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Publishers and Proprietors.
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Oldest Paper in the State.

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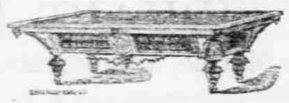

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Is the great Blood Purifier.
Vegetine
Will cure the worst cases of Scrofula.
VEGETINE
Is recommended by physicians and apothecaries.
Vegetine
Has effected some marvellous cures in cases of Cancer.
VEGETINE
Cures the worst cases of Canker.
Vegetine
Meets with wonderful success in Mercurial diseases.
VEGETINE
Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.
Vegetine
Removes pimples and humors from the face.
VEGETINE
Cures Constipation and regulates the Bowels.
Vegetine
Is a valuable remedy for Headache.
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Will cure Dyspepsia.
Vegetine
Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.
VEGETINE
Removes the cause of Dizziness.
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Relieves Faintness at the Stomach.
VEGETINE.
Cures pain in the back.
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Effectually cures Kidney Complaint.
VEGETINE
Is effective in its cure of Female Weakness.
Vegetine
Is the great remedy for General Debility.
Vegetine
Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.
VEGETINE
PREPARED BY
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Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA

The "Coming Man."

A pair of very chubby legs,
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little, stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us strides, in state,
The future "coming man."

His eyes perchance will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes, that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

That brow, where mighty thoughts will dwell,
In solemn, secret state;
Where fierce Ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate;
Where Science from now hidden caves
New treasures shall outpour—
'Tis knit now with a troubled doubt;
Are two, or three cents more?

Those lips that, in the coming years,
Will plead, or pray, or teach;
Whose whispered words, on lightning flash,
From world to world may reach;
That, sternly grave, may speak command,
Or, smiling, win control—
Are coaxing now for ginger-bread,
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small, and brown;
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To tear all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
Within their chubby grasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain,
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the Future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man!"

THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

A Tale of Washington.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia there lived in the year 175—, an old man, whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows, and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another this, another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy, among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length the nineteenth birth-day of Annette, his charming daughter who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay-making frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamored swain with her own fair hands.

"Now, my boys," said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitch forks they all assembled round the door in the cool of the evening, "now, my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care anything about money or talents, book-learning nor soldier-learning. I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country. But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster, I could beat anything in all Virginny in the way o' leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore, and I have took the oath and sworn it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me, boys. There's the green, and here's Annette," he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. "Now, the one that jumps the farthest on a dead level, shall marry Annette this very night."

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth of trisl, cast a glance of anticipated victory back upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting-frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labors, and the old men their arm-chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best-humored youth in the country, and all knew that a strong mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the "best leaper," and in a country where such athletic achievements were the *sine qua non* of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor.

The arena allotted for this hymeneal contest was a level space in front of the village-inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the "green." The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more benefitting for which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers, were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he "cleared," to use the leaper's phraseology, twenty-one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden, he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet!" Dick, with a laugh, turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches. Well done, Harry Preston!" shouted the spectators; "you have tried hard for the acres and homestead."

Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Harry was a rattle-brain fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and laugh and romp with Annetta, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so, if he were sure of winning.

"Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half! Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win!" cried the crowd, good humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper rather than his legs. Charley, however, made a trial of the latter's capabilities, and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, "let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this;" and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread, his eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers, and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lips, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half!" shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges; "twenty-one feet and a half—Harry Carroll forever! Annette and Harry!" Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Henry Carroll moved to his station, to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in military undress frock-coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir, stranger, you think you can beat that?" said one of the by-standers, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena. "If you can leap beyond Henry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the winner," cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?"

"All, young sir!" replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardor rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight-limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who out-leaps Henry Carroll. If you will try, you are free to do so. But, let me tell you, Henry Carroll has no equal in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir; look at her, and make your trial."

The officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered on the altar of her father's monomania with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near, with a troubled brow and an angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter round his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparantly without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annetta.

"Twenty-two feet and an inch!" shouted the judge. The shout was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought, with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand, "I have won you fairly."

Annette's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eyes sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I ought to be," added he, with gallantry, "to wear so fair a gem next to my heart. Perhaps," and he cast his eyes inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, "perhaps there is some favored youth among the crowd who has a higher claim to this jewel. "Young sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Harry, "methinks you were the victor in the list before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, you will receive from my hand the prize you have so well and honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping for pure joy upon his shoulder. The welkin rung with the acclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred him at a brisk trot through the village.

