Nebraska Herald.

"If any man attempts to haul down the American Flag, shoot him on the spot."

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THE HERALD

IS PUBLISHED

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BY

M. D. HATHAWAY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Office, corner Main street and Levee, second floor.

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Will buy and sell Real Estate, and pay taxes for nonresidents.

Improved and unimproved lands and lots for sale. June 25th—ny24.

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Tenders his professional services to the citizens of this county.

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Ed. B. Murphy, Proprietor.

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This House, having been refitted and newly furnished, offers first class accommodations. Board by the day or week. myl3

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Will practice in any of the Courts of the State, and will buy and sell Real Estate on commission, pay Taxes, examine Titles, &c.

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Office over Black, Battery & Co's Drug Store.

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PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA

A good assortment of Watches, Clocks, Gold Pens, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Fancy goods, Violins and Violin Trimmings always on hand. All work committed to his care will be warranted.

April 10, 1868.

Plattsmouth Mills.

C. HEISEL, Proprietor.

Have recently been repaired and placed in thorough running order. Custom work done on short notice.

100,000 Bushels of Wheat

Wanted immediately, for which the highest market price will be paid. aug20 tf

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General Life, Accident, Fire, Inland and Transit

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Will take risks at reasonable rates in the most reliable companies in the United States.

Office at the Book store, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. may21tf

Millinery & Dressmaking,

BY MISS A. M. DESPAIN & MRS. R. P. KENNEDY

Opposite the City Bakery.

WE would respectfully announce to the Ladies of Plattsmouth and vicinity, that we have just received a large and well selected stock of Winter Goods, consisting of Flowers, Ribbons, velvets, dress trimmings, &c., &c. We will sell the cheapest goods ever sold in this city. We can accommodate all our old customers and as many new ones as will favor us with a call. All kinds of work in our line done to order. Perfect satisfaction given or no charges.

my8tf

HEALTH, COMFORT, AND ECONOMY,

3 *REASONS FOR BOARDING*

—with—

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Two blocks northwest of Brick School-House.

HE has a *BATH HOUSE*, free to patrons; his rooms are well ventilated, and his prices are reasonable. [July28—n16tf.

Capt. D. LABOO & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Wines and Liquors,

Also a very choice selection of

Tobacco and Cigars,

Main street, second door east of Seymour House, Nebraska City, Nebraska

Are just receiving a new stock of *Genuine Old Bourbon* direct from Bourbon county, Ky., Bitters, etc. my18 w

"NOTES ON NEBRASKA."

We make the following extract from an article written, under the above title, by Maj. H. T. Brooks, of the *Rural New Yorker*, and published in his paper of Nov. 28th, 1868. Major Brooks visited Nebraska and delivered an address before the State Fair last fall. Being a resident of another State, and being a man well known to the farmers of the United States, his statements and opinions are entitled to great consideration. Here is what he says:

The soil of Central and Eastern Nebraska is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Clay, sand, vegetable mold, and all essential elements, are so harmoniously blended as to produce a soil light, friable, free from lumps and stones, dark colored, easily worked, and eminently productive. The finest garden mold in the State of New York is not a whit better than the average of Nebraska soil. Indeed my friends, Ellwanger & Barry, of the Mt Hope nurseries, to import a car load of it to grow their most delicate plants in.—Take no precautions—send your order to any postmaster, and tell him to dig the first dirt he comes to and send it along. I will guarantee the quality. Probably any Congressman would frank it "Public Documents" if you will send his wife occasionally a boquet of your fine flowers.

Some of the river bottoms have a sandy and porous subsoil, generally the subsoil is clay, but not too retentive of moisture. Hard rains do not subject Nebraska farmers to vexatious delays; they can soon go out without loading their boots with mud, and start their plowing without the furrows filling with water, after the "hard pan" style. As in other portions of the west, they get several weeks the start of New Yorkers in sowing their spring crop—a very material advantage where *life* and the *seasons* are short at the longest.

The chief product of Nebraska is prairie grass, uncut and uncared for! Millions of acres that yield from half a ton to three tons per acre, and that is about as good as New York meadow will do, are giving back to the winds and the soil the banquet that nobody will accept.

