THE ADVERTISER

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

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Publishers and Proprietors.

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Brownville Lodge, No. —meets every Monday evening in Odd Fellow Hall. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed. Jno L. Carson, W. C. T.; Wm. H. Hoover W. Rec.; T. C. Hacker, L. D.

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I. O. of O. F.

Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. Visiting brothers respectfully invited. A. H. Gilmore, N. G. Jas. Cochran, Secy.

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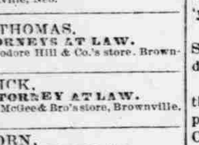

The Gipsy's Warning.

Trust him not, oh gentle lady;
Though his voice be low and sweet.
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
Softly pleading at thy feet.
Now thy life is in its morning;
Cloud not this, thy happy lot;
Listen to the Gipsy's warning,
Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Young and pure, and like thee, fair,
Yet he wooed, he wooed and won her,
Thrilled her gentle heart with care.
Then he heeded not her weeping,
He cared not her life to save;
Soon she perished—now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

Lady, turn not from me so coldly;
For I have only told the truth,
From a stern and withering sorrow,
Lady, I would shield thy youth.
I would shield thee from all danger,
Shield thee from the Tempter's snare,
Lady, shun the dark-eyed stranger.
I have warned thee—now beware.

Take your gold, I do not want it,
Lady, I have prayed for this.
For the hour that I might foil him,
And rob him of expected bliss.
Aye, I see thou art filled with wonder,
At my look so fierce and wild.
Lady, in the church-yard yonder,
Sleeps the Gypsy's only child.

WHICH IS RIGHT.

BY LOUIS STOCKTON.

"That is a most nonsensical thing to say," Jim remarked, as Belle held the motto she was working off at arm's length, and gazed reflectively at it. "'When there's a will there's a way!' If it was true, how many good things I would have!'

'Perhaps you would,' replied his younger brother Bob, "if the proverb meant that the way was ready made, and all you had to do was to saunter down it—up it, I mean.'

'If it does not mean that,' said Jim 'it ought to read, 'When there's a will, go look for the way, and it is ten chances to one if you find it.'

'That is stuff!' exclaimed Bob; 'you don't fancy the will, and the way are like the Siamese twins, fastened together, so if you see one you see the other?'

'It means,' said Belle who had now decided upon the color of the silk she needed, and who spoke with the air of gravity becoming an elder sister of seventeen, 'that if you have the gun you must go look for the game.'

'Suppose there is none?' asked Jim.

'Is none!' Bob repeated; 'there is always game! There may not be a buffalo upon your front door steps waiting for you to come out, but just take your gun and go out West! You will find him there!'

'That is all very nice to say,' and Jim, who was lying on the lounge, clasped his hands under his head; 'but my experience of this family—it may be different in others—is, that we are always wishing, but I don't see that it does any good, we don't get much.'

'It isn't *wishing*,' Belle said, 'it is *willing*. That is a very different thing.'

'Is it?' Jim asked. 'Perhaps it is a step further; 'I wish' comes first; 'I will' goes on to the war, and gets the booty.'

'Exactly so, Jim, I have hopes of you,' said Bob.

'But what I would like,' answered Jim, 'is to see the thing. Who is it who will first 'will' and then find the 'way?' '

'As if everybody did not!' and Bob looked the picture of determination, 'you do it yourself, often.'

'Oh, I do not mean in little things. Something of importance, some great deed!'

'Then you must get geat people for them,' replied Belle. 'You don't suppose great things are done in Cedar Creek? Now, there's Napoleon Bonaparte—'

'Where?' said Bob, craning his head so as to look out of the window.

'Don't be silly!' and Belle continued, 'don't you suppose he 'would' be Emperor of France?'

'He was a great man,' replied Jim. 'I mean ordinary people—Cedar Creek heroes.'

'It is just as true for them,' Bob said, 'only they must wish for ordinary things. Neither of us, my boy, will ever be an emperor of France.'

'Well,' and Jim sat up; 'now let us settle this matter. You say where there's a will there's a way—you and Belle. I say there isn't, not often. Now, you make up your mind to do something particular, and find the way to do it. If you succeed, I'll give up: and if you do not, Bell can give me that motto for my room; for although it isn't true, it's very pretty.'

