From R. W. Furnas

THE ADVERTISER

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning
AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:
One copy, one year $2 00
One copy, six months 1 00
One copy, three months 50
No paper sent from the office until paid for.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1880.

VOL. 25.—NO. 6.

THE ADVERTISER

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER
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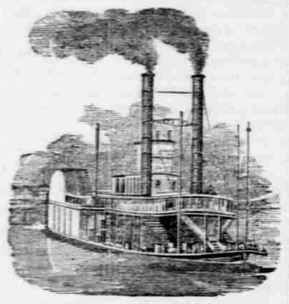
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Where Meals at all Hours are furnished upon the shortest notice. People from the country are invited to call and get a "square meal" for only
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ICE-CREAM
Is a specialty. Customers are accommodated day or night to the choicest
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ICE-CREAM.
Lemonade, and Confections. Always go where you can get the best
ICE-CREAM,
and where your surroundings are most pleasant.

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.
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They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.
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Dare to say "No."

Dare to say "No" when you're tempted to drink,
Pause for a moment my boy, and think,—
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed
For answering "Yes" without counting the cost?
Think of the mother who bore you in pain;
Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;
Think of the hearts, and how cruel the blow;
Think of her love and at once answer "No."

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl,
Think of the danger to body and soul;
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow
Look at them now and at once answer "No!"
Think of manhood with rum-tainted breath,
Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death.
Think of the homes that now shadowed with woe,
Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."

Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown,
Hiding fair hopes that were fair as your own,
Think of fair forms now forever laid low,
That still might have been here had they learned to say "No."

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
Driving to ruin both body and soul;—
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
And when you're assailed by the temper say "No."

A Night in New Orleans.

There were two of us chatting and smoking cigarettes at the corner of Canal and St. Charles streets, in that quaint and strange old city, New Orleans—a city of never ending charms and queer phases of life and mysteries without number; a miniature Paris with its *bijou* theaters in the French quarter and the English language is a foreign tongue, and where the men wear their hats, and the ladies sip absinthe and puff dainty rings of cigarette smoke from pretty mouths.

"Where shall we go to-night?" Morlan asked me.

"Grand opera-house," I suggested.

"Aren't you tired of Janauschek's diamonds yet?"

"Well, say the varieties."

"Nothing there but frescoing in the lobby."

"Academy?"

"Bah!"

We smoked awhile in silence, and finally decided to see Mlle. Mathilde at Le Petit Theatre Francaise, away down on Charles street. "If Golson is in the crowd," said Morlan, "we'll appropriate him. Ah! there he is now. Golson, come hither!"

A number of the young men had crossed Canal street, and were passing up St. Charles toward Common, others continuing their way along Canal to Baronne. A handsome, small, delicate student emerged from the crowd. He had hands as white and small as a woman's, long, black hair, a pale, thoughtful face, and large, calm, expressive eyes. I was introduced to him, and he grasped my hand warmly and firmly.

"Have you anything to do to-night, Golson?"

"Anything to do? Oh, yes, some infernal thesis, I believe; but hang the thesis—and by George, the dissection, too. Where are you going?"

"To La Petit Francaise, we are thinking."

"What! the absinthe and the headache? Come with me to the college. My little girl will do the tight rope from the roof, and I'll introduce you."

We turn up St. Charles street to Common, down Common to Baronne, and the college. Crowds were beginning to gather at this point. We threaded our way through the throng that pressed against the railing around the college yard, and entered a small door at the side. We climbed four flights of dark, dismal stairs, and stumbled at the turnings. We felt our way along a hall, pervaded by a stifling blackness and a musty smell, from the dissecting rooms. The light from the street below streamed meagrely through a window, and showed us the dim outline of a perpendicular ladder near the extremity of the hall. We climbed the ladder and crawled through a hole in the ceiling. Here the darkness was intense. We found another close at hand, and by feeling for the rungs, gained the top and emerged upon a steep roof covered with slate. We looked around. New Orleans lay at our feet in all the glory of a starry night. On the south we could trace the river, winding in a crescent form around the city, and reflecting the colored lights from the shipping. Away to the northeast could be seen the dark, flat surface of the lake. To the southeast lay the French quarter, with its tall, old fashioned houses and its narrow streets. To the westward Upper Town stretched its wealth and grandeur over a large area. Under our feet was the glare from Canal, St. Charles, Camp, Common, Carondelet, Tchoupitoulas and Baronne streets.