Near the Missouri river corn of the southern variety leads the cultivated crops, averaging forty to fifty bushels per acre, and growing eight or ten feet high. The first crop, planted on sod, is frequently light. The first breaking is about three inches deep.

Wheat, the great prop of human life, the main substance that men are made of, the only indispensable thing, is just what Nebraska was fitted and fashioned for producing. Its climate, frequently too dry for other crops, brings wheat to great perfection. A miller of large experience assures me that the finer varieties deteriorate in many of the States, *but in Nebraska preserve their peculiar excellences.* By a judicious use of fertilizers and by plowing in grass or some green crop, I think Nebraska may maintain its present position as *the head of all wheat growing sections. Its average yield is greater per acre than any other State of this Union.*

Nebraska is scarce of *rain water*, a bad thing for grass, potatoes and corn, but as it allows a good crop of wheat, and excellent weather for farm work, the inconvenience is endurable.

Excepting a border along her water courses, Nebraska is treeless; she needs timber. Good luck to her—she can grow it. Cuttings of cottonwood, seeds of soft maple planted in June, black walnuts covered three or four inches deep in the fall, grow with surprising rapidity. Very many farmers have planted small groves near their dwellings, but they don't begin to realize the vast importance of the timber question. *One fourth of all Nebraska should forthwith be planted to forest trees.* There is some *mistake* in the making up of any country without trees—it needs mending; but I am not sure but *it is easier to supply forests where you want them than to remove them from where you don't want them.* I saw on John J. Panyter's farm, near Plattsmouth, fifty thousand black walnuts, a year old, growing finely; he expected to plant as many more this fall. *I predict that Nebraska will grow timber, and manufacture lumber for the New York markets!* No crop will pay her as well. By plowing two-thirds of her surface, and planting the other third to trees, she will grow more grain and grass than by cultivating the whole.—Trees are earth's great regulators; breaking the force of austere winds, making the dry air salubrious, distilling gentle showers, keeping the rivulets alive throughout summer's heat, transforming the parched deserts into fruitful trees.

Good water is generally obtained by digging a fair depth, and stock are watered without much difficulty at the streams and sloos.

What most concerns my readers to know, *Nebraska has yet millions of acres of excellent land subject to entry under the 'homestead,' or by pre emption.* I doubt whether any other State or Territory has as much good land that can be so cheaply obtained. I have never seen anywhere a population more orderly and intelligent. The State is settling very fast, and land is rising. Improved farms, in good locations, can be bought for from ten dollars to twenty five dollars per acre.

Nebraska is a new State. Thirty towns have sprung up on her Missouri border; Fremont and other places of large expectation growing to the Pacific railroad; Lincoln, her extempore capital with eight hundred inhabitants, is selling city lots on the wide prairie; Eastern Nebraska has many cultivated farms, and a few adventurous settlers are scattered through the interior; but in the main the State is one vast unknown meadow. *It has very little waste land, no marshes too wet, and few hills too steep to plow.* Bordering most of her streams are rugged bluffs, or banks, rising thirty, fifty or one hundred feet high; and taking all the shapes matter is capable of assuming. From these, stretching away in the distance, are the grass-covered prairies, gently undulating like the swell of a mighty ocean, and presenting in their varied outlines landscapes of surpassing beauty and magnificence. This is Nebraska.

H. T. B.

The Chivalrous Southron.—The chivalrous Southron is great in his own eyes not only because he is what he is, but because he lives where he lives. In these modern times there is no other civilized creature so local, and, if I may be offensive, so provincial, in sentiments, opinions, prejudices, and vanities, as he. The Turks are hardly more incapable of conceiving that people born afar off may be as good as themselves. At least a part of the contempt of the Southerners for Yankees arises from the fact that the latter drew their first breath several hundred miles from the land of cotton. Imagine the scorn with which they would regard an adventurer from the Milky Way! A friend of mine asserts that, if the South Carolinians should once become satisfied that the New Jerusalem is outside of their State they would not want to go to it. Let us charitably hope that this is an exaggeration.

"I'll give you my notion of things," repeatedly declared a sturdy old planter who bestowed much of his wisdom upon me. "I go first for Greenville, then for Greenville District, then for the up-country, then for South Carolina, then for the South, then for the United States; and after that I don't go for any thing. I've no use for Englishmen, Turks, and Chinese."

