THE ADVERTISER.

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

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning
AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

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THE ADVERTISER

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

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—OF—
BROWNVILLE.

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

IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A

General Banking Business

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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

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JOHN L. CARSON,
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A. R. DAVISON, Cashier.
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WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP

ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.

WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. [34-1y.

OLD RELIABLE

Meat Market.

BODY & BRO.

BUTCHERS.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

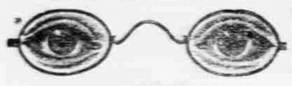
Good, Sweet, Fresh Meat

Always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed to all customers.

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

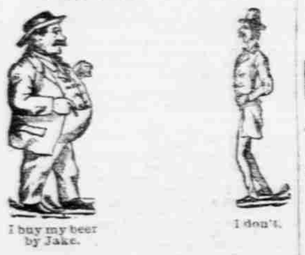
SPECTACLES & EYE GLASSES

No. 59 Main Street,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

J. RAUSCHKOLB'S

Lunch & Beer

HALL.



I buy my beer by Jake. I don't.

Phil. Deuser's old stand.

Brownville, - - Nebraska

PHIL. FRAKER,

Peace and Quiet

Saloon and Billiard Hall!

THE BEST OF

BRANDIES, WINES, GINS,

ALCOHOLS AND WHISKIES

49 Main St., opposite Sherman House,

Brownville, - - Nebraska.

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.

J. H. BAUER,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

HARNESS, SADDLES,

Bridles, Collars, Whips, Robes,

Blankets, Brushes, Fly Nets, &c.

☞ Repairing done on short notice. The celebrated Vacuum Oil Blacking, for preserving Harness, Boots, Shoes, etc., always on hand.

64 Main St., 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.

ALBERT M. SMITH,

BARBER
AND
HAIR DRESSER

Brownville, Neb.

Shaving, Shampooing, Hair-dressing &c.

In the Latest Styles.

HAVE YOU SEEN

THE ELEPHANT.

Having purchased the

"ELEPHANT"

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE.

I wish to announce that I am prepared to do a first class livery business.

Josh Rogers.

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.

J. W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER.

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

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Sample Watch Free to Agents. Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago.

VEGETINE

Rev. J. P. Ludlow, Writes.

178 BALTIC STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Nov. 14, 1874.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.

Dear Sir:—From personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby have seemed almost miraculous, I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the VEGETINE for the complaints which it is claimed to cure.

JAMES P. LUDLOW,
Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church,
Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE.

SHE RESTS WELL.

SOUTH POLAND, ME., Oct. 11, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir:—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the Vegetine I rest well and relish my food. Can recommend the Vegetine for what it has done for me.

Yours Respectfully,
MRS. ALBERT RICKER.

Witness of the above,
MR. GEORGE M. VAUGHN,
Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE

GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN.

BOSTON HOME, 14 TYLER STREET,
BOSTON, April, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir.—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the Vegetine you have so kindly given us from time to time especially those troubled with the scrofula.

With respect,
MRS. N. WORMELE, Matron.

VEGETINE

Rev. O. T. Walker, Says:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 154 TRANSIT STREET.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.

I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your Vegetine. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic.

O. T. WALKER,
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin-square Church, Boston

VEGETINE

Nothing Equal To It.

SOUTH SALEM, MASS., Nov. 14, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEPHENS:

Dear Sir:—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Cankers, and Liver Complaint for three years. Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the Vegetine. I am now getting along first-rate and still using the Vegetine. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can heartily recommend it to everybody.

Yours truly,
MRS. LIZZIE M. PACKARD,
No. 18 Lagrange Street, South Salem, Mass.

VEGETINE

Recommend It Heartily.

SOUTH BOSTON.

MR. STEVENS.

Dear Sir.—I have taken several bottles of your Vegetine, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and general debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all sufferers from the above complaints.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. MUNROE PARKER.

VEGETINE

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON, MASS.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

T. A. BATH

is now proprietor of the

City Meat Market,

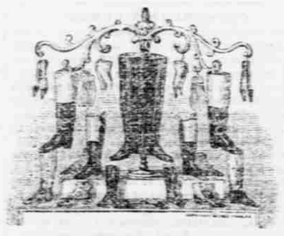
and is prepared to accomodate the public with

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.

