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mything else. Capital not required: we start you. \$12 per day at home made by

Editor and Poet.

'Twas a man wrapped in an ample cloak, "Poetic in his mein. That went into the office of An English magazine.

He gave unto the editor A paper closely writ: I would unto your judgment, sir,

A poem submit; ray read it carefully and say What that you think of it." Slowly the editor read it through:

On his brow an angry flush There came, as he sollioquized About "hogwash," "rot" and "slush," And he gave back the manuscript

That I have ever read. Print in magazine, Then men would call me a three-ply ass-

So, sirrah, take thee a stout sawhorse, Thereto a bucksaw good: Thy posey it is n, g.; Thy line is sawing wood."

And they would be right, I ween.

When that the poet heard these words He 'gan to fume and fidget, And he said unto the editor, "Thou art a howling idjet!

Read o'er that ballad again, streah, Read o'er that ballad again, And then thy candid optnion give-

My name is Alfred Ten-' he heaven you say!" cried the editor, Astonished; then he said, "That poem is the finest thing

that I have ever read. It shall appear this very month," And, kneeling on the ground,

He gave the Laureate a check

ITS NAME WAS WONDERFUL.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

J. R. Hawkins. vale surrounded and sustained by ev. anchor and ark-his hope and his want to tell you how he came by his with the promise that he would remoney. I have told something of the port his success. retired from business.

> him, somewhere about the year eigh- England, and a man eighty-five years | that vest; and-" teen hundred and forty-four to 'forty- of age, and known by almost every- "Thunder!" broke in Blummer, born and reared among the bills of certificate from the veteran of a won- be out of buttons. By George! I the acquaintance of a man who had slumpkin' bout that."

is if it's only slapped on in just the of his success. b'lieve I ken dew it!"

ipe for her cough medicine-a simple on me if I tell you all about it." ed and fixed with a requisite quantity of sugar, or, what was better, honey. In the course of a month he had set wished to consult me privately. I rupted. He seated himself by my

opened his business. taken a hint from the wonderful sucwas upon the eve of striking out for barrel of syrap from his aunt's recipe: had had bottles and phials manufactured to order, and was ready for "making a spread with printer's ink." the old family physician, likewise, Said he, after all this had been vouch-

colds-jest sich as we're havin' every day-is the way a good many folks git can make money faster at work for he than can't be beat for jest that kind 'o work, bottom of its own. Wait till people fungus. I tell you, I'm a goin' to be a-a- will have it whether or no. Jes' wait what d'you call it-"

kind if-"

Benefactor! And naow look."

ful Discovery : OF THE AGE!"

up of the label: Unto the bard, and said: "That ballad is the very worst

offered to the suffering world; and spread and mystify. D'you see?"

being consumptive. Papers three and four were trans- vation.

man, gliding down into the shadowy ter-O! "The Printer" was Ichabod's Printer's Ink .- N. Y. Ledger. ery comfort that money can give. I stay-and when he left me, it was

same kind once before, but this is an Two days later Ichabod came to me eral days ago he said to his wife: entirely different affair, and the two in a state of glowing jubilation; he "Maria, I want you to look over that must not be confounded; and, if I re- placed in my hand a paper, and asked broadcioth vest of mine and put new member rightly, when I told the for- me if it was in proper form for print. buttons on it, 'cause I'm going to a mer story the present hero had not I read it, and was corpeled. It was card-party to-night." from the hand of old Major Ben. Bab. "But, Ely," answered Mrs. Blum-Ichahod Marvel, as we may know son, a noted hero of the last war with mer, "I haven't any buttons to match eight, went to New York in search of body in Oxford county-aye, and in "the idea of a woman keeping house business. He was a son of Maine, Cumberland county, also. It was a as long as you have, an' pretendin' to ty, or thereabouts, with a hundred upon bimself by "Marvel's Marvel," bay 'em with next,"

acted in the capacity of clerk for a I fixed the major's certificate into and Mrs. Blummer, with marvelous recollection of what had happened celebrated pill maker, and he never printable shape, and Ichabod went gromptitude, handed it to him. He him. He was shown the money

