



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

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## 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. 25th, 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. I advise 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 bouquet of your fine flowers.

Some of the ever 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 uncarfed. Millions of acres that yield from half a ton to three tons per acre, and that is about as good as New York meadow land do, are given back to the winds and the soil the banquet that nobody will accept.

Near the Missouri river cuts 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 crop 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 finest 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. Pantyer'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 market. 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 unimproved 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.

### STATE OF NEBRASKA,

FOUR KEARNEY, NEB., December 31, 1868.

### REPUBLICAN,

Dear Sir: I have noticed in your paper the communications of "Ajax" and "W. A. P." your worthy Brownville correspondent, on the State of Nebraska with its good and bad lands. The article by "Ajax" is much to be commended by every true Nebraskan; but the criticisms thereon by your Brownville correspondent were only just and timely. "Ajax" has unintentionally underrated some portions of Nebraska. If we were all to be governed by what we have heard of Nebraska in the past, she would be far in the background indeed. "Ajax" has heard from men who have no interest in Nebraska, and who, even in the present time, will make such remarks as "I wouldn't give a cent an acre for the whole of Nebraska;" or, "I wouldn't take the whole of the Platte Valley as a gift." Such remarks are oftentimes heard. It is well known, too, that the eastern idea of Nebraska in years gone by was that it was a barren, sandy desert. Having resided constantly in the southwestern part of Nebraska for the past thirteen years, I can confidently speak of the quality of the land, the climate and its general capabilities for settlement.

The sand hills near Fort Kearney, spoken of by "Ajax" in his article, are only a narrow strip skirting the Valley of the Platte, as the bluffs seen to the eastern and western side of the Missouri river, skirt the Missouri Valley. Every one knows that these bluffs generally can not be cultivated, although stock can graze among them, and where timber is scarce trees can be planted. So it is in the vicinity of Kearney and other parts of the Platte Valley. The valley is rich enough, and the country south of the hills is rich enough for all grains and fruits and vegetables.

Many have heard of the large herds of buffalo that range in the vicinity of Kearney. These buffalo would not be in the country here if it were not for the rich pastures of grass lands where they feed and grow fat. Hundreds of thousands of buffalo have been grazed between the Platte and Republican rivers for several years past.

These same "sand hills" are mostly covered with good grass, although not so rank and good as in the valleys; and I am confident that good beefs will grow in most of that "sand hill" soil—a product that at a time not far distant I fully believe will bring much wealth to the people of Nebraska.

The allahine lands spoken of by "Ajax" are also imaginary. I know of nothing of the kind. The lands between the Platte and the Kansas State line are mostly good fertile lands, and as fit for farming purposes as is most of the prairie land of Missouri, Iowa and Illinois.

The bad lands of Nebraska occupy but a small portion of the State—near its northern boundary, between the upper waters of the Loup and L'Equi Court rivers. Instead of one third of Nebraska, or 16,000,000 acres, being "salty, alkaline and bad lands," I venture to assert that not one sixteenth part of Nebraska can be considered in that category. I have recently been upon the Platte Valley as far as North Platte, and I find as good soil that far west as there is east of Fort Kearney.

In the vicinity of Fort McPherson thousands of tons of hay were cut on the north and south side of the river at Cottonwood Springs during the past summer, and was there once in the summer and once in the fall, and each time the hay presses were turning out baled hay (that was cut from the wild prairie) at the rate of one bale every five minutes, each bale weighing from 200 to 300 pounds. The land is as fertile in the vicinity of Fort Kearney as it is at McPherson, and thousands

of tons of uncut hay is burned up or lies to rot every year. We have some of the grandest fires here every spring and fall that are seen anywhere, and it is a positive fact that if nothing grew here there would be nothing to burn.

Between Kearney and Cottonwood Springs in the country lying between the Republican and Platte rivers, there are large groves of fine cedars, from which grows Fort Kearney and McPherson and the ranches which lay between have been built. Parallel with the Platte, at about from 40 to 50 miles distant, meanders the Republican river, supplied with its thousands of creeks and streamlets, all of which are fed by thousands of gurgling springs issuing from the rock abounding the hills skirting the Republican Valley. The Republican is a well wooded stream; its woods abounding with walnut, oak, ash, cedar, cottonwood, and other valuable trees. There is plenty of good time trees not over forty miles from Kearney, and coal has been discovered in the game is abundant, consisting mostly of buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, turkeys, and many other varieties. At one time a party went out from Kearney, were gone but a few days, and returning, brought back 125 turkeys, shot down from off their perches on the trees by the light of the moon.

