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NEBRASKA HERALD.

J. A. MACMURPHY, Editor. "PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS." TERMS; $2.00 a Year.

Volume 9. Plattsmouth, Nebraska, Thursday, December 11, 1873. Number 37.

THE HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One square, (10 lines or less) one insertion..$1.00
Each subsequent insertion.....50
Professional cards, not exceeding six lines..10.00
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THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

BY WAX-UM.

Pleasant is the early Spring time,
When flowers first appear
To fill our hearts with joy, for then,
Bright Summer it is near.

And pleasant is the Summer time,
With fields of growing grain.
Without this bright sunny weather,
Work would be quite in vain.

Then comes Autumn with chilly winds,
And changes quite, the scene;
Now, everything is brown and gray,
Which once was bright and green.

Winter wraps his icy mantle
Around his shivering form;
And o'er earth breathes his frosty breath,
And sends the driving storm.

And our own lives are not unlike
The seasons of the year.
And begin, like Spring, to end
Like Winter, cold and drear.

THE DOCTOR'S LAST SHOT.

BY MRS. A. W. CURTIS.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown were having a very comfortable afternoon together. Mrs. Smith, who was an invalid, or thought herself one, which is just as bad, was reclining in an easy-chair, and Mrs. Brown who had run in with her knitting just to see how she was, had been persuaded to spend the rest of the day with her friend.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, I consider it providential. That poor niece of mine was left an orphan on the cold charities of the world, and as I was the only friend she had, she came right here, of course, Well, here I am in such delicate health, needing constant attention, and I couldn't expect my own girls, poor dears, to be fussing around their sick mother all the time. I want them to enjoy themselves while they can. This poor thing needed a home, and I gave it to her at once. I said, "of course, child, come right here and live with us. You can make yourself useful, no doubt, and it'll be all right. She's been here six months now, and has been a wonderful help to me. I keep her busy from daylight until dark to keep her mind off her troubles, you know, and nights when I can't sleep it's dreadful handy to have her where she can rub my back, soak my feet, bathe my head and read me to sleep."

"Do you pay her wages?"

"Bless me, no! She said something about it one day as if she expected to be paid for her work, but I told her we couldn't think of hiring our own blood relations to work for us. I told her to just be easy about that, whenever she needed anything we'd see about it. She gave me a kind of a queer smile that I didn't quite understand or like; but, on the whole, she is quiet and gentle like, and I consider it a real Providence."

"Where is she now?"

"I sent her down to the back pasture to get some blackberries for my tea.—I thought maybe I'd relish them if they were fresh."

Down in the back pasture she was, the poor niece, Meta Langdon, but not picking blackberries. She was sitting on a mossy log among the bushes, crying as if her heart would break. It did her good; it cooled the fierce fever in her heart, and she finally grew quiet and slipped softly down upon her knees and prayed long and earnestly for patience and wisdom and help from her Heavenly Father. Then she caught up her pail and rose to commence her task. But it so happened that Doctor Chester, who was spending a few weeks in that delightful country place, was out hunting that day. A fine, plump partridge flew up from the bushes just at that moment, and the Doctor fired. To his astonishment the bird escaped, but a shrill scream and heavy fall beyond the bushes made him throw down his gun and bag and rush furiously through the sharp briars, never heeding the rents they made in his fine hunting suit or the cruel scratches upon his face and hands.

There lay the game he had brought down, in the shape of a young girl who was in a dead faint or killed for aught he knew. He quickly loosened her dress and dashed water in her face from the full canteen which he happened to have, and finally forced a few drops of brandy between her lips. At length she opened her eyes, to his great relief, and tried to rise, but a sharp cry of pain showed there was something more serious than mere fright.

"What is it, where are you hurt?"

"My arm," she exclaimed.

He tore the faded calico sleeve open to the shoulder, and sure enough the soft white arm, was covered with blood and seemed to be riddled with shot.

"Dear, dear, what have I done!" He exclaimed, hastily tying his own and her handkerchief tightly around it.—"There's no time for apologies or explanations. I thought I was shooting a partridge, and in some unaccountable way I have shot you. Now tell me where you live so I can get you home as soon as possible. I am a physician, and we'll soon have the poor arm all right again."

"My home is just over the hill; I can walk if you will help me a little." With a set, resolute face, and lips tightly closed to keep back the moans of pain, Meta walked hastily toward home leaning upon his arm. But just as they reached the gate she fainted again, and taking her in his arms he bore her rapidly to the house, and without any ceremony pushed open the parlor door and laid her upon a sofa.

