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THE HERALD.

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TURNVEREIN.—The Turner Society meets at Turners Hall in Gutmanns Block, on the 1st and Third Wednesdays of each Month.
Week beach: *President*—Gus. Reinhackle; *First Turnwart*—Wm. Hesser; *Second Turnwart*—Geo. Karger; *Warden*—John Erhart.

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WANTED.

God give us men! a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,—
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

J. G. HOLLAND.

THROWING KISSES.

BY MINNIE R. SLADE.

Girlie on the stairway, mother up above;
Girlie's eyes and mother's full of tender love;
Girlie's little fingers throw a hurrying kiss
Right to mother, loving, fearing not to miss;
Mother throws one downward to her Golden-hair;
Girlie cries, "They're meeting, mother in the air!"

By-and-by the girlie sands all, all alone,
Looking sadly upward for the mother gone
Up the heavenly stairway. Girlie, standing here,
Knows the mother surely, surely must be near.
If she throws her kisses up the golden stair,
Will they meet the mother's half-way in the air?

—*Our Young Folks.*

EARLY DAYS IN NEBRASKA.

No. 5.

BY TIP-TOP.

OLD TIMES.

"Tip-Top," the able editor of the Plattsmouth *Herald*, is giving a series of interesting sketches of the early days in Nebraska.—*West Point Republican.*

Yes, and that reminds us of a little story in which that same West Point—and it was only a point then—figured conspicuously. Way back in these "old times," when this country was new, and the unbroken prairie sod stretched from Decatur westward, for many and many a long mile without tree, bush, stump, or even a big weed to break the velvety green, the few settlers on the Missouri bottom, and in fact all over the north country got a big scare. It looks funny, now, and may draw a smile from many a lip, for the scare was one of those "Indian scares," you know; but let me tell you, an Indian scare wasn't quite so funny ten or twelve years ago as it seems to be now. Any way, foolish or no foolish, we got the scare bad, and everybody turned out and "Resolved," and traded for an old gun or two, and cleaned up their revolvers and rusty butcher knives, and sent a petition on to our Great Father at Washington, for arms, and protection, and comfort, and advice.—The "Hon." Frank Welch, as Mr. *Republican* says, though we didn't use the prefix in those days, but called him "Boston," for short. Well, the Hon. Frank and your humble servant hooked up "Tip and Charley" and rode over to the Omaha Agency and saw Col. Furnas, then Agent, to get some old muskets. The Colonel was building a Fort, and the Indians were about as scared as the white folks, that is, the Omaha's, for it was a Sioux invasion that was looked for. We got the old Springfield's, stowed them away in the back end of the wagon, and for all we know, they are there yet. Nobody in our town ever shot one off, any way.

This is only an introduction to my story, you see, and to show you how bad the scare was, when "Boston" and I returned to town, we found a new cause of alarm. Some peripatetic individual had strayed over from the Elkhorn valley and reported that *all* the settlers on the Horn were murdered, and their cabins burned. The prairie was red and moist with gore, and the night air lurid with the fires of Indian hate and revenge. What now? This would never do. We might be surrounded any day or night, and swept away like grasshoppers before a north wind. We patiently counted up all the white men west of the Missouri, from Omaha up, and then guessed at the Indians that *might* come down on us. The odds were fearful, and we held another "meeting," the result of which was that Frank Welch, myself and Henry Kline, were deputed a committee (that's what they call it now-a-days) or as we fondly supposed, a little forlorn hope to scout across the prairie towards the Elkhorn valley, and if either of the three survived, and brought his "har" back to Decatur, the citizens would then know to act.

One bright and beautiful morning we three set out for the—then unknown—*West*, mounted on three as good horses as ever crossed the grand prairie. Boston rode a beautiful brown mare, called Queen, Kline rode "Jenny," and your historian bestrode a young Morgan, called "Charley." Shall I ever forget those days of health and freedom from care. All the Indians on top of earth couldn't take the laugh nor the fun out of that committee. And many were the grotesquey repositions made as to arming ourselves, and one after another suggested some ludicrous equipment, all the way from a popgun to a Mountain Howitzer.

As we rode along we planned ferocious and laughable encounters with the savages of West Point, and pictured to our mind's eye what each *would* do if we should be "attacked by Indians." At noon we camped on the beautiful Logan creek, just above where Oakland is now, and ate a good solid dinner for six men. Our horses had to be led across a footleg, in those days, and the bottom on the west side was rather slough-ey, so we were obliged to wade out and lead the horses, all the while wondering what in blazes we should do if the Indians came down on us now while we were ankle deep in mud.

