-From R. W. Furnas

THE-

S.W.FATRAROTHER.

loometeone edaws sil to two tomant

VOL. 24.-NO. 44.

and incont

ADVERTISER THE Q. W. FAIRIBOTRER. T. C. HAUE BR FAIRBROTHER & HACKER.

Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA TERMS, IN ADVANCES

82 00 Date COBY, ODe year 1 00 One copy, six months 50 Drecopy, three shouths_ No paper sent from the office until paid t. t.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers. Indee District Attorney District Clerk J.C. WATSON WILLIAM R. HOOVER

County Officers.

nty Judge

City Officers.

J. L. CARSON MAVOR O. A. CECTL Pollee Judge J. B. DOCEEN Clerk S. A. OSHORN Treasure J. G. RUSSELL Marsha POUNCILMEN. Marsha W. HACENEX Jast Ward JOSEPH HODY Ist Ward A. ROBISON 2nd Ward C. NEIGHART 3rd Ward	THE C. S. OUTERSATST.
BUSINESS CARDS. J. H. BROADY. Attorney and Connscior at Law, Other overstate Bauk, Brownville, Neb.	Paid-up Capital, \$50,000 Authorized " 500,000
S. A. OSHORN. ATTORNEY ATLAW. Office, No. 51 Main street, Brownville, Neb	IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A
A. S. HOLLADAY, Graduated in 1851. Locat d in Brownville 1855. Office, 4) Main street, Brownville, Neb.	General Banking Business
STULL & THOMAS, ATTORXEYS AT LAW. Office, over Theadore Hill & Co.'s store, Brown- effice, New.	COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS
T. L. SCHICK. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over J. J., McSeed Brokstore, Brownville, Nebraska.	MONEY LOANED



ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

made.

of it.

you."

mother.

mother."

day."

deeply."

by the wood fire, with the last num-

"Calls ?" he repeated ; "what are

He went into the little parlor as he

spoke-the parlor where the coveted

wood fire was leaping and flashing on

the bright andirons, and a shaded

lamp was already burning on the ta-

ble among his piled-up books and pa.

"The Widow Corsett," he read, ad-

ding, softo voce, "that woman again !

She has died once a week regularly

eversince I have been in Westbrook."

"Charles!" mildly reproved his

"It's a fact," asserted the young

clergyman. "I don't think people

"Dissension is such a dreadful thing

among your flock, Charles," said his

"So is searlet fever or small-pox."

said Mr. Caryl, tather curtly; "but, all

the same. I don't see how I can be

held responsible for either one or the

other. 'Lend the manuscript of your

preached entirely extempore last Sun-

"Couldn't you write it off from

memory?" said Mrs. Caryl, piteously.

"The poor old lady seems so anxious.

She said the sermon impressed her so

"Really, mother, I think that's a

little unreasonable," said the pastor.

"Suppose every old lady in the parish

pers-and took up the little slate.

ber of Blackwood's Magazine.

they? and where are they ?"

self-almise.ns REFORE.

Nervous Sufferers-The Great European Rem-edy-Dr.J.E.Simpson's Specific Medicine.

s. Impotency, and all diseases resulting

AFTER. It's curious isn't it Billy. The changes that twelve months may bring? ast year I was at Saratoga.

As happy and rich as a king : was ranking in pools on the races. And feeling the waiters with "Tens, And slipping mint juleps by twilight, And to-day 1 am here in the "Pen."

Fate of a Fast Young Man.

What led me to ft? What always Leads men to destruction and crime? he Prodigal son, whom you've read of, Has altered some what in his time;

He spends his substance as freely As the biblical fellow of old. when it is gone he fancles The busks will turn into gold.

hampagne, and a box at the opera, High steps with fortune in flush. The passionate kisses of women Whose cheeks have forgotten to blush, The old, old story, Billy, If pleasures that end in tears, The froth that foams for an hour,

The dregs that are tasted for years. Last night, as I sat here and pondered On the end of my evil ways, ere rosc like a phantom before me The vision of boyhood days. I thought of my old home, Billy,

Of the school-house that stood on the hill, of the brook that flowed thro' the meadow; I can hear its music still.