Wood River, Elm Creek Buffalo Creek and Loup river are north of Kearney and are all well wooded streams, although much wood is being cut for the use of the Union Pacific Railroad. The valleys of these streams and the lands adjoining are all capable of cultivation.

The culture of the beet will be one of the leading features of agriculture in Nebraska before very long, and especially when the sugar manufacturing process is simplified so that sugar can be made from beets on a man's own farm as easily as syrup is made from Sorghum. The beet will grow where other things will not. When the season is unfavorable to the raising of corn or small grain, the beet will be a success—especially in loose soil, or such as is deeply plowed. Although grass supports have visited us, and we have had drought for the past two years, yet we have had very good small grain raised in this vicinity, and some very good corn, but of course not so good as in previous years. I do not anticipate such drawbacks again for a long time. For two years nothing was raised in Colorado, but the third year doubled everybody's expectations, and the finest crop of produce was raised. Notwithstanding the severe drought of last summer and the grasshopper's raid, I have specimens of very fair wheat, oats and corn that was raised three miles west of Fort Kearney.

The mistaken ideas in regard to Nebraska I trust will soon give way to more correct and truthful ones. It is not desired to praise Nebraska overmuch, but it must have the credit to which it is justly due. Immigration will soon settle up the valleys of Nebraska. Industrious people will plant their grain, vegetables, fruits and timber trees. The future farmer of Nebraska will no more be without his planting and crop of variegated trees than he would be without his corn, wheat, potatoes and beets for feed and sugar.

To make us harmonious, prosperous and happy as a people, we must get rid of sectional feelings and jealousies. The welfare of one and all must be considered in all measures of public utility. One great measure for the general public welfare tending in this direction must be the building of four or five bridges across the Platte river, at distances of 40 or 50 miles apart, especially at such prominent points as Plattsmouth, Fremont, Columbus, Grand Island and Kearney. By the time these bridges would be built there would be greater necessity for them than there is now. It is necessary, however, that this subject be agreed so that it may be impressed on the minds of our legislators at the coming session of the State Legislature. The connecting of the South and North Platte country by bridges is one of the most important for our State legislation.

The matters of railroads, education, agriculture, and arboriculture, must receive a due share of attention by them; but the bridging of the Platte should be attended to before all else, as it is seemingly the greatest public measure required for the State of Nebraska at the present time.

In a few years our young State will be the center of attraction as it is geographically the central State of the Union. Its politics and wise laws, its progress in virtue, morality and social science, will make it in advance of all the other States. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined" is applicable to Nebraska. By commencing our career right while the State is in its youth so it will be when it has arrived at more advanced years. Let the motto of Nebraskans be "Excelsior" in everything that is good and true and beautiful.

M. H. S.

When Haddock's wife kicked him out of bed, he said, "Look here, now: if you do that again, it will be likely to cause a coldness in this family."

## NATURAL MAGIC.

The far-famed Robert Houdin cannot be satisfied with his legitimate triumphs before an audience, but occasionally does a neat thing for his own amusement, very much to the surprise of all who may happen to be present.

On Saturday last, while passing an itinerant vender of cheap provisions, Mr. Houdin suddenly paused and inquired:

"How do you sell eggs, auntie?"

"Dem' eggs?" was the response. "Dev an' a pious one piece—fresh to-day last one o' them; biled 'em myself and knows dey's fast rate."

"Well, I'll try 'em," said the magician, as he laid down a bit of fractional currency. "Have you pepper and salt?"

"Yes, sar, dey is said the sable saleswoman, watching her customer with intense interest.

Leisurely drawing out a neat little pen knife, Mr. Houdin proceeded very quietly to cut the egg exactly in half, when suddenly a bright, new twenty-five cent piece was discovered lying imbedded in the yolk, apparently as bright as when it first came from the mint. Very coolly the great magician transferred the coin to his vest pocket, and, taking up another egg, inquired:

"And how much do you ask for this egg?"

"De Lord bless my soul! Dat egg? De fac am, boss; dat egg am worth a dime, shuah!"

"All right," was the response, "there's your dime; now give me the egg."

Separating it with an exact precision which the colored woman watched most eagerly, a quarter eagle was carefully picked out of the center of the egg and placed in the vest pocket of the operator, as before. The old woman was thunderstruck, as well she might have been, and her customer had to ask her the price of the third egg two or three times before he could obtain a reply.

