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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

The Largest Agricultural Warehouse IN THE COUNTY. New Firm!! New Goods!!! CONSISTING, IN PART, OF PLOWS, WAGONS, CULTIVATORS, CORN PLANTERS, THRESHING MACHINES, McCormick Reapers & Mowers. Our Goods are all of the best quality, and the LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. Call and Examine our implements and be your own Judge. TEARE & CAMPBELL.

B. STROBLE, DEALER IN FAMILY GROCERIES, CONFECTIONS, TEAS, CANNED FRUITS, NUTS, TOYS, QUEENS, GLASS, TIN & WOODENWARE, STATIONERY, PAINTS, BRUSHES, CUTLERY, Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars, Musical Instruments, Patent Medicine, JEWELRY and NOTIONS. CITY BAKERY, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. I HAVE REMOVED MY LIVERY STOCK into the new stable South of the Marsh House, CORNER SECOND AND COLLEGE STS. Where I intend to keep a First-class LIVERY AND FEED STABLE. Farmers' Trade Respectfully Solicited. Prices the SAME TO EVERYBODY. J. H. ROYSE, Proprietor.

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BROWNVILLE Ferry and Transfers 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 STEAMERS. J. Bosfield, Gen. Supt.

OLD RELIABLE MEAT MARKET BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. GOOD, SWEET, FRESH MEAT, Always on Hand. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

T. A. BATH is now proprietor of the City Meat Market, and is prepared to accommodate the public with GOOD, FRESH, SWEET MEAT.

FRANZ HELMER, WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE. WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. DRYKES' BEARD ELLIX

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THE ADVERTISER JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT. A fine assortment of Type, Borders, Rubs, Stock, etc., for printing. BUSINESS, TRIPPING & WEDDING CARDS. Colored and Branded 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.

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.

My Tramp. That's he again! I know his whoop As he sallies down the lane, No need to stay till he calls for "grub" With his face against the pane. As I set me here in my easy chair I can note the swaggering gait Of his sunburnt feet, but I'll go on, My tramp doesn't like to wait. Little brown breeches and brimless hat! I could tarry me yet for awhile, And ponder, my young king-democrat, With a fother-philosopher's smile, The possible future of your young rule, The imperious doctrine learned So early, alas! "Ho meat! ho bread!" Of the store you have never earned; Could divine, of the little tanned, tread feet, What sort of a road, by and by, They would travel apace, and at even-time To what sort of home would lie. "Ho bread! ho meat!" would he find them there? These are all the names he knows For the great God love that makes the homes, For the fullest, the repose. Ah, apple cheek and chestnut curls That are lying upon my breast! I 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 Parkersburg, Virginia, at 11:40, a. m., stopped at one of the way stations, to take on a couple newly married. Both were young, and both were verdant; having been raised in the wilds of West Virginia, neither of them had been fifty miles from home. They had heard of railroads, locomotives, steamboats, and hotels, but had never experienced the comforts of any of the aforementioned institutions. 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 it known as Parkersburg. No wonder that they were amazed and delighted when the locomotive, steaming and snorting, with the train of beautiful crimson cars following it, came in sight. "These your trunks?" asked the baggage master. "Well, I sorter calculate them 'em," said Jeems. The trunks (a spotted hair trunk and a very old-fashioned valise, were soon in the baggage car, followed by Lize and Jeems. "I'll be darned if railroads ain't a nice thing," said Jeems, seating himself on his luggage and carefully holding up the tails of his light bodied blue coat, adorned with resplendent metal buttons, out of the dust. "Lize, set here by me." "Come out of that!" said the baggage man; "you are in the wrong car." "The duce I am! D'y'e suppose I don't know what I am about? These is my traps, and I calculate to stay where they be. Keep quiet, Lize, they say we've got to fight our way through the world, anyhow, and if that chap with the cap on wants anything, I'm his man. Don't want any of yer foolin' around me." Here the conductor interposed and explained matters inasmuch that Jeems consented to leave his traps and follow the conductor. What was his delight when he surveyed the magnificence of the first-class passenger car into which he was ushered. His imagination had never, in its wildest flights, pictured anything half so gorgeous. He was aroused from the contemplation of the splendor around him by the shriek of the iron horse. "Jewhilkins!—what in thunder's that?" exclaimed Jeems. "That's the horse squealing when they punch him in the ribs with a pitch-fork to make him go along," said a sleepy looking individual, just behind him. "Look here stranger," said Jeems, "I allow you think I am a darned fool; may be I am, but there's some things I know, and one of 'em is, you will get your mouth broke, if you don't keep it shut. I don't say much,"—just at that moment they found themselves in Egyptian darkness, and then was heard a scream, almost equal to the engine, from Lize, as she threw her arms around the neck of Jeems. "I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed the sleepy looking individual. "We're 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." "O, Lord Jesus, what will become of us? I felt skeery about gettin' on the outlandish thing at first." "Keep quiet, Lize! Hollerin' won't do you good now. Ef you know any prayer, now's your time to say it for both of us." "What's the matter here?" said the astonished conductor, coming in with the train once more emerged into the light. "How far are you going?" "Well, I reckon we'll stop at Parkersburg." "Show me your tickets, if you please." "Sartinly; Lize, you've got some with you—let this gentleman look at 'em." Lize drew a piece of white paper from her reticule, and with a smile handed it to our friend, the conductor, who read: "The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited."