ain I thought of my mother. If the mother who taught me to pray, Whose love was a perfect treasure That I heedlessly cast away. I saw again in my visions The fresh-lipped dateless boy, o whom future was boundless rab." And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here, of my rulned and wasted life, And the pangs of remorse were bitter, They pierced my heart like a knife. It takes some courage, Billy,

To laugh th the face of fate, Are blasted at twenty-eight. ----

THE MINISTER'S MISTAKE.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1880.

white house with the poplar trees in to amend your conduct for the future. front of it. And it's her step-daugh- and endeavor to deserve her approval Written in the States Prison of Illinois. ter that's come home from the third Put away your silly ribbons, bows But He Got Very Mad at the Means Philadelphia Times. eituation, all on account of her rib- and broaches"-with a stern glance bons in her hat, and her pride in her at the poor little agate breastpin that glistened at the girl's throat-"and Milwaukee Sun.

own pretty face." "And I am to speak to her, eh?" leave the vain accessories of dress to said the young pastor. "Yes; you are to speak to her," spirit-" said his mother.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," declared Mr. Caryl, with some emphasis.

regular duty." Mr. Caryl hesitated, and wrinkled prodigious cotton umbrella; with the swearing. She came a joke on him,

his brow in sore perplexity. "Do you think so?" said he. "I'm sure of it," declared the old lady.

ter. He took up his hat.

perately, "the sooner the better." "But you will stop for your tea first, -here's Sarah !" corn-bread and strawberry jam "

"I'll stop for nothing !" said Mr. Caryl. "Don't fret, little mother; it ment. won't take me long to speak to Sa-

"And who is this?" he demanded, And he disappeared with a laugh. turning to the slim, dark-eyed girl As it happened, he never before had been called upon to practice this particular branch of his profession, plead- brooch.

ing with the rebellious lambs of his ben the yearning ambitions of manhood flock who thought more of their has been governess of a family up in bright eyes than they did of their Maine for three years," said Mrs.

"Is that Sarah ?" said he.

hymn-books, and he turned the mat- Prune. "And she's down here on a as warm as a piece of zine, and her "What's that?" says he. ter over in his mind as he walked visit now-come this very atternoon.

SHE CURED HIM. Joe Parson's Adventure.

vectigen

She Employed.

your betters, always rembering that Ward that hasn't spoken to his wife and thus laconically described the oc- New York press. Alden has now the ornament of a meek and quiet in over a week. He is so mad that he currence and what followed to some will not go home for his meals, and people who visited the hospital :

But just at this point the young the other day his wife went to his ofclergyman's oration was abruptly fice to get \$6 to pay for some shoes. "Joe Parsons." checked by the entrance of Mrs. and he told the clerk to pay her off "But you must, Charles !" pleaded Prune herself, shawl and bonnet, and and let her go. He grates his teeth

the old lady. "It's in the line of your breathing faster from the baste she when he goes home nights, and comes out." had made. In one hand she held a out of the house every morning "At what battle?"

> other she dragged forward the untidy that was all. He has, for years been damsel of the shawl and curl-papers. telling her that he was sure he had "Here she is, Mr. Caryl, here she got heart disease, and that he should had to lie all night on the battle field.

is !" bawled Mrs. Prune, who did not go off, suddenly, some time in the The fight was renewed next day, and Conscientiousness was one of the possess that most excellent thing in a night. She had got sick of such talk, I was under fire. I could stand the strong points of Mr. Caryl's charac- woman, "a low and gentle voice." after hearing it thirteen years, when pain, but could not see. I wanted to she knew he was as healthy as a see or get out of the fire. I waited "A lazy, good-for-nothing, stuck-up,

going to do for her no longer! where his heart was, and could not mangroan near me. point out the location of any particu-You needn't hang back, Sarah; it Charles ?" urged Mrs. Caryl. "Hot ain't no good! Here she is, Mr. Caryl lar portion of his internal improvements. But he kept talking about death every little while and she said The young pastor stared in amazeshe would break up that game as soon as she could think of any way to do so. A spell ago she bought one of those "That's Sarah," panted Mrs. Prune. India-rubber water bags, for keeping hot water at the feet, instead of using

with the blue ribbon and agate bottles. It would hold about three quarts, and her husband did not know "That's my niece, Sally Fielding, as anything about it. One night after she had the water-bag at her feet a

my end has come."

the water in the bag

couple of hours, until they were about I'll do you a little favor.'

husband was snoring away by note,

Publishers & Proprietors.	
ADVERTISING RATES.	
Oneinch, one year.	
Each succeeding inch, per year	5 84
One inch. per month	. 1 96
Each additional inch. per monto	
Legal advertisements at legal rates- On (10 lines of Nonparell, or less) first inserti each subsequent insertion, 50c. AP All transfeat advertisements must for in advance.	en .\$7,00
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THECO	UNTY

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER.

