THE ADVERTISER

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

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,

Publishers and Proprietors.

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W. A. JENKINS, A. H. GILMORE.....2nd Ward
LEWIS HILL, E. HUDDART.....3rd Ward

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Churches.

Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School at 2½ p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. R. P. Wilson, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:45 p. m. Sabbath School after morning services. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7:45 o'clock. W. J. Weaver, Pastor.

Christ's Church.—Services every Sunday, a[illegible] Sunday School at 2 p. m. Rev. Mayne [illegible] charge.

Mt. Pleasant Baptist and Presbyterian.—Church for [illegible] Services [illegible] R. J. Johnson, Pastor.

Christian Church.—[illegible] Elder, Preaching every [illegible] at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Bible Reading and Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Elder [illegible] preaches the second Sunday evening each month.

Catholic.—Services every 4th Sunday of each month, at 10 o'clock a. m. Father Cummisky, Priest.

Temple of Honor.

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.

Juvenile Temple, meets every Saturday afternoon. Miss Grace Stewart, C. T.; Miss Mary Hacker, Sec; Mrs. I. S. Munck, Supt.

Red Ribbon Club

Meets the first Tuesday of each month. B. M. Bailey, Pres.; A. H. Gilmore, Sec.

I. O. of O. F.

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

Nemaha City Lodge No. 40, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Saturday. Philip Crother, N. G.; T. C. Khasey, R. Secy.

Knights of Pythias.

Excelsior Lodge No. 15, K. P.—Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited. E. Huddart, C. C. E. Lowman, K. of R. S.

Masonic.

Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M. Stated meetings "Saturday on or before the full of each moon." Lodge room open every Saturday evening for lectures, instruction and social intercourse. J. C. McNaughton, W. M. R. F. Sonder, Sec.

Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M.—Stated meetings second Thursday of each month. A. R. Davison, M. E. H. P. R. T. Rainey, Sec.

Mt. Carmel Commandery No. 3, K. T.—Stated meetings second Monday in each month. R. W. Furnas, S. C.; A. W. Nickell, Rec.

Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63, K. R. C. R. & C.—Meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Mondays. R. W. Furnas, M. P. Sov. R. T. Rainey, Secretary.

Adah Chapter No. 2.—Order of the Eastern Star. Stated meetings third Monday in each month. Mrs. E. C. Handley, W. M.

Societies.

County Fair Association.—R. A. Hawley, President; John Arp, Vice President; S. A. Osborn, Secretary; [illegible] Treasurer. Managers—[illegible] Cochran, F. E. Johnson, T. [illegible] J. W. Gavit.

Library Association.—B. M. Bailey, Pres.; A. H. [illegible] C. H. Hoover.

Cheese Factory.—J. C. McNaughton, Prest. J. B. [illegible]

Ruby Domestic Association.—W. T. Rogers, Pres.; [illegible] Hacker, Sec. and Treas.

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☞ Stage office for all points East, West, North & South. Omnibuses to and connect with all trains.
SAMPLE ROOM ON FIRST FLOOR.

"A FLAT."

A Story of College Life.

Arthur Hoyt looked at himself in the glass curiously, and without self-love or self-prejudice. He saw there a frank, good-natured face, a pair of blue eyes and a mass of curly brown hair. As far as he could judge, there was nothing particularly out of the way with his countenance.

'Say, Dick,' he began, to his room-mate, who was puzzling over a page of Xenophon, 'I've been taking account of stock, and I don't see anything unpardonably wrong about my features. They are not angular enough to be called sharp, nor level enough to be justly called flat; so I can't exactly see the suitableness of the expression which has somehow come to be my college cognomen.'

'Don't be a fool,' growled Dick, without looking up from his book.

'I've always been a great stickler for the fitness of things, eternal and temporal,' continued Arthur, 'and if to be 'a flat' is really applicable as a correct description of the impression my personal appearance makes on my companions, all right! I'd as soon respond to that name as any other; but if it's not mine, then, old fellow, it's got to be stopped!'

