THE ADVERTISER.

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

Published Every Thursday Morning
AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

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Oldest Paper in the State.

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ADVERTISING RATES.
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☞ All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

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

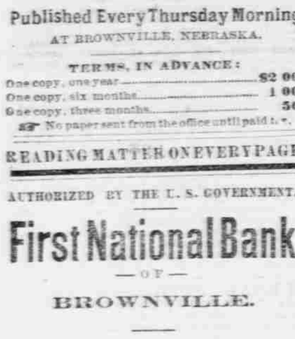
BUY AND SELL
COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS
on all the principal cities of the
United States and Europe

MONEY LOANED
On approved security only. Time Drafts discounted, and every accommodation 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. Ives, B. M. Bailey, M. A. Handley, Frank E. Johnson, Luther Hoadley, Wm. Frahser.

JOHN L. CARSON, President.
A. R. DAVISON, Cashier.
J. C. McNAUGHTON, Asst. Cashier.

BROWNVILLE
Ferry and Tranfers



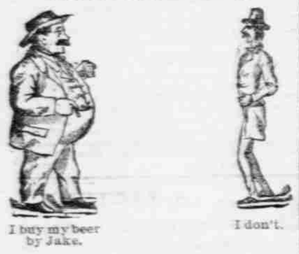
COMPANY.

Having a first class Steam Ferry, and owning and controlling the Transfer Line from
BROWNVILLE TO PHELPS,
we are prepared to render entire satisfaction in 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.*

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 Mike Felthouser will receive prompt attention.
☞ Bodies Preserved and Embalmed.
56 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB.

J. RAUSCHKOLB'S
Lunch & Beer
HALL,



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

Phil. Denser's old stand,
Brownville, - - Nebraska

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, &c., always on hand.
64 Main St., Brownville, Neb.

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.
OLDEST
REAL
ESTATE
AGENCY
IN NEBRASKA.

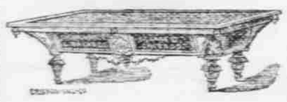
William H. Hoover.

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.

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.

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.

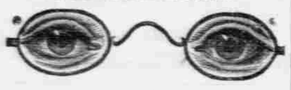
PHIL. FRAKER,
Peace and Quiet



Saloon and Billiard Hall!
THE BEST OF
BRANDIES, WINES,
GINS,
ALCOHOLS AND WHISKIES
49 Main St., opposite Sherman House,
Brownville, - - Nebraska.

ALBERT M. SMITH,
BARBER
AND
HAIR DRESSER
Brownville, Neb.
Shaving, Shampooing, Hair-dressing &c.
In the Latest Styles.

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.

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.

A Gem From Whittier.

Ye change to weary burdens
The helps that should uplift,
Ye lose in form the spirit,
The giver in the gift.

Who called ye to self-torment,
To fast and penance vain?
Dream ye Eternal Goodness
Has joy in mortal pain?

Who counts his brother's welfare
As sacred as his own,
And loves, forgives, and pities,
He serves me alone.

I loathe your wrangling councils,
I tread upon your creeds:
Who made ye mine avengers,
Or told ye of my needs?

No more in ark or hill grove
The Holiest abides;
Not in the scroll's dead letter
The eternal secret hides.

What if the o'erturned altar
Lays bare the ancient lie?
What if the dreams and legends
Of the world's childhood die?

My Gerizim and Ebal
Are in each human soul,
The still, small voice of blessing
And Sinai's thunder roll.

The stern behest of duty,
The doom-book open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Are with yourselves alone.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

I did not marry for love. Very few people do, so in this respect I am neither better nor worse than my neighbors. No, I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married Mr. Cartwright simply because he asked me.

This was how it happened. He was the rector of Doveton, and we lived at the Manor House, which was about ten minutes' walk from the church and rectory. We had daily service at Doveton, and I nearly always attended it, and it came to pass that Mr. Cartwright invariably walked home with me. It was a matter of custom now, and I thought nothing of it; it pleased him, and on the whole it was rather pleasant to me also.

I must confess, however, I was rather surprised when, one morning as we got to the avenue which led up to the Manor House, Mr. Cartwright asked me to be his wife.