ADVERTISER

T.G.BACKER

A Professional Funny Man-

If the fame of Alden has traveled Joe Parsons was a Baltimore boy as far as Indianapolis, it may interest and a little rough, but withal a good my readers to know something about hearted fellow and a brave soldier. the man who writes what are suppos-There is a man up in the Seventh He got badly wounded at Antietam, ed to be the wittiest articles in the been writing the 'sixth column editorial' in the Times for eight years. He "What is your name?" is paid \$4,000 a year, and expected to furnish nothing but this one article "What is the matter ?" of about a column in length. He can "Blind as a bat, sir: both eves shot do bis work when and where he chooses, select his own topic and treat it in his own way. He is to be funny "Antietam." every day in the year, at the rate of "How did it happen ?" \$12 a day. When one considers the "I was hit and knocked down, and strain of keeping up and forcing wit every day in the year, the pay is not high. A friend of mine who knew Alden well before he devoted himself to this specialty, tells me that the change which the last eight years "If it's got to be done," said he, des- vain minx, as needn't suppose as I'm yearling. Why, he did not even know and listened, and presently heard a have made in him are painful. Years ago he was a genial, laughing fellow, "Hello !" says I. good hearted and a favorite with ev-"Hello yourself," says he. erybody. To-day it is almost impos-"Who be you ?" says I. sible to talk to him for ten minutes "Who be you ?" says he. without being offended or displement "A Yaukee," says I. at the man's utter incapacity to talk "Well, I'm a Reb," says he. seriously of anything. He has so 'What's the matter ?" says I. much the habit of seeing only the "My leg's smashed, says he. absurd and ridiculous in everything "Can you walk ?" says I. that, no matter how grave, a matter "No," says he. may be distorted in his eyes. He "Can you see?" says I. holds up a clown's mirror in nature. "Yes," says he. One of the consequences of continu-"Well,' says I, 'you're a rebel, but ing this style of writing through years, is that his admirers are constantly in need of stronger doses. "'My eyes are shot out,' says I, What might have appeared very funny to them five years ago, would be tame to-day; therefore Alden's articles grow more and more extrava-" . Crawl over here,' says I, and he gant and blasphemous. His plan is to take any absurd story which he finds floating around in the newspa-"Pint the way, says I, for I can't pers and embelish it in his own way, never hesitating to shock the feelings " 'Straight ahead,' says he. of many good people if he can raise a "The balls were flyin' all around, laugh; so far does he go, sometimes, opened his eyes. She stuffed the up- and I trotted off and was soon out of that it is a matter of surprise in journalistic circles here that the editor of mouth to keep from laughing. He "Bully for you,' says he, 'but the Times allows so many readers to raised up his head and said, "Harriet, you've shook my leg almost off." be offended .- New York Letter. "Take a drink, ' says he, holding up Says John B. Gough, I was once in a town in New York and saw a church feet ?" And then she put a pillow in 'kind o' slowly,' and I took him up, that was building with a very superb, her mouth, and reached over to him and he did the navigation and I did symmetrical spire. From a small winand unscrewed the nozzel that holds the walkin'. After I had carried him dow, high up, a plank was pushed nearly a mile, and was almost dead, out about ten feet and held by ropes fastened within. Again I saw a man get out of that window and step right "Just then a voice said : on that platform without falling. "Hello, Billy, where did you get How many of you could do it? I saw a man on the sidewalk who hallooed to him. He put his hands on his knees and looked down and hallooed to the man. How that man could stand on that platform, and did, but if I had set my foot on it the moment I saw the depth of 130 feet below me I should have gone down, I could not help it. No logic, no argument could have helped me. I could not help myself. Now I say, sir, if you can stand on that plank, and you tell me you set me a good example. An Outraged Court. and encourage me to follow it, and I fall, what then? Will not my blood It was in Telico township, Arkansas be found on your skirts? Court day. Justice Scatterfield pre- The moderate drinker tells the sided. He could neither read nor young man that he sets him a good write. Had been elected out of pure example. If there was a bridge that fun, by a mischlevous constituency. holds 150 pounds, built over a gulf, to A case involving \$100 came up for fall into which was utter ruin, and trial. George W. Beasley for plain- you weighed 130 pounds it is a safe tiff, and Stephen W. Childress the bridge to walk on as much as you defendant; both able lawyers. In please. Another man comes who the progress of the case, defendant weighs 200 pounds and you tell him proposed to introduce some evidence, to follow your example. I don't like to which plaintiff's counsel objected. the looks of that bridge, he says. To sustain his right to put it in coun- Don't be such a fool, you reply, I sel for defendant produced and read have walked it for ten years, and it is "Greenleaf on Evidence." This au- safe, don't mind what others say, folthority was directly in point. Beas- low my example in your moderation, ley felt his case utterly hopeless, un- exercise self control, don't get exciless he could dodge the law. ted, step in a moderate way. So he Rising with great gravity, he ad- goes on till he sets his foot on the dressed the court: "May it please center, and crash! he goes to desyour Honor, I am astounded to wit- truction. Did you set him a good exthe hair so long in front. It will look ness the impudence of friend Child- ample? Do you dare to tell that And so the wrong Sarah was the like the very devil. I can't see what ress. He has actually tried to swindle young man you are safe in following this court and get a roling in his fa- my example, unless you have studied vor by palming off English law upon his susceptibilities, and that takes a this court for Arkansas law. What life time. Moderate drinkers, drink have we to do with foreigners and if you will, but don't dare to tell those "I know it's a bunch of hair, and their laws? Have we not the statutes young men that you set them a good made by our law-makers to govern example.

