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A Burglary and an Elopement.

"I tell you," cried Arthur Lambert in a rage, "if I catch that sneaking scoundrel in this house again, I'll break every bone in his body!" Rose Lambert laughed derisively. "Take care that you don't come off second-best, my valiant brother. Charles is not a 'sneaking scoundrel,' and I think that if you came to blows with him you would be in danger of being the greatest sufferer of the two!" "I'm not afraid of him, nor of all the Gores who ever sung psalms."

"I don't think that Charles was ever hurt by any psalm-singing. He has not been to church, that I know of since he gave up preaching at St. Blossom, and never did like it. Indeed, I only wish he was a little more serious."

"He'll be serious enough after I've had hold of him!" Rose put on a highly-quizzical expression. "Now, my dear brother, what on earth is the use of talking about Charles Gore in that way? You have forbidden him the house forty times, you have forbidden me to see him just as often, and have threatened to whip him ever since he first began to pay attention to me. I am quite tired of your blustering, and know that it means nothing; so I advise you to put on a smiling face, let me have my own way, and make the best of it."

"I have done nothing but talk, so far," replied the wrathful young man, "and now I'm going to act. I warn you, if you care anything for Charles Gore, not to let him come here again; for if I catch him I shall certainly give him the worst thrashing any man ever got in this town!" And off he went, and banged the door behind him.

The fact was that Charles Gore was very much in love with Rose Lambert, and Rose Lambert was very much in love with Charles Gore; but Arthur Lambert was tremendously prejudiced against the young man, and took every possible occasion to say bitter things about him before Rose. Of course this only fanned the flame of love for him. There is nothing like a little wholesome persecution to intensify a love affair; so the more Arthur swore his sister shouldn't marry Gore, the more she declared she would.

As for Gore, he was a terribly lazy fellow. He had gone into the church on leaving college, only because he thought a parson's life an easy one; but sundry little escapades he indulged in during his clerical experience created a great scandal about him, and when he came into his property at his father's death, he found that even the slight labor of preparing two sermons a week, and making his pastoral visits, fatigued him too much; so he left his church in St. Blossom, and retired to his old homestead, Cedar Point, and settled down in the sweet indolence of bachelorhood. He sat in his garden, or on the piazza that overhung the bay, and smoked and read all the afternoon for days and days together, until he met Rose Lambert, when an extraordinary fit of energy took hold of him, and he rowed down the bay three miles to her brother's house every day, and came back in the evening.

When Arthur Lambert forbade him the premises, they used to fix upon various secluded little nooks along the shore for trying places, and continued to meet as before. Charles would go to the house, too, once in a while; but he was always liable to discovery, and then there was an inevitable "scene" with Arthur. "I'm not a bit afraid of him, you know," said the indolent ex-pastor, "but these scenes are so much trouble to a fellow; they're too much like work to suit me."

So Rose and he generally preferred to meet somewhere out of the house, until Arthur finally set his foot down that they should not meet at all, and the above conversation took place. That very afternoon Charles rowed leisurely down the bay, keeping well in, near the shore, till he came to a picturesque little spot where two large rocks, standing at right-angles, left a sheltered, cozy corner, in which a primitive sort of seat was placed, just long enough for two. Here he grounded his boat, and sprang ashore. "She isn't here yet," he soliloquized, looking at his watch; "but the time is hardly up."

He had just got the words out of his mouth when he saw the flutter of a shawl at the corner of the rock, and Rose presented herself, looking as blooming as her floral name-sake. Now I'm not going to tell all that they did and said when they first met, for most everybody knows all about it from experience; and, however nice such meetings are in real life, they are always a little flat to read in print. Therefore I'll omit the first ten minutes' conversation, and go at once to what concerns my story. "What do you suppose Arthur is going to do?" asked Rose. "I'm sure I don't know; whip me, I suppose."