'And Bob, I suppose,' said Belle, 'can pay his forfeit by framing it.'

'You speak words of wisdom,' answered Jim with gravity.

'That is a very nice arrangement,' Bob exclaimed; 'I do all the work, and if I fail you get all the reward. Suppose I succeed, what will I get?'

'The reward of a good conscience,' answered Jim, with gravity.

'You must make up your mind to work for something that itself will be a reward, if you get it,' Belle said. 'That is the way these great people do; it isn't getting things for other people.'

'Yes, it is,' Bob replied. 'Now, there was Dorothea Dix. Papa was telling us only last night about her. She could have had a vary good time, I suppose, if she had been contented to stay at home, but she found how dreadfully the insane people were treated in the hospitals and almshouses, and just think how she traveled about it! She went to the places and saw for herself how they were put into horrid cells, that they were chained, starved and beaten, and she didn't go home, and say what a shame it was, and somebody ought to see that things were made better. Not she! She went right to the people who had the power to make it better, and she told them how things were, and not off in Poland, either, but under their very noses, and she told them that they were the people to make it better.'

'Yes,' and Belle's eyes lighted up, 'and when they said it wasn't their fault, but the law's, she went to the Legislature and told the men there. I think it must have been very hard, for first she had to interest them and prove it all, and then get them to work to alter the laws.'

'And such men,' said Bob scornfully 'mere politicians!'

'There, now!' said Jim, 'there is one of the things that could be done! I remember once that papa was complaining about some man who was going to Congress, and grandpa said: 'Now, Robert, thee make it thy business to see that a good man goes the next time. Thee didn't take any pains to keep this one from going, and thee has no right to complain.' I never forgot that.'

'Well,' said Belle with an air of much experience, 'I don't see why politicians should be such horrid people. I am sure Mr. Graham is a *very* nice man.'

'Of course he is,' said Bob; 'but you don't think all the men Miss Dix had to speak to were like him?'

'She didn't care for the men, Bob,' replied Belle; 'all she thought about was the crazy people, and even if the men she had to convince were not all like Mr. Graham, they had hearts.'

'What I would like to do,' Jim said, reflectively, 'would be my own work. I wouldn't want to make speeches, and persuade, and all that. I would like to sit at home and write great books, or paint wonderful pictures; and I'd send them one. I would stay at home and not be bothered with people.'

'You are lazy, Jim; that is what's the matter with you,' and Bob walked to the window. 'You think that would be easy, but you would have to work just as hard, and you would care just as much what the world would say.'

'Maybe I would,' answered Jim, 'but I wouldn't have to push myself; my picture or my book wouldn't care.'

'I tell you who I think was a hero,' said Belle, 'Beethoven—for he could not know what his work was like. If you painted a picture you could see it, and if you wrote a book you could read it; but he went on composing music, busy all day; thinking of flutes and violins, and singing voices, and he could never hear a tune. And, then he knew it was good. There was no use in neglecting him, he never gave up; he felt it was his business to write music and he did it.'

'I would have given it up,' said Jim. 'I don't see why he didn't There would have been enough excuse for him.'

'Excuse!' cried Belle in scorn, 'as if he wanted to be excused! He meant to write, and he wouldn't let anything hinder him. He made a way.'

'What surprises me,' said Jim, 'is that Bob hasn't said a word about Benjamin Franklin yet. I never before heard him speak of heroes for five minutes without saying something of him.'

'I thought of him,' said Bob, 'and I remembered one of the best things that he ever did. You know he talked and talked about paving the Philadelphia streets, and nobody saw any use in it, even when the mud was so thick that the wagons stuck fast, and people couldn't get over without getting knee-deep. Then don't you know how he stopped talking, and paved in front of his own house, and then the people began to cross there, and so after awhile somebody else paved another piece, and they began to see that it would be a good thing to pave the whole street. That is what I call finding a way.'

'The trouble is,' said Belle, 'We don't make up our minds to what we want. We just go along and take whatever we get, and we don't decide that we want something else, and mean to get it. We just wish for it.'

'Now, see here,' said Jim, 'do you think the Leewellyns are any smarter than we are? that Mr. Leewellyn is a wiser man than papa?'

'Of course not,' replied Bob, with indignation.

'Well, this is certain—in the Leewellyn family there are ever so many distinguished people.'