What is this? said the conductor. "Why, that is one of the tickets to our wedding, that is what you asked for, ha'n't it?" asked the somewhat surprised Jeems. "What! haw! haw! haw! was the discordant sound that arose from the sleepy individual. A bland smile passed over the face of the conductor, as he explained the meaning to his verdant friend. He had no ticket, but willingly paid his fare, and the train sped on towards its destination. But wonders did not cease here—presently the pert news-boy, Billy, entered the car, and stepping up to Jeems, he asked: "Have a Sun, sir?" "Wall, ef I have my way about it, the first 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 car. 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, sah? Buss, sah?—Free for the United States!" said the sable porter of our up-town house. "Lady take a buss, sah?" "Wall, I rather s'pose s'he won't from anyone but me—reckon I'm able to do all in that line she wants, and more too." "Go to the Swan House, sah? Right 'cross de street—best house in de city. This way, sah—any baggage?—have it sent to your room in a few minutes." In a short time Jeems and his bride found themselves in one of those comfortable rooms on the second floor of that well ordered establishment, the Swan House. The baggage was sent up with the usual promptness, and our friends were soon making their 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 tousel, (eyeing the bell cord), wonder what it's fur" (catching hold of it). Look, it works up there on some sort of a thingumbob. I'd like to have that tousel to put on my horse's head on 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 thrust into the room, with the inquiry of, "Ring, sah?" "Ring, sah? Ring what? you black ape! Ef you don't quit looking at my wife, and make yourself scarce, I'll wring your head off." "Stop a minute," said Lize, "what's the name of the man that keeps this tavern?" "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 amiable bride. "As they used to say in our debatin' society," interrupted Jeems, "I'll amend the motion by saying you can tell 'em to give us the best they've got; I am able to pay for it, and don't keer for expenses." "Tee hee! tee hee!" was the audible preface from the sable gent, as he hurried down stairs. Dinner came and was dispatched with a relish. Jeems and his bride took a stroll over the city, seeing the lions and other sights, until supper time, when being over they retired to their room. The gas was lit by the servant, who received a quarter for his services. Jeems was the last in bed, and according to the rule in such cases, he had to put out the light, which he did with a blast from his lungs. The noise in the street had died away, and quiet reigned in the Swan House. The young man on the watch dozed in his chair. The clerk (rather corpulent), was about to retire, when he thought he smelled gas. Some one came down stairs and said he smelled gas. The guests (some of them) woke up and smelt gas. Much against his will, the clerk proceeded to find where the leak was. It seemed stronger in the neighborhood of the room occupied by the bride and bridegroom. Clerk concluded to knock at the door of their room. "Who is there?" came from the inside. "Open the door, the gas is escaping." "Gas! what gas?" said Jeems, opening the door. "Why, here in this room. How did you put your light out?" "Blew it out, of course." "You did a big thing." Our clerk came very near saying a bad word, but remembering that there was a lady in the case, or rather in the bed, he checked his rising temper, and having lit the gas, proceeded to show Jeems the mystery of its burning, as follows: "You see this little thing here? Well, when you want to put it out, you give it a turn this way, and when you want to make it lighter you give it a turn this way. Serious consequences might have resulted if it had not been discovered. Now be careful next time." "Much obliged. But how the deuce did I know the darned stuff was escaping?" "Didn't you smell it?" asked the clerk. "Pears to me I did smell it," says Jeems. "But Lize, I'll be darned if I didn't think it was you, case I never slept with a woman afore." "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."—Shakespeare.

