THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning
AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:
One copy, one year $2 00
One copy, six months 1 00
One copy, three months 50
☞ No paper sent from the office until paid for.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1878. VOL. 23.—NO. 8.

THE ADVERTISER

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.
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ADVERTISING RATES.
One inch, one year $10 00
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One inch, per month 1 00
Each additional inch, per month 50
Legal advertisements at legal rates—One square (10 lines of Nonpareil, or less) first insertion, $1.00 each subsequent insertion, 50c.
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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
BROWNVILLE.

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

IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A
General Banking Business
BUY AND SELL
COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS
on all the principal cities of the
United States and Europe

MONEY LOANED
On approved security only. Time-Drafts discounted, and special accommodations granted to depositors. Dealers in GOVERNMENT BONDS,
STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES
DEPOSITS
Received payable on demand, and INTEREST allowed on time certificates of deposit.

DIRECTORS.—Wm. T. Den, B. M. Bailey, M. A. Handley, Frank E. Johnson, Luther Hoadley, Wm. Fraisher.
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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.
Mrs. Sarah Rauschkolb.

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

FRANZ HELMER,
WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP
ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.
WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. 134-1y.

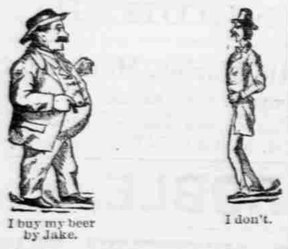
OLD RELIABLE
Meat Market.

BODY & BRO.
BUTCHERS,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Good, Sweet, Fresh Meat
Always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed 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.

J. RAUSCHKOLB'S
Lunch & Beer
HALL,



I buy my beer by Jake. I don't.
Phil. Deuser's old stand,
Brownville, - - Nebraska.

$2500 A YEAR. Agents wanted. Business legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO. St Louis, Mo.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit absolutely and speedily cured. painless; no publicity. Send stamp for particulars. DR. CARSTON, 167 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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.

A. ROBISON,

DEALER IN
Boots & Shoes
85 Main Street,
Brownville, - Nebraska

J. L. ROY,

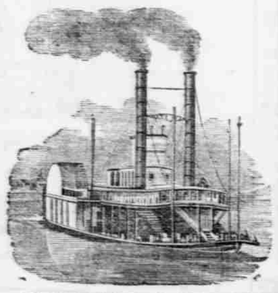
Undertaker
Keeps a full line of
BURIAL CASES & CASKETS
Ornamented and Plain.
Also Shrouds for men, ladies and infants. All orders left with S. Seeman will receive prompt attention.
☞ Bodies Preserved and Embalmed.
56 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB.

THE ADVERTISER
JOB PRINTING
DEPARTMENT.
A fine assortment of Type, Borders, Rules, Stock, &c., for printing,
BUSINESS, VISITING & WEDDING
CARDS,
Colored and Bronzed Labels,
STATEMENTS,
LETTER & BILL HEADS
ENVELOPES,
Circulars, Dodgers, Programmes,
Show Cards,
BLANK WORK OF ALL KINDS,
With neatness and dispatch
CHEAP OR INFERIOR WORK
NOT SOLICITED.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Carson Block,
BROWNVILLE, NEB.

Joseph Schutz,
DEALER IN
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry
Keeps constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on short notice, at reasonable rates. *ALL WORK WARRANTED.* Also sole agent in this locality for the sale of
LAZARUS & MORRIS'

CELEBRATED PERFECTED
SPECTACLES & EYE GLASSES
No. 59 Main Street,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

BROWNVILLE
Ferry and Transfer



COMPANY.
Having a first class Steam Ferry, and owning and controling the Transfer Line from
BROWNVILLE TO PHELPS,
we are prepared to render entire satisfaction in the transfer of Freight and Passengers. We run a regular line of
HACKS
to all trains. All orders left at the Transfer Company's office will receive prompt attention.
J. Bosfield, *Gen. Supt.*