'Not any more so than papa. I am sure everybody knows him.'

'Yes, but they don't know uncle George, nor uncle Irwin. But all the Leewellyns are judges or generals or something.'

'Because it is the fashion in the family,' said Belle; 'they have to do something. It is expected of them.'

'And they help each other,' Jim said. 'It is very well to have a distinguished father, but suppose all your uncles and cousins are at the top of the ladder, too; don't you suppose they would help you up?'

'I don't want such help,' said Bob, 'I would rather depend on myself. But I tell you this, Jim; if we three were to make up our minds that we would not be nobodies all our lives, don't you think we would find a way to be somebodies?'

'Good or bad?' asked Jim.

'Good! I don't mean that we would be rascals; but that we would be honorable and useful, and when we died, people would miss us, and be sorry to lose us. Don't you believe we could do it?'

'Would it be much trouble?' inquired Jim.

'Yes, it would. Plenty of trouble and hard work,' replied Bob, stoutly; 'that would be 'the way.' But we are bound to have trouble, I suppose everybody says so we might as well make up our minds to it; but we also might as well get some good out of it.'

'Now isn't he wise!' said Jim, 'wise beyond his years!'

'I don't care,' said Belle, about being anything wonderful, or having a famous name; but I do think it would be worth while to have some kind of an object.'

'Haven't we?' asked Jim. 'I know I have plenty of objects.'

'Yes, but what do they amount to?' Belle replied. 'I don't think it necessary to do great things; but suppose—suppose I was to make up my mind that the Carey girls were to have all the sewing they need this winter, I could do it.'

'I think it would be a very unnecessary thing to do,' said Jim. 'I am sure they ought to do that for themselves. They are ever so much older than you are.'

'That makes no difference,' said Belle; 'they need the work, and they can sew better than most women. I know mamma thinks so. But they can not go and ask for it, as I could. Last week Madge Carey told me that Mrs. Harold had sent to New York for a dressmaker, and of course she could say nothing, but I could have begged Mrs. Harold to try Madge. I know she would like her.'

'Madge ought to ask for herself,' persisted Jim.

'But if she don't I can. There is no harm in it, and mamma says that when they are once known there will be no trouble in their getting work. You must remember they never expected all this poverty and trouble, and if they do not know how to manage they cannot be blamed. I think I will try.'

'Is there anything you would like me to do?'

'Yes, there is,' said Bob. 'You ought to help papa to catalogue his books. He said he would have to hire some one, and I know you could help him.'

'It is a great deed I want, Robert,' said Jim; 'I burn for glory! I want to start at once upon a brilliant career.'

Bob looked at his brother.

'I think,' said he, slowly, 'that I will make a good French scholar of myself.

'What special good will that do you?' asked Jim.

"I don't know,' said Bob, 'but I have a good chance just now. I am sure that this is what old Ben Franklin would have done—made the most of the chances of to-day.'

'Robert!' said Jim solemnly, 'You are a credit to your family. I am afraid you will be of some account in the world!' and with that Jim got up and left the room, while Bob seized his hat and was off to the orchard, where he saw his mother gathering harvest apples.—*Christian Union.*

AN IOWA BLATHERSKITE.—Iowa has a Greenback Congressman who has prophesied financial revolution so persistently that he is known in the State as "Calamity" Weller. His latest reported utterance is a wish for the destruction of "every grain of wheat in Iowa," since the greater the crop failures the better the prospects for the success of his party. It seems incredible that any man could be capable of expressing a wish like that, however deeply he might hold it. The abundant crops and reviving business are the destroying angels of the Greenback party, and, in a measure, of the Democratic party, too, for its criminal alliance with the enemies of financial stability and generally prosperity. In times of large of crops and active business the vote of the party in power is always increased. That is what worries the "calamity" statesmen of all parties now.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The pruning of grape-vines in the summer is rarely attempted except by professional growers. But it is a very useful practice. It keeps the vines within bounds, prevents much useless and wasteful growth which would otherwise divert the strength of the plant from the formation of fruit, and greatly improves the quality of the grapes. There is no secret about the method. With a sharp pruning-knife (which has a curved blade) slash off by a quick stroke the ends of the shoots which are intended to bear fruit, leaving those intended to make wood to grow on. If fine fruit is desired, only one bunch should be left on each spur or shoot branch; if abundance is desired more than quality, two clusters may be left. The ends of the shoots may be pinched off with the finger and thumb just as easily.—*N. Y. Times,*

Swinburne sings, 'I hid my head in a nest of roses.' Did you, Algernon, did you? That was wise of you to hide it among the roses. Now if you had covered it up in a nest of cabbages, when you come to pick it out again, you could not have told for the life of you, which head was yours. Stick to the roses, old boy, every time.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

In The Fall.