Address all orders to J. B. SIMPSON MEDICINE (D. Nos. 198 and 195, Main street, Buff do, N. Y. 27 Sold in Brownville by A. W. Nickell.6yl-al IORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT. st National Ban

T. L. SCHICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over J. L. Mcleed Bro'sstore, Brownville, Nebraska,	United States and Europe
ANT T ROCERS	MONEY LOANED
W. Attorney and Connscionat Law. Willgive diligent attention to anylegalbusiness entrusted to his care. Office in the Roy building. Brownville, Neb.	On approved security only. Time Disits discount ed. and special accommodations granted to deposit rs. Dealers in GOVERNMENT BONDS,
J. W. GIBSON,	STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES
BLACKSNITH AND HORSE SHOER	DEPOSITS
Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brown ville, Neh.	Received payable on demand, and INTEREST al- lowed on time certificates of deposit,
DAT. CLINE,	OTRECTORS Wm.T. Den, B. M. Balley, M. A. Handley, Frank E. Johnson, Luther Hoadley Wm. Fraisher.
FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MAKER	JOHN L. CARSON,
CUSTOM WORK undeto order, and fits alway custom WORK undeto order, and fits alway guaranteed. Repairing pendly and promptly done Shop. No. 27 Multi street, Brown willing Nob. 5	A. R. DAVISON, Cashier. President. J. C. MCNAUGHTON, Asst. Cashier.
Snop, No. 2; Muln street, Brown willie, Nob.	ESTABLISHED IN 1856.
JACOB MAROHN,	111
0	OLDEST
MERCHANT TAILOR,	REAL
FineEnglish, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths Vestings, Etc., Etc.	ESTATE
Brownville, Nebraska.	AGENCY
B. G. WHITTEMORE,	IN NEBRASKA.
DEALEB IN	William H. Hoover.
GROCERIES, iPROVISIONS,	
SEWING MACHINES	Does a general Real Estate Business. Sells Lands on Commission, examines Titles,
SEWING MACHINE REPAIRS A SPECIALTY.	makes Deeds, Mortgages, and all Instru-
will pay the highest market price for scrap from and rags, Main st., West Brownville.	ments pertaining to the transfer of Real Es- tate. Has a
TA M DATLEY	Complete Abstract of Titles
B. M. BAILEY, SHIPPER AND DEALER IN	to all Real Estate in Nemaha County.
	[
LIVE STOCK	At The
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.	OROCFRY AND PROVISION
Farmers, please call and get prices; I want	GROCERY AND PROVISION
to handle vonr stock.	T.L.Jones
A Office-Flort Mational Bank,	
CHARLES HELMER,	is the place to get Groceries,
FASHIONABLE	Provisions.
Boot and Shoe	Confections,
MAKER.	Fine Cigars,
Having bought the cus- tom shop of A. Robisou,	Toilet Soap,
I am prepared to do work of all kinds at	Canned Goods,
Beasonable Rates.	Fresh Butter,