A parapet about twelve inches high was all that could have preserved us from the morgue, if the treacherous slate had broken, or the foot slipped an inch. Three persons were standing in the gutter against the parapet. Of these, two were rough looking men; the third was a woman in tights and short skirts, and covered with spangles and stars and gold lace. The men were engaged with certain pulleys and cords in drawing to a greater tension the wire cable that stretched from the parapet of the college to the building opposite. The woman was standing in the shade of the parapet, and looking down abstractedly upon the thousands of human beings who packed the street, and whose upturned faces, expressive of anticipation, she seemed to be studying attentively.

"Already here, Zoe?" asked Golson, in his soft, smooth voice.

The woman started and turned quickly, an expression of intense happiness lighting up her face.

"I was looking for you below," she said. "I was afraid, but I am strong now. You don't think I'll fail do you?"

"Certainly not. You are very foolish to ask such a question."

He introduced us as his friends, and she shook our hands pleasantly. She had a rather agreeable face, though we could not see distinctly, the only light being that of the stars and the faint glow from the lamps and torches below. In any event she had a pleasant voice, and that was sufficient. She also was small, and delicate and young. A shawl was thrown over her bare shoulders and arms, but her little hands were cold and she shivered in the night air.

"I was thinking, Goldy," she said, "that if I should fall," and a more decided shiver shook her delicate frame. "I wonder what they would think, and how they would feel down there?"

"Nonsense, little Zoe!"

She laughed softly and put her arm through Golson's, and looked up into his face with a touching tenderness and reliance. She again scanned the crowd and was thinking.

"Well, but suppose I should. Do you think they would care? Or would they say she was a little fool, and it served her right?"

"What is the matter, pet?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing whatever," and she laughed again musically. "I was simply thinking. I remember that a long time ago, when I was a child, and my father was letting me stand on his head while he rode two horses bareback around the ring—and I was terribly frightened once when the horses became wild with fear or something, I don't remember what—and he caught me strong and close in his arms as I was falling, and kissed my lips, my cheeks, and eyes, and forehead, and held me in his arms quite a while, and called me his dear, precious baby. What was I going to tell you? Oh, yes, about the man who fell from the tight rope. That was terrible! One end of the rope was passed over the roof of a house, carried down the side, and made fast to a wooden block underneath. It had so happened that the block had rotted off next the ground, and there was no weight upon it whatever. Well, anyhow, they tied the rope around the block, and the professor was half way across the street when he began to give an exhibition of jumping. Suddenly we saw that the rope was giving away. The jerking had pulled the block from under the house, and was dragging it up the side. The professor turned quite pale, and stood and waited. He came down slowly with the rope. It seemed as if it would never stop slipping over the roof like a long ugly snake. It soon became slack, and it was, of course, much harder to balance on it; but he never lost his presence of mind, and stood perfectly calm and straight. When the block had reached the roof—it was a two-story house—the rope slipped off. I heard the block drop to the ground. I hid my face and crouched down against a wall, and I heard him strike the ground like something dead. Oh, it was so horrible!" She peered around into the darkness and shuddered. "Poor fellow! he fell flat on his face. It was the cruelest thing that ever happened."

She sighed, and still gazed at the crowd below.

"Did it kill him?"

"No, not quite, but he was delirious for several weeks. When they picked him up the blood gushed from his nose, and eyes, and ears, and a bloody froth came from his mouth. I was a little child then and I dreamed of him every night for two or three years. I dreamed of him again last night for the first time in a great while. I thought I went to pick him up, and could feel his poor broken bones grating against each other, and his poor bloodshot eyes stared wide and cold at me."

"You are not well to-night, Zoe," said the man of science, examining her pulse attentively. He became thoughtful. "I don't think you ought to risk it," he said.

"Oh, I am not afraid now that you are here," she replied in her charming way.

"I think you had better wait."

"Now, don't get naughty. I *must* go. I *want* to go. Why, there's two hundred dollars in the crowd, and my manager would be crazy if I didn't walk. Besides I contracted to do one street walk every two weeks in addition to the lofty centre-pole walk every day. Why, I've done the lofty five hundred times and never lost my head, and why is there danger now?"