Once more on solid ground and mounted we reminded each other that we were approaching dangerous ground; that there might be Indians anywhere around loose, lying in the long grass, hiding in the ravines, or swooping from over the next bluff. Firmly grasping our revolvers, we closed up, three abreast, and marched gallantly onward, up and down the gullies, down and up those plagued slopes, we moseyed, sometimes on the trail and oftener away from it.—Every now and then bringing up on a moist spot or at one of these little creeks, all bridged now, where we had to hunt for a good crossing. In such cases we posted one man to keep his eye out for Indians, while the other two rode up and down, half leaning out of the saddle hunting for a crossing. In this way the afternoon wore along until the gray of twilight surrounded us as we climbed the last long ridge that we thought must separate us from the long looked for Elk Horn valley, and a sight of West Point.

All at once Kline sees a moving object far off on the summit of the ridge. It is a human being, he is mounted on a pony, he looks long and steadily at our cavalcade, then swings himself forward on his pony and swoops off down the bluff. Our Indian has come at last, undoubtedly this is the outpost—the sentinel sent on the hill to keep watch and ward off approaching whites—while his comrades plunder and feast over the murdered corpses below in the valley.—Now our time has come for sure. In three, five, seven minutes, we may expect a yelling onslaught of fiery red men. Yea, the whole magnificent Sioux tribe may, at any moment, appear pictured in the fading light of setting sun as so many copper devils in yonder grass covered prairie slope.

These were the days that tried men's souls, and ours felt strongly like turning toes first towards the Missouri river and leaving only a vision of our heels for the new race of West Pointers to gaze at.

But, kind reader, mere physical courage is nowhere, beside the mental dread of being laughed at. The *snip* of a bullet is not to be compared to the hiss of a sneer. Many a man walks out to be shot because he dares not stay at home and be laughed at, and that committee went out for wool and meant to bring wool home or die in the attempt.

So onward, the two hundredth part of the six hundred.

At that time West Point consisted of a single house, I believe, part sod and part frame shanty, and if I recollect aright, the biggest part was sod. It stood about midway on Main street now, and around its low and gloomy door stood the half dozen white settlers that the place contained, guns in hand.

This much we saw through the gloom. Something was up.

If no Indians were there, something else was; but onward we rode, into the very jaws of death, for the garrison of West Point, having been alarmed by a boy herding cattle, that a band of Indians were approaching West Point at last, and after cleaning out the Missouri valley, had no doubt come over to wipe from existence the name of Neligh, &c., over in the Elkhorn.

To cut a long story short, they had seen no Indians, and we had seen no Indians, but David Neligh had shot himself somewhere, and the settlers had other worries and cares not necessary to mention now. Nevertheless, somebody brought out from somewhere the inevitable flask of whisky: we all took a good long pull (to the health of Indians generally). Joe McKinahan toted us off across the creek to his ranche, for the night, and the next morning, refreshed and refilled from the flask as a starter we set out for home, to inform the good folks of Decatur that nary an Indian ever had been seen in Elkhorn valley, but they heard that all the Decatur folks had been "chawed up"

Kline couldn't set down comfortably for a week after his unusual horseback exercise. The Hon. Frank took an extra huge piece of the native leaf and said, he had found out enough more of the excellent qualities of "Queen" to pay him for the trip, while anything that promised sport suited "yours truly," in those days. T. T.

Different Alphabets.

The Sandwich Island has twelve letters; the Italian, twenty; the Bengalese, twenty one, the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, and Latin, twenty-two each; the French, twenty-three; the Greek, twenty-four; the German and Dutch, twenty-six each; the Spanish and Slavonic, twenty-seven each; Arabic twenty-eight; the Persian and Coptic, thirty-two; the Georgian, thirty-five; the Armenian, thirty-eight; the Russian forty-one; the Muscovite forty-three; the Sanscrit and Japanese, fifty each: the Ethiopic and Tartarian, two hundred and two each.

PROGRAMME

Of the Mt. Pleasant Institute, to be held at Eight Mile Grove, April 11th, and 12th, 1873, at the M. E. Church.

The Institute will commence at seven o'clock, P. M. with singing by the Grove Sunday School; Prayer by J. H. Presson; Singing by the Grove Sunday School.

1st. The Pulpit and the Sunday School, by J. H. Presson. Singing by the Grove Sunday School.

Exercises for Saturday, April 12th.