Goods. sh Butter, Etc., Etc., Etc. ag-Repairing neatly and promptly done. Shop-No. 62 Main Street, We also keep all the best brands o Brownville, Nebraska, flour, and everything usually kept in a first class grocery store. FEED STORE



ister and Bruce's American Trotting Stud Book.

Dark bay horse, property of Holladay & a bred by Gen. W.T. Withers, Lexington, streit by Administrator, record 229', if Rysdyk's Hambletonian Sire of Dexfirst dam of McMahon, Mattie West by Almot son of Alexander's Abdallah, size of Goldsmith Maid, record Eta: second dam Monogram, Mombrino Chief, size of Lady Thorn, record 2:185, For extended pedigree, and other informa tion, call on or address, GEO HATCHETT, Brownville, Nebra

ought to confound hypochondria and religion in that blindfold sort of way. She'd a deal better send for the doctor, and leave off scolding that wretched adopted daughter of hers. INDORSED BY I won't go-that's settled! 'Meet PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN AND Deacon Daley and old Capt. Hartwick THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE. THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE PILES.

at Flowersville Four Corners at 9:30 o'clock to-morrow.' Now I wonder why people can't agree about their own boundary lines without calling TUTTS' PILLS Dr. TUTT has sucin the clergyman of the parish as unuse pills the he pire between them." CURE SICK HEADACHE.

SOI a STRENGTEINO,

DEATIVE, and a PU-

Their first apparent

d to properly as-

their tonic action on

e direttive organs,

The moldity

tions are pro-

along the frosty woodland path, Hain't you been introduced yet? Mr. The subset was painting all the for- where the young moon cast a fitful, Caryl, my niece, Sallie. Sally, this mand and INTEREST al- est paths with gold ; the mossy boles evanescent light, and the dead leaves 'ere's-"

of the old trees glowed in the level sent up a faint odor beneath his feet. But before she could finish the light, as if they had been carved ont "Speak to Sarah," he muttered to words of her formal introduction, the Den, B. M. Balley, M. A of glittering bronze, and the scarlet bimself, not without a certain precep- clergyman had made a nervous grasp vines along the stone wall caught tion of the ridiculous side of the mat- for his hat. new splendor from the last rays, ter. "And what may I say to her, 1 "I-I have been the victim of

President, while the silvery-while fringe of wonder?" misunderstanding," stammered he. wild clematis swung from the dead He knocked softly at the big front "This young person told me that she thorn bushes, and here and there a door of the Prune mansion. A shuf- was Sarah.

hird, perched high up against the fling, untidy girl of 14 or 15 opened "So she is," said Mrs. Prune. "But deep, vivid blue heavens, uttered its, it, hiding behind a shawl and a fringe she ain't the Sarah as is to be spoken shrill, clear vesper note; and Mr. of curl-papers. Caryle, walking home through the "I beg a thousand apologies," said "Is Miss Prune at home?" he said.

Westbrook woods, thought what a Mr. Carvl, feeling the cold sweat drip "No, she sin't," retorted the girl, beautiful world this was that God had Mr. Carvl paused. He scarcely from every pore. Miss Fielding burst out laughing. knew what question to ask next. "They are cheerfully granted," said

Mr. Carvl was only 24, and had "Is Sarah at home?" he demanded. been in the Westbrook parish for after a little. three months. Not long, but long "Miss Sarah ?" enough to discern, by the testimony

plexity.

ded

surprise.

parish

light

Carvl

the manner.

"Well, I suppose it can hardly be ing to depart. "I have learned that of his own experience, that there 'Mr. Sarah.'" said the young clergy- you possess at least the virtue of H.Hoover. were thorns as well as roses in a counman, half smiling. "Yes, Miss Sa- frankness, Shall we not be friends?" try pastor's life. It had seemed so rah, of course."