VEGETINE
I will try Vegetine,
He did,
AND WAS CURED.
DELAWARE, O., Feb. 16, 1877.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—I wish to give you this testimony, that you may know, and let others know, what Vegetine has done for me. About two years ago a small sore came on my leg; it soon became a large ulcer, so troublesome that I consulted the doctor, but I got no relief, growing worse from day to day. I suffered terribly; I could not rest day or night; I was so reduced my friends thought I would never recover. I consulted a doctor at Columbus. I followed his advice; it did no good. I can truly say I was discouraged. At this time I was looking over my newspaper; I saw your advertisement of Vegetine, the "Great Blood Purifier" for cleansing the blood from all impurities, curing Humors, Ulcers, &c. I said to my family, I will try some of the Vegetine. Before I had used the first bottle I began to feel better. I made up my mind I had got the right medicine at last. I could now sleep well nights. I continued taking the Vegetine. I took thirteen bottles. My health is good. The ulcer is gone, and I am able to attend to business. I paid about four hundred dollars for medicine and doctors before I bought the Vegetine. I have recommended Vegetine to others with good success. I always keep a bottle of it in the house now. It is a most excellent medicine. Very respectfully yours
F. ANTHONI.
Mr. Anthoni is one of the pioneers of Delaware, O. He is a wealthy gentleman, of the firm of F. Anthoni & Sons. Mr. Anthoni is extensively known, especially among the Germans. He is well known in Cincinnati. He is respected by all.
IMPURE BLOOD.—In morbid conditions of the blood are many diseases; such as salt-rheum, ringworm, boils, carbuncles, sores, ulcers and pimples. In this condition of the blood try the VEGETINE, and cure these affections. As a blood purifier it has no equal. Its effects are wonderful.

VEGETINE.
Cured Her.
DORCHESTER, MASS., June 11.
DR. STEVENS:—
Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty to say one word in regard to the great benefit I have received from the use of one of the greatest wonders of the world: it is your Vegetine. I have been one of the greatest sufferers for the last eight years that ever could be living. I do sincerely thank my God and your Vegetine for the relief I have got. The *Rheumatism* has pained me to such an extent, that my feet broke out in sores. For the last three years I have not been able to walk; now I can walk and sleep, and do my work as well as ever I did, and I must say I owe it all to your blood purifier, Vegetine.
MARGERY WELLS.
VEGETINE.—The great success of the Vegetine as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

VEGETINE
Is better than any
MEDICINE.
HENDERSON, KY., Dec., 1877.
I have used H. R. Stevens' Vegetine, and like it better than any medicine I have used for purifying the blood. One bottle of Vegetine accomplished more good than all other medicines I have taken.
THOS. LYNE,
Henderson, Ky.
VEGETINE is composed of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It is very pleasant to take: every child likes it.

VEGETINE
Recommended by
M. D.'s.
H. R. STEVENS:—
Dear Sir,—I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction.
A. B. DE FIEST, M. D.
Hazleton, Ind.

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

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
UNITED STATES AND EUROPE
☞ Special accommodations granted to depositors.
STATE, COUNTY & CITY
SECURITIES,
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
OFFICERS.
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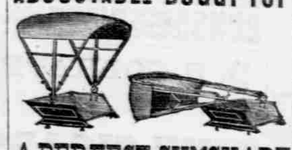
D. B. COLHAPP,
Manufacturer of
FINE CIGARS
59 Main Street,
Brownville, Nebraska.
Orders From Neighboring Towns Solicited.

CENTENNIAL
PATENT
ADJUSTABLE BUGGY TOP



A PERFECT SUNSHADE
AND
STORM PROTECTOR.
PRICE, $9 to $12.
For sale by
B. F. SOUDER
Dealer in
HARNESS, SADDLES,
Collars, Whips, Lashes, Fly Nets, Etc.
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

The Mysterious Stranger.