I have never been able to find out why I said yes, but I did; perhaps I thought it a pity to throw away so much love; perhaps it was because he was so terribly in earnest that I dared not refuse him; perhaps I feared his pale face, and his low, pleading voice would ever haunt me if I rejected his love; or, perhaps, it was because he only asked me to marry him—he did not ask me if I loved him, for I think he guessed I did not; perhaps it was all these reasons put together, but anyhow I said yes, and in due time we were married.

I ought to have been very happy, for he was a most devoted husband, but I was not, and though I did not notice it then, I know now that for the first six months after our marriage he was not happy either.

It was all my fault—I either would not or could not love him; I accepted all his devotion to me as a matter of coure, but I made no effort to return it; and I am sure he had found out that he had made a mistake in marrying a woman who did not love him.

One morning, about six months after our our marriage, he told me at breakfast that he intended leaving me alone for a few weeks, to stay with his mother, who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me, but though I was really displeased, I concealed my annoyance, and asked carelessly when he would start.

He replied, the next day if I had no objection, and so it was settled.

He was more affectionate than usual that day, and I was colder than ever; I only once alluded to his journey, and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maud to stay while he was gone.

The next morning I was anxious to avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with him. As the train moved off, I remembered this was our first parting since our marriage, and I wished I had not been so cold.

When I got home the house looked so dreary and empty and there was no one to meet me; presently one of the servants came for the shawls, and with her Nero, Mr. Cartwright's retriever, which, when he saw I was alone, set up a howl for his master. I patted him and tried to comfort him, feeling rebuked by his grief, as he followed me, whining, into the house. Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master. At last I wandered into his study, where he spent his mornings and liked me to sit and work; and now I remember how often I had excused myself, saying I preferred the drawing-room, and this reflection did not add to my happiness.

There was a photograph of me stancing on his writing-table, and another on the chimney-piece; on the walls hung two or three of my drawings, which he had begged of me when we were engaged; indeed, the room was full of little remembrances of me; I opened a book I had given him, and in it was his name in my handwriting, and underneath in his own, "From my darling wife." I laid it down with a sigh, as I thought how carefully he treasured everything I had ever given him, and how little care I took of all his gifts to me.

Every thing I attempted, every thing I looked at, reminded me of his goodness to me and my coldness and ingratitude to him. At last I went to bed, where, after working myself into a fever of anxiety lest he should not have reached the end of his journey in safety, I at length cried myself to sleep.

The next morning I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart, for I knew I could not hear from him till the next day; it seemed so strange to breakfast alone, and Nero appeared to think so, too, for he was most unhappy, sniffing round his master's chair in the most melancholy manner.

My plate, for the first time since my marriage, was empty, as I sat down to breakfast, for my husband, who was an early riser, always had a little bouquet to greet me with every morning; frequently I forgot all about it, and left it to be put into water by the servant; this morning I would have treasured it most carefully if he had gathered it.

After breakfast I determined to rouse myself and go and visit some of the poor people of the village, so I filled my basket with some little delicacies for the sick and set out.

Wherever I went it was the same story; all held forth on my husband's goodness and kindness, for all had been helped by him in some way or other, and all loved and respected him. As I listened with burning cheeks I felt as if I was the only person on earth who had treated him with cruel ingratitude, and I was the very person whom he most loved and cherished.

At last I went home, tired and sick at heart; but there was no one to notice I was pale and worn out, no one to get me wine or soup to revive me, no one to make me lie down and rest, as he would have done had he been there. Oh, how I missed him! What a fool I had been! Was there ever woman loved and cared for as I had been? Was there ever friend so ungrateful? Oh! why had I ever let him leave me? I was sure he would never come back. Why had he gone away?

And conscience answered, "You drove him; he gave you all he had to give, and in return you gave him nothing but cold looks and unkind words; and so he left you to seek love and sympathy from his mother."

This thought always maddened me. In fancy I saw her sitting in my place by his side, loving and caressing him, as I had the best right to love and caress him. I pictured her receiving tenderly the little loving acts I had received so coldly, and now I was seized with a jealous anger against her. I mentally accused her of estranging my husband from me, and of trying to win his love from me, as though his heart was not large enough for both of us.

When Maud arrived in the afternoon, I treated her to a long tirade of abuse against mother-in-laws in general, and my own in particular, and I vented all the anger I really felt against myself on the innocent Mrs. Cartwright.