The little maiden blushed, but didn't say anything against the proposition. "This courting under difficulties," continued Charles, "is hard work, and you know I never had much taste for that. I had a good deal rather marry first and do the courting afterward. I shall have more time, and far better opportunities. In fact, it always seemed queer to me that men don't make love to their wives more than they do; they have such glorious chances! What do you say to our marriage now?"

Rose hadn't thought of it so soon. She blushed a good deal, and hesitated a good deal, but finally concluded that she had rather get ready in a few days, and be married without noise and ceremony, than to run the risk of being looked up, and having Charles insulted and troubled continually. "The rest of the conversation was, like the first part of it, altogether too personal to be appropriate for publication; and the young folks parted in the loftiest good humor. They were to meet once more, to make final arrangements, and on the next day but one Charles was to row down to the house and get Rose, who promised to contrive some means of sending Arthur away for a short while. They were then to return to Cedar Point together, where everything should be in readiness, and the knot would be tied.

Unfortunately, however, as Rose tripped down the shore toward home, after this last meeting, Arthur stepped up behind her and laid hold of her arm. "Yes," said he, sardonically, "a very nice plan. I heard you—all you said—both you and that lazy, loafing, conceited puppy. Run away with him, will you? I like that! Come along, now, and we'll see whether a little quiet won't tame you down!"

In vain Rose struggled and scolded; in vain she insisted that her brother had no right to detain her, and threatened him with all sorts of legal actions, about which she knew a little less than nothing. He forced her to go home to her own room, and looked her safely in. At supper-time he sent her tea up, and allowed her plenty of books, her guitar, etc., but would not permit her to cross the door-ill.

She was terribly angry. She cried for the first half hour, then stormed a little, and finally commenced making examinations of the premises, with a view of escaping. The windows were high, and the rose-bushes below would make a dangerous landing-place; so she gave that idea up. The door was too strong to be opened—the chimney too narrow to climb up; and she was reluctantly compelled to abandon one attempt for another, till she despaired of escaping, and did a little more crying over it. Charles Gore was at the trying-place at the appointed time, and waited disconsolately until it was nearly dark, when he rowed down to Lambert's house to see if he could catch a glimpse of Rose. He saw no one except Arthur, who sat on the piazza in front of the door glancing defiance at him. A visit under those circumstances being impossible, the disappointed young man turned about and rowed home, wishing that there were no such things as brothers, and very much puzzled to know what to do.

In the meantime Rose passed her time slowly and anxiously. She endeavored to bribe her chambermaid to send a letter to Cedar Point, informing Charles of her position; but the discreet chambermaid delivered the epistle to Arthur, who burned it, and informed his sister that she need not take the trouble to write again. At the hour agreed upon Charles Gore and a friend, who was in his confidence, armed themselves, and taking the lightest and swiftest of the many boats kept at Cedar Point, proceeded to Lambert's house. Gore did not know, of course, what ill-luck had befallen Rose, but was prepared for almost anything. There was a light in her window, as agreed, and the rest of the house was suspiciously dark. "I hope all is well," said the young man, "you stay in the boat, and I will go to the house alone. If I want you I'll whistle."

He walked cautiously across the little garden that lay between the house and the beach, and entered the front door, which was standing wide open. The parlor door was open, too, and the room was in sad confusion. Two great bags of coarse canvas, filled with ornaments, etc., lay in the hall, and a quantity of clothing, tied up in a blanket, lay at the foot of the stairs. "Wondering what on earth could be the matter, Charles ascended the stairway, and just as he reached the second floor saw a man unlock Rose's door and coolly enter her chamber.

Rose, who was lying on the sofa, gave a scream of terror, and the man drew back alarmed. Gore made three steps from the head of the stairs to the door, and recognized in the stranger a man who had been committed to the St. Blossom jail for burglary, but who had been pardoned out.