The hour grew late, and Mr. Brand paced his chamber in moody silence. The train had come in, but his messenger had not returned, and the merchant was troubled. Troubled by a vague sort of doubt, which haunted him in spite of his faith in Lake. A merry, sober old trader of long experience had said that Lake was too young to fill the important position which he held, but Mr. Brand had never found his trust in Tom misplaced.

Having heard rumors concerning a house with which he had extensive dealings, the merchant had dispatched Lake to London, telling him to make inquiries and in any case, to get the partners of the firm in question to settle their account.

So Lake had gone from Liverpool to London. The time appointed for his return had passed, and still he did not come.

A lady entered and stole to the merchant's side; her own sweet face was anxious, and there was a tremor in the music of her voice, as she said:

"Do you think he will be here tonight dear papa?"

"I hope so, Mary; but it is very late."

"Is there no other train?"

"Only the night express, and that does not stop except at the central stations."

"Perhaps he will come, papa; he would not mind coming ten miles, even if he had to walk."

"He should not have missed the train," said Mr. Brand, sternly; "punctuality is an imperative duty with men of business."

"But, papa, something may have occurred to detain him."

"Nothing should detain a man who has given his word."

The fair pleader was silenced—her father was angry, and knowing his strictness of principle, and how inveterate was his dislike to any breach of discipline or duty, she did not venture to speak again.

The time dragged sowly on; Mr. Brand continued his restless walk, and Mary sat subdued and quiet watching him. She saw he was listening as the night express went whirling by, and from the depth of her heart there went a prayer that Lake would come safely home. The girl loved him, would have staked her life on his truth, and knew that he was not beyond his time through any weakness or wrong. Two slow, weary hours passed. Mr. Brand was reading the commercial news; but for the first time in his life it did not interest him; he was thinking of the young clerk, and the heavy sum of money should the London firm have paid him. And Mary reading her father's countenance, felt chilled and pained by the slur he cast on her lover's honesty by his suspicions—her every thought was a denial to his doubts, and as the rapid clatter of a horse's feet rang out, she ran to the window.

"Look!" she said, dashing the curtain aside with eager hands; "look, papa, I said he would come—I knew he would.

The merchant's stern features relaxed with a smile of pleasure; he was not emotional or demonstrative, but his daughter's gladness pleased him.

There was a few moments of expectancy, and then Tom Lake came in. He went straight to Mr. Brand, only noticing with a bow the lovely face whose glance thrilled his soul.

"They have paid," he said quietly, as he placed a thick pocket-book in the merchant's hand, "but I think we were only just in time."

"Indeed!"

"There was a consultation at the banker's before I could get cash for the check."

"Do you think they will break?"

"Hopelessly. They have given me an immense order, but it would not be well to forward the goods."

"You did not hint that we had the slightest fear?"

"No, but I was glad to get the money; £12,000 would have been a heavy loss."

"It would have done me serious injury just now."

"And yet," said Tom gravely, "this morning the odds were considerable against its ever reaching you."

"How?"

Tom took two chairs, placed them side by side near the fire, led Mary to one, and seated himself in the other. He had done his duty as the merchant's clerk, and now was Mr. Brand's prospective son-in-law and partner.

"I had an adventure," he said: "I was the hero of a strange story in a ride by express."

Mary bent forward to listen—Tom clasped her hand in his own. Mr. Brand sat opposite them, interested by the speaker's manner, as he began:

When I got the check I had an idea that all might no be well, so to make sure I presented it at the banker's. There was, as I told you, a consultation before they cashed it, and while the consultation was going forward I noticed a stranger looking at me intently. I knew the man in my younger and wilder days. I had met him often at the race course, in billiard rooms, and in other places more or less respectable. Now he was changing a check for some petty amount, and was evidently astonished by the immensity of the order I had presented. I left the bank with my pocket-book full of notes, and found I had lost the train. The next would be the night express, so I strolled into a billiard room. A man is just as safe with a fortune in his pocket as if penniless, so that he is wise enough to hold his tongue. There was some clever play going on, and I stood watching the players till some one chalenged me to have a game. If I have one special vanity, it is my science with the cue; I accepted, and as I did so a strange feeling which had been growing upon me took a sudden turn which startled me.