"But it's more difficult to see the rope at night."

"I never look at my feet, anyhow, when I walk."

"You are feverish and nervous."

"It will make me all the more careful."

"Well, walk then," said Golson, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Now, Goldy don't look that way."

He became cheerful and beaming in a moment. The manager appeared on the opposite roof and beckoned the girl to proceed. The attendants at both ends examined the fastenings to see that they were properly secured. They produced trays in which to burn colored fires, and heaped lumps of combustible material upon the parapet. Zoe mounted the parapet with an elastic step, and threw kisses at the shouting crowd below, as the fires brought out her frail form. She looked very charming and pretty, standing, smiling, in the intense red glare of the light.

"Give me the pole," she demanded, smiling, of Golson, holding out a small hand and dimpled arm.

He picked up the cumbersome balancing pole and placed it in her hands. She found the centre, shook hands with Golson, threw us a smile, rained a shower of kisses upon the crowd and stepped firmly upon the rope. She soon found a safe *pose*, took a few steps, and halted. She glanced back at the attendants, and regarded the pile of fire.

"You are burning it too fast," she said. "Good-bye, Goldy," and she picked her way over the narrow bridge that spanned the yawning chasm beneath. She was graceful and walked with considerable ease, apparently, stopping occasionally to shift the pole and steady herself.

"She is walking slow and shaky tonight," said one of the men.

"She is not walking as well as usual," said Golson, hurriedly, and looking at her steadily. His glances never left her for a moment.

"No: she can beat that. I think she's in the sulks."

Golson paid no attention to the insult, and watched her with fascinated gaze. His face was somewhat paler than usual, in spite of the red glare. He did not move a single muscle. Zoe had passed the middle of the street—the most dangerous place—and continued her walking toward the other end. She toiled up the incline, the rope depressing under her tiny, nimble feet, and at last jumped safe and sound upon the opposite roof. A tremendous deafening shout arose from the mob, and the plucky girl threw a bunch of kisses at Golson. The color had returned to his face with unnatural intensity, and the look of absorbing anxiety had passed away. His chest was broader and his eyes brighter. He simply smiled at Zo, and did not even applaud her.

The shouting below continued. The men made no preparations to remove the rope, but Golson started for the ladder.

"She's comin' back," said one of the men.

Golson stopped as if he had been shot through the brain. The hard, anxious look returned and the deathly pallor came back all in an instant.

"I didn't know that," he said, calmly and resignedly. He resumed his old position, and watched the girl with intense interest—with a gaze in which were concentrated his soul and her heart and mind and strength—a look in which was expressed the profoundest feelings of a strong nature.

Zoe rested a moment, and again stepped upon the rope. She had proceeded about ten feet, when one of the men remarked:

"She's scared."

Golson noticed it; we all saw it. Her teeth was so tightly compressed that in the dazzling light we could see ridges in her cheeks. Her nostrils were expanded, and she stared fixedly ahead of the rope. Her breathing was short, and a tremor appeared in her arms and knees. Instead of her usually erect carriage, there was a preceptible leaning forward. When she had made but a dozen steps she stopped and appeared to be in doubt. She then apparently made an effort to walk backward, but was evidently afraid to undertake it. She stopped again, mustered her courage, threw a quick glance at Golson, and re-commenced her dangerous journey. The rope trembled and swayed under her feet, and in this way caught a swinging motion that tries the nerve of the experienced balancers. When she had reached the middle it was impossible to proceed. She might have crossed safely, but the fire on our side was exhausted. She had walked more slowly than usually, and the fire was consumed too soon. She could not see the rope distinctly enough. She stood still for several seconds. The light behind her continued to burn, but it was of no assistance to her and immediately afterward it was also exhausted. We could distinctly see the poor frightened girl by the light from below, but her face was obscured. The crowd sent up hisses and groans. The rope-walker attempted to take another step. She succeeded. She tried a second and failed. Her foot suddenly slipped, but she was active and alert, and caught upon her knee. Her fright increased, and in the terrible excitement of the moment she dropped the pole. It struck the rope, balanced a moment, and slipped off upon the ground below. There was a great scattering, and the crowd realized that the young girl was falling. Every sound was hushed. The child steadied herself wildly and instinctively a moment with her arms as she knelt on the rope, and then fell.