"What, Jake Williams!" exclaimed Gore. "Parson Gore as I'm alive!" cried the burglar. "My game's up—I'd better shirk this crib!" And he darted off before Charles could make out what he said. As he ran he dropped several silver spoons and forks, some skeleton keys, and a variety of articles, that showed what he had been about pretty plainly. He had seen Arthur Lambert ride into the village of St. Blossom that evening, and he hastened over to accomplish a robbery he had long been planning. The surprise of finding Gore in the house had frightened him, and he fled, leaving his booty behind. Arthur, in the interim, had been much worried by a vague presentiment of what might befall him; but he had not taken advantage of his absence to go out visiting, and the chambermaid—the only one left—was frightened by hearing the burglar's movements up stairs that she had hidden herself in the coal-cellar, and remained there speechless with terror. Arthur transacted his business with all possible dispatch, and hurried home from the village as fast as his horse could carry him. Entering the yard in the rear of the house, he saw a small wagon standing by the high barn-yard fence, and perceived a man dart from the back door of the house toward this vehicle. The idea that it was Charles Gore, came to elope with Rose, flashed upon him instantly, and, swinging abruptly down from the saddle, he seized the retreating stranger and gave him a blow under the jaw that whirled him completely around. The man rallied, however, and administered a severe left-handed upon Lambert's nose that staggered him in turn. They then elbowed and went down, Lambert choking his foe energetically, and the other endeavoring to get a dirk concealed under his coat. The fight was a severe one, and lasted several minutes, much "science" being displayed on both sides, and many contusions exchanged. At length, however, Lambert gained the victory, having choked the other nearly to death, and wrenched the dirk from his hand. "Now, you infernal villain, you'll come here to steal my sister away, will you? When I forbid you the house again, I want you to stay away!" said he, with the heat of passion in his voice. "Your sister! Who the d—l wants her? When did you forbid me the house?" "What do you mean?" "What do you mean?" "I mean that I told Rose that I would thrash you if you ever came to see her again; and now I've done it."

"Who is Rose? I never came to see Rose." Arthur thought that this was not Gore's voice; and, now that his first excitement was over, he perceived that the stranger's shoulders were somewhat broader than that young gentleman's. "Why, bless my soul, you—no, you are not Charles Gore!" "Gore! Parson Gore! No; he's in the house there now; he scared me off!" "Gore in the house now! Where?" "I don't know; let me up—you're almost killing me!" Lambert was in a predicament. In the struggle the rest of the spoons and forks had fallen from the burglar's pockets, and he now saw, for the first time, what the man's real object had been in visiting the house. He did not want to let him go, yet he could not stay there, with Charles Gore on forbidden ground. After a moment's thought, however, he decided that he must prevent the elopement at all hazards, and, leaving Williams on the ground, he rushed into the house and up stairs, with the dirk still in his hand. I am afraid that the encounter would have been a severe one if the two young men had met, both being armed, and Lambert being actually crazy with anger. Fortunately they didn't meet. Rose's chamber door stood wide open—the lamp was burning—but she was gone, and a number of her dresses, etc., with her. Lambert rushed down to the shore, but he could see nothing—the boat had gone far out of sight while he was engaged with the burglar in the back yard. Like a prudent young man, he resigned himself to the ruling of destiny, and made the best of it, as he ought to have done before. He called up the trembling chambermaid from the coal-hole; bade her put her horse in order, and pick up the spoons; wash the blood from his face, and set down to a glass of brandy and water and a cigar as cheerfully as the circumstances would permit. The burglar had very naturally absconded, but had carried off nothing with him, and, beyond the pounding Lambert gave him, and a little damage to some of the parlor ornaments, there was no harm done by his visit except to himself. The authorities were set upon his track, and he was soon an inmate of the St. Blossom jail once more. The next week Charles and Rose set off on their wedding tour, and when they returned Arthur generously apologized, and offered them the right hand of fellowship, which they accepted. They now occupy one house—Cedar Point—and the two brothers-in-law have had many a hearty laugh over the accidents and incidents of the night when there was a burglary and an elopement from the same premises.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

The Black Hills Game.