In the fall a silent sadness to the drooping
flowers cleaves,
In the fall the woodland's dreamy with the
frou-frou of the leaves—
And the whir of the partridge, etc.

In the fall the hazy gloaming with a purple
glory burns,
In the fall Miss Georgiana in the Bible places
ferns—
If she has a young man to help her gather
them.

In the fall above the valley snowy cloudlets
stretch for miles,
In the fall the Broadway windows are profuse with Paris styles—
Much to the joy of the ladies, be it said.

In the fall the merry songster leaves his
pretty summer leas,
In the fall the politician is divorced from
rolls of V's—
For reasons which require no explanation.

In the fall all breasts with reverie are buoyant and elate,
In the fall a man will fondly kiss his pretty
cousin Kate—
Or Mary Anne, as the case may be.

In the fall the soul of beauty dwells within
the gardens sere,
In the fall we all are positive that winter's
drawing near—
The other fall happenings are too numerous to mention.

—*New York Graphic.*

A BAD RECORD.

How a Democratic Marshal in Georgia Transacts Business.

Fitzsimmons and His Peculiarly Democratic Methods.

Special Correspondence of the Inter Ocean.

SAVANNAH, Ga., July 30.—I see there is a prospect that the Confederate Marshal of Georgia is to be investigated. I know what the result will be. He will be discovered to be the biggest kind of a fraud. The proprietors of the *Constitution* newspaper made the bond for the Marshal. They must have known the modes he was pursuing to increase the emoluments of his office. I have wondered that they did not interfere and compel him to travel within the law in his grabbings. I understand his plea for his peculiar charges is that his predecessors did the same things—charging for guards never employed, for miles never traveled, and for meals never eaten. This article from the *Constitution*, would seem to imply that they think the place a good one:

Mosby has unearthed the fact that there has been considerable stealing at Hong Kong by the United States officials in the consulate. This extensive guerilla is apparently attempting to make himself odious to the administration and to all good Republicans. He should have shown his devotion to the principles of his party by beginning to steal where his predecessors left off.

It is barely possible, but not probable, that Fitzsimmons and his backers thought that he could begin "to steal where his predecessors left off," with impunity. I do not believe his predecessors pursued the course which the Confederate Marshal adopted. I think if any of his predecessors did these things, it was away back yonder when the South ruled everywhere. Let me give a few cases where the Confederate Marshal

INCREASED HIS LAWFUL ALLOWANCE:

Samuel Evans, of Milledgeville, was arrested for violating the revenue laws. He had Walter Paine, a Milledgeville official, and a clever young man, go to Savannah as a witness in his case. Evans did not need guarding, and had no guard; but the vouchers filed by the Marshal show that there was a guard, and that his name was Walter Paine, and the Marshal collected $19 for Paine as guard. Paine has filed an affidavit setting forth the fact that he was a witness and not a guard, and never so acted.

Peter Meadows, of Milledgeville, was arrested for illicit distilling. In his case, L. J. Lamar, a deputy United States marshal, is put down on the voucher, and charged for as a guard. Lamar has filed oath that he was not a guard, and was never asked to perform any such duty.

Jefferson Prescott, of Screven County, was waited on by a deputy marshal, living in his vicinity, with a warrant charging him with illicit distilling. Prescott swears that the deputy asked him to meet him in Savannah four days after, and that he came to Savannah by himself at the appointed time, and had to hunt around one whole day before he found a deputy warranted to take him in charge. He came by himself, wholly unguarded; but the vouchers show he was accompanied by John McKinney and John Smith, as deputy marshals, and H. Elkins as guard. Prescott swears that it is seventy-five miles from his place to Savannah. The Marshal collected for 140 miles each for the two marshals, guard and prisoner.

Jas. F. Chapman, of Wayne County, Ga., was arrested by a deputy marshal, at whose request Chapman paid fare and expenses himself and the witnesses to be used by the prosecution, and he has not yet got the money back which he advanced for his own prosecution.