Golson's appearance was painful and pitiable. Great cords stood out upon his face, which was overspread by an agony of ghastly pallors. His muscles swelled with ridges and knots, and his hands assumed the appearance of an eagle's claws. He gazed at the rope where the girl had a moment ago stood. She had caught by the right hand, and hung suspended over the cobbles. In another moment she grasped the rope with the other hand and hung perfectly still. Golson waited but a few seconds, when he saw that the fright had taken the strength from her arms, and that she could not climb upon the rope. He dashed off his hat, and grasped the rope with both hands, and threw one leg across it. He crawled along carefully, that the shaking might not cause the girl to lose her hold. The crowd watched him in breathless silence. The rope swung lower under the double weight, and the fastenings creaked and groaned.

"Hold fast, my child," we could hear him say to the fainting girl. "Hold on, for God's sake, and I will save you!"

She raised her head and looked at him for a moment, and then dropped it again between her arms. He approached her slowly and painfully, for he was a stranger to the situation, and was afraid of shaking her off. At length he reached her. He whispered something to her, and she looked him full in the face. He allowed his right knee to remain across the rope, threw his right arm over it at the elbow, and twisted his right hand around underneath to secure a firm hold, and passed his left arm around the girl's waist. The strength of six men was in those supple limbs and clean-cut muscles. He drew her toward him. She released her hold, her head dropped, and she fainted.

"Pay out at the college end?" he shouted.

His feet were in that direction. It required four of us to let it out. It slipped over the parapet slowly, and the suspended pair began to lower.

"Pay it out!" he shouted again.

We let it go more rapidly, and he and his swooning charge were against the building across the street. He let himself slide gradually down until he reached the sidewalk, where he was met by the manager. The latter took the girl to her home.

The crowd gathered around him with wild shouts, but he slipped away, and met us at the door of the college.

"Where is that scoundrel who said she was sulking?" he demanded with an angry look.

We pointed him out.

Golson walked up to him, explained his business and gave him a stinging blow in the face that sent him rolling in the gutter.

I met the dear old fellow on California street, the other day, and his little wife was with him, charming and pretty as ever. She laughingly remarked that she liked to see the circus as much as ever, but that she always felt a horror for rope-walking. I almost believe that her dimples are as pretty as on the night she threw kisses to a great crowd in the street.

Honored and Blest.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuble remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that *great medicine*, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.—*Democrat.*

"How admirable are thy works, O Nature!" exclaims an exchange, adding: "An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around; an ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long."

Fly and Spider—The Tables Turned.

An old subscriber in Australia sends to the *Gentleman's Magazine* the following: "Australia is the land of contrariety in regard to animal and vegetable life, such as black swans, the duck-mole, fish which climb trees, cherries with stone outside, and veritable wooden pears!—but one fact regarding spiders and flies is equally strange, for here there is a fly which catches spiders. He is a wiry, energetic, hard-looking customer; body longish and narrow; color, literally half-mourning, and about three-quarters of an inch long; he builds a clay nest for his larvæ, generally inside locks, under verandah eaves, or even in cracks of woodwork, and sometimes in the folds of curtains or clothes. In one case, while staying at a friend's house about twenty miles from Sidney. I left my waterproof coat hanging untouched for about four days, and on taking it down there was a nest nearly built in one of the folds of about the size of one's little finger, and three or four inches in length. On replacing the coat and leaving it for another few days, and then examining it, the nest was finished. It had three compartments, with one little grub in each, and for its food several small green spiders, not then absolutely dead, but apparently in a state of coma. These spiders were evidently taken out of the orange orchard, as there were plenty of the same kind alive about the trees; but last week, while up in the mountains, I watched one of the flies carrying off a black house-spider quite as big as itself; and during the course of the day saw him three separate times, and on each occasion with a large spider. I could not find the nest; but the farmer tells me that he has occasionally done so, and found as many as twenty good-sized spiders of various kinds, all apparently dead, but not decayed, and generally five or six larvæ of the fly.