And Mr. Carvl looked into the Estate Business, Sells beautiful an ideal when he looked at "She's at home," said the girl, nn- dark-blue eves and said, "Yes," ion, examines Titles, it through the medium of his fancy, graciously opening the door a little He forgot all about the hot cornrages, and all Instru- standing on the threshold of the Thewider. "Came this afternoon. Set- bread and strawberry jam at home, ological Seminary. It was beautiful and stayed to tea at Mrs. Prune's, tin' in the parlor. Walk in." still; but the ideality had all gone out And without further ceremony while the right Sarah escaped the in-

Caryl found himself ushered into a tended lecture and the wrong Sarah His mother met him at the doorsemi-dark apartment, where a tall, presided in a most gracious and winstep of the parsonage-a brisk, spec- slender young beauty of eighteen ning manner behind the cups and tacked little dame, in a turned black summers or so sat before the fire, in a saucers, and old Mrs. Caryl laughed silk, with frills of neatly-darned plain black dress, with the simplest heartily when her son explained the lace, and violet ribbons in her cap. of cuffs and collars, and a single blue curious recounter to her later in the "Well, Charles," she said, cheerily. ribbon fastened into the thick, dark evening. "here's a whole slateful of calls for

you may not know who I am ?"

what he had looked for at all.

you stay where you were ?"

"Do you mean at Westbrook ?"

that if he once abondoned his tone of

authority he was lost. "Why didn't

braids of her hair-a person so entire- "But why did she leave her situaly different from what he expected to tion-the wrong Sarah, I mean?" Mr. Caryl's countenance rather fell. see that he stopped short in some per- said she. He had been anticipating an evening

"Because the young heir of the "Is this-ahem !- Sarah ?" he ask- house made love to her," said Mr. Caryl: "and I don't wonder at it. She's the prettiest little creature I ev-"I am Sarah Fielding," she respon-

er saw in my life." "I have called-to speak to you," "Perhaps, then," said Mrs. Caryl, said he, with a desperate rallying of doubtfully, "your advice wasn't so very much amiss, after all." his verbal forces. "Perhaps, Sarah,

"Certainly it was," said Mr. Caryl, "No, I don't," said the girl, in some with spirit. The old lady looked sharply at him. "Charles," said she, "I do believe

"I am Mr. Caryl, the pastor of the you're struck with her." "Nonsense !" said Mr. Caryl, turn- ber. "I am happy to make your ac-

she. "No, don't go away, Mr. Caryl,"

bolding out her hand as he was turn-

quaintance," said the girl, putting ing red. But just three months later, when out one slim hand in the easiest posthe moon was at the full, and sleigh- barber. The pastor hesitated. This was not ing parties the rage, Mr. Caryl

brought Miss Fielding home from a man. singing-school in his new cutter, and "Of course-of course," said he, told her a secret on the way-that he give yous smooth, decent cut if I leave "But how does it happen, Sarah, that loved her. you are at home again so soon ?"

"Where else should I mean ?" re- right Sarah, after all. torted Mr. Carvl, crustily-for he felt

A Good Story About Grant.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean. Sarah colored up to the roots of her

bair. He could perceive that, even in Grant. On the Monday following the just where it is." the uncertain rise and fall of the fire- General's arrival here, it will be re- 'Yes, it is a bunch of hair, and it is er countries to learn how to adminis-

she thought what a good joke it would | and if you'll show me the way, I'll be to put it on his stomach and wake carry you out,' says I. him up. She burst right out laughing "'All right !' says be,

at midnight thinking of it. So she took up the rubber bag of hot water did

and put it on his stomach. The bag "Go ahead," says he. was about as big as a cow's liver, and about as warm as a piece of shingle see a blessed thing. on a boy. It had not been on his chest over two minutes before he slowly

per works of her night gown into her range.

"Which end, Josiah ?" said she as his canteen and he took a nip.

she rolled over, "your head or your "'Now let us go on again,' says he

"I am dying, Egypt, dying," said he said : he. "My heart is enlarged to three "Here we are; let me down." times its natural size, and ob, I am bleeding to death." She had opened the nozzle, and the three quarts of that Yank ?' hot water was pouring over him, sat-

" 'Where are we ?' says I. urating him from head to heels. She "'In the rebel camp, of course, had not meant to let out more than half a pint of water on him, but when says he; 'and d---d my buttone if it got to flowing she could not stop it that rebel hadn't ridden me a mile and she got out of hed and told him straight into the rebel camp. Next to save himself. He attempted to stop day McClellan's army advanced and the flow of blood, and she struck a took us both in, and then we shook light and asked him if his life pre- bands and made it up; but it was a server had not sprung a leak, and mean trick of him, don't you think then he looked at the rubber bag, and so ?"

went and run himself through a clothes wringer, and he slept on the ounge the rest of the night, and he says his wife is the meanest woman that ever drawed the breath of life.