A. ROBISON,



DEALER IN

Boots & Shoes

85 Main Street,

Brownville, - Nebraska

To Magazine Club Getters!

3-BUTTON KID GLOVES,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH CASHMERE
and Elegant SILK DRESS PATTERNS
GIVEN IN PREMIUMS
for subscribers at Club Rates to
ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE!

TERMS: $2.50 a year with a large reduction for Clubs. Specimen Number 10c.

☞ Send for Club-Getter's Special Circular, containing full particulars of this splendid offer.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 327 S. Sixth St., Phila.

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.

Autumnal.

Upon the woodland avenues a balmy carpet lies,
Of dappled leaves which glow and gleam like wine-kissed butterflies;
Adown the walks, in reverie, Clarinda joyous goes,
And sentimental lingers o'er the pale September rose.

The breezes woo the petals of the chaste forget-me-nots,
The flowers look dyspeptic in the garden's lonely plots,
The sombre wayside sumachs from the fields will soon adjourn,
A dainty rim now glitters on the lily's milky urn.

No longer on the Sycamore doth coo the forest dove,
No longer at the garden gate doth Phœbe speak of love,
No longer doth the robin blithe among the blossoms flute,
No longer doth the sportive swell have on a linen suit.

Round fern-embroidered valleys hangs the dreamy, mellow haze
Which rests on hill and lakelet in the "melancholy daze,"
The lilac sky has here and there a sunny aureole,
The while the gay philosopher lays in his winter coal.

The orchard, full of lucious fruit, the youthful breast elates,
The small boy soon will sell his gun to buy a pair of skates,
Full soon Fall's tender beauties on the wing of death will go,
And then look out for winter, and its dash infernal snow.

—Oil City Derrick.

HOW IT WAS.

'Folds of the silk and cream-colored roses. You will have the hats just alike then?' asked Miss Lucinda Smith, milliner.

'Just exactly alike. It will please Hermione, and there is nothing I like so well as to please my pretty stepmamma,' answered Linly Thetford, lifting her sweet eyes for sympathy to the precise countenance of Miss Lucinda.

'Umph!—so you are very fond of her, Linly?'

'Yes indeed! She is my best friend since poor papa died; and being so near of an age, we are constant companions. I don't know what I should do if it weren't for Hermione; Ryeland has changed so since papa's death.'

'You have Mr. St. Charles company a great deal, I hear.'

A flash like sunrise dyed the beautiful brunette face.

'Of course; he is Hermione's cousin and—and like a brother to me,' answered Linly, stooping over a box of silk violets to hide her confusion.

'Umph! yes—well, 'tis all right, of *course*,' remarked Miss Lucinda pinching out a brier-leaf, and setting the little rose more firmly on its stem. 'But didn't it ever occur to you that folks would talk?'

'About what?' asked Linly, lifting her clear hazel eyes to Miss Lucinda's profile.

'His being at Ryelands so much, so soon after your father's death. Poor man! dead but six months; I should think your stepmamma, as you call her, would have more respect for his memory than to——'

'Than to what?' asked Linly, her bright orbs growing large and bright with indignation. 'What have you to say against Hermione—against my father's wife, Miss Lucinda?'

'Say?'—oh, I say nothing. It's what other people are talking about. But I must add, that it is strange you are so blind, Linly. Now I've known you ever since you was a child—used to come to Ryelands every Spring to make caps in your grandmother's day and your own mother always brought her bonnets to me—and you were always bright enough about other things It's strange you can't see.'

'What?' with a thrill in the young voice.

'Why, of course, your stepmother married your father for his money, and to have a home and position. She was only a district school-teacher, down in Marshfield, when he married her, and everybody knew she did pretty well for herself when she married Dr. Thetford. But she was dead in love with her cousin Rupert St. Charles, and he with her; but they were poor, and he working his way so slowly through college that she thought there wasn't much chance there, and so gave him up for your father. And now he's a promising young lawyer, and she mistress of Ryelands, what is so likely?—Lor', you ain't going to faint, are you Linly?'