"There is also a large spider which actually catches small birds occasionally, and kills and devours them! He is like a wasp in color; body, shape and size of a small hazel nut; legs, long and wiry; and he also looks a hard-skinned customer. The web is always double, one about half as large again as the other, and made of such a strong yellowish fiber that, if accidentally walking into it, you feel a sensible stoppage of your way for the moment. One bird—the wreck of which I myself saw left in the web—was rather smaller than the English wren, and the web was strong enough to stand all its struggles, although a little broken here and there.

As regards size of some spiders, we have a flat-bodied, gray-colored one here which builds no web, but lives under bark of dead trees, behind boards, etc., the body of which is about the size of a shilling and not much thicker, but the legs of which are about as long as the fingers of an ordinary sized hand, and the whole spread of the brute is about a hand's breadth. This is for the fullest sized ones; but the common run of them are five or six inches across, and the style in which they pounce upon and double up the smaller cockroaches is what our Yankee cousins would call "a caution."'

—The Albany Evening *Journal* gives the following encouraging figures:

In 1876 Connecticut gave Tilden 2,900 over Hayes. In 1877 the aggregate Republican majority on sheriffs was 530. In 1878 the aggregate Republican majority on congressmen was 2,858; while a Republican governor was elected by 2,482 over his Democratic competitor. The legislature stands—senate, Republicans, 16; Democrats, 5. House, Republicans, 161; Democrats, 82; greenback, 1. Republican majority on joint ballot, 88. Out of eleven senators chosen in 1879 the Republicans elected eight; and their total on senators was 2,159 over their vote of 1878, when they elected their governor. The "Nutmeg state" may be classed as Republican; and a democrat cannot be sent to the United States senate to succeed Hon. W. W. Eaton.

New Jersey gave Tilden 1,445 over Hayes in 1876. In 1877 the Democrats elected McClellan governor by 12,744 majority. But in 1878 the Republican vote on congressmen aggregated 10,596 more than the Democratic; and the vote on sheriffs, 12,875. In 1879 the Democrats had so far recovered their ground as to return only 1,381 more votes for assemblymen than were given by the Republicans. The legislature stands: Senate, Republicans, 12; Democrats, 8; Independent, 1. House, Republican majority on joint ballot, 13. The legislature to be chosen this fall will elect a United States senator in place of Hon. T. F. Randolph, Democrat. The State may, therefore, be considered to have a decided leaning toward Republicanism.

The Democratic organs and orators now engaged in an attempt to carry on the Presidential campaign on two or three exploded charges against Mr. Garfield's record will shortly find that the country feels no interest in their efforts. The great question to be settled by the next election is whether this government shall be Republican or Cossack for the next four years. If Mr. Garfield is elected everybody knows that it will be Republican; if the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention scores a victory it will be Cossack. In the face of this important issue, shall quibbles regarding the personal history of the nominees sink into microscopic insignificance. Jeff. Davis has recently testified in Court to his belief that the Confederacy still exists, and that it will never die. A Democratic victory, won by the exercise of force and fraud in the South, and followed as it would be by the repeal or nullification of all the legislation born of the war, would soon satisfy the country that Jeff. Davis has good grounds for the faith that is in him. If the Democrats hope to convince the people of the United States that the Government will be safe in their hands they had better set about the difficult task at once. When they have succeeded in this undertaking it will be time enough for them to dull their teeth gnawing the record file.—*Globe-Democrat.*

"Is that a friend of yours?" said a gentleman, pointing to one who was rapidly moving down the street. "Can't tell you till next Saturday," returned the individual addressed. "I've just lent him a dollar."

Origin of the Dark Horse.

To the Editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., June 10. Can you give me the origin of the term "dark horse" so frequently used in politics nowadays? QUERIST.