R. D. Dixon, of Laurens County, was arrested by the marshal, and invited to meet him in Savannah. He started by himself, traveling to Macon in his own conveyance. At Midville, half way to Savannah, the deputy marshal came aboard the same train, and they came on down together. No meals were furnished, nor was Dixon in charge until he reached Savannah, if he was more than nominally in charge at all. Yet the voucher shows that the marshals, guards, and meals were paid for, as in the other cases.

Now, I respectfully submit, that if Fitzsimmons intended to begin "to steal where his predecessors left off," he is piling it on rather deep for a new beginner. It seems to come too natural-like for an acquired habit. I have only given you a few cases, merely as samples. The investigation, if it is as thorough as I apprehend it will be, will show that Fitzsimmons' successor will have his hands full if he begins to steal where the latter left off, and attempts to keep the office up to the Confederate standard. I am not done with this branch of the subject. This will do for to-day.

CHATHAM.

SENATOR HOWE'S LETTER.

Opinions of the Republican Press.

In addition to what we have already published from the Omaha *Republican* and other papers, showing how Mr. Howe's recent letter is regarded by the Republican press of the State, generally, we find the following:

Hon. Church Howe, of Nemaha county, in reply to a written request of some of the prominent Independents of that county, has written a letter giving his reasons for rejoining the ranks of the Republican party. He reviews the history of the two great parties of the country. Democratic and Republican, and makes out a strong case in favor of entrusting the safety and prosperity of the nation. To the Republicans rather than to the Democrats, or any new fangled party of visionary schemes and wild and unmanageable hobbies.—*Humboldt Sentinel.*

The Beatrice *Courier* thinks that Church Howe's letter contains "pretty good reasons" for his replighted Republican faith.

Church Howe has had the hay seed raked out of his hair, and the Crete *Union* says the rebs. did it with their states' rights machine.

The Plattsmouth *Enterprise* pronounces Church Howe's letter "open, sound, manly and sensible, just such as might be expected from Senator Howe."

In a two-column letter Church Howe tells his old "pards" of the Independent party in Nemaha county why he returned to the arms of the Republican party. The principal reason, as we gather from his letter, was that the Republican party needed him.—*Beatrice Express.*

We publish to-day the letter of Church Howe to his "Independent" friends of Nemaha county, giving the reason for his return to the ranks of republicanism. The letter is concise, and is a political document of no little importance. Its influence must of necessity be considerable, not only in Nemaha county, but in the entire state as well. The Hon. Church Howe has long been recognized as one of the ablest and most astute politicians in Nebraska, and republicanism receives a noteworthy addition in his return to the ranks.—*Omaha News.*

Sheridan *Post:* We publish the Hon. Church Howe's letter in explanation of his course in returning to the Republican party, and we commend it to all as a letter worth reading and pondering. We welcome Mr. Howe and all those who followed him in the Independent movement, back to the party where we think they ought always to have remained. One thing we certainly admire in the course of Mr. Howe—he went out of the party like a man, before the nominations were made, instead of remaining until after nominations were made, and then bolting as did some of the would-be leaders of the party at present in this county who now would refuse to recognize Mr. Howe as a Republican.

Nebraska City *Press:* The *Press* has received a marked copy of the Brownville ADVERTISER containing a letter from the pen of Hon. Church Howe setting forth his reasons for returning to the Republican party.

They are many and varied; able and conclusive. Mr. Howe tells why he and the farmers of the rural districts organized, not against Republicans, not against the Democrats, but to protect themselves. Having acomplished great good locally and destroyed a bonded indebtedness of eighty thousand dollars, placing Nemaha county upon as good, if not the best financial basis of any in the state, he deems the present the right time for the affairs of the general government to be cared for and given "the same earnest attention and devotion that we have given to local ones."

He argues upon the hypothesis that there are but two parties—Republican and Democrat—and that the latter nearly bankrupted the government by bad faith, and secession; "has been tried and found wanting," while on the other hand "the Republican party in eighteen years of power has freed four million of people from slavery; it has put down the greatest armed rebellion ever known; it has given to the whole people equal rights, and guaranteed equal protection; it has forgiven them who were in rebellion, and welcomed them back to brotherhood and citizenship; it has carried the country safely through the crisis of hard times; it has reduced the war debt one-fourth and refunded it in 4 per cent. bonds, selling them at par in gold; it has made our country respected and honored above all other nations; it has made our promises to pay as good as gold; it has given homes to the homeless and land to the landless, and has brought us at last into plain sight of peace, plenty and prosperity."