Mrs. Smith screamed murder at the top of her voice, and went into violent hysterics. The doctor frowned scornfully at her, and said to Mrs Brown: "There's no time for nonsense; bring me some cold water and bandages at once, and send somebody to the hotel for Dr. Chester's small case of surgical instruments."

Mrs. Smith, left to herself soon recovered, and insisted upon an explanation of affairs.

"It's nothing serious, I hope, I have accidentally sent a charge of shot into this young lady's arm. Are you her mother?"

"No, indeed, she is a poor dependant creature that we've taken in for charity's sake; a neice of mine, and what I'm to do with her now I can't see. I can't take care of her, and indeed, sir, it's mighty inconvenient to have her laid up just at this time. She is very necessary to my comfort. I need a sight of care and waitin' on, night and day."

"Well, madam, *she'll* need a sight of care and waitin' on' herself now for awhile, and must have it."

By this time the young girl revived again under the vigorous treatment she received, and the instruments were brought to him.

"Now, madam, will you tell me where to take this young lady, for she must be put to bed at once."

"Well, she sleeps in a little closet off my room——"

"That will never do. Show me the largest, best room you have in the house." Taking Meta gently in his arms, the doctor followed Mrs. Smith up stairs to a large pleasant chamber. She groaned in spirit as she turned down the white counterpane, and asisted the doctor in getting Meta undressed and into bed; but he was not to be trifled with at such a time. "Now, madam, I will excuse you, but let Mrs. Brown bring me plenty of warm water and soft, old linen, and remain to assist me. And I want a servant close at hand to get whatever else I may require while dressing the arm."

It was a terrible hour to Meta while he probed each wound and removed the shot that were imbedded in the tender flesh. Fortunately no bone was broken, and at last it was neatly bandaged with soft linen and wet with a healing lotion, and she fell asleep.—Mrs. Brown proved an efficient helper; and as they passed quietly out of the room the doctor said:

"My patient must have the best of care and attention. Could you stay and nurse her for awhile?"

"Yes I might."

"Very well; I will pay you well if you will do it, for everything will depend upon keeping her quiet now."

He met Mrs. Smith in the hall.

"Madam, this woman has consented to stay and take care of your niece, and I will see that she is well paid for it.—But mind what I say: you must not see her, nor must any one else see her but Mrs. Brown and myself for a week at least, for she will have a serious time of it at the best. I regret it exceedingly, more than I can tell you, that I have been the cause of all this suffering, and will do my best to have her about again as soon as possible."—So saying, the doctor wished them good-day, and soon disappeared from their view.

"Well, now, if that isn't cool! And what am I to do all this time?" groaned Mrs. Smith, rocking herself vigorously in her great arm-char. "And my best spare room, too! Say, did he muss everything up dressing that arm?"

"O no! he was very careful about that."

"Well that's a comfort any way. To think I should have such trouble with that girl just when I needed her most! I think it a very mysterious dispensation of Providence."

The next morning the doctor found Meta in a high fever, moaning with pain and delirious. The arm was badly swollen and inflamed, and altogether her case had assumed a very alarming aspect.

He did not go hunting or fishing that day, but stayed by her bedside administering medicine with his own hand, and doing everything in his power for her relief. He was greatly distressed over the accident, and inwardly vowed he would never fire off another gun as long as he lived.

But what a revelation of toil, hardship, and cruel wrong the unconscious Meta made in her delirium! She fancied the doctor, as he bathed her hot head and hands and soothed her as he would a child, was her mother, and she drew his head close to her lips and whispered:

"O mother! I'm so glad you have come for me! I am tired to death.—Auntie has no mercy or feeling for me! She has kept me at work over her night and day, and I've gone hungry many and many a time because I couldn't bear to eat the food so grudgingly given. O I am so glad you have come!"

Now, Meta was not a beautiful girl, though she had a sweet, pure, womanly face, and great wistful eyes, and an abundance of dark, silky hair. But her small hands were brown and hardened with toil; she was poor, dependent, alone in the world except for this selfish, unnatural aunt, and the cousins who scarcely deigned to notice her.