'Faint? *No!* The day is warm and your store is close. It is foolish for me to stay here listening to this gossip. I do not feel in the least indebted to you for repeating it to me, Miss Lucinda. My beautiful stepmother loved my father dearly when she married him—five years of utter devotion to his interests, and her crushing grief at his death, proved it for me—nor do I believe she loved any one else when she married him. And if she chooses to marry Mr. St. Charles *now*, she is at liberty, for all Circleville;' and bowing with the barest civilty to Miss Lucinda, Linly left the shop.

The cool air of the village streets cooled her burning cheeks; but how her loyal young heart ached in her bosom! Not for worlds would she have had Miss Lucinda confirmed in her suspicions that *she* loved Rupert St. Charles, but it was the cruel truth. He was so kind and fine in his nature, so handsome and unspoiled by his rapid success in life, no wonder the girlish heart worshiped him. She had never believed that there was anything between the cousins but cousinly kindness and freedom. But perhaps others knew better; may be she *was* 'blind.'

A feeling of bitter desolation fell upon her as she entered the broad gates of Ryelands, whence her beloved father, whose pet she had always been, had been carried scarcely half a year before. She loved Hermione, and had believed that Hermione loved her best of anything in the world, but now it seem as if she had no home in any heart.

Mr. St. Charles' beautiful mare Sultana stood tied to a tree. For the first time the slight gave Linly pain instead of pleasure. She did not wish to meet him, and she turned away from the door, and took the garden path.

The grounds of Ryelands were old and fine. The doctor's large practice and open-hearted hospitality had formerly kept much state there, but of late all was very still.

She saw no one, as her path wound among the shrubbery; but soon she heard voices, and pausing to learn what direction they were in, the following conversation forced itself upon her:

'I hardly know what to say.'

'But, Hermione, surely you trust me?'

'Yes, entirely. But, Rupert, wait a year. My husband has been dead such a short time, and I shrink from such a responsible act.'

'I cannot wait a year. You know how lonely I have been, and now that I love one woman with my whole soul—and she is free, and I can at least take care of a wife—surely Hermione, you will not refuse?'

'Poor Rupert, I love you so much, how can I?'

'Then you give your consent?'

'I do.'

Breathless and wild with pain Linly tore herself from the spot. She sought the house now, and fleeing to her own room, cast herself across the bed, writhing with anguish. Lost! lost! They had all left her! She had not one.

The tea-bell rang she did not heed it. Inquiring voices called her name; she covered her ears with her hands. Twilight and darkness filled the pretty white room, the whip-poor will's call came on the dewy air, and the piano sounded softly in the room below. It was Hermione's touch, and Rupert St. Charles was bending happily over 'the woman he loved with his whole soul,' no doubt. Poor Linly! she wished she could creep into her father's grave, and be out of the sight of their happiness.

By-and-by, in the stillness, she heard steps on the stair. Was Hermione coming? Yes, the door opened, and Hermione's voice syllabled:

'Dear, are you here? Why, we thought you had not come from town.'

She advanced into the room, putting the light she carried under a shade in the corner.

'You have come home with a headache, I know—the day has been so hot; but you ought to have drank some tea, Linly, dear.'

The graceful fragrant form pressed the couch by the girl's side; a tender arm stole around her neck.

'I am glad we can be quiet. I have something to tell you. Did I hurt you Linly, with my ring? Why did you wince so?'

'No, Hermione, no,' feebly.

'Linly, something has happened today, which gives me great hope and pleasure. Shall I tell you?'

There was a little pause—such a hard little pause.

'Yes.'

'You have known my cousin, Rupert St. Charles, a year, and you feel quite well acquainted with him, do you not?'

'Quite well.'

'He is all he seems to be, Linly. I think you like him.'

No answer.

'I hope you do, dear, for he is just what a young man ought to be—honorable, pure and steadfast—and the woman who has won his love is fortunate, indeed—blessed, if she returns it—for he will make a devoted husband. She could not have a better fate than to be the wife of Rupert St. Charles.'

Hermione Thetford heard her stepdaughter's quickened breathing, but could not see her face.

'I walked with him this afternoon in the garden, and—surely, dear, your head must be very bad. I heard you moan.'

'Very bad. But never mind, Hermione.'

'He urged me to a promise which I was reluctant to give.'

'Yes.'

'I hesitated to take the step he urged upon me, because your father has been dead such a short time, and others might talk——'

'You need not care what others think if you are sure of your own feelings, Hermione.'