"Why, Nelly," said Maud, "I thought you liked Mrs. Cartwright so much, and thought her so nice, that you even wanted her to live with you, only your husband, very properly, as mamma says, objected."

"So I did," I answered; "but I did not know then she would ever entice my husband away from me in this way, or, of course, I should never have liked her."

"Really, Nell, you are very hard on the poor woman; for, as I understand, Mr. Cartwright went to her of his own free will, because she was not well, and he thought his company would do her good," said Maud.

"Nonsense; I am sure he would never have left me alone, unless she had put him up to it," I replied, rather crossly.

"The truth is, Nelly, you are so much in love with your husband that you are jealous even of his mother; and you are making yourself miserable about nothing. Why, Mr. Cartwright will be back in a fortnight, and I dare say you will get a letter from him every day; so cheer up, and let us go for a drive," said Maud.

I agreed to this plan, and giving Maud the reins, I lay back and thought of her words. Was she right after all? Was I jealous? Was I really, as Maud said, in love with my husband? Had I only found it out now I was deprived of his company? Was this the reason that I could do nothing but inwardly reproach myself for my conduct to him? And the longer I thought, the more convinced I became that Maud was right, that I was jealous and that I was in love, as she called it.

This knowledge did not make me happier, for I no sooner knew I loved him than I longed to tell him so, and make up, as far as I could, for all my former cruelty, for I could call my conduct by no milder word. I passed a sleepless night, and as I lay awake I composed various letters of confession, which I resolved to send the following day; but when morning came, my pride stepped in, and I began to feel it would be impossible to write, and I settled I must wait till my husband came home and then tell him how his absence had altered me.

I got up early and walked out to meet the postman, so anxious was I to get a letter from him; it was the first I had ever received from him since our marriage, and no girl was ever so anxious for or so pleased with her first love-letter as I was over this.

It was a long letter, full of loving messages and terms of endearment, all of which cut me to the heart, for they sounded like so many reproaches; in reality, I think there was a tone of gentle reproach throughout the letter. He gave me an account of his journey and of his mother's health, begged me to write to him a few lines every day, but he said not a word about returning.

I spent the morning in answering it, much to Maud's amusement, who, of course, thought I was pouring out volumes of love and complaints of my temporary widowhood; after tearing up about a dozen sheets of paper, I at last sent a short note, cool and with no allusion to my misery. The more I tried, the more impossible I found it to write any expression of love or penitence, though I was hungering to do so.

For a whole week I went on in this way, suffering more acutely every day, and every day receiving long, loving letters from Mr. Cartwright, and writing short, cold answers.

I lost my appetite, I could not sleep at night, and the torture I was enduring made me look so ill that Maud became frightened, and declared she would write and summon my husband home, and tell him I was pining away for him. I forbade her doing this so sternly that she dared not disobey me, for I was determined he should never hear from any lips but mine that at last his heart's desire was attained, for I loved him.

At last, when he had been away ten days, I could bear it no longer, for I felt I should have brain fever if I went on in this way, so I determined to go on to Melton, where Mrs. Cartwright lived, and see my husband. I came to this decision one night, and went into Maud's room early in the morning to tell her my intention. I expected she would laugh at me, but I think she guessed something was wrong, for she seemed glad to hear it and helped me to pack a few things and set off in time to catch the morning train.

It was three hours' journey. They seemed three years to me, for the nearer I got to my husband the more impatient I was to see him. At last we got to Melton, a largish town. Of course, as I was not expected, there was no one to meet me, so I took a fly to Mrs. Cartwright's house, where I arrived about three o'clock.

I learned afterwards that Andrew was with his mother in the drawing room when I drove up, but thinking I was only a visitor, he escaped into another room, so I found my mother-in-law alone.

By her side was some of my husband's socks which she was darning, socks which I had handed over to the servants to mend, and which I now longed to snatch away from his mother. His desk stood open, a letter to me which he was writing laying on it.

The servant announced me as Mrs. Andrews, my voice failing as I gave my name, so that Mrs. Cartwright held up her hands in astonishment when she saw who it was.

"My dear! Nelly! Has any thing happened? How ill you look! What is it?" she exclaimed.