Doctor Chester was a rich old bachelor, not so very old either, only thirty-six. Why he had never married no one could tell, but true it is he had remained heart whole all these years in spite of the many, beautiful women who had smiled most graciously upon him. But somehow this poor suffering orphan won his heart completely during that week of unconsciousness. He was charmed with her sweet prattle about her childhood; and her innocence and helplessness, together with the suffering he had so unwittingly caused, appealed strongly to his sympathy, and he fully resolved to win her love and make her his wife if possible. Never had a patient a more assiduous doctor and nurse than did poor Meta. Mrs. Smith fumed and fretted over all the fuss that they made about "*that girl*," until the doctor frightened her into silence by telling her that he knew how she had treated the poor child, and if she didn't keep quiet and have everything done that was needful for her comfort he would have her arrested and tried for inhuman cruelty.—Under his watchful care the danger was soon over, and Meta was pronounced convalescent. The doctor took her out to ride as soon as she was able, in the easiest of all carriages.—Rare delicacies were sent every day from the hotel to tempt her returning appetite. The sweetest and most fragrant flowers that could be found adorned her room. Meta remonstrated with him for all this lavish kindness, but he would silence her by saying he was the cause of all her suffering and she must allow him to atone for it every way he could. How eagerly he watched the faint color that crept into her cheeks at his approach! How tenderly and delicately he ministered to her comfort and pleasure day by day, until at last he ventured to tell her of his love and his great desire to have her for his own. He had become very dear to her during all those weeks of suffering, and she acknowledged it and promised to be his wife He hastened to inform Mrs. Smith of their betrothal, and asked her forbeafance for another week when, he assured her, he would relieve her from all further care and responsibility of her niece. Imagine if you can her astonishment! She was completely "*dumbfoundert!*" and had not a word to say; though doubtless in her heart she thought it another most "mysterious dispensation."

The next day a notable dressmaker from the city arrived with various wonderful and costly fabrics, which she had orders to make up for Miss Langdon in the latest style. Such a time as there was then of cutting and basting, of trying and trimming! Two other seamstresses kept their sewing machines running at the highest rate of speed, until at the close of the week there was enough of a wedding *trousseau* to fill a huge Saratoga trunk. The doctor made daily pilgrimages between that chamber and the city, until at last he could not devise another thing which his darling could possibly need for dress or ornament during the trip to Europe which he had planned. Never was there a happier bride and groom than those who were made one in Mrs. Smith's parlor that bright September morning. They went immediately to his beautiful home on the Hudson, where his mother received the new daughter with open arms, and soon after went to Europe where they spent a year. Meta made good use of the time by putting herself under the care of the best private teachers; and when on their return the happy doctor presented his wife to his friends, there was not among them one more highly accomplised or more elegant and refined. The doctor was very proud of her, and never tired of telling his intimate friends how he found his wife, or the result of his last shot.

GAMBLING.

A GAMBLER INTERVIEWED.

His Opinion of Different Games.

Who Gamble &c.

(From the St. Louis Globe.)

POKER

is a fair game, although there is plenty of room for swindling. Even if played on the square, a gambler can beat a greenhorn any time, because he can tell by the very countenance of "greeny" what kind of cards he has, and the great secret in playing poker lies in knowing when to bet on your "ante." Sharpers generally give good hands to the players, but they are always sure to hold the best. Those fellows who travel around the country victimizing the unsophisticated rustics are a different class altogether, and they are much the sharpest in profession.

THAT REMINDS ME

of a little story, which I don't think you have ever heard, and which illustrates how even sports themselves are often made the victim of misplaced confidence. About two years ago a Missouri river steamboat left Fort Benton with a party of tough and well-to-do miners on board. There were also among the passengers three or four "brace men," and before arriving at Souix City they had very generally cleaned out the pockets of the miners. The boat stopped at Souix City to "wood up," and found, among other persons waiting to get on board, a ministerial-looking personage with the longest and most solemn countenance on him you can well imagine. He was dressed in a suit of black, wore a white stove-pipe hat and a "choker" collar, ornamented with a black neck-handkerchief. Well, he got aboard and the boat started down stream. For two days he was unnoticed by the other passengers, but one of the sports at last thought he saw a chance to make something out of the sad and melancholy individual. The latter would once or twice a day step up to the bar and with a voice that was as mild and gentle as a maiden's, ask for "a glass of soda, if you please," and then he would pull a roll of bills from his pocket and take a quarter from their interior layers. Then he would say to the barkeeper, as if under a thousand obligations,

"THANK YOU, SIR,"

and walk aft again as if about to commit suicide.