'It is because I am sure of them, Linly, that I at last yielded. I have known Rupert from a child, and he is one in a thousand. So, dear, surely you will forgive me if you are averse to this——'

'Forgive? What should I forgive; dear Hermione?'

'I yielded, and gave my consent that he should tell you his love, and try to win yours, dear. For nothing could make me happier, my sweet girl than for you to marry my cousin.'

Hermione's voice died away. There was no sound in the darkened chamber. She listened anxiously for Linly's response; but the girl realized nothing but the feelings of her own heart.

'Will you not speak, dear?'

'What shall I say, Hermione?'

'Are you pained or pleased by what I have told you?'

'Hermione, I have been told that you and Rupert St. Charles used to love each other.'

'I have always loved Rupert as a cousin—nothing more. It was your father whom I loved, dear, and so you are next dearest to my heart. I have promised Rupert to urge you to give him a little sign of encouragement, and so he has sent you this blush-rose. If he may speak to you, wear it in your hair when he comes to-morrow night; if you have no hope for him, you need not see him at all, as it may be painful to you, and will surely dash his dearest hopes to the ground. So I will tell him as gently as possible.'

'Give me the rose.'

Hermione unfastened the cool, fragrant thing from her own dark hair, and in the darkness saw its whiteness lifted to the girl's lips.

'I will wear it.'

Soon all Circleville knew of Linly's engagement, and this is the way it was.

Beware of Hair Washes.

Ladies, fair ladies, beware of hair-washes, says the *London World*. A medical friend informs us that it has lately been discovered that the active ingredient of all washes for subduing gray hair is lead, which, uniting gradually, with the sulphur of the hair, forms a black sulphuret of lead, which is really the darkening agent. We all know how deleterious and even fatal is the application of lead in any chemical shape to the pores of the human body; what, then must be the mischief produced by its being continuously and often daily rubbed into the skin of a lady's scalp? Here, however, is a practical illustration, vouched for by Mr. Broomfield, of Norwich: "The wash had been used for two years, but only moderately, and during all that time there was generally *malaise* and loss of musical power. About three months since, two days after an effectual application of the wash, a slight epileptic fit occurred, and six weeks afterwards a similar application was followed by palsy; but by this time suspicion was aroused, and by the steady application of antidotes the symptoms are now disappearing. The profits of selling these washes are said to be so tempting that, since the secret of the darkening agent has oozed out, numerous hair-dressers, both in town and country, are manufacturing them and pressing them upon their customers.

Use of a Receipt.

In a city not a thousand miles from this locality, there lives a lawyer, crafty, subtle, and cute as a fox.

An Indian of the Choctaw tribe, Kiser, by name, owed him some money. The lawyer had waited long for the tin. His patience at last gave out, and he threatened the Indian with law-suits, processes, and executions. The poor Choctaw got scared, and finally brought the money to his creditor.

He waited for the lawyer to give him a receipt. "What are you waiting for?" said the lawyer.

"Receipt," said the Indian.

"A receipt," said the lawyer, "a receipt! what do you know about a receipt? Can you understand the nature of a receipt? Tell me the use of one, and I will give it to you."

The Indian looked at him a moment, and then said:

"S'ppose may be me dies; me go to heben; me find de gate locked; me see the apostle Peter; he says; 'Kiser, what you want?' me say 'want to get in;' he says 'you good man?' me say 'yes;' he say, 'you pay Mr. A. that money?' What me do? I hab no receipt; hab to hunt all ober hell to find you."

He got his receipt.

The *Christian Register* tells a good story, the parallel of which we have known to be true many a time. At a Methodist class-meeting, just over in Michigan Brother Benjamin, being called on to tell the state of his mind, said: "Brethren, the state of my mind is that I am very poor. I have been hard at work all summer, but I have not got my wages, and my family are suffering. I went to Brother Jones, and told him my condition, and he sent me to Brother Thomas; and Brother Thomas sent me to Brother Smith; and Brother Smith sent me to Brother Mason. At last I went to a Universalist man in the neighborhood, and told him how it was. 'A pretty set of brethren you have got,' he said. He gave me as much as I could eat, and he gave me five bushels of corn; he supplied all my wants bountifully. He told me if I got my wages, I might pay him for the corn, but if I didn't, he would not trouble me about it. And now, brethren, I thank the Lord that there was one sinner left in the world; for if there had not been, I should have starved to death.—*New Covenant.*

Is it not a little singular that every girl who gets married is chronicled as "one of the fairest of our belles?" Where in the world do all the homely married women come from?—*Kansas Pilot.*

A DELICATE OPERATION.