To a Charleston friend, who was wont to boast of the high qualities of the "true Southern gentlemen," I sometimes said, "Oh! you mean Texans and Arkansans, I suppose."

"Not in the least," he laughed.—When we speak of the Southern gentleman we mean the product of our city and of the region immediately around it. All else is more or less spurious—a base imitation."—*Harper's Magazine.*

We find in Ayer's Almanac, the remarkable statement that the temperature of the earth has not diminished more than 1-306 part of one degree Fahrenheit for 2000 years. To our enquiry how he could make such an assertion, Dr. Ayer writes us the following answer. "Hipparchus gives the exact record of an eclipse in his time. This enables us to measure with extreme accuracy the earth's diurnal revolutions since to any eclipse now. Diminution of its heat would by concentration, shorten its axis and consequently its time of revolution on its axis. The data show that this change has been only such as I state it, mathematically and indisputably true."—*New York Journal.*

Bayard Taylor advises persons going to Rome to select a beggar and give him a stated weekly allowance. He will soon come to expect it only on the regular day; and, moreover, he will privately manage that you are not importuned by his brethren—at least in his quarter of the city. In my case, this plan worked very satisfactorily.—My beggar greeted me with a bow and smile for six days, held out his hat on the seventh, and allowed no one in the neighborhood to make a claim upon me.

A Washington correspondent, ridiculing the grotesque dress in which Horace Greeley delights, says: "If the clerks here generally, whose request for additional compensation Horace so persistently opposes, were to wear such a hat, overcoat and boots as I saw him have on to-day, they would stand some chance of being dismissed from office and arrested as vagrants."

The editor of a Saratoga, N. Y. paper, has gone to the poor house.—*Exchange.*

As a rule, editors who go to the poor house come back richer than they went.

A wretched infant born, in New Orleans on the eve of the election, was named Horatio Seymour Blair. But some future legislature will take pity on him.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

Probably no man who has figured conspicuously in making a history for this country, of late years, has been less thoroughly understood than General Sherman. He has withered the hopes of rebels and blighted the prospects of the rebellion with his pen, at one sweep, as it were, and yet the rebellious party persisted in claiming him as their leader, as their beau ideal of a statesman and warrior, as well. They claimed for a time, that he would become the standard bearer of their party in the recent Presidential contest, and yet, we firmly believe, that General Sherman never gave either the rebels or their friends, any just cause for setting up the claim that his sympathies were with them, or even with the less conservative of that party. In his speech of welcome at the recent "Soldiers Reunion" at Chicago, General Sherman said:

"Happily, my friends, you did not belong to that class of our people in whose very youth was planted the pernicious doctrine, that the highest allegiance was due to the place of birth, and that the citizen should love a part of his country better than the whole. [Cheers.] You were reared in a better school, and taught to revere the constitution of your country, and to believe that under its wise and genial influence, man would here attain the largest measure of security and happiness consistent with the general safety, and we believed that by law, by majorities and by frequent appeal to the ballot box, we had discovered a panacea to the ills that had from earliest history afflicted the human family, and that we should escape the conflicts and ravages which war had caused in all ages. But we were doomed to realise that we were to form no exception to the general rule, that minorities would not always submit, though peacefully defeated, and that we, too, must fight to maintain the privileges of our birthrights.

You may search history in vain for a more flagrant violation of faith and more causeless breach of a national compact than those which resulted in our civil war. Never before were the people more ruthlessly, more unwillingly dragged into a long and bloody conflict, and never before was a government so totally unprepared for it. All attempts to avoid this outbreak were charged to cowardice, and the whole civilized world was made to believe that that "bright particular star," which, for a time shone so clearly in the Western firmament, had sunk forever, and that the fair fabric which had been reared and dedicated to liberty, had vanished as a dream, before the great shower of passion that had assailed it."