This thing had gone far enough, and the gambler I have spoken of at last approached him.

"Would you like a little game of sevup, sir?"

"Seven up? What is seven-up? Please tell me, my good friend."

"Why, a game of cards, you know, just to pass the time; let us play a game."

"My good friend, I do not know anything concerning cards; I cannot play them."

"Well come along, we'll show you how to do it. And the mild gentleman in black, after some further protests, at length consented.

They showed him how 'twas done, and they played several games. The gentleman in black was delighted.—Gamblers wants to know if he will play poker, five cents ante, just for the fun of the thing. Gent in black says he can't play the game, but they explain again, and poker commences. The gentleman in black loses every time. There are six men in the game; each one deals before gentleman in black, and ante has been raised to a dollar. Gent in black deals awkwardly, and looks at his hand. Next man to dealer bets five — goes around, and the bets are raised to one hundred dollars. Gent in black sees it, and makes it a hundred better. Gamblers look astonished, but will not be bluffed. The bet has reached five hundred dollars—a thousand. All drew out except a plucky Pike's Peak miner, who sees and calls him.

"WHAT HAVE YOU?"

"Weal," answered the man in black, "I heave—let me see, let me see—weal, I heave four ones."

The gamblers who have suspicioned something before, now look wild, and the light begins to dawn in the miner's mind. He leaned across the table and said in the most sarcastic tone he could command:

"Oh you heave, heave yer. You gol durned sanctimonious son of a gun."

The gent got up from the table and handed one of the gamblers his card. It read "Bill Walker, New Orleans"—one of the most successful sharpers in the country.

I have told you this story in order to demonstrate that gamblers often meet with men who are more than a match for them. I can assure you, although I have the reputation of being a gambler, I never have taken a poor man's money, and I know that there are many like me in this city; and I think this way of arresting gamblers and treating them like thieves, is disgraceful in every respect.

These remarks, in substance, have been used by all of the others whom the reporter has visited. One gave reasons, and very good ones, for the necesity of letting the gambling-houses alone. He claims that since the crusade commenced, a large amount of country trade has fallen off because COUNTRY MERCHANTS WILL GAMBLE, and as several of them have been arrested in the raids made by the police, it has had a prejudicial effect on the minds of our county friends, and they no longer visit this city to purchase their stocks. This class of men, instead of buying their goods in St. Louis, buy them now in Chicago or New York, where they can enjoy themselves in their own fashion, without a risk of being dragged before a police judge.

JANUARY MEETING 1874, STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

At the Grand Central, Omaha, Wednesday, January, 7th, 1874.

The regular January meeting of Nebraska State Board of Agriculture will transpire at the Grand Central Hotel in the city of Omaha.

The members of the Board are as follows:

MEMBERS WHOSE TERM OF OFFICE EXPIRE IN 1874.

D H Wheeler	M Dunham
J W Moore	H Q Stiver
J H Gregg	F A Tisdale
N W Welles	F M M Dinninny
M Stocking	John Keith
H Rhodes	N P Coolidge
J W Holt	Jas M Woods.

MEMBERS WHOSE TERMS OF OFFICE EXPIRE IN 1875.

Judge O P Mason	Gov R W Furnas
Gen J S Brisbin	H C Addis
C H Winslow	J T Allen
J Vallery	W H Ely
G B Eaton	G D Moore
R Daniels	Silas Garber
G C Barton	J Sterling Morton.

And each member is urged to be in prompt attendance at 10 o'clock in the afternoon of the day above named.—Arrangements have been made for accommodation of the Board, and a room for their meetings at the hotel named, which will probably prove satisfactory to all concerned.

Business of supreme importance in regard to the State Fair for the coming year will be taken under advisement. Every earnest man who desires to demonstrate, by the exhibition of our soil-products, and our improved breeds of domestic animals, the fact that, in proportion to its age, Nebraska, Agriculturally, is the foremost State in the American Union, will, I am quite certain, do all in his power to facilitate the State Board in making the State Fair a complete success.

The January meeting will determine when and where that fair is to be held. It will arrange the premiums lists. It will fix the price of admission to the grounds during the Fair. It will, if fully attended by its members, they have severally given the matter that thought which its importance merits, dictate an agricultural and horticultural exposition for 1874 which shall be a glory to our soil and climate and an allurement to intelligent and industrious men everywhere, to come here and make unto themselves new and happy homes.