"I want my husband," I gasped, sinking on to a chair, for I thought I should have fallen. Without another word Mrs. Cartwright left the room; I feel sure now she guessed all about it, and I can never thank her enough for forbearing to worry me with questions as to what I had come for.

She came back in a few moments with a glass of wine, which she made me drink off, saying she would send him to me at once if I took it. I complied, and she went for him; in another minute I heard his step outside the door, and then he came in.

"Nelly, my love—my darling! what is it?" he cried as I rushed into his outstretched arms, and hid my face on his breast, sobbing bitterly. For some moments I could not speak; at last I recovered myself enough to sob out:

"Oh, Andrew, my love! my dear love! can you ever forgive me? I came to ask you, and to tell you I can't live without you." I would have said more, but his kissing stopped my mouth, and when at length he let me go there were other tears upon my cheeks besides my own.

That was the happiest hour of my life, in spite of my tears; and before my mother-in-law again joined us, which she discreetly avoided doing till dinner-time, I had poured out all I had to tell into my husband's ears; and I had learned from him that he had left me to try what effect his absence would have on me; for he had felt for some time that my pride was the great barrier he had to overcome to win my love.

He had judged right. He was too generous to tell me how much he had suffered from my indifference, but I know it must have grieved him terribly. He is a different man now, he looks so happy, and I know he would not change places with any one on earth. We went back to the rectory the next day, but we could not persuade Mrs. Cartwright to come with us; she said we were best alone, and I think she was right.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

TO PREVENT LOCKJAW.—Here is a remedy for wounds made by rusty nails, which frequently terminate in lockjaw, that ought to be cut out and preserved. Smoke the wound, or any wound or bruise with burning wool or woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst case of inflammation arising from any wound we ever saw.

Romantic Fact.

In one of the incursions of Indians upon our frontier settlements during the Revolution, says the author of Revolutionary Papers, a very romantic incident occurred. The celebrated Cornplanter made an attack upon the neighborhood of Fort Plain, burning and destroying, and among the prisoners he captured was one John Abell, an old inhabitant. The party had not travelled but a few miles on their return, when it was discovered that this Abell was almost as well acquainted with their language as the Indians themselves. This fact interested the chief, and on inquiring of his captive his name, Cornplanter knew at once that he stood before his own father. Abell, twenty-five years before, had been a trader among the Indians of Western New York, and in one of his visits became enamored of a pretty squaw, and the result of this affection was the graceful and celebrated warrior, whom the father now for the first time saw standing before him. The chief had learned from his mother the history of his parentage, and his father's name. The meeting was certainly extraordinary to a degree. The young chief held out strong inducements to his white father to accompany him to his tribe, but paternal affections did not seem so strong in the heart of Abell as his love for the comforts and luxuries of a white man's home and so he chose rather to be set at liberty and to return to his friends. This was yielded, and he was conducted in honor back to the settlements, Thus singularly met and parted the father and son.

John Henry's Mistake.

John Henry used to go to see a girl down on Seventh street, but he doesn't do so any more since the hired girl gave him away. He tells his own story: "You see," he said, "she was a mighty nice girl, and I liked her more intensely than a life-insurance agent talks up his business, and I called around on that fatal evening to see her but a minute on a little matter we had been talking about, and when the wooden-headed hired girl came to the door, I asked for Miss Blank, and the girl said she didn't think she was exactly ready to see company, and would I wait? I told her to see the young lady and tell her I wanted to see her just a minute, and she needn't dress *unless* she was undressed. Away the girl went, and presently I heard her sing out, "Miss Blank, Mr. John Henry is in the parlor and wants to see you a minute, and he says you needn't dress if you are undressed." That "*if*" fixed me, and word was sent down that Miss Blank was not at home to Mr. John Henry, and Mr. John Henry has not been back since. —*Cincinnati Times.*

Nutmegs.

Nutmegs grow on trees which look like pear trees, and are generally over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale yellow, and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over this seed. The trees grow on the islands of Asia, and in tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them at all seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it yearly. The Dutch used to have all the nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda islands, and conquered all the other traders, and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up, they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as large as a church. Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried these nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world has the benefit.

A Warning Against Indulgence in "Hamerican" Habits.

