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READING MATTER ONEVERYPAGE

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Complete Abstract of Titles

My Tramp.

That's he again! I know his whoop As he sailles down the lane,

I can note the swaggering gait Of his sunburnt feet, but I'll go at once, My tramp doesn't like to wait.

I could tarry me yet for awhile, And ponder, my young king-democrat, With a mother-philosophers's smile,

The possible future of your young rule, The Imperious doctrine learned So early, alack! "Ho meat! ho bread!" Of the store you have never earned;

What sort of a road, by and by, They would travel apace, and at even-time To what sort of home would hie.

These are all the names he knows For the great God love that makes the home,

Ah, apple cheek and chestnut curls That are lying upon my breast!

wonder if this is typical

Of the day's end and the rest! And I lay my little tired worn-out tramp On his little bed all white, As I pray that the blessed Saviour's arms May gather him in that night.

An Interesting Bridal Trip.

The train from Grafton, due at stopped at one of the way stations, to gage ?-have it sent to your room in a take on a couple newly married. Both few minutes." were young, and both were verdant; had heard of railways, locomotives, Jeems and Lize had determined on this, the most important event of their lives, to visit the city and see the world, particularly that portion of

"These your trunks?" asked the baggage master.

'em." said Jeems. The trunks (a spotted hair trunk and a very old-fashioned valise, (were Lize and Jeems.

"I'll be durned of railroads ain't a wring your bead off." nice thing," said Jeems, seating himing up the tails of his light bodied tavern?" blue coat, adorned with resplendant metal buttons, out of the dust. "Lize, set here by me."

"Come out of that!" said the baggage man; "you are in the wrong able bride.

they say we've got to fight our way keer for expenses." Having a first class Steam Ferry, and ewning through the world, anyhow, and if that chap with the cap on wants anything, I'm his man. Don't want any burried down stairs. of yer foolin' around me."

> so gorgeous. He was aroused from the light, which he did with a blast the contemplation of the splendor from his lungs.

that?" exclaimed Jeems.

you will get your mouth broke, if you | Clerk concluded to knock at the door don't keep it shet. I don't say much," of their room. -just at this moment they found themselves in Egyptian darkness, side. and then was heard a scream, almost equal to the engine, from Lize, as she caping.' threw her arms around the neck of

"I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed the sleepy looking individual. "We're you put your light out?" all lost, every mother's son of us. We can just prepare now to make the acquaintance of the gentleman in black. who tends the big fire down below."

"Keep quiet, Lize! Hollerin' won't do any good now. Ef you know any prayer, now's your time to say it for both of us."

astonished conductor, coming in as the train once more emerged into the light. "How far are you going?" ersburg."

"Show me your tickets, if you "Sartinly; Lize, you've got some with you-let this gentleman look at

Lize drew a piece of white paper handed it to our friend, the conduct- I didn't think it was you, case I nev-

or, who read:

"What is this?" said the conductor. that way. It 'peared strange, but for, hain't it?" asked the somewhat surprised Jeems.

sleepy individual.

destination. But wonders did not then all was still. cease here-presently the pert newsboy, Billy, entered the car, and, stepping up to Jeems, he asked: "Have a Sun, sir ?"

"Wall, of I have my way about it, the fust one will be a son, sartin," said Jeems. Lize blushed.

"Don't count your chickens afore they're hatched," said Billy, as he hastened on to the next ear. In due time the train stopped at

the big depot in this city. Amid confusion of strange noises, and a Babel of discordant voices, our friends landed on the platform. "Buss, sab? Buss, sah?-Free fo

the United States!" said the sable

porter of our up-town house. "Lady take a 'buss, sah ?" "Wall, I rather s'pose she won't from anyone but me-reckon I'm able to do all in that line she wants, and

"Go to the Swan House, sah? Right 'cross de street-best house in de city. This way, sah-any bag-

In a short time Jeems and his bridhaving been raised in the wilds of found themselves in one of those com-West Virginia, neither of them had fortable rooms on the second floor of been fifty miles from home. They that well ordered establishment, the Swan House. The baggage was sent steamboats, and hotels, but had never up with the usual promptness, and experienced the comforts of any of our friends were soon making their the aforementioned institutions, toilet for dinner. Jeems had his coat and boots off in a jiffy, and Lize's hair fell gracefully over her shoulders.

