in this position for two or three minutes, only his head in sight, and that covered with leaves, he made another dash around the root. But John was too quick for him, and slipped safely between the logs once more.

Failing again, the wicked red-skin resorted to another ruse. He began to parley, saying, "Me good Injun—me no hurt. Shake hand!" And he thrust his hand through the barricade. Of course, he did not succeed in cheating the little fellow by such a shallow device, and so again changed his tactics.

Presenting his gun, he commanded John to surrender, or be shot; but the lad preferred to be shot by a bullet rather than a tomahawk, and so stood his ground. Strange enough, the Indian did not shoot; but after looking across the sights of his gun, and making fearful faces, he placed the weapon behind a tree, some rods away, and resorted to the dodge of parleying once more.

"Injun hungry—good boy go home get Injun bread."

But John did not think it best to start for home, on such an invitation.

The next effort was to kill the lad by throwing his tomahawk at him between the tree; but he miscalculated the space and struck the weapon against a log, breaking out the handle, which, falling at John's feet, was immediately picked up by him, as a means of defense.

One of the savage's devices, by which, perhaps, he meant to frighten his victim, was to place his hideous face at the opening between the logs, and howl and gnash at him like a wolf.

But the boy's courage had rallied, and he began to pelt his enemy with stones and lumps of earth, obtained from the upturned soil, giving him many a stinging hit. This so maddened the Indian, that he drew his scalping knife, and gave chase for a long time, perhaps thinking to tire the youngster out by constant dodging. But in this plan he was mistaken, for a resolute, hardworking frontier boy has a vast fund of enfurance. Once the gleaming knife, ttrust between the logs after him, came near doing its bloody work; but John's grit was aroused, and he struck the brutal hand a heavy blow with the tomahawk handle.

But the many turns and tides, tricks and dodges, of that fearful struggle can never be related. Thereare some scenes too tragical for words; besides, the particulars are covered under the drifts of forgetfulness ever heaping above the past.

Of course, during all that terrible afternoon, John's thoughts and eyes were constantly turning in the direction of his home. He knew that his father would seek him before night, and as the hours wore on, he began to look with great anxiety for his coming. He had the common faith of all children in parents, and felt that they would not leave him to perish.

At length he caught a distant glimpse of a form coming up the path. Oh, how his heart bounded!

With renewed force, he began again to hurl at his foe, everything he could seize, raising such a commotion as to attract his father's notice, who, comprehending the whole scene at a glance, stole up within gun shot of the unsuspecting red man.

The sequel is soon told. The crack of the settler's rifle signalled the Indian's fate.

The warrior's weapons and trinkets were taken as trophies; the gun, having a bullet but no powder in its chamber, could not be fired, thus explaining why he did not shoot the lad when he threatened to do so.

These are still treasured by the grandchildren of our hero, who are justly proud of such an exploit. In those early times, American boys were trained in a school that developed a rugged and noble manhood.

A Fable.

One cold winter evening a number of animals were seated with their backs to the fire, discussing the late election returns, when the fox cried out that some one's tail was burning. Each in turn denied the accusation, although several of them declared they smelled something quite plainly. But the fox, who had been snubbed in the appointments, and failed to secure a foreign mission, had long wanted an opportunity to make himself conspicuous, and declared that the thing should be investigated if he had to do it himself. So he turned about for that purpose, when it was discovered that his own elegant brush had been singed bare as a rat's tail.

Moral—Investigations are sometimes retroactive.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

AN OLD BOY'S COMPOSITION.

Why a Girl Cannot Throw a Stone.

If a girl was to practice for fifteen years she could not learn to throw a stone with grace and accuracy. Have you ever wondered why it is so? We have.

It was one of the first and most knotty physiological problems which presented itself to our youthful mind—why our big sister, when she tried to throw a snow ball at us, almost invariably sent it careering over the top of the house, while we, in turn, could pop her in the ear about every time. It may be that we took a mean advantage of this discrimination of nature in our behalf and against our sister, and it may be that we improved the opportunity to rake her fore and aft whenever she came within firing distance. But that is neither here nor there.

As time passed on, and we increased our stock of observation, we saw that other fellows' sisters labored under about the same disadvantages that ours did in the matter of throwing any sort of missile. As near as we could generalize their modus operandi of awkwardness—for such we are compelled to call it—we found that they swung the arm back over the head with a vertical motion, as though it were hung by a door hinge on the top of the shoulder, or much as we may imagine the old Roman catapult operated when firing stones at the enemy. When the arm had swung as far as the hinge would allow, it was brought forward with the same vertical motion, and with as much momentum as the thrower could raise, and, at some undefined point in the arc thus described, the hand let go the missle. While executing this quick movement, some girls give a little feminine whoop, or, maybe, a half whoop and a half squeal; others did not. Our sister jumped and whooped both; but then she was a bad thrower. As we stated, at some undefined point in the arc described by the forward motion of the arm, the missile flew off. Sometimes it went up; sometimes it went down, and sometimes it went sideways, but it never, by any manner of means, hit the thing it was intended to—jump or no jump whoop or no whoop.