'If you'd rob hen-roosts, and steal the housekeeper's preserves, and lay traps to trip up old men and women, and raise Cain generally, you'd be the most popular fellow in college,' said Dick, with a disdainful grimace, still with his eyes fixed on his book. 'They let me alone, you see, because I don't care a hang for 'em, and because they know I'm poor as poverty and as dull as a hard-shell clam. You get ahead of 'em in class. I'm always in the rear. You have money to subscribe to everything there is going, and you refuse to spend it in riotous living. I haven't any money, and, therefore, I'm of no consequence. Whoever says that there isn't compensation for everything don't know what he's talking about.'

'You're a patient old soldier,' said Arthur, with a merry laugh, 'and I wish I had some of your philosophy! But, the fact is, every time I'm called 'a flat,' I feel the fight tingling all over me. I am afraid that some time my fists will become unmanageable.'

'I guess not!' Dick replied. 'You'd only get yourself in a worse muss, besides having something to be sorry for all the days of your life, perhaps! But there's the bell, and I'm all out of the bolt-ropes, as usual.'

'But there's a row in camp!' said Arthur's right-hand neighbor, as the young men took their seats in the class. 'Some of the boys scared old Mrs. Allen into a fit last night, and they say it's a 'liner.' Nobody thinks she'll pull through. One of the fellows dressed up in white, and rode the old woman's cow clear into the kitchen. They let out the pig, and stoned the house, and broke her windows, and goodness knows what they didn't do. There won't be any show for the boys that cut up those capers.'

'Well, there oughn't to be!' said Arthur, indignantly.

Just then the Greek professor entered the class-room, and, after surveying the students a moment, said, with great seriousness:

'I am requested by the President to say to Arthur Hoyt and Richard Denham that they are to repair at once to the library, where the faculty of this college wait to see them.'

'All right, sir,' responded Arthur, pleasantly. Conscious integrity made him bold. Dick arose slowly, and walked out in his usual dogged manner.

'Say, 'A flat,' you're in for it!' said one of the class, in a low tone, as the young man passed him. 'Your turn has come now, 'A flat!'' said another. 'Mebbe you won't be so high and mighty now you're found out at last!'

'What do you suppose it is?' Dick inquired, as he came up with Arthur.

'Some contemptible trick of the boys,' said Arthur; 'but we shall soon know. Brace up, old fellow, for here we are.'

A few words sufficed to put the visitors in possession of all they wanted to know. After a few preliminary remarks, such as having been led to expect better things from the young men before him, the President produced a large silk handkerchief, with 'Arthur Hoyt' plainly marked in one corner.

'Does this belong to you, Hoyt?' the President inquired.

'It does, sir,' replied Arthur, pleasantly.

'And is this yours?' the gentleman asked of Dick, presenting a crooked stick or cane, which the young man was accustomed to carry on long walks.

'That's mine, sir,' said Dick.

'And here is a cuff with 'A. Hoyt' marked on it,' the President continued, 'torn from the wrist, probably, in the pleasant excitement of frightening an innocent old woman into a fit. I shall be compelled to hold your property, sirs, until such time as the law of the college or the law of the State shall be passed upon you. Mrs. Allen is not expected to live.'

'I am very sorry, sir,' said Arthur, respectfully; 'and I am sure Dick is, too; but what sort of justice is this that takes our guilt so entirely for granted? Your evidence is simply circumstantial, sir, and I wish to say here that I was never on Mrs. Allen's premises in my life, and I am quite sure Denham never was.'

'I never was,' said Dick, with characteristic doggedness, 'and I never expect to be.'

'What would you say, Hoyt, if I were to tell you that one of the professors saw you there last night?' inquired the President.

'I should say, sir,' Arthur responded, quickly, 'that the professor was greatly mistaken; but if you were to tell me that one of the students saw me there, I should say that student lied.'