"Now you Hamerican gents," said the Master of Ceremonies at Halifax to a party of American visitors, "afore you are introduced to 'is Hexellency an' 'er Royal 'Ighness there's a few rules to be hobserved. Don't expectorate hon the carpet has you're in the 'abit of doing at 'ome, you know, and don't keep your 'ats on, as you halways do in Hamerica. And no revolvers nor bowie-knives is hallowed to be drawed in the presence of 'is Hexcellency an' 'er Royal 'Ighness, wich is what you're a-doing of in Congress continually. An' you'll walk in forwards, an' you won't think of shaking 'ands with 'er Royal 'Ighness nor even with 'is Hexellency; nor hof course you won't haddress 'im as 'old hoss' nor 'old sardine,' as hif you was a talking to your President, you know. You'll simply bow an' hassume a hattitude of reverence as far as you know 'ow, and then retire backwards out of the Royal presence."—*Boston Traveller.*

The reports from the entire country show that the present severe cold weather is the most extensive in the territory it covers, and the most intense, experienced for some years.—The range of the thermometer was from fifteen to thirty degrees below zero.

India-rubber is to be made in Ontario from the juice of the milk-weed.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

IN BOILING meat for a soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge into boiling water at once.

INDELIBLE ink stains may be removed by first soaking them in strong salt water, and then washing them with ammonia. The salt changes the nitrate of silver into chloride of silver, and the ammonia dissolves the chloride.

BEEF that has a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat.—Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

MOST chronic diseases, and many acute ones, are produced at the table. As a rule, no fluid of any kind should be taken at the table, especially if the stomach is weak. The stomach sho'd never be overloaded; not more than two or three articles should be taken at one meal; no stimulants to be used especially just before eating.

DON'T ROLL YOUR ROAST.—Instead of rolling up your roast into a shapeless mass, if the meat be placed upon the wire grate over the pan, and a thin part simply folded over, so as to receive the drippings from above, it will cook much more nicely. Put no water in the pan and rub the salt well into the meat before placing in the oven.

IT IS not generally known that for scouring knives, forks, spoons and tin ware, the common water lime such as is used in plastering cisterns, cellars, etc., is one of the very best materials. It does not scratch and will not injure Apply with a damp cloth. The more often such things are cleansed the more easily they are cleaned.

WATER RISING FOR BREAD.—Take a quart pitcher and a spoon, scald them; fill the pitcher half full of boiling water; cool to the temperature of good hot dish water; stir in flour to make a batter as thick as flour pancakes; add a quarter teaspoonful of salt and as much soda, cover closely, set where it will keep quite warm, stirring occasionally; it will rise in five or six hours. Some prefer it to hop or brewers' yeast.

CODDLED APPLES.—Take pleasant sour apples and put them in an earthen or tin dish and put in water enough to half cover them, and set them on top of the stove, covering to keep in the steam. When the apples are done soft take them out, and let the water boil away until there are but a few spoonfuls, then pour over the apples. For meat they are an excellent accompaniment, and need no sweetening. But they make a most delicious dessert to sprinkle over them sugar while cooking, letting the sirup boil away as before.

BORAX FOR COLDS.—A writer in the *Medical Record* cites a number of cases in which borax is proved a most effectual remedy in certain forms of colds. He states that in sudden hoarseness, or loss of voice in public speakers or singers, from colds, relief for an hour or so, as by magic, may be often obtained by slowly dissolving, partially swallowing, a lump of borax the size of a garden pea, or about three or four grains, held in the mouth for ten minutes before speaking or singing. This produces a profuse secretion of saliva, or "watering" of the mouth and throat—probably restoring the voice or tone to the dried vocal cords, just as wetting brings back the missing notes to a flute, when it is too dry.

LABOR-SAVING SOAP.—To two bars of common hard soap, or two quarts of lye soap, (made of wood ashes,) take two gallons of rain water, two and one-half pounds sal soda and half pound rosin; pulverize the rosin and, dissolve it in the water with a gentle heat, then put in the soda, and when it is dissolved, add the soap; slice up the bars, as the soap will dissolve the sooner; simmer for half an hour and be careful not to let it boil too fast, as it will run over everything, and cold water only makes it worse. This is the best soap ever used to take out stains; always scald tablecloths in boiling water before putting them in the wash; then use this soap and you will not fail to have the pride of a good housekeeper—white clothes.