My challenger was the man whom I had noticed at the banker's. There was nothing strange in the fact of his being in the room, one of his favorite resorts, but I was possessed of the vague shadow of a single idea. I had read somewhere of a man being followed and plundered in a train, and somehow I associated the story with the man before me. It was the first time I had ever paid him any particular attention, but I gave him full observation now. The more I looked at him the less I liked him. He was handsome, gentlemanly, with a fair form and elegant figure, full of suppleness and strength. His manner was singularly unassuming, his face frank and genial, but by looking closely at him you could see something sinister looking in the depth and softness of his eyes.

I never liked a stranger to be affable and prepossessing, and my friend was the very pink of affability and grace.

We played for an hour with alternating success; he was an amusing companion, well informed, and had traveled; but I was shy of conversation. I left him, and, still having some time to spare, went to see a fsiend in the Temple.

When, at the expiration of some thirty or forty minutes, I emerged into Fleet street, almost the first person on whom my gaze fell was my late antogonist at billiards.

I thought there was something more than a mere coincidence in the second meeting since we stood together at the banker's. He was in a cigar shop opposite.

Not two hundred yards from the Temple gate stood a man whom I recognized with a very welcome feeling. It way George Vixen, the detective.

He was fashionably dressed, and looked an aristocrat of the first water. I went up, and greeting him as I should an old familiar friend, held out my hand and said:

"Come and drink a glass of wine with me, I have something to say."

He shook hands in the most natural way possible. I took his arm and we entered the public bar of an adjacent hotel.

I told him my suspicion, told him of the sum in my possession, and of the journey I had to perform by rail

I saw that, waching through the glass of the door, he was taking a mental photograph of the two men.

"They mean business," said Vixen, quietly, "but I shall be with you. We must part at the door, or they will see that we have scented the game."

"And you," I said, "how will you act?"

"I shall travel to Liverpool by the night express."

He left me. I had no fear now—knowing him to be a clever and determined fellow.

Taking a casual glance across the road, I saw my man with his companion. It was quite evident that they were tracking me, though I lost sight of them before reaching St. Paul's.

I strolled along the church yard, wandering nearly to Islington, then went though the city again before I made for the station; my acquaintance of the billiard room did not come in sight, though I kept well on the alert.

I took my ticket, lingering almost to the moment of starting before I entered the carriage, but my man did not appear. Two men were in the compartment with me. I could not see the face of one, and the other was a stranger.

The bell rang. The guard had just time to put a bewildered old gentleman in by my side, and we were off.

The man whose face I had not seen turned toward me.

I could hardly repress an exclamation. There was no mistaking that frank, genial countenance, nor the lurking devil in those eyes, whose softness was so sinister.

He had me then at last. Vixen had broken his promise, and I was left to travel this perilous journey alone, with the man who had followed me so skillfully—another who might be his confederate, and an old gentleman, who, after grumbling out his indignation against railway servants and locomotive traveling in general, was fast asleep in the corner.

That the intentions of my billiard player were bad was manifest by the fact of his having assumed a false moustache and beard. They added to the beauty of his face but left to his eyes that sleepy cruel glitter that is characteristic of the Asiatic.

He spoke to me, remarked the oddity of our being traveling companions, and grew unpleasantly familiar. I answered him, notwishing to appear churlish or afraid, knowing that I could trust something to my own strength should the worst come.

We had made the last stoppage, and were rolling swiftly through the gloom, when among other topics, our conversation touched upon jewelry; he drew a showy ring from his finger, telling me it was a curious piece of workmanship, having a secret spring, which he said I could not discover.

"I took it searching in vain for a spring, then returning it to him. It dropped and rolled under my feet.

I stooped to pick it up, and so did he, but at that moment, while my head was down, he had me tightly by the throat, and threw me on the carriage floor.