I was just wonderin' ef all men smelt that way. It 'peared strange, but then I didn't know nothin' 'bout it," was the response of Lize, as she turned over for a nap. The red in our clerk's face grew smilingly redder as it reflected the light from the burning jet, and a roguish twinkle lurked in the corner of his eyes, as he turned off the gas, and all was dark, and our friends were left alone in their glory. A sound of suppressed mirth was heard in the reading room for a few minutes, and then all was still.

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 you how it was. You must know that he is monstrous stingy. The complaint runs in the family, and everybody round our parts used to notice that he never by any chance asked anybody to dine with him. So one day, jist for a chunk of fun, I said ten a friend of mine, Jedd Judds,—a dreadful nice feller is Jedd,—"I'll bet you a cent's worth of shoe-strings 'ginst a row of pinst that I get old Ben Merkins,—that's my wife's father,—to ask me to dinner." "You got out," said Jedd, "why you might as well try to coax a cat into a shover bath, or git moonbeams out of coocumbers." "Well, I did, and I'll tell you how I went to work. Jist as old Ben was sittin' down to dinner, at 1 o'clock, I rushed up to his house at a high pressure rate, red hot in the face, with my coat-tails in the air, and my eyes rollin' about like billiard-balls in convulsions. Rat-tat-tat-ding-a-ling-a-ling. I kicked up an awful rumpus, and in a dash out came old Ben himself. I had struck the right milt. He had a napkin under his chin, and a carvin' knife in his hand. I smelt the dinner as he opened the door. "Oh Mr. Merkins," said I, "I'm tar-nation glad to see you. I feared you moughtn't be at home. I'm almost out of breath. I'm come to tell you I can save you a thousand dollars!" "A thousand dollars!" roared the old man; and I defy a weasel to go 'p' quicker than his face burst into smiles. "A thousand dollars! You don't say so! do tell!" "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 to hear what you have to say." I pretended to decline, sayin' "I'd come back; so I stirred up the old chap's curiosity, and it ended 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 there was no further cause for delay; besides old Ben was getting fidgety. "Come, now," said he, "no more preface. About that thousand dollars; come, let it out!" "Well, I'll tell you what, you have a darter, Misery Ann, to dispose of in marriage, have you not?" "What's that got to do with it?" interrupted he. "Hold your proud steeds,—don't run off the track,—a great deal to do with it," said I. "Now answer my question!" "Well, said he, "I have." "And you intend when she marries to give her \$10,000 for a portion?" "I do," he said. "Well, now, here's the p'int I'm coming tew. Let me have her, and I'll take her with \$9,000; and 9,000 from 10,000, leaves 1,000; and that will be clean profit—saved as slick as a whistle!" The next thing I knew there was a rapid interview goin' on between old Ben's foot and my coat tails,—and I'm inclined to think the latter got the worst of it. People are often a little confused as to the injunctions contained in the several commandments. In a Southern city not long since a young gentleman devoted to a young lady who didn't very warmly reciprocate his adoration carried off her photograph without her knowledge, a proceeding which evoked from her a rather sharp request for its return. This brought a profusely apologetic note, containing an emphatic assurance that he had not the slightest intention of breaking the seventh commandment.

It is related that Bulow, while giving a piano recital in Berlin, suddenly stopped his playing, and bounding to the back of the room, began to attack a lady and gentleman for 'chatting' during the performance. A little of this belligerence on the part of musicians might work a needed reform in this country. Everything else has failed. An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass: "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before?" "Thin?" replied the other; "bothers! I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, so I have." "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."—Shakespeare.

"Down the Road." BY GEORGE C. CANTLIN. A lusty tramp, one summer day— The sun was glaring furiously down— Trudged on along the dusty way That led towards the nearest town. No friendly tree its welcome shade A weary wayfarer's path way; No babbling brooklet leaped and played 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."