There was a straightforwardness in the attitude of these suspected young men that was irresistible, still everything was against them. The old woman had testified that morning that she head the names of Hoyt and Denham pronounced more than once the night before. The conspiracy was well arranged, nothing, so far as known, having been left out in its calculation. Arthur was in his room alone all the previous evening, but, as he thought it over, there was absolutely no one to testify to this fact. Dick had taken one of his long walks into the country, returning at ten o'clock. There was no way of proving this, either, for Dick had not spoken to a soul, and there was literally no way by which he could prove an alibi. Nothing more could be said at present, and Arthur and his chum withdrew and passed slowly along to their room, as the President had ordered. On their way they met several students, who, it was plain to be seen, were waiting for them to leave the library.

'You can't most always tell a flat from a sharp,' said one of the number, a young man who had been particularly offensive in his manner to Arthur. 'We have all been mistaken in your character, my boy,. I take notice that when these goody-goody fellows do take it into their soft pates to cut up, they generally beat the rest of us all hollow in the meanness of their efforts.'

Arthur's face was scarlet, and his hands worked nervously. He was full of desire to knock this fellow down, and, under the exasperating circumstances, it was hardly to be wondered at; but the young man had been trained in a different school, so he valiantly turned on his heel and left his enemy without a word. 'Valiantly' is the proper term to describe Arthur Hoyt's behavior in this crisis. It would have taken physical strength only—and Arthur had plenty of that—to have flogged Steve Cary, the young man who had just publicly insulted him, but it required real valor to turn away without either word or blow. That afternoon the tidings of the death of Mrs. Allen threw the college into terrible excitement. Officers were promptly on hand, and Arthur and Dick were subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. The Coroner's jury would convene the next morning, and until then, at any rate, the two young men were prisoners. The detective who had charge of them was a good-natured fellow, and, after asking all sorts of questions, relevant and irrelevant, as it seemed to his companions, he finally said with a chuckle:

'They may be pretty smart up here in this college, but they've got the wrong pigs by the ears this time. Say, boys, come out for a walk! I can keep an eye on you just as well out doors as in the house, and mebbe it 'ill chirp you up a bit.'

So out they went, the detective asking all sorts of questions, it seemed to his companions for no other purpose than to make conversation. As they drew near the lake, a large and very deep sheet of water, Arthur saw that Cary was out in his—Arthur's—tiny, shallow shell of a boat.

'He'll have to be more careful, or he'll upset, as sure as fate!' said Arthur, more to himself than those about him.

''Twould be a pity to have him drown now!' growled Dick. 'Great heavens! there he goes!'

Arthur, who had been watching the boat and its occupant, threw off his coat and his boots, and, before the detective could lay a hand on him, he had plunged into the water, and was making with all his might for the drowning man. Cary could not swim, and when Arthur reached him he had come to the surface the second time. It required almost superhuman strength to bring him in, but the brave swimmer succeeded, and for a moment Arthur lay, panting and exhausted, beside the inanimate form he had snatched from the water. A half hour later, the still unconscious young man was borne to the college. Arthur, forgetting that he was a prisoner, did all in his power toward his enemy's restoration. As they removed his coat, a large Russian-leather pocketbook dropped to the floor, and this Arthur took into his posession.

'You had better change your clothes at once, Hoyt!' a kind voice said, after all had been done. Arthur turned, and saw the President.

'All right, sir,' said the young man, presenting Cary's pocketbook. 'I was afraid this might fall into improper hands, sir. It seems very full of papers.'

'I hope I haven't wronged you,' said the President, with considerable feeling.

'Rather hope that you have, sir,' said Arthur, with a smile; 'if you have wronged us, then we are innocent, you know; but, whatever the result, I shall always feel that you have acted according to your best judgment.'

That evening, as Arthur, Dick and the detective sat in their room, waiting for they knew not what, a knock on the door was followed by the entrance of the President.

'Officer,' he said, with trembling voice, 'you can go to the parlor, if you please. These young men are not guilty, therefore they require no guard.'