"Dat's no use talkin', mars'r," said the bewildered old darkey. "I couldn't let you hab dat egg, no how, for less than a quarter, I declare to de Lord I can't."

"Very good," said Houdin, whose imperturbable features were as solemn as an undertaker, "there is your quarter, and here is the egg. All right."

As he opened the last egg, a brace of five dollar gold pieces were discovered snugly deposited in the very yolk, and jingling together merrily together in his palm, the savvy old fellow remarked:

"Very good eggs, indeed; I rather like 'em, and while I am about it, I believe I'll buy a dozen. What is the price?"

"I say price," screamed the amazed daughter of Ham. "You couldn't buy dem eggs, mars'r, for all the money you've got. No! dat you couldn't. I see w'ine to take dem eggs all home, I is, and dat money in dem eggs all belongs to me. It does dat. Couldn't sell no more ob dem egg no how."

Amid the roar of the spectators, the benighted African started for her domicile to "smash dem eggs" but with what success we are unable to relate.

Atlanta (Ga.) New Era.

A few days ago a Milwaukee paper proposed, and proposed it seriously, it is said, the name of Robert E. Lee for a place in Grant's cabinet, paying Lee a fitting compliment for his pure and Christian character. This brought out an indignant rejoinder from Judge Hubbel, an old and prominent citizen of Wisconsin, which closed with the following words of bitter irony: "But if we must have the first and noblest man in the rebel Confederacy placed in our President's cabinet, let him march to his high position suitably attended; call up from the battlefields the three hundred thousand Union soldiers who died that their country might live; place their gory and ghastly forms in decent coffins, and arrange them in line, four hundred miles of continuous corpses, and invite General Lee to pass this line in review on his way to the capital; then summon the fellow, Wirz, from his grave, whom the government hung for doing the duty assigned him by his pardoned superiors—and let him act as escort; and, lastly, call from their homes the millions of mourners—the fathers, mothers, wives and children of the confined heroes—and let them look upon the first and noblest man of the rebel Confederacy, while their eyes are yet red with weeping, and salute the Cabinet Minister while their voices are yet softened with sorrow."

Two hundred stalwart men lately went into Westchester county, New York to hunt wild ducks. They were successful. The average per hunter was one two hundredth part of a duck; time, one day.

A Frenchman writing a letter in English to a friend, and looking in the dictionary for the word "preserver," and finding it meant to pickle, wrote as follows: "May you and your family be pickled to all eternity."

A housemaid who was to call a gentleman to dinner found him engaged in using a tooth brush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply. "He's just sharpening his teeth."

A drunken man having vomited into a basket containing goslings warming by the fire place, exclaimed in consternation, "My God, wife, when'd I swallow them things!"

Alaska contains about 370,000,000 acres and was purchased at a little less than two cents an acre.

## A CUTE YANKEE.

Andy Cummins, who used to live out near Framingham, was a "cute down easter"—a real live Yankee, hard to beat. He was once in a country bar room "down South," where several gentlemen were assembled, when one of them said:

"Yankee Cummins, if you'll go out and stick your pen-knife into anything, when you come back I'll tell what it's stickin' in."

"Yer can't do no such thing!" responded Cummins.

"I'll bet ten dollars of it," answered the southerner.

"Wal, I rather guess I'll take that ere bet! Here, captain" (turning to the landlord), "hold stakes, and I'll just make half a saw horse in less than no time."

The parties deposited an X apiece, and Cummins went on his mission, but in a short time he returned, saying:

"Wal, neighbor, what is it sticking in?"

"In the handle," replied the southerner, holding out his hand for the stakes.

"Guess not; just wait a minute," said the Yankee, as he held up the handle of the knife, minus the blade. "I calculate the blade can't be in the handle, when it's driv clean up in an old stump aside of yer road out there."

Cummins, of course, won the wager, and the Southerner sloped for parts unknown, amid roars of laughter.

## PASTE THAT WILL KEEP A YEAR.

Dissolve a tablespoonful of alum in a quart of water. When cold stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps, and stir in as much powdered rosin as stood on a dime, and throw in half a dozen cloves to give it a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a tencupful of boiling water, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well all the time. In a very few minutes it will be of the consistency of mush. Pour it into an earthen or china vessel; let it cool; lay a cover on and put it in a cool place. When needed for use, take out a portion and soften it with warm water. Paste this flour with water, and it will keep better than gum, as it does not glass the paper and can be written upon.