Now, the point of difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's we found to be substantially this: The boy crooked his elbow, and reached back with the upper part of his arm at about right angles with his body, and the forearm at an angle of forty-five degrees; the direct act of throwing was accomplished by bringing the arm back with a snap, like the tail of a snake or a whip lash, working every joint from shoulder to wrist, and sometimes making your elbow sing as though you had got a whack on the crazy-bone. The girl threw with her whole arm rigid; the boy with his whole arm relaxed.

Why this marked and unmistakable difference existed, we never learned until, at a somewhat advanced period we dove into a book on physiology, and learned that the clavicle or collar bone, in the anatomy of a female is some inches longer, and set some degrees lower down, than in the masculine frame. This bone interferes with the free action of the shoulder, and that's the reason she can't throw. We have developed a pet theory of our own, however, that an all-wise and benificent Providence, foreseeing that there would be rolling-pins, stove-hooks, pot-lids, and hot water in the world, set the women's clavicle down a hitch or two for the safety of the men. It's lucky for all of us that women can't throw.

A Convincing Argument.

Yesterday afternoon Cherokee Bob was squirting tobacco juice all over the floor of a saloon and telling how capital oppressed labor, when Bill Fullinton inquired:

"Are you of them communists?"

"I hold," said Bob, "that we must have an equal distribution of property—yes, sir, or we'll fight, sir!"

"Lend me a chew of tobacco," said Bill.

A full box of fine-cut was handed him. He put it in his pocket, and was walking away, when Cherokee called out—

"Beg your pardon, but you are taking off my tobacco!"

"'Sall right—'sall right," replied Bill; "I was out and you have plenty. We've got to even this business up, you know, and you keep the box and I'll keep the tobacco."

He was too big to lick, and Cherokee put the empty box in his pocket, and refused to laugh with the crowd. —*Cheyenne Leader.*

Who ever saw a rope walk?—Rome Sentinel. Who ever saw a horse fly?—Albany Argus. Who ever saw a cat fish?—Yonkers Gazette. Who ever heard a mill dam?—Boston Commercial. Who ever saw a tree toed?—Hackensack Republican. Who ever saw a milk made?—N. Y. Herald. Who ever saw a buck saw?—Keokuk Constitution. Who ever saw a jack plane?—Dubuque Herald. Who ever saw a pump handle?—Sioux City Journal. Who ever saw a teaspoon "full?"—Fremont Herald. Who ever saw a man drake?—West Point Republican.

Who ever saw a bull pup?

A Paris gentleman, finding it impossible to support his family, caused an advertisement to be inserted in a public journal for a "wealthy and honorable man" to marry a widow, and, having received a satisfactory offer, went and drowned himself to make his wife a widow. That is one instance of suicide not entirely unheroic.

Detroit Free Press: The man who goes to a strawberry festival and discovers the loss of his $5 bill just after treating seventeen handsome girls to the delicacies of the occasion has some slight idea of how it feels to be run over by a wagon-load of hay.

A traveler interrogating a backwoodsman received brief but pertinent answers, thus:

'Whose house is this?'
'Moggs'.'
'Of what built?'
'Logs.'
'Any neighbors?'
'Frogs.'
'What is the soil?'
'Bogs.'
'The climate?'
'Fogs.'
'What do you live on?'
'Hogs.'
'How do you catch them?'
'Dogs.'

If there is to be a new war, as is so confidently predicted, it must be commenced in the North this time.—When it begins the South will calmly go ahead and raise more cotton and sugar. Certain fortunate individuals who are possessed of the money, will perhaps buy some gold, or sell bonds short. It will not be the South's affair. When for humanity's sake it becomes necessary to end the strife, the South will proceed to do it, and then the horses of the Southern cavalry corps will be watered in the great Northern Lakes.—*N. O. Times.*

The human body expands immensely with age. When eleven young men are seated on one side of a street car, they can easily sit up a little closer and make room for a pretty girl, but seven of them can monopolize an entire seat to the utter exclusion of an old woman.

"Whisky is your greatest enemy," said a minister to Deacon Jones.

"But," said Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?"

"Oh, yes, Deacon, but it don't say we are to swallow them."

All babies born in the Oneida, N. Y., Community are taken from their mothers at their birth and handed to other women to rear. No child, therefore, will ever know its own mother, for they are owned in common.

The Burlington Hawkeye gives thi recipe for the consolation of poor lone females: "Just pour a gallon of whisky on the sitting-room carpet, and it smells as though there was a man around all the time."

When a poor little blind boy was asked what forgiveness is, he paused a moment, and then, taking his pen, wrote: "It is the odor which the trampled flower gives out to bless the foot which crushed it.'