From the Madison, Wis. Journal. The morning after the party of Madison prospectors arrived in Leadville, so the story goes, one of the boys—who would pass for a class-leader in any plums, well-regulated community—took a stroll down Chestnut street, to see the sights. A burly stranger, who looked like a veteran California "forty-niner," met our young friend and solicitously inquired as to the whereabouts of the Grand Hotel. Madison informed him, though wondering why an apparently old settler didn't know where the principal hotel was, and was thereupon invited by California to take a drink. Such an invitation amounts to a command, in the mining camps, and Madison dropped into the "Home" and "smiled" with his new-found friend. Pretty soon, California still furnishing the drinks, a gentlemanly, but seedy individual, who looked like "a literary fellow," whose publisher had gone back on him, came in with a bottle to be filled. The literary man and California shoved up a gold eagle simultaneously; the bar-keeper couldn't change but one, so California proposed to throw dice to see who should pay the whole bill; the "literary fellow" suggested the Black Hills game, and California being assured that it was a "square" game and the bar-keeper's dice were not loaded, said he'd do it, providing they played with three dice—the way they rattle 'em at Pike's Peak." It was a queer little game of "twenty-one"—betting on the opposite faces and the sum total thrown, they soon began throwing for outside money, California keeping the lead. The literary man having a temporary engagement across the street, went out for a few moments, during which California instructed Madison as to how easy it was to win all the loose change in the "literary fellow's" pockets he suggested that Madison should put down \$500 on the next deal and give California 10 per cent, for instruction; Madison said he had \$500, but didn't want to stake it all at once—he would put down \$20, and if he won would go deeper, to which proposition California assented. The literary individual returned, and Madison, putting down his gold eagle, was allowed to win. Picking up his adversary's stake along with his own, and sticking the pile in his vest pocket, Madison said he guessed he wouldn't play any more to-day; and again he had a very pressing engagement at the hotel.

The Black Hills game is not so popular as it was at the "Home" in Leadville and the opposition saloons are thinking of running that Madison boy for Congress, as a slight token of esteem. Satisfied at Last. A man who can probably never be induced to join any reform movement, even if paid a liberal salary, says the Detroit Free Press, entered a saloon on Michigan street and asked the price of a pint bottle of whiskey which stood in the window. Being answered that it was seventy-five cents, he growled: "I'll never buy it. Boots and shoes, singlets, poultry, square timber, horse-shoes and everything else have come down in price, but you keep whiskey at the same old figures." He went away, but after a few minutes he returned and said: "Throw in two big drinks and I'll take the bottle." The saloon-keeper refused; but after the stranger returned the second time he said: "I can't reduce the price, nor throw in any extras; but I'll pour that pint into a quart bottle, fill up with water, and put in pepper enough to make the whole burn the skin off your mouth." "Begin to pour!" briefly replied the man, as he produced his money, and when he had drank the mixture and got his breath, he said: "I'm satisfied at last—or would be if you could get a put a few carpet-tacks into the bottle!"

Senator Windom, in an interview on the colored exodus and the objects of the Emigration Aid Society, was asked if any of the white people of the South agreed with his well-known views on the subject. In reply he said: "I have had several letters from them endorsing this view, and expressing the belief that in the distribution of the colored race is the only hope of the South as well as of the negro. This opinion is by no means confined to Republicans in that section. One of the gentlemen who thus writes was a member of the last National Democratic Convention. Of course this sentiment does not exist to any considerable extent among the Democrats of that section. The prevailing sentiment of that party in the South is that the negro should remain as a basis of representation and the servant of his former master, and be content with whatever conditions the dominant race choose to impose upon him."

SUBSTITUTE FOR CABBAGE.—Take three good-sized white turnips, and chop fine; cook until tender, salt and pepper to taste; then add four tablespoonfuls sweet cream, and a little piece of butter; let it boil a few minutes, then add a cup of vinegar.