Singing by the Grove Sunday School; Prayer by John Gallagher; A song of welcome by the Grove Sunday School.

2d. The Family and the Sunday School, by Brother Winslow; Singing by the Weeping Water Sunday School.

3d. How shall we reach the children of irreligious parents with the Gospel and its means of culture by Brother S. Richardson; Singing by the Mt. Pleasant Sunday School.

4th. What are the principle difficulties experienced in the prosecution of the Sunday School work, and how shall they be obviated, by Brother E. A. Kirkpatrick; Singing by the Grove Sunday School.

5th. Why should every one be interested in the Sunday School work, and how may its usefulness be increased by those who are not directly laboring in it, by Brother S. B. Hobson; Singing by the Weeping Water Sunday School.

6th. Qualifications and the deportment of Sabbath School Teachers, by Brother S. M. Kirkpatrick; Singing by the Mt. Pleasant Sunday School.

7th. In what particular kind of religious work may children engage and how enlist them in it, by Sister Frew and J. Richardson; Song by the Grove Sunday School.

8th. The Mission Sunday School, by A. L. Folden; Singing by Weeping Water Sunday School.

9th. Experimental Teaching, by John Gallagher; Singing by Mt. Pleasant Sunday School.

10th. Use of the Black Board in Sunday School, by Brother Fleming and Sister Shelton; Song by the Grove Sunday School.

11th. What has the Sunday School accomplished, and what may it do, by Brothers Austin and Jenks; Doxology by all.

A. L. FOLDEN,
Chairman.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

A Thorough Review of His Case—The Vicious Envy of His Persecutors.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

The reception of Mr. Colfax by his friends, neighbors, and political supporters shows the advantage of an honorable reputation. For twenty years he has stood before his countrymen with an unblemished fame as a citizen, a politician, a parent, relative, and friend.—His regular and unspotted life, his temperance and moderation, his freedom from all those errors that so often taint the politician's career, his labors in the cause of virtue and good morals, will now be remembered and become the more conspicuous in the midst of the abuse of the envious and the clamorous virulence of the corrupt. Nothing, indeed, so excites the envy of the vicious as the possession of an unblemished fame, and the rash haste with which several of the opposition journals have ventured to impute to Mr. Colfax their own chief failings will serve only to expose them more plainly to the people. Falsehood, avarice, indifference to moral laws, he has never exhibited. His whole political course has been marked by truthfulness and consistency, by singular moderation, in his conduct toward his opponents, by a firm adherence to Republican principles; and as he labored for the preservation of his country in those sad hours when they who now assail him were plotting its destruction, so he has shared in all the triumphs of freedom, and has been one of those whom his countrymen delight to honor.

It was charged against Alexander Hamilton that he had created the national debt, that he and his friends might grow rich from the plunder of the public. He replied by exposing his own poverty. The charge against Mr. Colfax is that he accepted shares in a fraudulent company, receiving considerable dividends, and denied that he ever accepted them. The charge of having purchased some of the stock at the solicitation of Ames, who was then believed to be a man of integrity, as well as of wealth, Mr. Colfax admits, but states that he soon returned it, having discovered the character of the company, with the loss of what he had already paid. Since that time he has never owned any of the stock, nor received anything from it. But Ames, who at first stated that Mr. Colfax had never received a dividend and confirmed his statement, now at second examination charged him with gross deception, and alleged that he paid him a check for $1,200 in 1868. He produced a check drawn to the order of S. C. for that amount, and we believe a memorandum from his note book. Mr. Colfax denied at once that he had ever seen the check before. His opponents examined his bank account, and finding there a deposit of $1,200 in June, 1868, brought the fact forward as a proof of his having received and made use of the $1,200 check. And Mr. Colfax then proves by credible witnesses that he had received about that time $1,200 from different sources, which he had deposited and used. The cashier upon whom Ames' check was drawn adds in impression that Ames drew the money for it himself.

Thus the accusation against Mr. Colfax's integrity and truthfulness rests solely upon the testimony of Ames, who has made two different statements about the transaction directly opposed to each other, and who could not be accepted as a trustworthy witness neither in the judgment of history nor of the law. No one would trust the memory or the fidelity of the man who upon oath gives two versions of the same occurrence directly at variance. No reliance, therefore can be placed upon the account of Ames, and except his own testimony, there is not a trace of evidence to confirm his story—no receipt, no certificate, no indorsement.—"The testimony against a public official," said Jefferson, "should be affirmative," but neither affirmative nor negative proof exists against Mr. Colfax. His only opposing witness contradicts himself and proves his own falseness.