General Edward H. Stoughton, late of New York, died recently at Boston. He is the same who was captured by Mosby in 1863, and about whom President Lincoln is said to have remarked:

"I don't mind the brigadier—I can make a new one any time; but I'd like to get those horses back—they cost \$125 a piece." The writer was in the Stoughton's brigade at the time.

The General was young, handsome, educated and brave enough, but was unopposed and owing to his superabundance of valor, owing to his superabundance of credit, that quality which soldiers know and abhor as "red tape." At the time of his capture he was at his headquarters, which were located several miles away from his command, for the reason, as they believed, that he could subsist more comfortably there. He was a lawyer by profession, and a son of a prominent Vermont politician.

## PRINTERS' GRANT AND COLFAX CLUB.

This club have prepared a "Congratulatory Letter" to Gen. U. S. Grant, which has been engraved on parchment by Mr. G. W. Scribner, corresponding secretary, and will remain on exhibition at Mr. Benj. DeWolf's jewelry establishment, 358 Pennsylvania avenue, until Saturday next. The design and penmanship reflects credit upon the gentleman who executed it. It will be presented to Gen. Grant next week, immediately after his return from Philadelphia.—Washington Chronicle.

Mayor Hall, of New York city, has issued his first general order, which was to the effect that hereafter the prefix of Honorable was not to be used in connection with his name or office. Communications are not to be addressed to his honor, but simply to the Mayor.

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## TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

A young lady who was a firm advocate of total abstinence, when riding from her father's county seat to a neighboring village, met a young man on foot who was carrying a suspicious looking jug. She at once reined in her horse and asked him what he had in that jug. Looking up with a comical leer, he simply winked one eye and smacked his lips to indicate that it contained something good. The young lady supposing he meant alcohol, immediately began to talk temperance; but her auditor requested the privilege of first asking her just one simple question. "What is it?" she inquired. "It is this. Why is my jug like your side saddle?" She could not tell. "It's because it holds a gallon," said he. "What trifling!" exclaimed the indignant young lady, and then continued, "Young man, do you not perceive—" "Just one more question," interrupted her auditor, "and then I'm done. Why is my jug also like the assembly-room of a female seminary at roll-call?" "I'm sure I do not know," patiently replied the young lady. "Well, it is because it is full o' lasses," said the incorrigible auditor. The fair lecturer touched her spirited horse with her whip, and was soon out of hearing of the rude young man's laughter.

On a certain occasion, a noted infidel borrowed a sum of money from the late Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, Mass. When he came to pay it, he thought to pose the doctor by argument.

"You ought not to take interest for this money, for the Jews were forbidden to take usury,"

"Oh! no," said the doctor, "you forget. The Jews were indeed forbidden to take usury from their own people, but they were allowed to take usury from the heathen."

Brick Pomeroy's paper in New York is so nearly on its last legs that the managing night and city editors will leave it this week. The opinion in Printing House Square is that Pomeroy has at last discovered his mistake, and that the notoriety of his journal having passed away, he will soon be obliged to discontinue its publication. He claims, however, that its success is assured.

A clergyman having preached during Lent in a small town in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said in a sermon exhorting his parishioners against being seduced by the prevailing vices of the age, "I have preached against every vice, but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it is carried on in this town."

In Westley, R. I., a Missionary had pointed on the fence, "What shall I do to be saved?" To which a quick medicine man added: "Use—bitters." The evangelist retorted by printing under "Use—bitters" in another place, the words, "Then prepare to meet thy God!"

There is an Irish superstition that the breath of a child who never beheld the face of its father, charms away disease. Irish children, accordingly, whose fathers die before their birth, are in demand even in this country,—they are frequently called in from the street, or from school, to "breathe on the face of the baby."

The first Methodist church was erected in Bath, in England 129 years ago. In twenty-two days from the laying of the first stone the building was up, enclosed and filled with worshippers.

A Canadian who wished to marry a young girl promised her that his wife and two children should not be an obstacle to their union. He soon after killed them all, and the girl is now the chief witness against him.

Mayor Roberts, of Omaha, has joined the Good Templars. Mayor Hall, of St. Joseph, is a most ardent advocate of temperance.

A drunken fellow being taken to the station house the other day on a charge of assault and battery, and asked if the charge was true, replied "H-b-how can I tell, t-till I hear the evidence?"

The wife of a wealthy New York merchant, highly educated and a fine writer, has been recently arrested three times in Poughkeepsie, while in a state of beastly intoxication.

"Wine, Beer and Whisky," is the Rumseller's sign. Interpreted, Sin, Crime and Death.