his aunt and her family into a fever of plain. He said his first batch of syrup after. excitement by the erection of a plain had made just fifty gallons. His own building behind the barn and the set- children, with such help as they got ting therein of three enormous iron from their mates, gathered his herbs. boilers, capable of holding forty gal- but he had set down that item of ex- cierking in a notion store in the city, lons each, with fire-pots beneath. I pense at five dollars. He had been had heard of his strange "carryings- wise enough to strike for a big lot of on," and was wondering what he sugar, which he got of Brown, of could be up to, when, one evening, he Portland, for six cents a pound. In friend some farm items, sends the folcalled upon me at my dwelling. He fifty gallons of the syrup were five lowing: hundred pounds of sugar-thirty doltook him into my study, where I lars. Two other ingredients cost about assured him we should not be luter. two dollars more. Alcohol, one dollar. There was a cost of thirty-eight desk, looked carefully around, and dollars, not counting his own time, having seen all safe and secure, he and that he chose to reckon at the end of the year. Of that lot he made To make a long story short, he had five hundred bottles, holding about three-quarters of a pint each, which cess of the patent medicine men, and retailed at one dollar. He had thus far sold to his wholesale agents at the 30.000 Feet was upon the eve of striking out for rate of four dollars and eighty cents a dozen-forty cents a bottle-giving And the old farmer blowing everyhim a profit, over all expenses, of one body up from 4 o'clock in the mornhundred and sixty-two dollars for the fifty gallons. He was explicit and He had read up thoroughly on the minute in his account, and I was resubject of colds, and had consulted ally interested. When I expressed a wonder that he should allow those comical contortions imaginable.

till then, and then I'll slap up the "Why," said I, smiling in spite of price. Within a year I'll hev seven- the street.

my effort to appear serious, "I should ty-five cents into my own pocket for DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC MAN. know what to make of it, and dissay you would be a benefactor of your every identikle bottle! You'll see.

"Ah-ho!-that's jest it-jest the most of his fifty gallons, he returned idee't I was after. Yes, sir-I'll be a me a look of pitying wonder. "Sarse and rhubarb!" he ejacula-

And thereupon; he took from a ted, "you're as bad's Aunt Nab was. breast pocket a package of papers She was frightened when she seed me which he proceeded to spread upon a spllin' nigh on to tew barr'is o' su- Troy (Kas.) Chief, my desk. First, he presented a sheet gar, at she called it. Why, bless of foolscap, at the head of which, in your soul! I made my fifth mess yes. Iowa Township, on Saturday last, and recollected distinctly that his hired connected with this person, sought an enormous hand, was set down the terday-or, rayther, I finished off yes- was buried at Highland, Sunday af- man, while shaving him, had felled the doctor out. name he had chosen for his Wonder- terday; and in that wer' jest a hun- ternoon. His age was about 63 years. him with a club. But this relieved "Yes," said he in response to the dred bottles, and they're all engaged "MARVEL'S MARVEL. THE MARVEL aheed; and I've writ to ole John B. the Atchison Patriot, last week, re- amateur detective, and from the employ an aged colored man, whom Brown to-day tew send me up fifty ported as having been beaten and hands of a mob that was already I have no doubt is the son of Mr. And then followed, as a finishing barr'ls o' sugar right off; and when I go daown tew Portland agin I shel "No more colds! No more coughs! make a rap with him to hev my su- showing how often the mob spirit is and his condition left no doubt that ly told me of his reasons for believing No more weak lungs! No more con- gar come right from the West Indies, aroused to the commission of atroci- he had fallen in an epileptic fit, hav- himself such, and I make no doubt

sible affection of the lungs and bron- thing! Whew! them affidavies is rumors, or by making strong circum- fall, and no doubt in his subsequent ments. I have known him for a what does it. And then, d'you see, stantial evidence out of trival matters. struggles. It was afterward ascer- number of years, and believing the The second sheet contained a story I've got a thing 'at's got virtue in it. of the way in which the wonderful It cures. It's good for colds. Railly, revealed in time, an innocent young seen out of doors, carrying in a load of as I would the oath of any man. He ingredients of the marvelous syrup 'Squire, it's jest what I publish it- man might have suffered wrong, if wood, after he was shaved, and after lives at 185 Minerva street, and will be had been found, and how the pana- makin' jest a bit of allowance for the cea had been prepared, and was now nateral nater of Printer's Ink tew that, too, at a price which would I saw and understood. And now, Highland. The only person living Ky., and went to Iowa Point in the terday, the reporter found himself on leave no mortal with an excuse for in just a word, let me give the result with him was a young hired man, Spring of 1857. For a time he clerked the corner of North and Minerva

She Sewed on His Buttons.