A pretty girl won a market in a lottery; when they gave it to her she asked, 'Don't they give a soldier with it?' The pancake is like the orb of day, because it rises in the yeast and sets in the vest.—Borne Sentinal.

Do Prairie Dogs Dig Wells?

Last summer one of the staff of the American Agriculturist, when in Nebraska, published information furnished him by Mr. M. T. Leech, then of Ogallala, but now of Julesburg, Nebraska, to the effect that prairie dogs dig wells, each 'dog town' being provided with one. It was asserted, among other things, that no matter how far down the water might be, the dogs would keep on digging until they reached it. Mr. Leech adding that he knew of one such well two hundred feet deep. These statements have been several times denied by, among others, one of the Professors of Yale College. We have met Mr. Leech this autumn in Wyoming Territory where he holds a responsible position in the railway employ, and he reiterates the original statements, and affirms their truth, adding that if the skeptics will come to Sidney, Nebraska, they will find convincing proof of the accuracy. There is a 'town' of 25 or 30 pet prairie dogs, about five rods from the track northwest of the Railroad Hotel. The owner of the prairie dogs will show the visitor the well, and will tell him that about the first move the dogs made, after being located there was to dig for water. At a point on the Kansas and Pacific Railroad, not far from Buffalo Station, the workmen in sinking a tank reservoir some time ago, struck one of these prairie dog wells, and followed it down to a depth of two hundred feet. Mr. Leech's statements were verified by Professor Aughey, the well known Geologist at the Nebraska State University, who informed us at Lincoln, that he had discovered these wells while making geological explorations along the Logan River in Northern Nebraska.—American Agriculturist.

How Lincoln Escaped Assassination in 1861.

I'll tell the tale as I had it from Mr. Culver, of Louisville, who was in office here for some time before Lincoln came. He was a fellow-boarder with me at the corner of Fourth street and Pennsylvania avenue, but was once a banker, a man of fine talents, high in Masonic mysteries, a close observer, and fully loyal. One evening he related to me the following story: "There was boarding in this very house a young lady who was one of a band of particular friends of Jake Thompson, Secretary of the Interior under Buchanan. She was often absent on short trips to Baltimore. One evening she came in and was soon in close conversation with some well known rebels. I was reading the evening paper, or pretending to be, but listening. I heard her say in a whisper, 'I've been up to Baltimore; it is all arranged; he cannot get through alive.' As the talk was all about Lincoln in those days, I overheard so much," said he, "and was sure of it."

There was a friend of Culver's then at the National Hotel, a Mr. Evans, of Florida, who was a loyal man and intimate with Gen. Scott. Culver stole out, called on Evans, told him what he had heard, and Evans went at once to Scott with the story. That night, Scott sent trusty men to Baltimore, arranged to have Lincoln make that detour from New York to Pittsburgh, and thence to come at an unexpected time, disguised, through Baltimore. Hence the old Scotch cloak and cap in which he reached here in safety, and was inaugurated.—Washington Cor. Rochester Express.

The Cost of Grant and Wellington.

I wish some of our homesick emigrants would compare the cost of your system with ours before they find fault with such men even as "Boss" Tweed. Or they might take your present General Grant, and compare him with our dead Duke of Wellington; for we have no military men alive that is fit to compare with your late President. I do not believe that General Grant, in pay, pensions, etc., to himself and relatives, will ever cost you more than \$100,000, or the tenth part of \$1,000,000; but our great General cost us close upon \$23,000,000 during his long lifetime alone! (May God grant Gen. Grant a similar length of life.) After that we voted an immense sum of money to bury him with; and unless some change comes over us, we are likely to add many millions more as the cost of the "family." I should think, that with all these immense amounts lingering in our ledgers, no one will be able to say that we have not duly and heavily gilded our "Iron Duke." We have another duke, who is our present commander-in-chief. He is about as fit to compare with Gen. Grant as a hod-carrier is to compare with Prof. Edison. Yet what this gentleman cost us in salaries alone already would make a very ugly hole in a million pounds.—British Workman in New York Evening Post.