Successful Removal of an Ovarian Tumor by Professor Clark at the Bennet Medical College.

An operation of interest to medical men took place Saturday afternoon at Bennett Medical College, when Prof. Clark, assisted by Professors Jay, Olin, Ziegfeld, and Buecking, removed an ovarian tumor from a girl of twenty. For three months the patient had been at the hospital, and, though tapping had given temporary relief, it was decided that recovery was impossible, unless through the dangerous operation.

The first thing done was to put her under the influence of chloroform. This was done by Prof. Olin, and at 2 o'clock she was in proper condition for the operation, which was performed by Prof. Clark. An incision about five inches in length was made in the abdomen below the naval—very slow work, as particular care had to be taken to avoid injuring the sac of the tumor, as it sometimes makes its way through the abdominal muscles. Twenty-five minutes elapsed before the cist was visible. During the cutting carbolized water was constantly applied to the exposed flesh to neutralize any germs that might be in the air, and otherwise be absorbed by the blood and poison it. This is done now in all surgical operations—an outgrowth of the germ theory of disease. As soon as the sac was exposed, it was perforated with a peculiar-looking instrument, the lips of the opening being kept together with forceps, so that none of the fluid could escape except through a rubber tube. This tapping is very tedious, the stuff flowing steadily but in a small stream. A bucket was filled in the course of half an hour, and another half filled in fifteen minutes. The material was about the consistency of sirup, and not unlike starch in appearance. When the flow had ceased, the removal of the tumor began. The sound disclosed many adhesions to the abdominal walls, and the greatest care was necessary in order not to rupture the tissues. The cist was also attached to liver. At the expiration of half an hour the sac was on the outside, and with it one of the ovaries. The weight of the two was ten pound; that of the fluid seventy-five pounds, making eighty-five in all. By 4 o'clock the opening was sewed up, and the operation finished, it having taken a little over two hours.

On account of the many adhesions, and the further fact that the veins ran into the cist, and had to be severed—though with small loss of blood—the recovery of the patient is questionable; yet it is believed probable that the excellent constitution of the girl will carry her through.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Heaven Help Them.

They were engaged. The inconsistant moon looked down upon their arm-locked council, tipping the young man's moustache with silver light, and flooded each heart with rapturous emotions.

'Joy of me soul,' she said, as he rested from the thirty-fourth consecutive osculation and took a breath, 'canst tell me why yon man in the moon, who gazes upon us so mildly, must be a very crazy person?'

'Nay, me heart's idol,' he returned, 'that can I not.'

'Because light of me life,' she explained while a smile of ineffable shyness irradiated her countenance, 'because he gets full so often.'

An awful gloom crept o'er the earth as the moon veiled its face in shame behind a friendly cloud. The young man sat as one petrified, for the space of several moment's.

'Star of me existence,' he finally gasped, 'as thou lovest me, let not mine ears again be offended with such a hoary headed pun. For in truth it is ancient—for does not Herodotus mention it? Yea, and I have even seen it (save the mark!) in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*. Prithee, let us have no more of it. Better hadst thee said, because he getteth his light upon tick.'

'Upon tick!' echoed the fair creature in surprise; 'light of me life, what tick?'

'Lunar tick,' replied the fond youth, gently but firmly.

And then as his mouth closed over hers, the silvery orb smiled out from his hiding place, and the balmy zephyrs wafted the exclamatory noises into all the open adjacent windows.

An Amusing Superstition.

In Rome many of the people will sign no contract on Friday. Neither will they light three candles or sit in a room when three candles only are lighted. In Florence this deep-rooted horror of certain numbers and days take quite a comical form. In many streets and squares there is no number thirteen, but twelve and a half has been substituted, so that the numbers run eleven, twelve and a half, and fourteen. In this ingenious way the dread number is completely done away with. Houses bearing the unlucky thirteen rarely find any Italian lodgers.