Old Blummer is tight-fisted. Sev-

Spring in the Country.

came out on the first of April to spend a month among his cousins on a farm, and, having promised an editorial

FARM NOTES FOR APRIL. The bellowing of cattle: The neighing of horses: The bleating of sheep: The squealing of pigs : The gabbling of geese ; The cackling of hens : The crowing of roosters; The whack of the ax : The "whoa-haw" of the plow boy The creaking of the grind-stone : The blowing of the horn :

Ice for Diphtheria. who were to sell after him to make a | O. E. Miles, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, replied that he knew nothing of it; greater profit than he made for him- says he cured his wife of diphtheria, adding, that Price was the man who took bar soap and made a salve of it "Naow, see, 'squire: Common self, he winked, and chuckled, and after kerosene and sulphur had been knew where it was, and they had and plastered over all those old screwed his features into the most tried in vain, by the use of ice, having better string him up at once. About wounds on the tree. To my great reher hold pieces in her throat, where this time, Mr. Daniel Boutman, a far- lief I found that I had at last headed consumption. Wal-then, don't you "Ha! wait!" he eried. "That's the white fungus was formed, and apsee—it stands to reason 'at what'll only a dodge. Don't you see, I make plying it in cloths on the outside. The wind of what was transpiring, ap- well and hearty as the rest that were cure cold's'll cure consumption, tew; it for the interest of them chaps to applications were renewed as fast as peared upon the scene. He brought not troubled. They had only bored or at any rate, it'll stop it, and that's push it-to shove it ahead. They ken they disappeared, and soon the pajest the same thing. So, as sure's make money on it; and then they lient was out of danger. Mr. Miles' ed by Mr. Thomas. He said that minating them."-Kansas Farmer, yew're born, this ere stuff 'at I've know how I'm slappin' on the print- theory is that the low temperature Thomas had passed his house, made from Aunt Nab's perscription er's ink. Hi! wait till the thing gits caused by the ice kills the deadly on his way home from the

When I asked him if he had sold Interesting Incidents, Which Show in the house. Thomas had formerly An old Mulatto and His Strange Sto-How Easy it Might Have Been for boarded with them, and doubtless a Crazy Mob to commit an Irreparable Crime Upon an Innocent Man-

robbed by his hired man. The inci- thirsting for his blood. sumption forever! Marvel's Syrup is a traight. Bakes alive! it's a big ties, by excited imaginations, vague ing bruised his head and face in the whatever of the truth of his state-In this case, had not the facts been tained that Mr. Thomas had been word of Robert Jefferson as readly