"That's a duced purty torsel, (eye ing the bell cord), wonder what it's it known as Parkersburg. No wonder fur ? (catching hold of it). Look, it works up there on some sort of a that they were amazed and delighted snorting, with the train of beautiful torsel to put on my horse's head on erimson cars following it, came in next muster day; see how it works." said he, giving it a pull.

Presently the door opened, and the sable face of one of Africa's sons was "Wall, I sorter calkilate them's thrust into the room, with the inqui-"Ring, sah ?"

"Ring? Ring what? you black soon in the baggage car, followed by spe! Ef you don't quit looking at my wife, and make yourself scarce, I'll "Stop a minit," said Lize, "what's

self on his luggage and carefully hold- the name of the man that keeps this "Mr. Conley, marm."

"Well, tell his lady she needn't go to any extra trouble on our account, for we're plain people," said the ami-

"As they used to say in our debatin "The duce I am! D'ye suppose I society," interrupted Jeems, "I'll don't know what I am about? These amend the motion by saying you can is my traps, and I calkilate to stay tell 'em to give us the best they've where they be. Keep quiet, Lize, got; I am able to pay for it, and don't

"Tee hee! tee hee!" was the audible response from the sable gent, as he

Dinner came and was dispatched Here the conductor interposed and with a relish. Jeems and his bride explained matters insomuch that took a stroll over the city, seeing the Jeems consented to leave his trans lions and other sights, until supper and follow the conductor. What was time, which being over they retired his delight when he surveyed the to their room. The gas was lit by magnificence of the first-class passen. the servant, who received a bright ger car into which he was ushered. quarter for his services. Jeems was His imagination had never, in its the last in bed, and according to the wildest flights, pictured anything half rule in such cases, he had to put out

around him by the shrick of the iron | The noise in the street had died away, and quiet reigned in the Swan "Jewhilikins!-what in thunder's House. The young man on the watch dozed in his chair. The clerk (rather "That's the horse squealing when corpulent,) was about to retire, when they punch him in the ribs with a be thought he smelled gas. Some one pitch-fork to make him go along," came down stairs and said he smelt said a sleepy looking individual, just gas. The guests (some of them.) woke up and smelt gas. Much against his "Look here stranger," said Jeems. will, the clerk proceeded to find where "I allow you thing I am a darned the leak was. It seemed stronger in fool; may be I am, but there's some the neighborhood of the room occuthings I know, and one of 'em is, pied by the bride and bridegroom.

> "Who is there?" came from the in-"Open the door, the gas is ea "Gas! what gas?" said Jeems,

opening the door. "Why, here in this room. How did "Blew it out, of course."

but remembering that there was a la-"O, Lord Jesus, what will become dy in the case, or rather in the bed. of us? I felt skeery about gettin' on he checked his rising temper, and having lit the gas, proceeded to show Jeems the mystery of its burning, as ing a piano recital in Berlin, sudden- ing that way? I shall be pleased to

not been discovered. Now be careful else has failed next time "

"Much obliged. But how the deuce did I know the darned stuff was esclerk.

"Why, that is one of the tickets to then I didn't know nothin' bout it," our wedin', that is what you asked was the response of Lize, as she turned over for a nap. The red in our clerk's face grew

I was jest wonderin' ef all men smelt

Whaw! haw! haw! was the smilingly redder as it reflected the discordant sound that arose from the light from the burning jet, and a roguish twinkle larked in the corner A bland smile passed over the face of his eyes, as he turned off the gas, of the conductor, as he explained the and all was dark, and our friends were meaning to his verdant friend. He left alone in their glory. A sound of had no ticket, but willingly paid his suppressed mirth was beard in the fare, and the train sped on towards its reading room for a few minutes, and

How I got Invited to Dinner.

My gettin' the better of my wife's father is one of the richest things on record. I'll tell yeou how it was. Yeou must kneow that he is monstrous stingy. The complaint runs in the family, and everyboddy reound our parts used to notice that he never by any chance asked anyboddy to dine with him. So one day, jist for a chunk of fun, I said ten a friend of mine, Jeddy Dowkins,-a dreadful nice feller is Jeddy,-'I'll bet you a cent's worth of shoe-strings 'ginst a row of pins that I get old Ben Mer-

kins .- that's my wife's father .- to ask me to dinner." 'Yeou git eout,' sald Jeddy, 'why yeon might as well try to coax a cat

into a shower bath, or git moonbeams eout of ceowcumbers.' 'Well,' said I, 'I'm going to try.'