NO, I GUESS NOT. Mr. Jo Beckley 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 hand. Mr. Jo Beckley had an exceedingly rural air. Large and brawny and grizzled, his brown face covered with scrubby beard, his joints all clumsily scolded, he looked like a bachelor woodsman. Being a bachelor, also, which a wifely touch or suggestion imparted, and intensified his rural air. But that Mr. Beckley possessed intelligence was proven by his wide-awake hair, and by the fact that he had brought no baggage to Europe, except the little satchel now depending by a strap from his muscular shoulder. The Honorable Felix Pilpoot, M. P., stepped out on the porch with him. "Bon voyage, Beckley. When you get back to America, pray forward us your articles in the Spade and Hoe, whenever they appear." "Good-by Mister Pilpoot. The best time I've had in England I had on your demesne, sir; and when the land question comes up in Parliament again, I hope you'll send me a copy of your speech." "With pleasure, sir." The two shook hands heartily, and Mr. Jo Beckley departed. Ere he had gone half a block a seedy gentleman in gray approached, and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder. "How do ye do, Barry? When did ye get in from Ploverton?" "You are mistaken in your man, sir," said Beckley. "What! Ain't this Barry Baxter?" "No sir. My name is Beckley." "I beg pardon. I mistook you for Baxter—same build, same whiskers. Where are you from, sir?" "I am an American." "Possible! I have a brother in America. What part are you from?" "Near Springfield, Massachusetts." "Ah, yes; my brother has been there. Stopping in town with your family sir?" "With my family?" replied Mr. Jo Beckley, a sly twinkle creeping into his eyes. "Yes. My wife and the twins are staying at the Merry-Go Inn." "Ah! Well, sir, if you see my brother when you get back, please give him my love." And the seedy man in gray walked away. Mr. Beckley looked after him in some surprise, then turned and went on. Half a square beyond a voice hailed him. "Cab, sir?" "No, I'll walk," replied Mr. Jo Beckley. The cabman dashed on, and just as Mr. Beckley 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. Beckley? It certainly is?" And the spare man shook hands cordially with him. "Really, you have the better of me," said Mr. Jo Beckley, perplexed. "I don't recollect your name." "Copper, sir, Copper! We met in Massachusetts some months ago, you remember." "Oh, did we? Where was it?—at the Horticultural meeting?" inquired Mr. Beckley. He could have sworn he never met the man before. "Yes, that was the time. How is Mrs. Beckley, sir? and how are the twins getting on? I should like to see them all. Are they in London?" A light broke over Mr. Beckley's face. All uncertainty vanished. "They are with me, Copper, at the Merry-Go Inn," he said. "Ah! glad to hear it. You are going that way? I shall be pleased to accompany you. When did you come over?" "Last month," responded Mr. Beckley. And the two walked on, apparently full of good feeling. "I am proud to welcome you to our country. And what do you think of Hengland, Mr. Beckley?" "Well, I think it superior to America in some respects, but I wouldn't care to live in England. You are well organized here, while America is still crude; but, after all, you have a great many poor people, while we have almost none. What business are you in, Copper?" "Stock-raising. I am just testing a theory of my own. I've learned in what temperature cattle will fatten