His confederate was upon me in an instant. I could scarcely breathe, and could not struggle, for a heavy knee was upon my chest, and two strong, brutal hands were crushing the life from my throat.

Though the horror of the situation did not last a minute, it seemed an eternity to me. I felt the ruffians' hands searching for the pocket-book, and I strained desperately for a chance of resistance.

Their work was nearly done. Cramped in that small place, I was powerless, and the veins in my throat and head were swelling like sinuous bars, when the old gentleman in the corner awoke and came to my assistance.

I heard a low whirr of some weapon in its descent, and my first assailant reeled from me stunned. Then the old gentleman with a strength and rapidity of action wonderful to see in a person of his age, seized the scoundrel, and lifted him away, and dashed him down on a seat.

There was a brief struggle, and then I heard a sharp click,—scoundrel the second had a pair of handkuffs on his wrists.

"They were more prompt than I had expected," said the old gentleman, removing his woolen comforter, with which he fastened my first assailants hands behind him, "and a railway carriage does not afford much scope for a struggle?"

The pocket-book was safe. The ruffians were securely bound, and the old gentleman who, without his spectacles and muffler stood out in bold and pleasant relief as the detective, kept guard over them.

At the station they were handed over into the custody of the police. I was all right by that time. Vixen rode with me as far as the hotel nearest here, and to-morrow he will call to see if I am any worse for my ride by express.

The contents of the pocket-book were Mary's bridal dowry.

The detective speaks of the senior partner of the firm of Brand & Lake as the most hospitable and generous man he ever met in the course of his professional career.

Lake was quite cured of his love for billiard playing. He had too narrow an escape, and he did not forget the lesson.

A SNAKE'S WONDERFUL FEAT.

A Boa Swallows a Blanket as a Remedy for Declining Health.

Speaking of snakes, yesterday Superintendent Brown, of the Zoological Garden, said he would tell a snake story, and not a second-handed one either. About a year ago one of the largest reptiles in the collection took sick and seemed to be going into a decline. Nothing that they could give him appeared to do him good, and from loss of appetite and sleeplessness the snake became a mere wreck of his former self. A large blanket had been placed in the serpent's cell for him to sleep upon. One morning the keeper found that the blanket had disappeared. Search was made throughout the cage, but without success. At the same time the snake's body had swelled to the thickness of a good-sized sapling. He had swallowed the blanket and it wouldn't digest, and the snake became sicker than before. In this manner he lolled around like a wan despeptic for over four weeks. Finally the blanket was discharged by natural causes. Immediately the snake began to improve. The swelling in the body gradually dwindled down, and he grew larger and fatter than before, till the box became too small to hold him. The keepers then removed him to a larger cage. He ate like a gormand, and at times found room for two and three times the customary quantity of food. The blanket acted as a sort of medicine upon his stomach, and cleaned him out entirely. Now he is fifteen feet long, eighteen inches in circumference, and is the healthiest boa constrictor of the lot. A change of color was the only visible effect on the blanket. Under the microscope it showed it had become a little worn by being rubbed in the animal's stomach. It came out indigested, and it was carefully packed away in the superintendent's private office, where it now lies.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A correspondent of *London Truth* draws the following not very encouraging picture of a true Russian coachman:—"At St. Petersburg I had a coachman—a most respectable man. Once a month he used to make his appearance in my lodgings, fall upon his knees before me and say something. I would nod. He would then withdraw, go and get drunk for three days and nights, and then reappear, kiss my hand, and resume his duties as coachman. Had not I permitted this safty-valve, he would have got drunk while driving and upset me."

Fiery Tomatoes.