'I knew that afore,' said the detective, as he hastily left the room.

'The pocketbook you gave me, Arthur,' the President began, 'has solved the mystery. There was but one student engaged in that miserable affair, and he has passed to his account,' he continued reverently. 'He was joined by some young men from the city—what young men we shall probably never find out. I should have been more careful, boys,' and now the tears rolled down the good man's face. 'I have cleared your name before the whole college, and that is all I can do. Even with poor Cary dead upstairs, your friends and your enemies joined in a hearty cheer of good-will when I told them what I thought necessary.'

Somehow it came to pass from that day till the day Arthur Hoyt left college he was never again called 'A flat.'

A Smart Woman.

The other morning a citizen called at a hardware store on Woodward Avenue and said he wanted a key to a certain door in his house, and he took up and carried away almost the first key handed out to him. On his way down town after dinner he stopped and exchanged the key for another, explaining that the first wouldn't fit. These exchanges took place twice a day for the next four days, the citizen being unable to get hold of a key to fit. On the sixth day he drove up to the store with a door on a dray, and calling to the proprietor he said:

'Bring your box of keys out here and we'll get a fit to that lock. Here I have been running back and forth for about a week, and I might not have got a fit for a whole month if my wife had not suggested that I bring the door down here. Some of these women are mighty smart.'

'But why didn't you take off the lock and bring it down in your pocket?' said the dealer.

The buyer looked at him in a vacant way, stared hard at the door, and sat down on the curbstone with the remark:

'It's a wonder that the whole family wasn't sent to the fool-house ten years ago!'

A practical writer in the Grange *Bulletin* advises the cutting back of peach trees in early spring to induce a strong growth of new wood for the next year's fruit. He also advises the thinning out of fruit. His plan is to thin out when the fruit is about the size of cherries, leaving the peaches five or six inches apart on the limbs. This vigorous thinning not only largely increases the size of the fruit, but entirely transforms its character, making it rich, juicy and melting. An equally important result is the great vigor of the tree. The pulp of the fruit does not exhaust the vitality of the trees nearly so much as the production of a number of half-formed specimens of little value. The thinning should be done before the stone is formed, or the fruit will have drawn largely upon the vitality of the tree. Early varieties require the most thinning.

While a negro was digging a well at Albany, Ga., last week, he suddenly yelled at the top of his voice to be drawn up, which was promptly done, and he was taken out trembling and panting, with eyes white as cotton and big as saucers. Investigation showed a swift under-ground stream, rushing along underneath the spot where the negro had been digging. There was only a thin crust of earth between the negro and the stream, and it suddenly began to give way. The darkey could see and hear the water rushing below him, and firmly believed that he was about to be plunged into the veritable Styx and hurried along to the Plutonian shore. His tools sunk in the water and were lost.

They walked out of the theater arm in arm. She was as dainty as a Princess, and prettier than an opening flower. The long, soft white feather hung gracefully to her shoulder, and her long, delicate, slender hand held a sumptuous fan. He looked pretty spoony himself, but he felt good. 'How did you like the opera pet?' he faintly inquired, and the delicious little angel looked up into his face, and, while the gas-beams lighted up the bit of court-plaster on her chin, replied: 'It's the boss!'

'See!' said a reverend gentleman, 'here is an illustration. At one time I should have sworn awfully at this fly—but, look now.' Raising his hand, he said, gently, 'Go away, fly, go away.' But the fly only tickled his nose the more. The reverend gentlemen, raising his hand with some vehemence, made a grab at the offender, and, being successful, opened it to throw the insect from him, when, in extreme disgust, he exclaimed: 'Why, d—n it, it's a wasp!'

The three proudest moments of a man's life, between the cradle and the grave, are when he gets his first pair of red-top boots, when the girls first call him 'Mister,' and when the doctor tells him it's a boy.

Useful Hints.