That night Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble-hearted stranger was drank in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Henry Carroll had become Col. Henry Carroll of the Revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country-house, when an advanced courier rode up and announced the approach of Gen. Washington and suit, informing him that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Col. Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely-extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half-doubtingly, half-assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired, affectionately, if she were ill.

"I suspect, Colonel," said the General, who had been sometime, with a quiet, meaning smile, observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features—"that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance." And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The Colonel started, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tearn, with clasped hands, and an eye of intense, eager inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted, as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam, pardon me Colonel. I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp-fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty-two feet and one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I wot of."

The recognition, with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

General Washington was indeed the handsome young "leaper," whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditionary—whose claim to a substantial body of bona fide flesh and blood was stoutly contested by the village story-tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.

Cleansing the Scalp.

A teaspoonful of ammonia to a basin of lukewarm water, and used with Castile soap, will wash the head nicely. Rub the scalp thoroughly, rinsing well after, with clean water. It will prevent the hair falling out, by keeping it free from the musty smell so common in hot weather.

Hearts-Ease.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve months together,
This little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

I had a little lover once,
Who used to give me posies;
His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
His lips were red as roses.
And everybody loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls that went to school with me
Made little jealous speeches,
Because he brought me loyally
His biggest plums and peaches,
And always at the door would wait
To carry home my books and slate.

"They couldn't see"—with pout and fling—
"The mighty fascination
About that little snub-nosed thing
To win such admiration;
As if there weren't a dozen girls
With nicer eyes, and longer curls!"

And this I knew as well as they,
And never could see clearly
Why more than Marion or May
I should be loved so dearly.
So once I asked him why was this,
He only answered with a kiss.

Until I teased him—"Tell me why—
I want to know the reason;"
When from the garden bed close by,
(The pansies were in season),
He plucked and gave a flower to me,
With sweet and simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," he said,
"With lillies pale and slender,
With roses and verbenas red,
And fuchias purple splendor,
But ever and above the rest,
This little hearts-ease suits me best."

"Am I your little hearts-ease then?"
I asked with blushing pleasure;
He answered yes! and yes again—
Hearts-ease and dearest treasure;
That the round world and all the sea
Held nothing half so sweet as me!

I listened with a proud delight
Too rare for words to capture,
Nor ever dreamed what sudden blight
Would come to chill my rapture,
Could I forsee the tender bloom
Of pansies round a little tomb?

Life holds some stern experience,
As most of us discover,
And I've had other losses since
I lost my little lover;
But still this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.

Cattle Diseased From Eating Smut.

Editor State Journal.

It is likely that cattle have been injured by eating smut on cornstalks, but this smut is not a very active poison. In 1870, Dr. John Gamgee fed forty-two pounds of it to two cows at the rate of about a pound a day. The cow that ate the smut mixed with *dry feed*, lost some flesh, and the other that ate it *wet* up with meal, gained some flesh during the continuance of the experiment. Both cows had a good appetite during the whole time, and seemed to experience no important effects from eating this large quantity of smut.

In the light of all the experience and experiments I have been able to bring to it, I am inclined to think that the danger of injury to cattle from eating smutty corn-fodder, is greatest when they are first turned on, and especially dangerous when they have no ready access to water. Cornstalks which have a large growth of smut are especially tough and indigestible, and some cattle seem to have a morbid appetite for the smut and eat these woody stalks voraciously with it. The result is that the digestive organs are deranged, and tendency to dry murrain is induced. It would be safe this year to turn cattle on the stalks but a short time each day, till they get accustomed to the new kind of food, and to make sure that they have easy and frequent access to water.

Dr. Gamgee says that accidents resulting from feeding of smutty corn to cattle are amenable to treatment. He recommends the following purging drink:

Sulphate of Magnesia	1 pound.
Powdered Aloes	4 drachms.
Powdered Ginger	2 drachms.
Water	1 quart.

This is to be give in warm linseed tea, oatmeal gruel, or pure water. Cattle should be induced to drink water freely.

On the second day if the medicine does not act freely, give half drachm doses of carborate of ammonia twice a day, largely diluted with linseed tea or gruel. When the appetite returns give succulent and nourishing food.