Schneider is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises "garden sass, and sich." Schneider had an invitation to visit his friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pieffer being busy negotiating with a city produce dealer on his arrival, Schneider thought he would stroll in the garden and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of the story in his own language:

"Vell, I valks shust a liddle vhile roundt, when I sees some of dose dermarters vot vas so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dhinks I vill put minself out side about a gouble-a-tozen, shust to geef me a liddle abbedite vor dinner. So I bulls off von ov der reddest und best lookin of dose dermarters, und dakes a booty good pite out ov dot, und vas chewing it oup pooty quick, ven—by chimniey!—I dort I had apeese ov red-hot goals in mine mout or vas chewing oup dwo or dree papers of needles; und I velt so pad already, dot mine eyes vas vool of dears und I mate vor an 'olt oken bucket' vot I seen hanging in der vell, as I vas goomin, along.

Shust den mine vriend Pieffer game oup, ask me vot mate me veel so bat, und if any of mine vamily vas deat. I tolt him dot I vas der only one ov der vamily dot vas pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind ov dermarters dose vas I had shust peen bicking; und mine gracious, how dot landsman laughft, und said dot dose vas ret beppers dot he vas raising vor bepper sauce. You bet my life I vas mat. I radder you gif feefty tollars as to eat some more ov dose bepper sauce dermarters."

Remedy for Snake-bite and Hydrophobia.

Use rattlesnake's master—*eryngium aquaticum*—sometimes called corn snake-root. This plant is most common on the prairies of the western states; grows from two to three feet high, and a much stouter and tougher leaf, and being of a bluish green color. The stalk usually divides into two or three branches near the top, bearing large balls covered with a white bloom. They are long, like the blades of corn, having a number of sharp spikes or prickles along their edge, and one at the point of the leaf. You cannot mistake it with this description. The root is bulbuous, perennial, and only from one to two inches long, being decayed or rotten at the bottom, and giving off numerous little branches or fibers around the sides. The root is the part used, either green or dried, but the green is best. Take about the same quantity you would of any other herb, and steep in sweet milk; drink as much as the stomach will bear, and apply some to the bitten part. It may be used several times during the day. It is my opinion that it would prove an antidote to mad-dog bite. It should be used internally, and a poultice made and applied to the bitten part. This should be done as soon as bitten.—*Dr. J. H. Oyster in Kansas Farmer.*

Public Caution.

The "Patrons of Husbandry," in Massachusetts have issued a circular upon the subject of poisons in food, in articles of dress, and in the papers upon our walls, which has been widely circulated through the daily press. In one year, over two millions of pounds of arsenic, we are told, were imported; a "considerable portion" of which was used in wall-papers. It is also used in tickets, box-covers, and papers containing confectionery. Also as coloring matter of ladies' dresses, and in wollens, silks, artificial flowers, &c.

White earth is also mixed, in various forms, with sugars, cream of tartar, &c. Caution is given against pickles, adulterated milk, butter, cheese, &c. This vigorous paper was prepared by Mr. Angell, our President who is also the chaplain of the "Massachusetts Grange."

It will make tens of thousands more cautious in what they use and of whom they buy. We could have wished that the circular had gone farther and inculcated, also, upon all buyers, the honesty and justice of paying a fair price for a fair article. If this were universal, the adulterator's occupation would be gone. This is no excuse for poisoning; but buyers who will not so deal, should reflect that they offer the temptation and may share in a part of the guilt.—*Exchange.*

It is difficult, says a Belgian journal, to distinguish between iron and steel tools. They have the same polish and workmanship; use will commonly alone show the difference. To make the distinction quickly, place the tool upon a stone, and drop upon it some dilute nitric acid (four parts of water to one of acid). If the tool remains clean it is of iron, if of steel, it will show a black spot where touched by the acid. These spots can be easily rubbed off.

CHILI SAUCE.—24 large tomatoes, ripe, 8 large onions, 4 green peppers, 4 tablespoons salt, 8 tablespoons sugar, 4 teaspoons cassia, 2 teaspoons of ginger, 2 cloves, 8 teacups vinegar. Boil all togethe until thick. When cool, rub through a sieve. Bottle and cork.

A NEW DEATH DEALING MACHINE.

The "Rifle Battery" Which Reduces Destruction to a Fine Art.