She tells her friends that Josiah has been miraculously cured of heart disease.

The Family Rudder.

A Nevada man who was having his hair cut gave the barber particular instructions not to remove a long lock that projected in a somewhat unsightly way from the front of his head. 'It don't become you,' said the bar-

'Can't help that,' said the customer. 'Better let me take it off,' said the

'Just you leave it as it is,' said the

'But,' persisted the barber, 'I can't you want it left there for ?! 'That's because you don't know what it is-you don't know the use of

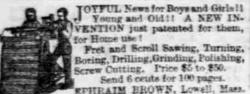
McVicker tells a good story of know that it's devilish unbecoming us? Why, then, should we go to oth-

membered that McVicker's theatre something more than a bunch of hair ter justice ? It is a contempt of this

A lying witness will tell a very court, and, were I in your position, I glib story, but he generally fails to should fine any attorney heavily who guard his weak points. At a recent undertook to deceive me as Mr. Child- trial in court the following took place in attempting to prove an alabi: Attorney S .- You say that Ellis plowed for you all day on the 29th of November.

CURE DYSPEPSIA. S S S D BE TUTT'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION. TUTT'S PILLS VER 2月前的S We Mean Cured, Not Merely Relieved And Can Prove What we Claim. DE There an on failures and no disap pointments. If you are troubled with SICK HEADACHE you can be easily and quickly curvel, as hundreds have been alrendy. We shall be pleased to mail a sheef of testimonials to any interested. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS iso curve all forms of Billiousness, prevent Cons mathia 150 agriction, reties Liver, and Reg bitter and at a deed. They are purely yes CARTER MUCHTINE CO., ERIE, PA- and SI

Sold by A. W. Nickell,



TUTT'S PILLS CURE FEVER AND AGUE. ON nence of these **TUTT'S PILLS** indicates their a-CURE BILIOUS COLIC. body, hence their ev in chring ner-TUTT'S PILLS debility, melanoly, dyspepsia, wast-Cure KIDNEY Complaint iness of the liver, nic constint TUTT'S PILLS · besith & noth to the system. CURE TORPID LIVER. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents. TUTT'S PILLS 53 Marray Street, IMPART APPETITE. NEW YORK. and Langs the GREEN MOUNTAIN Used in private practice since 1825, Putbefore 2751-Sole Proprietors. ETTER HEADS.

Neatly printed at thisomce.

O. C. Day & Brackett, sort of mild desperation. BILL HEAD

All drungists keep it for sale BALSAM Prune's Sarah? Who is Mrs. Prune's

SAMPLE BOTTLES 10 Cents. 'Speak to Mrs. Prune's Sarah.' Mrs. cried out, in choked accents.

were to require me to write out a USE For all Diseases of the Throat twelve-page sermon for her especial After all you are neither Mary Queen

benefit. Give Miss Hitts a list of hymns for next Sunday.' Yes, I'll

in 1869. COUGH It NEVER do that-as well now as any time.

manded the young clergyman, in a sel, and yours to receive it. I repeat, 000 it is all right.'

"I do not like the position," said Grant's visit to the opera. The private 'The family what?'

"But you ought to like it," said Mr.

umstances," pleaded Sarah. "I am quite aware," said Mr.

last sermon to old Miss Dadd to read.' root of all your evils."