Jist as old Ben was sittin' down to dinner, at I o'clock, I rushed up to his brought no baggage to Europe, except will give you two draws instead." house at a high pressure rate, red hot the little satchel now depending by a 'Oh! All right. Here, make it and broke the butt open large enough in the face, with my coat-tails in the strap from his muscular shoulder. air, and my eyes rollin' about like billiard-balls in convulsions. Rattat-tat-ding-a-ling-a-ling. I kicked up an awful rumpus, and in a flash out came old Ben himself. I had struck the right minit. He had a napkin under his chin, and a carvin'

as he opened the door. 'Ob Mr. Merkins,' said I, 'I'm tarout of breath. I'm come to tell you I

'A thousand dollars!' reared the old man; and I defy a weasel to go pop' quicker than his face burst into smiles. 'A thousand dollars l Yeou

'O,' said I, 'I see you are jist havin' dinner now. I'll go an' dine myself, and then I'll come back and tell you all about it.'

'Nonsense,' said he, "don't go away ; come in, and sit down, and enjoy yourself. like a good fellow and have a smack with me. I'm anxious

I pretended to decline, sayin' 'I'd come back ;' so I stirred up the old chap's curiosity, and it endend by his fairly pulling me into the house, and I made a rattling dinner of pork and beans. I managed for some time to dodge the main point of his inquiry. At last I finished eating and their was no further cause for delay; besides

old Ben was getting fidgety. 'Come, neow,' said he, 'no more preface. About that thousand dollars ; come, let it cont!"

'Well, I'll tell you what, you have a darter, Misery Ann, to dispose of in marriage, have yeou not?" 'What's that got to do with it?' in-

'Hold your proud steeds,-don't surprise, then turned and went on. run off the track,-a great deal to do with it, said I. 'Neouw answer my

'Well,' said he, 'I have.'

'I do.' hesaid. 'Well, neouw, here's the p'int I'm from 10,000, accordin' to simple addition, jist leaves 1,000, and that will be clean profit-saved as slick as a whis-

The next thing I knew there was a rapid interview goin' on between old

People are often a little confused as to the injunctions contained in the several commandments. In a Southern city not long since a young gentle- the Horticultural meeting ? inquired man devoted to a young lady who Mr. Beckly. didn't very warmly reciprocate bis adoration carried off her photograph without her knowledge, a proceeding which evoked from her a rather sharp request for its return. This brought "You did a big thing." Our clerk a profusely apologetic note, contain- see them all. Are they in London?" came very near saying a bad word, ing an emphatic assurance that he had not the slightest intention of

It is related that Bulow, while givly stopped his playing, and, bounding accompany you. When did you come "You see this little thing here? to the back of the room, began to at- over?" you give it a turn this way, and when tering' during the performance. A ly, you want to make it lighter you give little of this belligerency on the part it a turn this way. Serious conse- of musicians might work a needed re- ly full of good feeling.

An Irishman remarked to his com-

"Down the Road."

BY GEOEGE L. CATLIN. A lusty tramp, one summer day-The sun was glaring flercely down-Trudged on along the dusty way That led towards the nearest town,

No friendly tree its welcome shade Athwart his weary pathway east; Along the roadside as he passed.

"Is there no shady spot he cried. "At hand?" to one who by him strode. "O! yes," the other one replied-"A little further down the road."

Ah, well! we all are tramps, at best; We stagger 'neath life's daily load, Yet on we press-and hope for rest, "A little further down the road,"

Mr. Jo Beckly stepped out on the ample porch of the Agricultural Club. He looked forth with disgust upon the dense fog in which London was enveloped, and then gazed with delight upon a ticket for Calais which he held in his band.