fastest, and have built sheds so as to keep them in that temperature all the year round. Don't know how 'twill operate. I'm in town now to sell some cattle. By-the-way, that reminds me—where are we? Ah, this is No. 1,111. I have an errand at No. 1,123. I took a lottery ticket on a debt, and they say it's a prize number. I'd like to step in and see if it's good for anything. Here we are now; just drop in a moment with me, Mr. Beckley." "No, thank you," said Mr. Jo Beckley. "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 Beckley 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 22,222, please see if it has drawn anything." The clerk looked into his books. "It has drawn seventy-five pounds, two shillings; and he went back towards his safe. "Do you hear that, Mr. Beckley? Do you hear that? Luck, sir! I only allowed my customer three shillings for the ticket." The clerk came back with seventy-five pounds in clean Bank of England notes, and paid them over the counter. "Where are the two shillings?" "We never give small change, sir. I will give you two draws instead." "Oh! All right. Here, make it four draws. Here are two shillings more." "A shilling a draw is cheaper than we usually allow, except for six draws at one time," said the clerk. "Won't your friend take a hand?" "Mr. Beckley try a couple." "No," said Jo, "I guess not." "I'll give you four, then at the six rate, this time," said the clerk, and he took the money. A drum-like box was produced. Mr. Copper put in his hand and drew out four envelopes, each containing one ticket. He opened them, and called off the numbers. Three drew nothing; the fourth drew four pounds, one shilling. "This is splendid luck, Beckley!" whispered Copper. "Don't you want to try it?" "I guess not," said Mr. Jo Beckley. "Gentlemen," said the clerk, confidentially, "I saw a remarkable sight here this morning. A man came in and gave me a hundred pounds, and drew a bushel of envelopes. Will you believe me—there were only two prizes among 'em! Well, gentlemen, after he went away, I found that the Queen sent him here to try for her. I was sorry she had such a poor pull, but I couldn't help it; we must be impartial, and let luck go where it will. All the royal family patronize us, and almost always have good luck. And I never knew such a quantity of blanks drawn out without a heavy run of prizes right afterward." "You're right about that!" exclaimed Mr. Copper, with enthusiasm. "Beckley, we can make a fortune here. Suppose we put in five pounds apiece, on trial?" "No," said Mr. Jo Beckley, "I guess not." "I will, anyhow," said Mr. Copper. He paid the money, and drew twenty-eight pounds, sixpence. "Luck is against me," said the clerk, mournfully. "There's going to be a run of prizes now, sure!" "Do you see that? Do you see that, 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, Copper, you try two shillings for me; if it wins, I'll pay you back." "But if it don't?" "Then I won't pay you anything." "Better try for yourself, sir," said the clerk, affably. "No," said Jo, "I guess not." Mr. Copper looked at him doubtfully. "Well, I'll try for you on those terms," he said, at last. He tried and drew ten pounds. Mr. Jo Beckley and Copper looked at each other. "What did you say your name was?" asked Mr. Jo Beckley. "Copper." "Copper! Copper! Copper! I thought you met Copper. I guess it wasn't me you met at Springfield!" "Oh, yes, it was?" "It must have been my son James." "No, it was you." "Or my son Jedediah, or Ephraim, or Samuel." "No, it was you." "Well, then, if it was me—good-by, Copper." The men started. "What, sir! Surely you will try your luck again?" said the clerk. "This is not fair!" exclaimed Mr. Copper. "By no means! You must try, sir!" exclaimed the clerk. Mr. Jo Beckley retreated toward the door. They followed him fiercely, the clerk with club in hand. Mr. Beckley looked at him, then out of an adjacent window. Upon the level the London fog is dense, but looked through from the housetops is quite penetrable. A policeman stood below, on the opposite side of the street. Jo Beckley sud-

denly threw up the broad window. "Do you see him?" he asked, pointing toward the officer. "I must have you. Pray, don't object, or I shall have to call him. Good-day, Copper." They glanced out into the street, looked at Jo Beckley's brawny, muscular form, and kept quiet, although livid with rage, as he stepped out. In the hall, Mr. Jo Beckley looked at the ten-pound note. To his surprise, it was genuine. He came back and opened the door. The two men stood confronting each other, disputing angrily. "Ah! Copper, if you visit America again, come and see me. We'll go coon-hunting. You'll enjoy coon-hunting, I know. The coon is an innocent-looking animal, Copper, but he's mighty sly!" He went down stairs, hailed a cab, and was whirled toward the depot, with a shriled smile on his Yankee face.

Egg Eating. I wish to give your readers, says a writer in the Poultry World, a little of my experience regarding egg eating. I once had a very fine lot of B. B. R. Games, and thought a great deal of them, but after all the care I gave them they were mean enough to eat their eggs as soon as laid. Day after day I went to my coop for eggs, but in vain; I did not get so much as a sight of one. I tried almost everything I could think of, but still in vain. At last I thought I would play a trick on them, so I got an egg and broke the butt open large enough to let out the insides. Then I mixed up some good strong mustard and filled it full, putting a piece of shell over the part broken. I went to my 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 in it and dropped the egg on the floor (not waiting for me to retire). No sooner did it touch the floor than the rest of the fowls went for their share; they got it, all of them. They soon walked off, wiping their beaks against everything they came across. They left a little for manners' sake. It resulted (in the joke) in my gathering my eggs next day, and I have not had any occasion to repeat the experiment.

Learn to Think. Now, young folks, I dare say you number among your acquaintances some heedless people who are forever floundering, forgetting and making mistakes, who are always very sorry after doing some silly or thoughtless act, but why lay all the blame of it on "I didn't think," and consider that that settles it. But that is just where all the trouble lies. If they had not got a thinker—as I knew a bright little boy who so defines his mind, and a very good definition it is, too, as a bright child's meaning of things is apt to be—it would be different. But they have machinery specially adapted to this purpose, yet they don't use it because it takes a little trouble, and they want somebody else to do their thinking for them. Don't follow their example; do your own thinking. Throw over "didn't think." He is a bad fellow to have anything to do with, and will be sure to make trouble for you before long. If you want to amount to anything in this world—and I'm sure you do—you must work, and to work effectively, one must think. See to it, then, that you begin at once.