"Vanity ?" But I haven't any manuscript to read only half a dozen memoranda. I

she in a low voice.

now on brow and temple as she half

of personal attractions, which appears merits of the production.

to have turned your head. Rem-mber that beauty is but skin deep. Call Mack to himself, 'I'll see what he to mind frequently the ancient adage thinks of the piece, anyway.' So in hat 'hendsome is as handsome does.' Grant, and said ;

of Scotts, or Cleopatra. Now take my advice, Sarah-"

"But I have not asked for it !" she

opera ?"

was beautifully decorated in honor of -it's the family rudder.

box of the manager was set apart for 'The family rudder. When things

ress has done." the distinguished guest, and connect. don't go right at home my wife al-This had the desired effect. Turn-"You are not aware of all the cir- ing therewith was a smoking room, ways grabs that lock of hair. She where between the acts the General would feel lost without it. When she ing to the dumbfounded Childress, enjoyed his favorite cigar. The opera gets hold of that she can handle me- and while from "his eye-balls flashed Caryl, severely. "that vanity is the was Max Maretzek's new production steer me in the right course, so to the living fire," the Court said : "Sir, of 'Sleepy Hollow,' and as it was the speak-and when I go in the right I am astonished at you in trying to initial performance, all concerned course the whole family go in the impose on this 'ere Court. It can't The crimson was deeper than ever were particularly anxious for its suc- right course and all is well. I've got be did! As it is the first time, the

cess. When the opera was partially used to it now and don't mind it. Court willlook over it. But you nevover, and while Grant was puffing Should I lose my hair and become er try it again. If you do, this 'ere

"Yes, vanity !" impressively reit- away in the smoking-room, walting bald, or should you give me a fighting Court will fine you to the utmost exerated the clergyman. "Be silent, if for the rise of the curtain, McVicker cut all over, there would be no way tent of the law. Judgment for plainyou please, young woman, and hear thought he would get an expression of of steering me; I should become un- tiff; court's adjourned." Childress me out. You have a certain amount opinion from his guest regarding the manageable, and sooner or later a to- appealed and swore worse than the

tal wreck. No, sir, don't disturb the army in Flanders.

'General, how do you like the

'He seems to talk easy enough,' said family rudder.'

London Cor, St. Paul Ploneer-Press. A somewhat dignified resident of The enormous subscription of \$100 -

bis quiet way he sauntered up to Virginia City entered a barber shop, 000 given by the New York Herald to which was full of men, and the boss the Irish famine fund has not met barber greeted him with : 'Hullo, with half the notice it deserved. Charley !' 'I always like to come in None of our own papers have (so far him by the collar and whisked him bere,' said the dignified resident, as I can see) given a single cent, and Grant slowly took his eigar from blandly. 'There's only one person in the subscriptions generally through- his affrighted ear; -"You old fool "No matter whether you have or bis mouth and blew away a cloud of the city that calls me 'Charley' be- out the United Kingdom are of the don't you know there are only thir-Prune's Sarah? Who is Mrs. Prune's Mode and the state of the don't you know there are only thir-Sarah? And what am I to speak to not," said Mr. Caryl, calmly. "It is smoke. 'Well, 'he replied, slowly, 'if sides yourself, and that's my wife. If the meagerest. In such a cause one ty-one days in the month of Novem-Lay & Brackett, Kansas City, Mo. 39m3 ber about, I'd like to know?" de- my business to volunteer good coun- that fellow gets the girl and the \$2,- you'd only call me 'dear Charley,' would have expected the purse-strings ber ?"

now, it would make me feel even of England to be freely loosened. Sarah, take my advice, and go back to 'I was satisfied,' says McVicker, more at home. I don't happen to whilst as a fact, the offerings are sim-"Don't you know?" explained Mrs. your last place. Apologize humbly 'that the General had kept the run of know your first name, my friend, but ply despicable. Poor Ireland! how said Pat, mourning over the loss of Carvi. "It's Mrs. Prune that lives for your short-comings; tell the wo- the story, but I am not quite sure it's real kind of you to call me by woefully have your affairs been mis- his better half; "she always struck down by the saw-mill, in the big man of the house that you will strive what be thought of the opera.' mine.' The barber said no more. managed!

Witness (Refering to his book.) Yes.

S.-What did he do on the 30th. W .- He chopped wood. S.-On the 31st? W.-That wasSunday, and we went egirrel-hunting. S .- What did he do on the 32nd?

W-He thrashed wheat on that day.

S.-What did he do on the 33d? W .-- It was raining and he shaved out some handles. S .- What did he do on the 34th ? W .- He chopped wood. S .- What did he do on the ---? But before the question could be finished, the witness's wife seized outside of the witness-box, yelling in

"Oh, she was a lewel of a wife!" me with the soft end of the mop !"