A CEMENT of one part sand, two parts ashes and three parts clay, mixed with oil, makes a very hard and durable substance like stone, and is said to resist the weather almost like marble.

RUBBING THE TAIL BY HORSES.—Washing the rump and roots of the tail, both on top and underneath, with strong vinegar at least twice a day, and giving a small portion of tobacco, well broken up, in the feed, will usually cure this vice in a few days. In some cases it is a good plan to nail a piece of plug tobacco in a corner of the feed box, and let the animal bite at it at will. Where ascarides or pin-worms cause the irritation and trouble, tobacco is as good a vermifuge as can be used. It has the merit of rarely, if ever failing.

TOUGH STEAK.—Instead of pounding, cut it with a sharp knife, making fine parallel cuts on either side until every part has been crossed and recrossed. Press it together and lay on a wire broiler. Hold close to the fire until each side is seared to retain the juice, then turn and tend with the utmost care. Place the steak upon a hot platter and season with bits of butter, pepper and salt.

MOTHS may be kept out of carpets by shaking them thoroughly at house-cleaning time, after which the frequent use of the broom with an occasional sprinkling of camphor gum or insect-powder, and plenty of sunlight will exterminate them.

TO CLEAN CISTERN WATER.—Add two ounces powdered alum and two ounces borax to a twenty-barrel cistern of rain water that is blackened or oily, and in a few hours the sediment will settle and the water be clarified and fit for washing and even for cooking purposes.

TO MAKE CLOTH WATERPROOF.—Any kind of cloth may be rendered waterproof by the following simple and inexpensive mixture: To one ounce of melted white wax add one quart of spirits of turpentine. When thoroughly mixed and cold, dip the cloth in it and hang it up to dry.

HOME MADE YEAST POWDER.—One quart of fresh buttermilk made up with corn meal to a stiff batter, with a teacupful of yeast. Let it rise; then add enough flour to make it a stiff dough; let it rise a second time; put it on dishes or boards to dry in the shade; rub it up, and keep it in a bag. To one quart of flour put one tablespoonful of yeast powder.

ROAST ONION.—They should be roasted with all the skin on till tender throughout; they may be served alone, with only salt and cold butter, or with roast potatoes or beet roots.

BOILED hams should stand in the water in which they are cooked until cold. Remove the lid for the steam to escape.

FOR making floors, the following method is said to produce very desirable results: Four parts coarse gravel, or broken stone and sand, and one part each of lime and cement, are mixed in a shallow box, and well shoveled over from end to end. The sand, gravel and cement are mixed together dry. The lime is slacked separately and mixed with just mortar enough to cement it well together. Six or eight incher of the mixture is then put on the bottom, and when well set another coating is put on, consisting of one part cement and two of sand. This will answer for making the bottom of a cistern that is to be cemented up directly upon the ground without a lining of bricks. This will also form a very good cellar floor.—*Iron Age.*

FRIED CABBAGE.—Cut the cabbage very fine, on a slaw cutter, if possible; salt and pepper, stir well, and let stand five minutes. Have an iron kettle smoking hot, drop one tablespoonful of lard into it, then the cabbage, stirring quite briskly until quite tender; send to table immediately. One half cup sweet cream, and three tablespoons vinegar—the vinegar to be added after the cream has been well stirred, and after it is taken from the stove, is an agreeable change. When properly done an invalid or babe can eat it without injury, and there is no offensive odor from cooking it. Or, take cold boiled cabbage, cut it up, add a little melted butter, salt and pepper to taste, with three or four tablespoonfuls of cream. Put it into a buttered fry pan and stir until it is very hot; then let it stand long enough to brown slightly at the bottom. Serve hot.

A Western Juryman.

It was out West, in one of those local courts where a friendly, talkative way marks the intercourse between judges, juries, counsel and clients. A man of the law, after developing considerable eloquence and perspiration in behalf of a prisoner, perorated by saying: 'Gentlemen, after what I have stated to you, is this man guilty? *Can* he be guilty? *Is* he guilty?'