Mr. Jo Beckly had an exceedingly rural air. Large and brawny and wards his safe. grizzled, his brown face covered with scrubby beard, his joints all clumsily developed, he looked like a backwoodsman. Being a bachelor, also, the ticket.' his toilet lacked that adjustment The clerk came back with seventy. to eat their eggs as soon as laid. Day which a wifely touch or suggestion five pounds in clean Bank of England imparts, and intensified his rural air. notes, and paid them over the count- but in vain; I did not get so much as But that Mr. Beckly possessed in- er. wake sir, and by the fact that he had

The Honorable Felix Plimpot, M. your articles in the Spade and Hoe,

whenever they appear.' 'Good-by Mister Plimpot.; The best knife in his hand. I smelt the dinner time I've had in England I had on your demesne, sir; and when the land question comes up in Parliament took the money. again, I hope you'll send me a copy of your speech.'

> 'With pleasure, sir.' Mr. Jo Beckly departed. seedy gentleman in gray approached.

and slapped him familiarly on the "How do ye do, Barry? When did to try it?" ye get in from Ploverton ?"

'You are mistaken in your man, sir,' said Beckly. 'What! Ain't this Barry Baxter?' 'No sir. My name is Beckly.'

Where are you from, sir?" 'I am an American.'

'Near Springfield, Massachusetts.' family sir ?"

wine are staying at the Merry-Go

give him my love.' And the seedy man in gray walked Mr. Beckly looked after him in some

Half a square beyond a voice bailed

'No. I'll walk,' replied Mr. Jo Beck-The cabman dashed on, and just as Mr. Beckly turned back his head, somebody stumbled out of the fog against him. It was a tall, spare man,

in clerical garb and necktie, with a sanctimonious air. 'Pray excuse me,' he exclaimed. What! is this Mr. Beckly? It cer-

And the spare man shook hands cor-'Really, you have the better of me,

said Mr. Jo Beckly, preplexed. 'I don't recollect your name. 'Cowper, sir, Cowper! We met in Massachusetts some months ago, you

'Oh, did we? Where was it?-at

He could have sworn he never met

the man before. 'Yes, that was the time. How is Mrs. Beckly, sir? and how are the twins getting on? I should like to A light broke over Mr. Beckly's

face. All uncertainty vanished.

'They are with me, Cowper, at the Merry-Go Inn.' be said. 'Ah! glad to hear it. You are go-

Well, when you want to put it out, tack a lady and gentleman for 'chat- 'Last month,' responded Mr. Beck- Cowper. And the two walked on, apparent-

quences might have resulted if it had form in this country. Everything 'I am proud to welcome you to our country. And what do you think of Cowper. Hengland, Mr. Beckly?

'Well. I think it superior to Amer- exclaimed the clerk. panion, on observing a lady pass: ica in some respects, but I wouldn't 'Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman care to live in England. You are the door. They followed him fiercely, direction of a small clique of monopo "Didn't you smell it?" asked the as that before?" 'Thin!' replied the well organized here, while America is the clerk with club in hand. Mr. other; 'botherashen! I seen a woman still crude; but, after all, you have a Beckley looked at him, then out of an have almost none. What business

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sell you, Pray, don,t object, or I shall

prise, it was genuine.

other, disputing angrily. 'Ah! Cowper, if you visit America again, come and see me. We'll go coon-hunting. You'll enjoy coonhunting, I know. The coon is an innocent-looking animal. Cowper, but

He went down-stairs, haited a cab, and was whirled toward the depot, with a shrewd smile on his Yankee

Egg Eating.

I wish to give your readers, says a writer in the Poultry World, a little of my experience regarding egg eat-

'We never give small change, sir, I vain. At last I thought I would play a trick on them, so I got an egg four draws. Here are two shillings to let out the insides. Then I mixed up some good strong mustard and P. stepped out on the porch with him. 'A shilling a draw is cheaper than filled it full, putting a piece of shell 'Bon voyage, Beckly. When you we usually allow,'except for six draws over the part broken. I went to my get back to America, pray forward us at one time, said the clerk. Won't coop and put the egg in the nest. I had no sooner dropped the egg than one of my hens bounced on it like a cat on a mouse. She stuck her bill 'I'll give you four, then at the six in it and dropped the egg on the floor (not waiting for me to retire). No rate, this time,' said the clerk, and he sooner did it touch the floor than the rest of the fowls went for their share; Mr. Cowper put in his hand and they got it, all of them. They soon drew out four envelopes, each con- walked off. wiping their beaks The two shook hands heartily, and taining one ticket. He opened them, against everything they came across. and called off the numbers. Three They left a little for manners' sake, Ere he had gone half a block a drew nothing; the fourth drew four It resulted (the joke) in my gathering my eggs next day, and I have not 'This is splendid luck, Beckley!' bad any occasion to repeat the ex-

Learn to Think.

forelong. If you want to amount to

We believe in small farms and thortwo shillings for me; if it wins, I'll ough cultivation.