A Keokuk man bruised a negro terribly whom he caught robbing his hen roost. He afterward relented, dressed the fellow's wounds, gave him a loaf of bread and a chicken, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

They have a man in Philadelphia who talks barbers to death. If we have ever said anything against the City of Brotherly Love we're awful sorry for it and take it all back.—*Breakfast Table.*

The bayonet derives its name from the place where it was invented, Bayonne, in France, and was first used in battle as a weapon by the French in the year 1603, proving a novel and efficient arm.

"Well, I swan Billy," said an old farmer to an undersized nephew who was visiting him, when you take off that 'ere plug hat and split two or three times, there ain't much left of you, is th'?"

Fulton Times: The fact that George Washington's wife never asked where he had been when he came home late at night, goes a great ways toward accounting for his extreme truthfulness.

Thousands of deluded and suffering housekeepers in America will be pleased to learn that the inventor of the bed lounge was torn to pieces in a shingle mill at Bay City last week.

A Minnesota girl has been serving on a railroad as a brakeman in male attire. She gave a civil answer to the questions of a passenger, when her sex was at once suspected.

"Pa," said a little four-year-old, "there's a man out there that would give anything to see you." "Who is it, my son?" "It's a blind man."

"Western accident—'A child was run over by a wagon three years old, and cross-eyed, with pantalets on, which never spoke afterward.'"

Jonah ought to congratulate himself on how much safer he was in the whale's belly than he would have been in an ironclad man-of-war.

Danbury News: Of the Russian Generals who distinguished themselves, but one is a Russian. The rest are probably from Ohio.

Hartford Courant: Clara Louise Kellogg says she will never marry. So all you fellows may come out of your hiding places.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York. 2w4

LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS
Neatly printed at this office.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE For CATARRH

INSTANTLY RELIEVES.

6,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

The following testimonials are from Messrs. J. C. 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. They speak of the following gentlemen as 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. AMETIVE,
Denver, Sept. 28, 1875. with Jenson, Bliss & 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 the above CURE. About a year afterwards I was again taken with Catarrh quite severely, and immediately sent for another bottle, which fixed me all right, giving me relief from the first 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 yours,

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

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 offer 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, nay, the best remedy we have found in a lifetime of suffering, is SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. It is not unpleasant to take through the nostrils, and there comes with each bottle a small glass tube for use in inhalation. It clears the head and throat so thoroughly that, taken each morning on rising, there are no unpleasant secretions and no disagreeable hacking during the entire day, but an unprecedented clearness of voice and respiratory organs. —*Rev. J. H. Wiggin, in Dorchester (Mass.) Deacon.*

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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For Local Pains, Lameness, Soreness, Weakness, Numbness and Inflammation of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Spleen, Bowels, Bladder, Heart, and Muscles, are equal to an army of doctors and acres of plants and shrubs. Even in Paralysis, Epilepsy or Fits, and Nervous and Involuntary Muscular Action, this Plaster, by Rallying the Nervous Forces, has effected Cures when every other known remedy has failed.

Price 25 Cents.

Ask for Collins' Voltaic Plaster, and insist on having it. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canadas. WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

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For TEN YEARS **TUTT'S PILLS** have been the recognized **standard Family Medicine** in all the **Atlantic States**—From **Maine** to **Mexico**, scarcely a family can be found that does not use them. It is now proposed to make their **virtues known** in the **WEST**, with the certainty that as soon as tested they will become as popular there as they are at the **North and South.**

TUTT'S PILLS!!

DO THEY CURE EVERYTHING?

NO.—They are intended for diseases that result from malarial Poison and a Deranged Liver.

DR. TUTT has devoted twenty-five years to the study of the Liver—and the result has demonstrated that it exerts greater influence over the system than any other organ of the body;—Digestion and Assimilation of the food upon which depends the vitality of the body;—is carried on through it; the regular action of the bowels depends on it, and when these functions are deranged, the Heart, the Brain, the Kidneys, the Skin, in fact the entire organism is affected.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISORDERED LIVER.

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.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE NEGLECTED, SOON FOLLOWS

DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUS FEVER, CHILLS, JAUNDICE, COLIC, NERVOUSNESS, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, NEURALGIA, KIDNEY DISEASE, CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, AND A GENERAL BREAKING DOWN OF THE SYSTEM.

HEED THE WARNING!

TAKE TUTT'S PILLS.

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 SOLID FLESH AND HARD MUSCLE.

A LOUISANA PLANTER SAYS:

"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 swamp."

E. RIVAL, Bayou Sara, La.

"BEST PILL IN EXISTENCE."

"I have used your PILLS for Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Nervousness, and can say I never had any thing to do me so much good in the way of medicine. They are as good as you represent them. I recommend them as the **Best Pill** in existence, and do all I can to acquaint others with their good merits."

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