The Biter Bit.—A man of muscle from the country, fond of his joke and a good fellow withal, has at various times amused himself while in the city playing policeman. He would approach a greenhorn with all the dignity becoming a guardian of the peace and notify him to consider himself under arrest. Greeny of course wilted and did a healthy amount of begging, greatly to the amusement of bystanders, after which he was released on paying for the drisks all round. A friend determined to play the joke back on him and arranged with the Marshal accordingly. He was arrested on a bogus warrant, arraigned and convicted of passing himself off as a policeman and had a little experience at begging for himself. When the kernel of the joke was given him he wilted.—*Union.*

SNOW EYES

Ellis in speaking of the Esquimaux, says: "Their snow eyes, as they very properly call them, are a proof of their sagacity. These are little pieces of wood, bone or ivory, formed to cover the eyes, and tied behind the head.—They have two slits the exact length of the eyes, but very narrow. This invention preserves the eyes from snow blindness, a very dangerous maladay, caused by the action of light reflected from the snow. The use of these eyes considerably strengthens the sight and the Esquimaux are so accustomed to them, that when they have a mind to view distant objects, they commonly use them as spy-glasses.

A jealous husband, of Albany, a short time since, returned from the West at night, and on asking admission to his house, heard voices. His suspicions were aroused. He searched the closets; his wife protested. His search was not in vain. He discovered a—young lady in *dishabille* who was passing the night with his wife. "Git out."

A gentleman recently remarked to Fred Douglas: "I have no prejudice against color. I had just as lief walk down Broadway arm in arm with you as with a white man." "He never thought," was the witty comment of Douglas, "whether I was willing to walk with him."

The first coins of any metal issued by the United States, were three hundred tons of copper cents, coined at the New Haven mint, in 1787.

FOUR GREAT EXPLORERS

There are three great travelers whom the Editor of this Magazine knows well, and whom at various times he has specially introduced to its readers. The scenes of their explorations lie far apart, all of them being in regions heretofore almost unknown. No three men can be found differing more widely in personal appearance. Mr. Charles F. Hall, to whom it has been reserved by his own individual labor to clear up the mystery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his associates a task which had been vainly attempted by expeditions fitted out by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States—born, we think, certainly reared in the Great West—is a man of large frame, with light hair, blue eyes, and flowing beard; a very Viking in aspect; rather slow of speech—a man whom upon first introduction one would be apt to set down as the most diffident person he ever met. Mr. John Ross Browne, now American Minister to China, born in Ireland, but from boyhood an American, is rather above middle height, spare of figure, with scanty dark hair, broad forehead, and the general air of a scholar rather than of an explorer. Mr. Du Chaillu—our "Friend Paul"—is, though born in America, of French descent, and educated in France; and while he writes our language with perfect facility, and speaks it with fluency, it is with a marked Parisian intonation.—He is hardly five feet and four in stature, and slight in form; we doubt if he weighs a hundred pounds. His closely cropped hair is as black as a raven's wing; and were it no for the flashing of a most brilliant black eye, he is about the last man whom one would dream of being the most daring traveler of our day. To these three we add the name of another whom we only know from his books, but who yet always seems to us like a personal friend: David Livingstone, Scotch by birth, but African by long residence and wide travel. A spare, wiry man of middle stature—we judge from his portrait—with strongly marked and rather rugged features; by no means a notable-looking personage.

But all those three men whom we know possess one characteristic in common. They are *lovable* men. Children—those instinctive judges of human nature—take to them at once.—Let either of them be seated at your fireside, and in half an hour—you can not tell how—all your Young People will be clambering around them. So, too, with uncivilized men, who are but big children, and quite often very bad ones. They take to these men. Livingstone also clearly belongs to this class. There is hardly in all story any thing more touching than the perfect faith with which the wild Makololo followed Livingstone across the whole breadth of Africa, and for weary years awaited his return from England to lead them back from the sea to their inland homes. If a man lacks this personal magnetism, no matter what else he may have, he will not be one of those great travelers whose books men, women and children love to read. There is nothing more notable in the narratives of these travelers than the perfect devotion which these wild attendants bear to their civilized companions. It is the story, over which so many tears have been shed, of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday.—*Harper's Magazine.*

During the present term of the Circuit Court at Quincy, Ill., ten criminals have been sentenced to the State Penitentiary, with a probability that before the term closes, ten more will be sentenced. Quincy must be a good station to obtain penitentiary tickets.

A Kansas correspondent of the Missouri *Democrat* speaks of the Indians on the war path as "the gentlemen without hats." They might very justly retaliate upon some of the whites with whom they have been compelled to deal, as the "fiends without souls."