Whether a person in office is permitted to buy or even hold stock in which the government is interested is a question easily answered. No official should make any use of the opportunities of his position at the expense of the public.—Hamilton in the case we have noticed would not allow any of his relatives, or even his friends, to buy government stock. He held $800 worth, which he had long owned, unsold until he left office. The stock which Mr. Colfax had bought, as at once abandoned when he found that it might expose him to dishonorable influences or bring him into conflict with the government. He saw that he had been led into error, and at once gave up the stock, at a considerable loss to himself. His fault was venal; he strove at once to repair it. To the charge of having made money at the public loss he replies by exhibiting, like Hamilton, the moderation of his own fortune, and the honorable sources from whence it came.

It is not unreasonable, therefore, that the people of Indiana should welcome their eminent statesman with new zeal and energy, while his enemies strive to cover his fame with calumny, and destroy the well-earned reputation of a laborious life. Nothing would gratify his assailants more than to reduce Mr. Colfax to a level with themselves. Had he betrayed the principles of freedom, entered into treasonable combinations; striven to undo the honorable progress of the past, and throw the nation back into anarchy and despair, no whisper of disapprobation would have escaped from the men who now assail him; he might have been their favorite leader. His chief crime is that he was true to the interests of freedom in the recent campaign. The highest proof of his rectitude and honesty for posterity will probably be the characters of his chief assailants; from his more honorable opponents he is receiving a thorough vindication.—And it is certain that no reputation will pass to future years more spotless or enviable than that of Schuyler Colfax.

HYDROPHOBIA.

A New York Cure.

[From the New York Herald.]

The following communication, narrating a remarkable and successful cure for hydrophobia in this city, and which seems to be fully authenticated has been sent to the Herald by the physician who attended the victim, and his account of the treatment used may be of value and benefit to others in the hot days that are approaching:

To the Editor of the Herald:

Permit me to contradict an item of news which appeared in a morning paper of yesterday, which read as follows—"Philip Loftus, aged nine years, of 83 Cherry street, was bitten by a dog in Cherry street a few days ago, and has hydrophobia. He cannot recover." I am a physician, and this case was brought to my notice on Monday, the 24th inst., nearly three weeks after the boy was bitten. When I arrived at his home he was laboring under most violent convulsions and manifested all the symptoms of the terrible disease. The case appeared so bad that I felt reluctant to administer anything without consulting other physicians. Accordingly I procured the attendance of three brother physicians, who pronounced the case to be one of hydrophobia, and also felt reluctant to administer anything to the patient. I considered, however, that there was still a hope, having given this disease long years of study, though it is considered incurable by the standard medical authorities. I first administered a warm bath, after which I used cold applications to the spine; gave him a hydrate of chloral and bromide ammonia, with opium suppositories administered every three hours. After the first dose the paroxisms were partially relieved, and he fell into a sound sleep which lasted a few hours. When he awoke the paroxisms again returned with their usual severity, the deglutition became extremely difficult, so much so that it was only by a great effort he was made to swallow another portion of the medicine. Again the symptoms became obedient to the remedy, with a marked improvement in the general condition of the patient. By continued persistence in the treatment he is now almost in a state of convalescence, and there is every hope of his recovery.

The "first families" are not all dead yet. This fact cropped out in a Kentucky Legislature the other day, when a member there gave vent to his feelings upon a proposition to send a commission to the Vienna Exposition to represent the advantages and productions of Kentucky. Said he: "For my part I am glad they have never heard from our State. I want them to remain in blissful ignorance. I want Kentucky for Kentuckians. I believe Kentuckians are the greatest and best people on earth. I don't want their blood contaminated, nor do I wish our children to be driven out of the State to seek distant homes by a set of ale-brewers, and grape-pruners, or anybody else. I would welcome industrious foreigners from every portion of Europe to our State, but I am opposed to going out of the way to pay anybody to come, or to compel them." The Indianapolis *Journal* suggests that if this man is a stock-grower he ought to know the advantages of crossing blood occasasionally, and not persist in breeding "in and in," however good the stock is.

A pair of Atchison's soiled doves, from the noted house of Madame Baskerville, engaged, recently, in a set-to arranged and carred out after the latest and most approved rules of the duelling code Knives were the weapons used, and the war was waged fearfully and wrathfuly, ending in the utter vanquishment and total annihilation of "the blonde," she being severely cut in several places by the other woman.