The indications of injury from eating smutty corn are, first costiveness, followed by a staring coat, dry murell, and a tendency to stand with hind limbs drawn under and head depressed, with a pained expression of countenance. Sometimes the animal seems excited, breathes quickly, and is apparently somewhat delirious. Farmers who turn their cattle on stalk fields will do well to watch for these indications of disease.

I hope the farmers who have had trouble from smutty corn will give us the facts as far as possible.

S. R. THOMPSON.

We presume the writer of the above is Prof. Thompson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the information given worthy of attention and adoption, by those whom it may enterest.

A disobedient little girl being told by her mother that it was necessary that she should be whipped, said: "Well, ma, then I suppose I *must*, but won't you give chloroform first?"

A Queer Case.

A pious clergyman in London has read the bible hundreds of times, but cannot explain away a little coincidence of his recent experience. He was preaching in a church where he was not known, and was so impressed with the fact that it was the anniversary of the death of a favorite child that he referred in his sermon to those who bore upon their hearts the memory of great sorrows. His reference to the matter was not more particular than this, but after he had done a lady in the congregation sent word to him that she was very anxious to speak to him. He found that she was one with whom he had a very slight acquaintance, and unless she had made it her business to inquire into his past life she might be assumed to know nothing of what was upon his mind. Yet she had sent for him to tell him that she was a clairvoyant, and all the time he was preaching she had seen a little boy, whose appearance she described, standing by his side, and ever and anon stroking his hair.

Curious Case of Petrification.

More than twenty years ago Judge Almy sunk a well at Bolinas. Happening to have three or four large oak oil casks at the time, he knocked in the heads, burned out the oil, and set them in the well, one above another and, strange to say, they are all turned to solid stone, and are as perfect today as when they were put in the well. The top cask is about two feet below the surface, and a curb of common boards is set over the well, running down to meet the casks. Several of these curbs have rotted away, and been replaced, but the oak casks appear likely to stand forever. Is there here a hint for well builders? or are the causes of petrification local?—*San Rafael (Texas) Journal.*

The Pine Bluffs (Ark.) *Republican*, says the election in Jefferson County in that State was a mockery, and that a fair election was held in only four townships. The Republican majority is 3,500. The Democratic count reduces this to 420. Ballot boxes in those townships which gave heavy Republican majorities were thrown away by Democratic officials, and in others figures were altered to suit the purposes of the managers. This is the record, and the Republicans of Arkansas want to know what they are going to do about it. If the country keeps in its right mind a satisfactory answer will be given in 1880.

The largest body of tin ore in the world has been found within thirty miles of San Bernadina, California. Tin is a metal in universal demand, and the supply is quite limited. The total product from all sources, Great Britain included, does not average 28,000 tons a year. The United States Annually imports about $19,000,000 worth of this metal. Should the ore be as abundant as it is said to be, it will be a new source of riches to California and the whole country.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Turks report the persistent old General Todleben again south of the Balkans on the route leading from Varna to Bourghas. In other words, he is keeping open the eastern pass of the Balkans with an eye to contingencies in the future. At the present time Russia holds Adrianople and the entire Balkin line, and she shows a disposition to hold fast until the Turks comply with those provisions of the treaty of San Stefano not covered by the treaty of Berlin.

Dr. Wolf, a German chemist, experimented in feeding raw and cooked patatoes to two cows, together with hay and rape-seed cake. When fed on cooked potatoes the animals did not give as large a quantity of milk as when fed upon raw; but the milk made nearly a third more butter, forty-two pounds of milk having been required to make a pound of butter in one case, and only twenty-seven in the other.

Mr. F. C. Meeker, speaking of Indian trails—"up White Rive" in Colorado—remarks that "it is certain that these trails are ancient, and one may see that they were established long before the Romans built the Flaminan and Appian Way, and that they existed before the cattle trails of Lot and Abraham wound over the hills of Judea."

Mr. W. F. Clarke, Agricultural Editor of the *Western Advertiser*, Ontario, Canada, andverting to the new milker, says: We consider that we have tried the new Invention fairly and if any of our readers feel tempted to invest in it, our advice can be given in a single word, "Don't."

A number of young men of this town, says a contemporary, are attending a night school where Latin is taught. At least we judge so, as we saw a crowd the other evening who had got as far as "Hic."

Every man is made better by the possession of a good picture, if it is only a landscape on the back of a hundred dollar note.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The man who has persistently closed the door all summer, now leaves it wide open.