Mr. Thomas was a bachelor, living land. on his farm, between Iowa Point and Mr. Thomas was from Nicholas Co., as it developed under my own obser- named Price. Some days ago, Thom- in the store of X. K. Stout. He was streets, and turning to his left, southas was paid a debt of \$664 by Charles a singular man in appearance, and ec- ward, looked for the number to which cripts of affidavits, and letters, and The man possessed pluck, shrewd- Jackson, placing the money in his centric in character. He was a bach- he had been directed. The second personal narratives of people who had ness, perseverance, and tireless ener- pocket book, and carrying it with him. elor, living sometimes alone, and aforetime received benefit from Aunt gy, with just a safe admixture of im- That day or the next, he had occasion sometimes with a hired man. His be the one for which he sought. Nabby Marvel's Cough. Syrup, other- pudence and audacity. He grasped a to go with his wagon to the saw-mill house was hardly fit for a stable. He Large evergreen trees cast their shadwise, "Marvel's Marvel," etc.—and thing that had real virtue at the bot- near the mouth of Wolf River, for was considered miserly, but was a ows on the front of the house, a twothey had been framed skillfully. I tom, so that his wildest flights of fan- some lumber. While there, he saw a kind-hearted man nevertheless. He story frame, simple in architecture could see Ichabod's hand in them all, cy in advertising were "founded on large cat-fish which some fishermen loaned considerable money, but and neat in appearance; He knocked and he had certainly improved upon fact." And, above all else, he made had for sale. He purchased a piece would never receive more than 10 per at the door, and after a the same sort of issues made by his Printer's Ink his chief force and pow- of this fish, and was about taking out cent. Interest. He would seldom er. About two years after he had be- his pocket book to pay for it, when vote, and for some years managed to And all this material Ichabod want- come firmly established. I saw in his he remembered the large amount of avoid assessment for taxes, saying ed me to put into shape for him. For band an order from his General Can- money he had in it, which he did not that he did not want to be made pay a time I hesitated, not only because I adian Agent, located in Montreal, for wish to expose to the view of strang- for public extravagance. But of late thought the work nonsensical of it- six hundred dozen bottles "Marvel's ers and stragglers about the mill. He years he had concluded to pay his self, but because I sincerely believed Marvel," to be sent immediately. To- therefore remarked to the proprietor share of taxes, and honestly gave in A Sketch of Pluck and Printer's Ink. it would be a waste of time and labor day Ichabod Marvel is retired from of the mill that he had no change his property. He was worth, in on his part; but he finally prevalled the tolls of driving business, worth with him, asking him if he would money and land about, \$20,000 or \$25,upon me-or, an honest, involuntary more than a million; and every dol- not pay for the fish, and charge it to 000. He has several brothers in Mistear upon his cheek did-and I went lar of it made from a simple decoction his account, which the other did. sourl, who are also wealthy. I shall call no names, for my hero at the work. I was two full days in of two or three common New Eng. Thomas then returned home with the In addition to the epileptic fit, Mr. is living to-day-a hale, hearty old getting everything ready for the prin- land weeds-that, and a salve of lumber, and having eaten dinner, Thomas had something like hemorpartly composed of the cat fish, he hage of the bowels, doubtless hasthad his hired man shave him, as was ened his death. A few days before his custom. After performing this his death, he remarked that he had

By a mere chance he formed, first, do the cure, though. Ther' aint no ing himself for the card-party. Pres. of robbery. Thomas was at length gestion is carried out. ently he called for the broadcloth vest. brought to consciousness, but had no

> that, all afterward was dark. from Mr. Thomas for wages, and that step of the gallows, an innocent man if they would pay him off, he would is saved from martyrdom to law. go away. Here was another sign of guilt. He wanted an excuse to get away with his booty. One of those extra wise individuals who can be found in any community, was armed with a revolver, and set as a detective to watch young Price, to fasten the guilt upon him, and discover A wife in the house is worth two in Boatman, telling her to keep it for ment" is penetrating enough to set

> > him, till he called for it. She did not them in motion.

liked to have so large a sum of money

Mr. Thomas was the man whom Price from the surveillance of the reporter's question, "I have in my dents of this affair are instructive, as An examination of Thomas' wounds the United States. He has frequent-

the hired man had departed for High-

operation, the young man went to often thought of being baptised, and Highland, on business. Upon his re- determined to have the rite performed turn, he found Mr. Thomas lying on then, by a Campbellite minister, even his face upon the floor, his head and if it hastened his death. He was takface bloody and much bruised, and en to the small creek near his house, he apparently lifeless. He ran for and immersed. His brother then obsome of the neighbors, who quickly served to him, that all his brothers came to the scene. As they lifted and sisters had as much money as Thomas from the floor and placed they needed; that he had been living him on the bed, they noticed Price in that neighborhood for more than standing outside, looking in at the twenty years, and ought to give some-