A newspaper, name not stated, is to be started in a few days in the new City of Breslau, L. I. The place has a population at present exceeding 3,000, and is "rapidly increasing." Eligible town lots are sold at the very low price of $10 each.

A Description of Nebraska.

To the Editor of the Doncaster (England) Gazette:

SIR:—Having just returned from Nebraska, the youngest State in the Union, I should like to communicate some of my opinions with regard to it, for the benefit of those who contemplate an attempt at bettering their condition by emigration. To those leaving the old home, there is much anxiety as to which shall be the new. One thing, however, is certain, that there is no one spot upon earth which combines every desirable characteristic with the absence of all that is undesirable. The Garden of Eden was not situated, I should imagine, in this hemisphere.

Of all the new countries I have visited Nebraska presents the best field for the intending emigrant. It is not a State where he can hope to become rich all at once, but for those who can work, and wait for seven or eight years, they can surely arrive at a competency which with like means in this country they could not hope to attain at all.

Nebraska has undoubtedly a healthy atmosphere and a very fertile soil. The climate is similar to that of this country with these differences: In winter it is colder and in summer warmer; generally it is brighter, drier and clearer, being altogether free from fogs, and those unkindly mists so prevalent in almost all parts of Great Britain. The general surface of the country is rolling prairie, that is to say, the land is sufficiently undulating as to form hill and dale, with a smoothness and finish which elsewhere comes only from long cultivation. The lay of the land commends itself to the age of the practical farmer, the rolling prairie and knolls emerging into draws or shallow ravines which are but tributaries of the creeks, or streams in the valleys, to him all this is but dame nature's system of drainage.

The State is bounded on the east by the Missouri river. At this point the height above the level of the sea is 1,000 feet, at the western boundary it is 5,000 feet, the commencement of the eastern slope of the "rocky mountains," and yet there is no reduction in the fertile area by any bold rises, simply a gentle slope across the State. The soil is excellent; I have seen nothing like it in the old country. it is a rich black loam, and is most like the deposit of the delta, varying from 18 inches to 18 feet in thickness. Of its capabilities of production it is difficult to speak without exaggeration, and the best proof of its inexhaustibility is found in the fact that lands have been cultivated in Indian corn, small grain, or root crops for the last 15 years, without any fertilizers whatever, showing no perceptible difference in the nature or quantity of their productions.

The labor needed to make the land fruitful bears no comparison to that of this country or Canada; there are no forest-trees to be felled, no stumps to dig up, no rocks to remove, and no chemical fertilizers to be added before you can reap returns. Manure is not used at all, they fill it up near to their stables and barns, and I have met with more than one case where rather than remove the manure, the stable has been removed in preference. I do not believe that during the last twelve months there has been as much manure used in Nebraska, which is as large a country as England and Wales, as any good farmer in this country would put upon his place of 300 acres.

Nebraska is blessed with numerous streams and rivers fringed with timber, but the timber, when compared with other States, is not plentiful. However it grows rapidly, and farmers who have spent a lifetime in Canada and the heavily timbered States in erecting weather-beaten monuments of perseverance in the shape of unrooted stumps, prefer to plant where needed rather than "clear." Good land can be bought from the railway companies at from 5 to 12 dollars per acre, or 20s. to 50s. on ten years credit at 6 per cent. interest. In this way crops will pay for land. As already stated, homesteads can be taken south of Fort Kearney, where the Burlington and Missouri Railroad joins the Union Pacific, the only trans-continental line yet in operation. For Englishmen and those of any country who have means, I should say it is better to buy from the railroad company. I bought mine, 6,000 acres, from the Burlington and Missouri Railroad Company, they give a perfect title which enables the owner to sell or convey, go or come, lease or rent, without peril of creating an adverse title, or invalidating his own.

I am, yours, &c. X.

Free Postage---Its Abolition.

It is important for the public to know what is included in the law known as "the repeal of the franking privilege."

All mail known as "free matter" under existing laws, on which postage must be paid after June 30, by reason of this repeal, is classed under twelve heads, as follows, viz:

1. All mail to and from the President and Vice-President.
2. Official communications to or from Cabinet or Bureau officers, chief clerks or franking officers of each of the Executive Departments.
3. All letters or printed matter to or from members of Congress, Secretary of the Senate or Clerk of the House of Representatives.
4. Petitions to Congress.
5. Copyright matter to Librarian of Congress, if so marked on the package.
6. Smithsonian Institute mail.
7. Exchanges between publishers, one copy of each publication not to exceed sixteen ounces weight.
8. Weekly newspapers to actual subscribers within the county where published.
9. Notices from Postmasters of refusals to take publications.
10. Dead letters returned to writers.
11. Medals, certificates of thanks, or other testimonials awarded by Legislatures to their soldiers.
12. Under a special act of Congress, passed some years since, all mail matters to and from Mary Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, during her natural life.