How to Have a Horse Shod.

Probably there is no man in this country whose advice about anything pertaining to horses is of more value than that of the Rev. W. H. H. Murry. He is widely known as a great lover of horses and as a studious observer of their habits, and whatever he may have to say in regard to their treatment will be read with confidence. In a recent paper, which we find published in the *American Agriculturist*, Mr. Murry attacks the method usually adopted by blacksmiths in shoeing horses as needlessly cruel, and in many cases seriously injurious. The nails, he says, should be much smaller than than they are, and should be driven in more gently than is custom. There is no good reason why the smith should strike a blow at the nail with as much force as he would deliver a blow at the head of a spike in an oak beam. A man who does not wish to run the risk of permanently laming his horse should insist when having him shod that the smith shall drive the nails slowly and steadily instead of using violence. Some horseshoers go at their work as though it were a matter of life and death to get the nails entirely set in at two blows of the hammer. With such work there is great danger of doing irreparable injury to the horse's foot, as, in case the nail is badly pointed and gets out of proper line of direction, it is likely to be driven far into the flesh before the error is discovered. In clinching the nails gentleness should also be exercised, and the smith should never be allowed to touch the outer surface of the hoof with a rasp, for in that case the thin coat of enamel, the object of which is to protect the inner membrane and fibre from exposure to water and atmosphere, would be destroyed with injurious results. In short, Mr. Murray advises that horses be shod just as human beings are, with a view to their comfort and pretection, and he insists that it is the duty of every person who owns or has the charge of a horse to see that the smith who shoes him understands his business.

The Ancient Bow.

The ancient bow was the height of the archer using it. The arrow was half as long as the bow, and the force needed to draw a fitting arrow to the head on a bow six feet long was from sixty to ninety pounds. Such an arrow was called a "cloth-yard shaft," from the measure, a cloth yard, or three feet. Arrows were made of ash, oak and yew, weight from twenty to twenty-four pennyweights, were tipped with steel and feathered with goose feathers. The strings were of plaited silk. The power of flight, correctness of aim, and the penetration of these missiles were prodigious. In shooting matches 300 yards was the common range, and the ordinary mark was a straight willow or hazel rod, as thick as a man's thumb, and five feet long; and such a mark a good archer held it a shame to miss. At 200 yards no armor but the best Spanish or Milan steel plate could resist the English arrow, and the legends of men and horses shot through and through are proved by corslets of the stoutest plate, preserved in several collections, where the shafts have been driven through the breastplate and the whole body of the wearer and then through the steel back-plate, not inferior in strength to the breastplate. In shooting the bow was held perpendicularly at arm's length, and the bowstring drawn back until the arrow feathers were opposite the right ear.

A Warning to Pinchers.

London Court Circular.

A dignitary of the Church was dining out. Of the two ladies between whom he was seated the one on the right-hand side was an intimate acquaintance, and noticing that her distinguished neighbor was silent and preoccupied, said to him, *sotto voce:* "I am afraid you are not very well this evening; you do not seem in your usual spirits." "Well," said the dignitary, "I am in rather a nervous state of mind about my health, and have a sort of presentiment that a serious illness is hanging over me. I am conscious of a peculiar numbness all over my right side, which seems to forbode an attack of paralysis." His fair companion expressed her hope that such fears were ill-founded. "Ah, no," he replied, "I'm afraid there's no doubt of it, for I have been pinching my right leg all dinner time, and can elicit no responsive feeling whatever. The limb seems quite dead to all feeling." "Oh," exclaimed the lady, briskly, and with an expression of intense relief on her face, "if that is all which troubles you, I think I can at once relieve your mind from anxiety, for the leg you have been pinching all the evening is mine."

SHADOWS OF A COMING EVENT.—Mr. Foster, in his race for Congress last year, gained 2,221 on the Tilden vote in his Congressional district. General Ewing, in his district, fell 368 behind the Tilden vote. In the two districts the Democrats suffered a loss of 2,589 votes, through the popularity of Foster and the distrust of Ewing. Something of the kind will happen in all the Congressional Districts of Ohio this fall.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Wasn't to Be Taken In.