> farm and farmer rich at once; That every farm should own a good

Well, I'll try for you on those That the best fertilizer of any soil

drew ten pounds. Mr. Jo Beckley intelligence-without these lime, took it, gravely, and handed out two gypsum and guano will be of little In good fences, good farmbouses,

'You're welcome,' replied Cowper. good orchards, and children enough Now let's try five pounds together. to gather the fruit; In a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a clean cupboard' a clean dairy,

and a clean conscience; That to ask a man's advice is not stooping, but may be of much bene-

That is to keep a place and everything in its place saves many a step, and is pretty sure to lead to good 'Or my son Jedediah, or Ephraim, tools and to keep them in order.

The New Haven Union thus describes the distinction between the method of Republican leadership and Democratic leadership: "The Republican leaders adjust themselves to the sentiment of a majority of their voters, and the party policy is readily accepted by all. The Democratic leaders attempt to throttle the majority sentiment of their constituents and frame their party policy on the

'Don't be an editor,' shricks the dense, but looked through from the Boston Transcript. It's all very well

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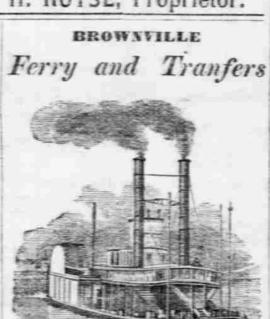
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the outlandish thing at first."

"What's the matter here?" said the "Wall, I reckon we'll stop at Park-

er slept with a woman afore." "The pleasure of your company is "Well, Jeems, I thought it was thou hast no name to be known by, theory of my own. I've learned in liceman stood below, on the opposite a man is too honest for anything else, you that smelt that way all the time. let us call thee devil.'-Shakespeare. what temperature cattle will fatten side of the street. Jo Backley sud- | what is he to do?

And try I did, and I'll tell yeou how

nation glad to see you. I feared you moughtn't be at home. I'm almost can save you a thousand dollars.'

to hear what you have to say.' ca. What part are you from?"

'And you intend when she marries to give her\$10,000 for a portion? coming tew. Let me have her, and I'll take ber with \$9,000; and 9,000

Ben's foot and my coat tails, -and I'm inclined to think the latter got the worst of it.

breaking the seventh commandment.

"'Pears to me I did smell it," says as thin as two of her put together, so I great many poor people, while we adjacent window. are you in, Cowper?" 'O thou invisible spirit of wine, if 'Stock-raising. I am just testing a housetops is quite penetrable. A po- to say, 'don't be an editor,' but when

year round. Don't know how 'twill operate. I'm in town now to some cattle. By-the-way, that re- have to call him. Good-day, Cowper.3 minds me-where are we? Ab, this They gianced out into the street, is No. 1,111. I have an errand at No. looked at Jo Beckley's brawny, musdebt, and they say it's a prize number. livid with rage, as he stepped out. No babbling brooklet leaped and played I'd like to step in and see if it's good drop in a moment with me, Mr. Beck-

'No, thank you,' said Mr. Jo Beck-

'Oh yes, just a minute; then I'll go on with you." 'Very well.' 'It's up stairs, I see. Come on, sir. Mr. Jo Beckly followed him up three flights of stairs to a little front office, where a clerk stood busily writing at his desk, behind a long counter.

'Good-morning. Is this the office of the Rio Janeiro Lottery ?" 'It is, sir.' 'I have a ticket, number 29,999 please see if it has drawn anything." The clerk looked into his books. 'It has drawn seventy-five pounds,

you hear that? Luck, sir! I only allowed my customer three shillings for deal of them, but after all the care I

'Where are the two shillings?

your friend take a hand?" 'Mr. Beckly try a couple.' 'No, 'said Jo, 'I guess not.'

pounds, one shilling.