Those persons now having the franking privilege are the President, Vice-President, Senators, Representatives, Delegates' Secretary of Senate, Clerk of House, Cabinet Clerks Postmasters, for official communication only, as also Collectors of Internal Revenue, and Mrs. Lincoln.

THE HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, (10 lines or less) one insertion $1.00
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Extra Copies of the HERALD for sale by H. Streight, at the Post Office, and O. F. Johnson, North side Main Street, between Second and Third.

WIVES' COLUMN.

A Dinner Excuse.

[From Lipencott's Magazine.]

Apologies for poor dinners are generally out of place. But when a lady has a forgetful husband, who, without warning, brings home a dozen guests to sit down to a plain family dinner for three or four, it is not in human nature to keep absolute silence. What to say, and how to say it, form the problem. Mrs. Tucker, the wife of Judge Tucker, of Williamsburg, solved this problem many years ago. She was the daughter or niece (I am uncertain which) of Sir Peyton Skipwith, and celebrated for her beauty, wit, ease and grace of manner. Her temper and tack were put to the proof one court day, when the Judge brought with him the accustomed half score or more of lawyers, for whom not the slightest preparation had been made, the Judge having forgotten to remind his wife that it was court-day, and she herself, strange to tell, having overlooked the fact.

The dinner was served with elegance, and Mrs. T. made herself very charming. Upon rising to leave the guests to their wine she said: "Gentlemen, you have dined to day with Judge Tucker; promise me now that you will dine tomorrow with *me*.

This was all her apology, whereupon the gentlemen swore that such a wife was beyond price. The Judge then explained the situation, and the next day there was a noble banquet.

Moral—Never worry a guest with apologies.

A Funny Scene.

San Francisco has witnessed a scene which has created much fun, but more profanity in every Post-office in the United States. "A female argonaut of fearful vitality," we read in the San Francisco Bulletin, "a tall and extremely ugly female, called at the Post-office, tendered ninety nine coppers to the urbane clerk, and asked in lieu thereof three-cent stamps. The official remarked that he could only receive four coppers as a legal tender, and at the expense of a deal of precious time endeavored to convince the female that he was guided by certain rules and had no latitude in the matter. She waxed wroth, and remarked that when, in the course of human events, it becomes apparent that United States coin was to be refused by a United States official, she thought her forefathers had died in vain, and considered it her duty to bring the Government to account. Then she paced the corridor of the Post office until she had made thirty-three separate tenders of the coppers and obtained thirty-three three-cent stamps. During her transactions with the clerk she gave him much unsolicited advice, and otherwise contributed to the enjoyment of a little knot of spectators. The clerk acted the gentleman throughout."

Women's Farm Club.

A correspondent of the *Women's Journal* writes: It pleased me very much to see the notice of a Women's Farmers' Club. It is one step in the right direction. Believing, as I do, that one great want of women in our rural districts is interchange of views on all subjects, I should be glad to hear of more clubs for women, with or without men. A little more energy and perseverance, and we shall accomplish what we once thought impossible. Belonging to a Farmers' Club myself, in western New York, I will tell you how we manage. There are twelve men and their wives. We meet once a month at the house of some member to spend the day. In the first place the subjects of general interest are discussed after dinner. Each one contributes to a basket something in writing, long or short, upon any subject, to be read by one of the members; quite a variety and sometimes very spicy. Then the one who was appointed at the previous meeting, reads an essay, usually on some branch of farming, but any other subject if he chooses; some discussion generally follows the same. The rest of the time is devoted to farm interests.

The Atheist and the Irish Woman.

During the month of November 1843, a clergyman and an atheist were in one of the night trains between Albany and Utica. The night being cold the passengers gathered as closely as possible around the stove.

The atheist was very loquacious, and engaged in a conversation with the minister. In answer to the latter as to what a man's condition was after death, the atheist replied:

"Man is like a pig: when he dies that is the last of him."

As the minister was about to reply, a red-faced Irish woman in the car sprang up and addressed the clergyman in a loud and humorous brogue, exclaimed:

"Arrah, now;