Many years "befo de wah" there lived in Tennessee an old chap named Sam Flynn who traded in horses, and generally contrived to own a speedy nag or two which he used for racing purposes whenever he could pick up a "soft match" during his travels. The best of his flyers was a coal-black stallion, named Dusky Pete, who was almost a thoroughbred, and able to go in the best company. Flynn was accustomed to saddle Pete when approaching a town, and ride him into it, to give the impression that the animal was merely "a likely hoss," and not a flyer. One day he came to a town where a country race meeting was being held, and he entered Pete among the contestants. The people of the town, not knowing anything of his antecedents, and not being overly impressed by his appearance, backed two or three local favorites heavily against him. Flynn moved quietly among the crowd, and took all the bets that were were offered against his nag. Just as the "flyers" were being saddled for the race, old Judge McMinamee, who was the turf oracle of that part of the State, arrived on the course, and was made one of the judges. As he took his place in the stand he was told how the betting ran, and of the folly of the owner of the strange entry in backing his "pug" so heavily. Running his eye over the ruck, the Judge recognized Pete, and he said, "Gentlemen, there's a dark horse in this race that will make some of you smell hell before supper." The Judge was right. Pete, the "dark horse," laid back until the three-quarter pole was reached, when he went to the front with a rush, and won the purse and Flynn's bets with the greatest ease. Ever after that the horsemen of the vicinity fought shy of "dark horses," and it would be well if political parties would do likewise.

True Words.

Gen. Judson Kilpatrick closed his speech at a rousing ratification meeting at Jersey City with these words:

I love to dwell upon the nomination of both, Gen. Garfield is an exemplification of Republican institutions. I saw him as a boy of 9, running errands for his widowed mother. I saw him on the towpath at 13, earning money to buy books. A little later I saw him sweeping out the school house and working at the bench to pay for his tuition. I saw him shoulder a musket as a private soldier. I saw him at Chicamauga ride three miles through a living hell to bring word to Thomas to hold the left until the main body could retreat to Chattanooga, and I saw him with the flag of his country waving in his hand, hurl himself against the rebels until they scattered like chaff. I saw him in Congress battling for the same principles for which he would have died, and I'll see him again on the 4th of March, 1881, riding with Chester A. Arthur in an open barouche in Pennsylvania Avenue, and amid the thunder of artillery, the waving of hats, and the shouts of the multitude, I'll see him seated in the chair of Washington and Lincoln, and I'll hear the Nation cry, "Amen. Glory be to God, from whom all blessings flow."

A Six shooter's Argument.

SALEM, Ind., July 10.—Henrietta Casey is an attractive Washington county girl who was courted by John W. Nelson, of the same county. Under a promise of marriage Nelson accomplished the seduction of Miss Casey. After this he refused to marry her, and was making preparations to go where the woodbine twineth, wherever that may be. The injured girl hearing this fact revealed her condition to her brother. "I will fix that matter speedily," he remarked to her; and then going to his trunk he drew forth a formidable looking six shooter, which he carefully loaded. He then took up the line of march for Nelson's residence, where he arrived in due time. He presented the six shooter to Nelson, remarking, "Hadn't you and Henrietta better get married?" or words to that effect. Nelson allowed they had, and proceeded at once to put the matter into legal accomplishment. It is probably better to use a six shooter argument in such cases than go to law.

The *Northeastern Lumberman* recommends the following manner of staining pine to represent black walnut: Put pulverized asphaltum into a bowl with about twice its bulk of turpentine and set it where it will warm, shaking from time to time until dissolved; then strain and apply with either a cloth or a stiff brush. Try a little first, and if the stain be too dark, thin it with turpentine. If desirable to bring out the grain still more, give a coat of boiled oil and turpentine. When the wood is thoroughly dry, polish with a mixture of two parts shellac varnish and one part boiled oil. Apply by putting a few drops at a time on the cloth and rubbing briskly over the wood.

"DUTCHMAN" AND "GERMAN."—These words are often interchangable, as if they signified the same thing. "Dutchman," proper, signifies natives of the Netherlands and Holland, of whom there are but few in this country. "German" is a name given to inhabitants of Austria, Prussia, Wurtemburg, Saxony, and other German States, and is the proper title by which is known that large, industrious, and frugal portion of our population, commonly called "Dutchman."

Unquestionable.

The *Herald*, Detroit, Mich., says of Warner's Safe Liver and Kidney Cure; "Its efficacy in kidney, liver, and urinary diseases is so fully acknowledged that it is not worth the questioning. Bona fide testimonials from well-known citizens in public and private life are evidences strong enough to convince the most stubborn doubter." 48w1

DROP BISCUIT.—One quart of fresh buttermilk; one beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; a little salt and a teaspoonful of soda. Flour for a stiff batter. Drop with a spoon into hot gem-pans and bake in a quick oven.