The Prosperous Farmer's Creed. We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. That the soil loves to eat as well as the owner, and ought, therefore, to be well manured; In crops which leave land better than they found it, making both the farm and farmer rich at once; That every farm should own a good farmer; That the best fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence—without these lime, gypsum and guano will be of little use. In good fences, good farmhouses, good orchards, and children enough 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 benefit; That is to keep a place and everything in its place saves many a step, and is pretty sure to lead to good 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 direction of a small clique of monopolists."

Don't be an editor," shrieks the Boston Transcript. It's all very well to say, 'don't be an editor,' but when a man is too honest for anything else, what is he to do?

Do you hear that, Mr. Beckley? Do you hear that? Luck, sir! I only allowed my customer three shillings for the ticket." The clerk came back with seventy-five pounds in clean Bank of England notes, and paid them over the counter. "Where are the two shillings?" "We never give small change, sir. I will give you two draws instead." "Oh! All right. Here, make it four draws. Here are two shillings more." "A shilling a draw is cheaper than we usually allow, except for six draws at one time," said the clerk. "Won't your friend take a hand?" "Mr. Beckley try a couple." "No," said Jo, "I guess not." "I'll give you four, then at the six rate, this time," said the clerk, and he took the money. A drum-like box was produced. Mr. Copper put in his hand and drew out four envelopes, each containing one ticket. He opened them, and called off the numbers. Three drew nothing; the fourth drew four pounds, one shilling. "This is splendid luck, Beckley!" whispered Copper. "Don't you want to try it?" "I guess not," said Mr. Jo Beckley. "Gentlemen," said the clerk, confidentially, "I saw a remarkable sight here this morning. A man came in and gave me a hundred pounds, and drew a bushel of envelopes. Will you believe me—there were only two prizes among 'em! Well, gentlemen, after he went away, I found that the Queen sent him here to try for her. I was sorry she had such a poor pull, but I couldn't help it; we must be impartial, and let luck go where it will. All the royal family patronize us, and almost always have good luck. And I never knew such a quantity of blanks drawn out without a heavy run of prizes right afterward." "You're right about that!" exclaimed Mr. Copper, with enthusiasm. "Beckley, we can make a fortune here. Suppose we put in five pounds apiece, on trial?" "No," said Mr. Jo Beckley, "I guess not." "I will, anyhow," said Mr. Copper. He paid the money, and drew twenty-eight pounds, sixpence. "Luck is against me," said the clerk, mournfully. "There's going to be a run of prizes now, sure!" "Do you see that? Do you see that, 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, Copper, you try two shillings for me; if it wins, I'll pay you back." "But if it don't?" "Then I won't pay you anything." "Better try for yourself, sir," said the clerk, affably. "No," said Jo, "I guess not." Mr. Copper looked at him doubtfully. "Well, I'll try for you on those terms," he said, at last. He tried and drew ten pounds. Mr. Jo Beckley and Copper looked at each other. "What did you say your name was?" asked Mr. Jo Beckley. "Copper." "Copper! Copper! Copper! I thought you met Copper. I guess it wasn't me you met at Springfield!" "Oh, yes, it was?" "It must have been my son James." "No, it was you." "Or my son Jedediah, or Ephraim, or Samuel." "No, it was you." "Well, then, if it was me—good-by, Copper." The men started. "What, sir! Surely you will try your luck again?" said the clerk. "This is not fair!" exclaimed Mr. Copper. "By no means! You must try, sir!" exclaimed the clerk. Mr. Jo Beckley retreated toward the door. They followed him fiercely, the clerk with club in hand. Mr. Beckley looked at him, then out of an adjacent window. Upon the level the London fog is dense, but looked through from the housetops is quite penetrable. A policeman stood below, on the opposite side of the street. Jo Beckley sud-

denly threw up the broad window. "Do you see him?" he asked, pointing toward the officer. "I must have you. Pray, don't object, or I shall have to call him. Good-day, Copper." They glanced out into the street, looked at Jo Beckley's brawny, muscular form, and kept quiet, although livid with rage, as he stepped out. In the hall, Mr. Jo Beckley looked at the ten-pound note. To his surprise, it was genuine. He came back and opened the door. The two men stood confronting each other, disputing angrily. "Ah! Copper, if you visit America again, come and see me. We'll go coon-hunting. You'll enjoy coon-hunting, I know. The coon is an innocent-looking animal, Copper, but he's mighty sly!" He went down stairs, hailed a cab, and was whirled toward the depot, with a shriled smile on his Yankee face.

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