There was a strapping-big young fellow from the interior at the foot of Woodward avenue yesterday to see the shipping. Several bootblacks had tackled him for a job in vain, and they finally got together behind some bunches of shingles, and went into committee of the whole to concoct a scheme for revenge. As a result, an innocent-looking shiner sidled up to the stranger and said:

"See here, Johnnie, I've made a bet with the boys."

"Wall, I don't keer," was the cold-hearted answer.

"I've made a bet that I can shine one o' them shoes o' your'n in less'n four minits," continued the boy. "The bet is a quarter, and I know you'll gin me a chance to win it. Jist stick out your foot here, and the job won't cost ye a cent."

The stranger slowly consented, and held his watch to time the work. The lad worked fast, and he had a good polish on the shoe in about three minutes. When through, he rose up, packed away his brushes, and the stranger found himself in just the fix the boys had planned. They expected an offer to complete the job, but it did not come. After a moment devoted to thought, the young man descended the steps to the Harbor Master's boat, reaching out his leg for the water, and "souse" went the shiny shoe below the surface.

"I reckon," said the stranger, as he pulled in his leg and let half a gallon of water run out of his shoe, "I reckon you boys think you're smart, but none of our family ever mistook salaratus for salsody, and I didn't come to town to have my hair cut with a buzz-saw?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The "Convention Democrats" of Yazoo are now trying to make it appear that Henry M. Dixon was a double-dyed villain because he dared to run as an Independent Democratic candidate for Sheriff. A few years ago this same Dixon was one of the most active leaders of the bull-dozers who intimidated and shot colored Republicans for attempting to vote the Republican ticket, and his fellow-bull-dozers were so pleased with his skill and industry that they gave him a massive silver pitcher, bearing the following significant inscription:

To
The Bravest of the Brave.
Capt. Henry M. Dixon.

Presented to him by his Democratic fellow-citizens of Yazoo County, as an humble testimonial of their high appreciation of his brilliant services in the redemption of the county from Radical rule in 1875.

What will they say to Barksdale?

Three engaged young couples indulged in a game of croquet, at the South End, one evening last week, and before the game was half concluded, one of the young men swore four times under his breath, another had called his bethrothed a cheat, one of the young ladies had styled an opponent a mean thing, another was in hysterics, and when the winning side had each in turn touched the home stake, it was found that three mallets, a bunion on the eldest lady's foot and all three engagements were broken. Croquet is an awful wicked game.—*Rockland Courier.*

A father said to an old acquaintance who came to condole with him on the unmanageableness of his two sons, who had committed a burglary in the next town and both had been sentenced to prison; "It is pretty rough on me to have them both go to onet, but there is one thing to it—when it comes night now you know where them boys be."

Tell's chapel by the Lake of Lucerne has been demolished, the frescoes being removed with tolerable success, and the new building will be commenced. The bell bears the date 1590 and figures of the three confederates swearing with raised right hands.

"Do you mean to call me a liar?" asks a ferocious old gentleman. "Well, no, not exactly," temporizes his young friend; "but if I saw you in the company of Ananias and Sapphira, I should say you were in the bosom of your family."

There are, according to the Dubuque (Iowa) *Herald*, over 1,000,000,000 logs afloat on the Chippewa, Menominee and Black Rivers. The mills, it thinks, will have all they can do for the next two years.

Priest: You drunken sot! The very beasts in the field give you a lesson? They leave off when they have quenched their thirst. Paddy: Yes, yer riv'rence. But where did the bastes iver come across a strame o' whisky?

Customer: "What did you think of the bishop's sermon on Sunday, Mr. Wigsby?" Hairdresses: "Well, really sir, there was a gent a sittin' in front o' me as 'ad his 'air parted that crooked that I couldn't 'ear a word.

The following laconic epitaph, carved on a Spanish tombstone, should be behind the Tilden vote. In the two districts the Democrats suffered a loss of 2,589 votes, through the popularity of Foster and the distrust of Ewing. Something of the kind will happen in all the Congressional Districts of Ohio this fall.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

"Why," asks a newspaper, "is intoxication so common in summer?" Because it's sot weather.