window, with a terrifled look. This thing to aid the Campbellite church was a circumstance that was construed of that vicinity. He replied that he into a feeling of gulit. Mr. Thomas's would leave it \$2000 in his will; before Ty. Oxford county, and at the age of thir- derful cure of lung trouble, worked b'lieve you'll ask me for money to pockets were examined, and some he could carry his intention into ef-\$50 or \$60 were found in his pocket feet, he became incapable of willing dollars in his pocket, he set forth for etc. Said Ichabod, after I had read it: That evening Blummer hurrled book, which convinced them that he and died. But no doubt his brother the far-away city to seek his fortune. Pooty slick, aint it? But it did through his supper and began array. had not been assaulted for the purpose will see that the idea of his own sug-An Innocent Man Saved. tired in listening to the story of the away with it. The next thing I heard book it, hastily unfolded it, and then, which had been found upon him, to Newspaper readers will remember ways and means adopted by the Pill of him was, that he had raised a as his eye took in his complete ap- convince him that he had not been the savage, scowling "I'll-stab-youmonarch for giving publicity to his thousand dollars by a mortgage on searance, he stood as one transfixed, robbed, He at oncedemanded to know yet" face of England's Criminal Phemedicinal wares. And shortly there- his old aunt's homestead, and that It was a six-button vest, and there where the other \$664 was, that he had nomenou, Charles Peace, who figured after he formed the acquaintance of Major Babson had lent him another were six buttons on it, and the dazed in his pocket. Right here occurs a so much on type and tongue a few that genial, ever-bustling friend of thousand, and that almost the whole optics of Blummer observed that the remarkable mixture of keen recollec- months ago. Just before his execumammas and nurses, then just rising of it had been paid for advertising! I flist, or top one, was a tiny pearl tion and forgetfulness of things occur- tion, this notorious outlaw made it into fame, for whose medicated loz- can only say, I shook my head, and shirt-button, and that the next one ring neartogether, and of imagination known that he had murdered Cock, enges the suffering children cried pitied the poor fellow in his infatua- was a brass army-overcoat button of things that had never occurred. the Manchester policeman, for which with U. S. gleaming upon it, and that When he was told that no other mon- crime William Habron, a young Irish-"I swan to man!" said Ichabod, But-when I next sawhim he came number three was an oxydized-silver ey was found, he exclaimed that he man, was soon to be hung. A clever "I b'lieve I ken dew that thing my- to pay me fifty dollars which he said affair, and that number four was a had been robbed. He stated the ex- dodge on the part of Peace the pubself. Aunt Nabby's cough medicine'll he considered he owed me. I had born button, evidently from the back act amount of money that he had re- lic thought, to provoke investigation be jest the checker! Sakes alive! seen his advertisements flaming in of one of the Puritan fathers' coats, ceived from Mr. Jackson, describing and thus gain respite. So Peace was

what a wonderful thing printer's ink the newspapers, but had not thought and then came a suspender-button, minutely the bills, large and small, bung. Shortly afterward the Cock well, and have myself seen Thomas and then, as the dazzled eyes of old that he had received, even to the two murder was again looked into in acright way. I'm blessed of I don't "Hev I succeeded?" he cried, in Blummer reached the bottom button \$2 bills that went to complete the sum cordance with the suggestion of response to my question to that effect. -a poker-chip (found in Blummer's of \$664. He also recollected that he Peace. It was found that the bullet 'And he returned to his old home "Sakes alive! I've had to trust you pocket) with two holes punched had written a receipt for Mr. Jackson which killed the policeman fitted the and obtained his venerable aunt's rec- so fur, and I don't believe you'll blow through it-he gave a snort that made which he had forgotten to sign before executed man's revolver, and that it the chandelier lingle. There is, after delivering to him-which turned out did not fit young Habron's weapon. syrup, compounded from two or three I assured him he might trust me, all, a fine sense of humor about Blum- to be the fact. This large sum of Other points were revived, and Hacommon garden herbs, properly steep- and thereupon he drew forth a mem- mer, and he laughed till he cried. money, he declared, he had in his bron was released from the Portland And there won't be any button-mon- pocket when he returned home, prison. He was not informed of the "Naow see," and he went on to ex. ey grudged in that household here- Then it flashed upon his recollection, pardon, but supposed that he was soon that while his hired man was shaving to be hung. His neck had been him, he had taken a club and struck measured a few days before. At last him on the head. He remembered it dawned upon him gradually that he was not to die. The relief affected The hired man saw, from the signs his nervous system, but, under good

The Extermination of Borers.