A drum-like box was produced.

whispered Cowper. 'Don't you want periment. 'I guess not,' said Mr. Jo Beckley. 'Gentlemen,' said the clerk, confi-

Beckly, a sly twinkle creeping into blanks drawn out without a heavy is apt to be-it would be different. his eyes. 'Yes. My wife and the run of prizes right afterward.' 'Ah! Well, sir, if you see my Beckley, we can make a fortune a little trouble, and they want some-

apiece, on trial?

'I will, anyhow,' said Mr. Cowper He paid the money, and drew twenty- be sure to make trouble for you beeight pounds, sixpence. 'Luck is against me,' said the clerk, anything in this world-and I'm sure mournfully. 'There's going to be a you do-you must work; and to work

run of prizes now, sure!"

Beckley? I tell you we can make a fortune! Try a five-pounder!" 'No,' said Mr. Jo Beckley, 'I guess not. But I tell you, Cowper, you try

pay you back." 'But if it don't !" 'Then I won't pay you anything.' the clerk, affably.

Mr. Cowper looked at him doubt-

'No,' said Jo, 'I guess not.'

terms,' he said, at last. He tried and is a spirit of industry, enterprise and 'Very much obliged,' said he

'Cowper! Cowper! Cowper! thought you said Cooper. I guess it wasn't me you met at Springfield! 'Oh, yes, it was?' 'It must have been my son James.'

'What did you say your name was?'

asked Mr. Jo Beckley.

'No, it was you.'

"Cowper."

or Samuel.' 'No, it was you.' Well, then, if it was me-good-by The men started. 'What, sir! Surely you will try

your luck again ?' said the clerk.

'This is not fair!' exclaimed Mr 'By no means! You must try, sir! Mr. Jo Beckley retreated toward

Upon the level the London fog is

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY fastest, and have built sheds so as to denly threw up the broad window. keep them in that temperature all the 'Do you see him?' he asked, pointing toward the officer. 'I must leave

1,123. I took a lottery ticket on a cular form, and kept quiet, aithough

In the hall, Mr. Jo Beckley looked for anything. Here we are now; just at the ten-pound note. To his sur-

He came back and opened the door, The two men shood confronting each

he's mighty sly!'

two shillings;' and he went back to-Do you hear that, Mr. Beckly? Do ing. I once had a very fine lot of B. B. R. Games, and thought a great gave them they were mean enough after day I went to my coop for eggs, a sight of one. I tried almost every-

dentially, 'I saw a remarkable sight Now, young folks, I dare say you here this morning. A man came in number among your acquaintances and gave me a hundred pounds, and some heedless people who are forever 'I beg pardon. I mistook you for drew a bushel of envelopes. Will you floundering, forgetting and making Baxter-same build, same whiskers, believe me - there were only two mistakes, who are always very sorry prizes among 'em! Well, gentlemen, after doing some stlly or thoughtless after he went away, I found that the act, but why lay all the blame of it on 'Possible! I have a brother in Amer- Queen sent him here to try for her. I "I didn't think," and consider that was sorry she had such a poor pull, that settles it. But that is just where but I couldn't help it; we must be all the trouble lies. If they had not 'Ab, yes; my brother has been impartial, and let luck go where it got a thinker-as I knew a bright there. Stopping in town with your will. All the royal family patronize little boy who so defines his mind, us, and almost always have good luck. and a very good definition it is, too, 'With my family?' replied Mr. Jo And I never knew such a quantity of as a bright child's meaning of things But they have machinery specially 'You're right about that!' exclaim- adapted to this purpose, yet they ed Mr. Cowper, with enthusiasm, won't use it because it takes brother when you get back, please here. Suppose we put in five pounds body else to do their thinking for them. Don't follow their example; 'No,' said Mr. Jo Beckley, 'I guess do your own thinking. Throw over "didn't think." He is a bad fellow to have anything to do with, and will

> effectively, one must think. See to 'Do you see that? Do you see that, it, then, that you begin at once. The Prosperous Farmer's Creed.

> That the soil loves to eat as well as the owner, and ought, therefore, to be well manured: 'Better try for yourself, sir,' said In crops which leave land better than they found it, making both the