The contracts for building the Decatur and East St. Louis Railroad have been let in three sections. A St. Louis Company takes from East St. Louis to Litchfield; from Lichfield to Taylorsville, by a company at Taylorsville; from the latter point to Decatur, by a company at Decatur.

The Sheriff of Cumberland county, Kentucky, becoming weary of dunning a taxpayer for his dues, acted upon his splendid set of false teeth. The delinquent had to gum it on milk and mush until he settled the reckoning.

Whittier's "Snow Bound" was originally a small scrap intended for *Our Young Folks*, and was returned to the author, with the request that it be worked over, and the result is the beautiful poem which all admire who have read it.

The only copy of the first newspaper printed in America known to be in existence, is in the British archives in London. Printed Sept 25 1690

Boston is to have free music this winter, for the poor, the expenses to be paid by the municipality.

"Too Many Advertisements."

There are a few men, and we have reason to thank Heaven that they are but few,—who, when their county paper may be well patronised, complain of its containing too many advertisements. There is something consoling in the reflection that this unhealthy state of mind is attributable more to ignorance than to absolute meanness. There is not a printer between the azure panoply of Immensity and the end of Gravitation, that could publish a county paper on the mere subscription price, without resolving himself into a skeleton with too little opaqueness to form a shadow at high-noon. It is true that printers are so educated as to live on food—ten days rations of which would be invisible to the naked eye; but they must have that, or become tough and unpalatable morsels fo bone yard worms. Yes, the mortal frame of a printer is easily sustained: We have known a healthy typo to exist for three days on the bare sight of a live chicken; while the odor arising from a broiling steak is regarded by the fraternity as a positive luxury. Printers are forbearing and contented creatures; they can gaze upon the outspread tables of the opulent, and exhibit far less perturbation of mind than did their ancient fried Tantalus when that worthy gentleman was placed in circumstances which would have been unpleasant to anybody but a printer. Notwithstanding a few thousand facts of the character herein portrayed, there is a modicum of human rights to which a printer is inalienable entitled; and to secure this modicum, Jeffersonially speaking, certain customs have been instituted among editors and publishers, deriving their just powers from their inherent righteousness. Among these is the privilege of publishing advertisements, and the occasional gratification of receiving pay therefor. We ask but little here below, but that little must be continued and certain. Let the thrifty farmer wallow in the substantials of life—let the affluent followers of every calling revel in luxuries and ease,—but let the worn and emaciated printer live out his existance in peace.—*ex.*

Strange Coincidence.—On last Thursday a large wild cat, stiff in death, was brought to the store of John Gilday. John Bird was in the store, and noticing A. S. Lyon passing, called him in to see it, and he seeing Mr. Baer passing by, called his attention to it.

One of the party then noticed that accidentally the Lyon, Baer, Fox, (who clerks for Gilday,) Bird and Wild Cat were all present. A happy family.—*Kansas City Times.*

The Boston Traveler is responsible for the following: a young man from the country went into a drug store the other day, and seeing people freely patronizing the soda fountain, at length stepped up and called for a drink of "that are" for himself. After swallowing the foaming contents of the glass and laying his stamps with a satisfied air upon the country, "Mister," said he, "what do you call that that bites so?" On being told that it was soda water, "Wall, said he, "I 'sposed that it was sweetened wind.'

A Southern exchange says: "An old deformed negro woman was passing along the street, when a fashionable miss, troubled considerably with the 'Grecian bend,' turned around and looked after the poor old negro woman, and was rather disposed to make fun of her deformity. The old negro woman stopped and looked at her a minute or two, and very truthfully remarked; 'Lor, miss, you needn't be pokin' fun at me, kase de Lor a mighty knows you's a bigger curiosity dan I is.' The young lady 'humped' herself."

A Connecticut farmer, in giving an account of the meteoric display on the 14th ult, states. "On the morning of the 14th ult., at 5 o'clock, as I went out to milk my cows, I observed numerous shooting stars, and I counted, while milking, six stars, more than one hundred and twenty cows—some small, with short tail of light, and some large and brilliant, in a stream of fire."

The following dialogue is said to have occurred between two English miners: First collier—"There's been a *foir* (explosion) at Jackson's pit."—Second collier—"My feyther worked there." First collier—"Yes, and he's blowed all to pieces." Second collier—"by gum, he's got my knoif."