Greatly to his disgust, the foreman of the jury, after a copious expectoration, replied: 'You just wait a little, old hoss, and we'll tell you.'

As the poker-player would say: 'Foreman had the age, and counselor passed out.'—'*Editor's Drawer,*' *in Harper's Magazine.*

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be!

General Grant as a Patriot.

General Clark E. Carr delivered the oration before the late Soldiers' Reunion at Princeville, Ill., a few days ago, and in the course of his address gave the following reminiscence of General Grant:

It was my privilege as an officer upon the staff of our great war Governor to see much of the soldiers of Illinois. With him I visited the armies, and I had something to do with the organization of our regiments. I remember a quiet gentleman who had a desk for a short time in the office at Springfield. He was unobtrusive, seldom speaking unless consulted, so much so that men frequently came into the office and went away without his being observed. But when he was called upon, it was quickly perceived that he had a remarkably clear head. That quiet man is without doubt today deservedly the foremost man in the world. Kings and princes, and they who are above all rulers and potentates, the common people of the whole world, have delighted to honor him. I saw him frequently during the war. I believe I met him at the time of one of the most important epochs of his life. It was at Pittsburg Landing a short time after the battle. I was then with Governor Yates after a steamboat load of sick and wounded Illinois soldiers. Gen. Grant came on board at the invitation of the Governor to dine with us. Many of us remember the criticisms upon him after the battle of Shiloh. General Halleck, who commanded the military division, came in person and assumed command of that army. While Grant was still nominally in command, he really had no command at all. Thomas, Pope, and Buell commanded the right, left, and center. General Halleck issued his orders directly to them, and General Grant had no command except of his personal staff. It was a most humiliating position. He was regarded by the whole army as in disgrace. I heard high officers say that if they were in his place they would resign. How many would have thrown up their commission and have gone home? General Grant did not enlist as a general of the armies. He was willing to take any position, that of the humblest private soldier; he was determined to remain at his post. He wrote to his superior that he would cheerfully give his best services in any position, the humblest if necessary, to his country. He was never more cheerful than on that afternoon. He remained with us several hours smoking and talking. He seemed rather pleased than otherwise, that the burden of command was upon other shoulders, and yet he did all in his power to assist General Halleck. I thought of that day when, about the time the war closed, I saw him at Washington, the General-in-chief of all the armies of the United States, and General Halleck occupying the position of Chief of Staff. I have often thought that there was scarcely any achievment in General Grant's life of great achievments, which shows the sublimity of his character in a more marked degree, then when at Pittsburg Landing. General Halleck was in command of the army and he was in disgrace. He has not been spoiled by all the honors showered upon him. He will return to his native land the same quiet, unobtrusive gentleman he was when in the office at Springfield. If permitted by the consciousness of patriotic duty, he will spend the remaining years allotted to him as the most honored private citizen of the republic; but should the welfare of his country require the sacrifice, the same patriotism which has been the guiding star of his whole life, cannot fail in influencing him to again respond to the call of his countrymen, and assume the burdens of the most responsible position within their gift.

James G. Blaine.

Senator Blaine was asked recently how it came about that he, a Western Pennsylvanian by birth and education, made his start in business and politics in the far East. He said it was all owing to his wife. Her mother, who lived in Augusta, fell dangerously ill, and Mr. and Mrs. Blaine made a journey to be at her bedside. While in Augusta, Mr. Blaine, then quite a young man, learned that the *Kennebec Journal*, an old established weekly paper, was for sale. He formed a partnership with one of the old editors of the paper, bought out the principal owner, and thus obtained a foothold in Maine. The paper was prosperous, and was the foundation of Blaine's success. When he left it, he did so because he was convinced that the ownership of the organ of the Republican party was an obstacle instead of a help to him in his political career.