Hay for fuel seems to be attracting some attention from our Mission Creek friends, judging by the article of our correspondent from that place last week. We think there is much in the matter worthy of thought and experiment. The Russians in Dakota regularly burn hay in their houses for fuel, and find it cheaper than wood. Gov. Butler informs us that the Menonites in Fillmore county, this state, have large furnaces built in their houses, in which they burn hay or straw, and so arranged as to retain heat for an entire day. A ton of hay is equal to a cord of wood for heating purposes, and a ton of hay can be cut and put up for from 75 cents to $1 25, and stored up for winter's use. We believe it is the solving in a great measure of the fuel problem. Americans, after they saw the Russians use it, got to twisting hay like a rope and burning it in common stoves. It is said a piece of hay so twisted will produce as much heat as a cottonwood stick of the same size. Who will say our fuel fortune may not be found in our common prairie grass.—*Pawnee Republican.*

Providentially Directed.

Among the attendants at a late Methodist conference, was a very beautiful and intelligent looking young lady, who drew the admiring gaze of many eyes, particularly eyes masculine, always on the lookout for feminine faces. During the intermission at noon, a spruce young minister went up to the Presiding Elder, and said with an air of secrecy:

"Did you observe the young lady who sat by the first pillar on the left?"

"Yes," said the Elder; what of her?"

"Why," said the young man, "I feel impressed that the Lord desires me to take that young lady for my wife. I think she would make a good companion and helpmate in the work of the ministry."

The Elder, as a good Christian ought, had nothing to object.

But in a few moments, another candidate for ministerial efforts and honors, and for the name of husband, came confidentially to make known a like impression regarding the same identical young lady.

"You had better wait awhile. It is not best to be too hasty in determining the source of such impressions," said the prudent Elder.

And he said well, for hardly were the steps of the second youth cold at his side, ere a third approached with the same story; and while the worthy confidant still marveled, a fourth drew near with the question:

"Did you notice the fine, noble-looking woman on your left?"

"Yes!" cried the swelling Elder.

"Well, sir," went on the fourth victim of that unsuspicious girl, "it is strongly borne in upon my mind that it is the will of the Lord that I should make proposals of marriage to that lady. He has impressed me that she is to be my wife."

The Elder could hold in no longer.

"Impossible! impossible!" he exclaimed, in an excited tone; "the Lord *never could have intended that four men should marry that one woman!*"

Give Nature a Chance, and Consumption can be Cured.

Some months ago the little daughter (aged fourteen) of a trunk-maker in this city, one Mr. Garden—I am permitted to use his name—was pronounced a hopeless consumptive; and to have seen her at that time, one would have supposed there were good ground for their decision, as she was a mere skeleton, had a terrible cough, expectorated over half a pint a day of greenish, blood-streaked, tuberculous matter, and was so nervous she could scarcely sleep at all, night or day. She had been doctored a long while with cough and consumption specifics and one or two doctors had tried their skill on her, but without avail—her life gradually drawing to its close. Meeting her father, (who was almost heart-broken at the thought of soon loosing her,) one day, I gave him this prescription:

One half pound finely cut up beefstake; one drachm pulverized charcoal; four ounces pulverized sugar; four ounces rye whisky; one pint of boiling water. Mix all together, let it stand in a cool place over night, and give from one to two teaspoonfuls of liquid and meat, before each meal.

This was tried, and in four or five weeks this little girl was so rosy and healthy, free from all cough and other symptoms of disease, that it was considered almost a miracle in the neighborhood in which she lived. What caused this great change? Simple the supplying of her system with more carbon than the disease could exhaust, thereby giving Nature the upperhand in the conflict.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

An Asserted Sure Cure for Cancer.

Use the extract of sheep sorrel prepared as follows: Gather the sheep sorrel when green, place it in a mortar, beat it up very fine, express the juice, strain it in order to get rid of the lint and trash. Place the juice in a deep plate and set it in the sun until it evaporates to the consistency of molasses or honey. Spread the salve thus produced on a piece of kid, or on a linen cloth, and apply to the affected part, renewing it two or three times a day. This application in two or three days will cause the ulcerous parts to slough off, after which apply a simple ointment to heal the sore. The remedy is sure, and causes considerable pain, but it is otherwise harmless. If the patient has the nerve to stand the pain it produces, it will effect a radical cure.