Two hundred clerks in the Bank of France have petitioned the President of that institution for permission to wear their beards, a privilege now denied them.

Asking for the Good old Times.

A writer in a Democratic paper in Washington is longing for the good old times that the Democrats used to have when they were in power. He argues that the social condition of Washington has been such during the eighteen years of Republican administration, that "people of intelligence, refinement, and cultivation" have not found it an agreeable place to live in and says: "Mrs. Hayes, in the judgment of most intelligent people, in trusting her obnoxious ultra-subjective views upon others, too often subjecting them to great personal annoyance and inconvenience, has naturally provoked an antagonism which is as fatal to anything like gaiety among the class who would be naturally supposed to constitute the social circle of the President's wife. Besides the fact that there are a large number of families of independent fortunes and refined and cultivated tastes who have made Washington their home, and who are only waiting for the introduction of some new social element which is congenial to them, there is the anticipated advent of the families of the new Senators and Representatives, many of whom will doubtless, as in the past, make this their home. It seems more than likely that a blending of these elements will make Washington what it once was—the center of the most refined, courtly, and enjoyable society to be found in the country."

This fellow is a sample Democrat. He wants a bar-room set up in the White House, so the loyal ex-Confederates can get drunk there. He says that Mrs. Hayes, in excluding rum from the Executive Mansion, has "put the most intelligent people in Washington" to "great inconvenience and annoyance." The most intelligent people in Washington have had to go elsewhere to get their drinks, and the "social circle of the President's wife" has, on this account, been "fatal to anything like gaiety." That is, the social circle around Mrs. Hayes is such as to prevent anybody getting drunk in the White House and remaining respectable. This is painful, but true. And he concludes by the promise that when this temporary business is abolished Washington will become "the center of the most refined, courtly, and enjoyable society in the country."

Throat Parasites. The Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser gives a strange account of a little girl afflicted with the diphtheria. In looking into the child's throat, the mother saw a microscopic moving, which she removed, together with another, which are now on-exhibition in a city drug store, and being discussed by the medical fraternity. They are easily seen by the naked eye, though a glass helps one to the 'true inwardness' of the critters. The largest one is fully one quarter of an inch long, covered with hair, with a head something like a caterpillar, tapering body, and long hairy tail. Its body is formed in rings; its color is about that of one of those dark yellow 'thousand legged' worms found under old boards and stones. The smaller one is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, being whitish in color, and requiring the glass to bring out its beauty of conformation. It is not a pleasant thought to imagine such things in your throat, but they get there, and from there into the blood, heart and other organs, producing paralysis and sudden death when least expected. They are vegetable parasites, and exist in large colonies in the diphtheritic membrane.

How to See the Wind. Take a polished metallic surface of two feet or more, with a straight edge—a large hand saw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy, only let it not rain or the air be murky; in other words let the air be dry and clear, but this is not essential. Hold your metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—i. e., if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west, but instead of holding the surface vertical, incline about 45° to the horizon, so that the wind striking, glances and flows over the edge keeping it straight as water over a dam. Now sight carefully over the edge at some minute and sharply defined object, and you will see the air flow over as water flows over a dam. Make your observations carefully, and you will hardly fail to see the air, no matter how cold; the result is even better when the sun is obscured.

The veteran Indian fighter, Gen. Harney, testified before the Congressional committee that whisky caused most of our Indian wars. Being asked how whisky selling could be suppressed, he replied that liquor dealers ought to be hanged or shot by the nearest military official and he would cheerfully detail an officer to attend to that duty if he had the authority. The General don't favor the license system.

If you undertake to hire a man to be honest, you will have to raise his wages every morning, and watch him drag a plow class beside.—Josh Billings.