There is not to-day, we believe, a single man occupying a gubernatorial chair in the late rebellious States, who was not in active, overt and conspicuous participation in the rebellion. Most of them were in the army. Blackburn earned his scars and his reward by practices about as civilized as the atrocities of a wild Indian, who counts with glee his scalps of women and children.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

A Party Without a Country.

The history of the most wretched man ever conceived in the imagination of the novelists is told in the story of "A Man Without a Country." No nationality; no land he calls his own; no part of the human family in whose achievements he could feel pride; no flag and no home. But what is the Greenback party now but a party without a country? If it has a hope, it is that the United States will meet disaster. Bad crops here, prostration of industry, closing of shops and mills, multiplication of tramps, filling of poor-houses and jails, increase of losses and of suffering—these are the only arguments which can help the Greenback party. If these fail, the party goes to the bad. It cannot shout for joy when the credit of the United States improves, for this is an argument for Sherman and the Republicans. It cannot see with pleasure the crowding of outward-bound steamers with the rich products of our farms; that helps to fill the treasury and the banks, and to make resumption a success. Gold comes hither by the millions, and the Greenback party shudders. There is prosperity for the country, but death to the party. Debts are paid, farmers for the first time tread acres on which no mortgage lies, men and women sleep for the first time in homes they can call their own, and all this brings despair to the hearts of the Greenback advocate, for his country's disgrace and misery alone can save him from contempt.

It is a party without a country, and a party without a future. No one supposes that the elastic industry and enterprise of Americans can long be kept down. Sooner or later there must come again such a grand prosperity as this country has thrice enjoyed—prosperity such as has never dawned upon any other land. When good times come the Greenback party dies. Every breath of hope for the country is to that unhappy party more deadly than the blast of the sirocco. Its possibility of a future existence depends upon the failure of American genius—that is to say, it has no right to hope for a future at all.

The New York *Sun* looks upon the acquittal of Gully, the Chisolm murderer, as a telling Republican argument, and, as to its effect on the presidential election says:

In the face of Mrs. Chisolm's clear and positive testimony will exert no little influence on the approaching Presidential election. It is easy to say that it had no more bearing upon national affairs than the undue postponement of the Rev. Mr. Hayden's

The acquittal of Gully in Mississippi trial in Connecticut. But most of the Northern people do not look upon it in that way. They regard the bloody outrages at the south, like that by which Mr. Chisolm died, as proofs that the war is not yet entirely fought out—that its victories are not yet complete; and they are naturally apprehensive that if the Democratic party, which include the former Confederates almost to a man, were to get control of the executive department of the government, such outrages would increase in number, and that Union men in the old slave States would find life hardly endurable, if possible. We believe the American people by a large majority, are determined, first and foremost, that the fruits of the war shall be fully preserved, and that the slaveholding spirit shall never be permitted to rule the nation again. They care more for this than they do for the currency or any other question. Hence arises the most formidable difficulty in the election of a Democratic candidate.

Elections This Year.

In the following named States elections are to be held this year:

Iowa, October 14.—Governor, legislature, state and county officers.

Ohio, October 14.—Governor, state officers and legislature.

Maryland, November 4.—Governor and legislature.

Massachusetts, November 4.—Governor and legislature.

Mississippi, November 3.—County officers and legislature.

Virginia, Nov. 5.—Legislature.

New Jersey, November 5.—Legislature.

New York, November 9.—Governor and legislature.

Wisconsin, November 5.—State officers and legislature.

Nebraska, November 4.—Supreme Judge and two Regents of the University.

AMID all of California's demonstrations in honor of ex-President no incident occurred that was more appropriate and auspicious than the late election in that state. But then Grant and victory always were near neighbors and old cronies.—*Haweye.*

Why should any one "raise a row" because Mississippi proposes to send Jeff. Davis to the Senate? Is he not the idol of the South, and as much needed to lead the fortunes of the Democratic party as he was in 1860 or 1861?—*Cin. Com.*

An Irish editor says that, in absence of both editors, the publishers have secured the services of a gentleman to edit the paper this week.