WHAT shall I teach my child?—Teach him that it is better to starve than to steal; that it is better to be a scavenger or a wood chopper than to be an idler and dead beat; that it is just as criminal, and more reprehensible to waste Monday than to desecrate Sunday; that labor is the price of all honest possessions; that no one is exempt from the obligation to labor with head, or hands, or heart; that "an honest man is the noblest work of God;" that knowledge is power; that labor is worship and idleness is sin; that it is better to eat the crust of independent poverty than to luxuriate among the riehest as a dependent. Teach him these facts till they are woven into his being and regulate his life, and we will insure his success, though the heavens fall.

Football by Electric Light.

The intense interest aroused by the application of the electric light to novel uses was strikingly illustrated recently in Sheffield, where nearly 30,000 people gathered at Bramal-lane Grounds to witness a football match played under that light. The match which was played by two teams belonging to the Sheffield Football Association, began at half past 7 o'clock. The electric light was thrown from four lamps, thirty feet from the ground, and the rays, which were of great brilliancy, lighted nearly the whole of the ground, the players being seen almost as clearly as at noonday. The brilliancy of the light however, dazzled the players, and caused strange blunders. The illuminating powers was equal to that of 8,000 standard candles.—*London Times.*

A young man was the victim of a singular coincidence, the other night. While passing along the street, a boy exploded a common cracker just behind him, while at the same instant a rotten banana, thrown from a neighboring fruit store, struck him on the head. He put his hand to his head, felt the soft, moist fruit, and screamed: "My God, I'm shot! My brains are blown out!" Then bringing his hand around to his nose, he added: "And I'll be d—d if they don't smell like bananas, too!"—*Shreveport Telegram.*

In the United States the fund collected for the support of the public schools is at the rate of $2 02 for each inhabitant; that for the support of the army is at the rate of $1 39 for each inhabitant. In European countries the figures stand in this way: Prussia, 51 cents for schools and $2 20 for the army; Austria, 34 cents and $1 39; France, 29 cents and $4 50; Italy, 13 cents and $1 57; England and Wales, 65 cents and $6 86; Switzerland, 88 cents and $1.

THERE is scarcely an ache to which children are subject, so bad to bear and difficult to cure, as the earache. But there is a remedy, never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil, and insert into the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

Good authority asserts that one pound of beans will support life in action as long as four pounds of rice. Two pounds of beans will help to do more muscular work than three pounds of wheat. The reason why beans require stronger powers of digestion than wheat is that they contain caseïn instead of gluten.

The English language is wonderful for its aptness of expression. When a number of men and women get together and look at each other from the sides of a room—that's called a sociable. When a hungry crowd call upon a poor minister and eat him out of house and home—that's called a donation party.

The United Presbyterian Church in North America, as appears by their last annual report, has 657 ministers, 791 congregations, 78,748 church members, and contributed last year to foreign missions, $47,551.01.

Nothing will make a woman so mad on Sunday morning, when she is squinting across the street to see that delayed new bonnet go in, as to find that she hasn't been holding the cup under the coffee-mill.

Six years ago two young men in Philadelphia inherited from their father about $80,000 each. Since that period one has died poor and the other is now driving a furniture car for a living.

The emigrants who went recently from South Carolina to Liberia have experimented on roast monkey, and pronounce it a fraud. They would rather have chicken any day.

The women were allowed to vote on the lager-beer-option question at Plymouth, N. H., the other day, and the sale of the liquor was prohibited by a vote of three to one.

TO PREVENT meat from scorching during roasting, place a basin of water in the oven; the steam generated prevents scorching and makes the meat cook better.

Washington Territory is putting in her claims to being the best fruit region in the country. Apples thirteen inches in circumference are said to be common.

Forbes, the war correspondent, is in India, sending letters to the London *News* by telegraph at the rate of $1.12 per word. But it pays the *News.*

'Love is an eternal transport!' exclaimed an enthusiastic poet. 'So is a canal boat,' said a practical old forwarding merchant.

'Take away women,' asks a writer, 'and what would follow?' We would. Give us something harder next time.

During the last fiscal year, 37,843 different patents have been granted by the patent office.

In Russia there is little or no demand for books.