A gun, which promises to be the most terrible agent of destruction of modern times, is on exhibition at the office, of the patentees and inventors, Francis E. Meyer and Frederick Schultz, in New York. The "rifle battery," as it is called, is so constructed as to deliver its fire either in a right line or in horizontal, radiating lines. The barrels, ranging in number from six to twenty, are sufficiently far apart to prevent heating from continuous firing, and are fired successively, instead of simultaneously, at the rate of 20,000 shots an hour. A steel cover in front of the gunners protects them from the enemy's fire. These guns may be fired continuously in one fixed direction, or from side to side, or the battery may be made to vibrate literally of itself, at the discharge of each gun, thus sweeping the field in front. The barrels are about an inch apart, and at intervals, where the guns are held by clasps, they are inclosed within asbestos or some non-conductor of heat.

The battery may be divided into the barrels and the breech lock of machinery by which the barrels are loaded and discharged, the whole resting on a turn-table or pivot. The balls are placed in a cartridge-receiver at right angles, to and resting on the blocks. At the right of this is a crank at the left a lever. By pressing the lever in a given direction the block is forced up to the muzzle of the gun, when an automatic lever called the "flugers" takes hold of the cartridges and withdraws them from the receiver. Another turn of the lever and the balls are forced into the muzzles, and the battery is loaded. Then the crank at the right is turned, and at every revolution a needle is thrust forward, and strikes a cartridge with a sufficient force to explode it. Again the lever on the left is turned, and the "flugers" advance and withdraw the spent cartridges, and the battery is again ready to be loaded. By means of a screw placed in the center of the block the battery may be elevated or depressed at pleasure. The inventors are trying to have their guns adopted by the English Government. They claim that they will be especially effective in naval engagements. With a toy model of the battery a ball was fired through an oak plank an inch in thickness at fifteen yards.

A Turkish Romance.

On the occasion of the circumcision of the 13-year-old son of Damad Pasha, brother-in-law of the Sultan, a grand ceremony took place in his palace at Constantinople on the 6th of November. The chief civil dignitaries and many of the Mollahs were present. In honor of the event, 600 poor children of the city, of the same age, were circumcised at the expense of the Pasha and presented with money and suits of clothing. Although Damad Pasha is a man of great wealth and the most powerful in the Empire after the Sultan, he is very unpopular, and may lose his pre-eminence at any moment. He was originaly an ambulatory vender of amulets and owes his good fortune to the grace he found in the eyes of the sister of the Sultan, who capriciously chose him for a husband on account of his good looks. She called him to the palace, had him dressed up in fine style and then took him for her own husband. Finding—woman-like—that she would have her way, the sultan made him a Bey, next a Pasha, then a Cabinet Minister, &c. The Arabian Nights' romances are as common as ever in the East.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Here is a Milwaukee story of Dr. Rolf and his pet monkey:

The monkey was his solace and his care during the cold of last winter. Toward early spring the doctor's attention grew slack, and the monkey's tail was frozen. The fact did not become known, however, until warm weather came and mortification set in in the tail. Of course the monkey became ill, and the doctor concluded, after careful examination, that amputation of the diseased member was necessary to save Jocko's life; so it was cut off. The monkey's health began to improve immediately, but he became depressed in mind and ashamed. We may never realize the full extent of that monkey's chagrin as he viewed his useless tail-stump; only as we ponder on the action of the "missing link." In the monkey's cage was a stout cord that served a number of useful purposes. The monkey was seen to handle the rope a good deal, and to become absorbed in the contemplation of it. What was Dr. Rolf's astonishment to to get up one morning and find that the monkey had actually fastened the rope to the top of his cage, had made a perfect slip noose, and had committed suicide in a thoroughly human way by hanging.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Put ½ pint of sweet milk and the same of water into a tin pan or basin, and when it boils stir in a cup of Indian meal, wet up with a little water and a teaspoonful of salt; remove from the fire and add a pint of cold sweet milk, 4 beaten eggs, a cup of sugar and any seasoning you may like; bake well in deep dish half or three-quarters of an hour.