"Wife, if you are going out, pray why don't you put on your bonnet?" said Spriggins to his better half.—"Why, I've had it on this half hour, dear, waiting for you." Spriggins hadn't specially inspected a square inch or two on the top of his wife's head.

A venerable lady in her hundredth year lost her daughter, who had attained the good old age of eighty.—The mother's grief was great; and to a friend who came to condole with her she said:

"Oh dear! oh dear! I knew I never should be able to raise that child!"

BUFFALO.

Persons who have never seen the vast herds of buffalo moving can have but little conception of the almost irresistible power of such a living mass, and the difficulty of turning or breaking the herd when once it is in motion on a certain course. The countless thousands press forward, overwhelming any but the strongest barrier. Wagons have been overturned in this way, and teamsters have saved themselves and the stock only by flight.

An army officer who with a strong force crossed the Plains by the Smoky Hill route in 1864 was forced to "corral" his train of wagons and order his men to fire volleys into a herd which threatened to march over his train.—This is, however, unfrequent. A party may be on the Plains, or even on the Buffalo Range, for years and never see it; still such instances have occurred.

I have frequently been amused at the calculations made by wise old hunters whom one finds on the Range.—They settle within a million or so the exact number of buffalo that are yet wandering about. One old fellow is convinced that there is something like seventeen millions, and that this is the exact number required to keep up the present stock. The buffalo is certainly decreased since 1858. They have been pressed more than a hundred miles west in Kansas and Nebraska. They no longer range up to the Platte in the great numbers that formerly visited that stream; and the Indians are ever bringing forward the fact, in their powwows with commissioners, that soon the buffalo will be gone, and the red brother must keep pace with the white and eat his "spotted buffalo" (Indian for domestic cattle.) I am tempted to remark that they do eat a very considerable number of spotted buffalo that are not procured in a very brotherly way; and no Indian is complete in his outfit until he has a cow skin (hair on) bow case and arrow quiver. If, as the Indian fears—groundless, however, at present—the buffalo will pass away, I am at a loss to know what he would do, for the buffalo feeds, clothes, and warms the nomads. The flesh being used as food, either fresh or sun dried. The skin is used as clothing, blankets, and, with the hair removed, becomes the best material out of which to manufacture the tents or "tepes," and the "*bois de vache*" is as good fuel as the Indian asks for. In fact, there is scarcely a manufactured article that the aborine uses but what one may discover that some portion of the buffalo has been used in the construction of it. Certainly the redskin must feel something like consternation as he sees the buffalo become year by year less plenty.—*Haaper's Magazine.*

A Dutchman thus describes an accident: "Vonce, a long vile ago, I vent into mine apple orchard to climb a bear tree to get some beaches for mine vrow to make a blum pudding mit, and ven I gets on de topermost branch, I fall from de lowest limb, mit von leg on both sides of de fence, and like to stove mine outsides in."

The Presbyterian Church has 561 missionaries at work in foreign lands. The present number of communicants in connection with that church is 249,528, showing an increase of 70,000 within the last fifteen years.

A family was deprived of iced lemonade the other evening by a newly imported domestic, who tried to drive a large piece of ice into a pitcher with a hammer. The pitcher didn't "give" as she expected it would.

A gent out west was invited to take a game of poker, but he refused, saying: "No, I thankee; I played poker all one summer, and had to wear nankeen pants all next winter. I have no taste for that amusement since."

A teacher was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word cuticle. "What is that which is all over my face and hands?" said he. "It's freckles, sir," said the cherub.

"Leave you, my friend," said a tipsy fellow, clinging to a lamp post on a very dark night; "leave you, in a condition not able to take care of yourself, (hic) never."

The Madison (Ind.) *Courier* says that about one hundred and fifty cattle have died in Pike county within the last week from some new disease. It is thought by some that the disease is caused by eating smutty corn.

Sol. Miller says his time is fully occupied with a petition which he is circulating, praying the King of the Cannibal Islands to allow the women of his dominions to wear leather garters, in addition to brass ear-rings as their full Winter costume.

The Bible is now published in more than two hundred different languages and dialects.

Among the "rare books" found on the centre tables of a fashionable family is the Holy Bible.

A Maine correspondent writes that opium eating has become quite common in that State.