Kas., tells how she exterminated since that time I have lived alone."-

"The borer commenced operations where he had hid the money. It was gradually worked up the trunk in a even contemplated to hang him up semi circle. Now, I was determined by the neck until he was almost dead, he should not kill my trees, so I dosed to force him to a confession. But before this was fully determined upon, didn't seem to burt his digestion a some one recollected some expression particle. I was in a dilemma what to that Thomas had made relative to do next. I could not get him out with business with an individual living a knitting needle, and I thought if some distance away. A messenger the tree must die, I would experiwas sent to that place, to enquire if ment on it anyway, so I took strong ply. "We keep bardware and grospirits of ammonia, (hartshorn), and poured it into all the wounds. I then

saw mill, and entering the house, had Some men are so everlasting lazy ed her. - Detroit Free Press. handed the package of money to Mrs. that not even the "spur of the mo-

Publishers & Proprietors.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

JEFFERSON'S SON.

feeling unsafe carrying the money A few days ago, a reporter of the alone over those solitary roads, it had Journal ascertained that a colored probably occurred to him that he man in the employ of Dr. W. C. could safely trust it with Mrs. Boat- Thompson, was possessed of a history man. But this transaction had en- at once strange and interesting, and, John Thomas died at his home in tirely escaped his memory, while he with a view of ascertaining the facts

Thomas Jefferson, third President of pleased to see you. Give him a call and hear what he has got to say."

Shortly after the hour of noon, yeshouse south of North stress provaditoa colored man, rather below the medium height, apparently sixty years of age, a dark mulatto in color, and with hair straight and black.

"Does Mr. Jefferson reside her ?" "He does."

"And is this he?"

"It is. Won't you come in ?" and the reporter entered. The door opened into a parlor, on the floor of which was a carpet of modest design, and which was well furnished. Everything presenting a

scrupulously neat and clean appearance, from the different articles of furniture to the central objection of attraction, their quaint-looking proprietor, Mr. Jefferson himself. The reporter made known his errand as he seated himself on the sofa, and watched the effect of his announcement on the old gentleman. He at first appeared surprised and, answered, after some hesitation, "Yes, I believe I am the son of Thomas Jefferson. I have every reason to believe him to be my father, and no reason to think contra-

After some persuasion on the part of the interviewer, the old gentleman continued:

"It is a short story, and easily told,

My mother was a slave girl, a tall and

bandsome woman belonging to Mr. Christian, of Charleston, Va. Thomas Jefferson and my mother's master were warm personal friends, and frequently exchanged visits, Mr. Jefferson passing a good deal of his time in Charlestown, and in Mr. Christian's house. My mother was one of the housemaids during the time he passed at her master's house. Her name was Millie Reddiford, and she was said to be a very pretty woman in her young days, aithough a dark mulatto in color. I was born in the month of March, 1803, at Charlestown, and am onsequently seventy-six year old at the present time. I can remember people always told me that he was my father, and I have no reason to doubt them. My mother was unmarried, and Mr. Christlan himsel? said that my name was Jefferson, and he gave me the name that I now bear. that of Robert Jefferson. These are my reasons for believing myself his son. I suppose I am really his offspring. I came to Madison, Indiana, sn 1854, and removed here the year following. I built this house, then the only one near here, except am old farm house. I saved what money I and movements, that he was looked treatment, he rallied, and is now a could, and educated my two daughupon with suspicion and disfavor. happy man. Thus, after an impristers. One of them married a St. Louis man, the proprietor of 'Robieson's Tonsorial Parlor,' in that city. He died a short time ago, and she sold his shop for \$11,000, going to live with her sister, Mrs. Smith, who lives with her husband, in Pana, Ill. Mrs. Arthur Galpin, of Waterville, My wife died five years ago, and

The Weman Who Doubts.

The woman who doubts enterd a Detroit fish store the other day with hesitating step, and after looking around upon various piles of the finny tribe, she turned to the proprietor and asked :

"Do you keep fish here?"

Indianapolis Journal.

"No, madame," was the prompt receries here, but you will find a fish store four doors below. Come to the door and I will show you."

She looked from him to the fish and back, hesitated, and he continued: "Can I sell you anything in the line of stoves to-day ?" She shook her head and walked out,

She didn't call at four doors below.

which is a tobacco store, but she look-

ed into the windows at the display of pipes, then back to the fish store, and somehow or other something puzzel-

President Haves is a stal wart among stalwarts.