Newspapers throughout the State who have faith in this cause, and can afford to publish this notice for the sake of the cause, gratuitously, are respectfully asked to demonstrate their faith by their works and publish the same immediately and until January 7th, 1874.

J. STERLING MORTON,
President Nebraska State Board of Agriculture

NEBRASKA CITY, Nov. 24th, 1873.

Irascible old party—"Conductor, why didn't you wake me as I asked you? Here I am, miles beyond my station." Conductor—"I did try, but all I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

TELEGRAPHIC!

THE DISASTER.

London, December 1.

The ship La Mountain, from New York, arrived at Cardiff early this morning with intelligence of a dreadful disaster to the steamship Ville de Havre, which left New York November 15, for Havre, in command of Captain Surmont. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, the Ville de Havre came in contact with the British ship Loch Erne, from London for New York, and sunk shortly after.

Two hundred and twenty-six of the passengers of the Ville de Havre were lost. The La Mountain saved eighty-seven pssengers, and brought them to Cardiff.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

London, December 1, 10 A. M.

Later dispatches from Cardiff bring the following additional particulars of the loss of the steamship Ville de Havre. She was struck amidships by the Lock Erne, and sunk in twelve minutes after the collision.

The Lock Erne immediately lowered her boats, which rendered all the service possible by them. Fifty-three of the crew were saved, including the captain, and these go to make up the eighty-seven saved.

Memphis, December 4.

A hurricane passed over the town of Malvora, Tenn., early this morning, demolishing six business houses and unroofing several others. Eight persons were injured, two badly. The tornado struck the railroad about three miles below Malvora and in its course up the railroad carrying houses, trees and everything movable before it. There was a heavy storm of rain here last night and to-day.

Corpus Christi, Tex., Dec. 3.

On the night of the 1st inst. Indians and Mexicans attacked Gray and Grover's ranches, about seventy miles hence toward the Rio Grande. They killed seven persons, and carried off Gray's son. When the courier left fighting was still goning on. It is within fifteen miles of San Diego and ranches with several hundred people, but having no arms.

Judge Murphy, in the Lake county circuit court at Waukegan, yesterday, overruled a motion for a new trial in the case of Chris Rafferty the thrice convicted murderer, and fixed the date for execution of his death sentence Friday, December 20th.

Havanna, Dec. 4.

Captain General Jovellar telegraphed to the Madrid Government to-night to the following effect:

As the Madrid government peremptorily orders the captain general to deliver up the Virginius, General Jovellar respectfully resigns his position, and demands that another person take his place. He demands that another person be sent to take his place who can carry out the orders of the government. Considering the excited state of public opinion, and the impossibility of overcoming the difficulty, General Jovellar submits that a manifesto was prepared for delay, during which an opportunity would be given for reflection and time gained to allay the patriotic spirit of the great National party in Cuba; but the strong orders from Madrid, immediately to be executed, deprive him of this resource, through which he hoped to save the upholding of authority and interests of the country. In order that the Madrid Government may comprehend the difficulties of the situation, and do justice to the order and perseverence with which he began his labors, which had already begun to produce fruit, the captain general describes the situation. He declares that the impression produced by the news of the agreement which has been completed between Spain and the United States, can be compared with that produced in Spain by the treaty of Boyonne, which led to the war of independence against Napoleon. He begs to assure the government that the immediate delivery of the Virginius will instantaneously couse frightful commotion throughout the Island, which would be sure to result in successive catastrophes, even if a man of the highest ability be in command here.

The above dispatch was forwarded early in the evening. Public feeling is intensely excited, but the greatest order prevails, owing to the confidence which General Jovellar inspires.

A WORD OF PROTEST FROM A FARMER.

It has often been a cause of regret to me, in looking over the different agricultural papers, to see so many complaints from farmers in relation to their business not paying. And then we quote or point to the merchants as an example of prosperity compared with ourselves, little thinking that if they published their complaints as freely we should find their papers and magazines over-run with accounts of failures. It is with farming as with everything else, not the business that makes the man, but the man the business. Farmers, as a class, try to do too much. It is one thing putting in a crop, and another thing taking care of it. I think that if we were to give the thought and labor to the different crops which they demand, our complaints would be far fewer than they are. All the patrons of husbandry, all the clubs, all the agricultural papers in the country will not help us, if we do not try and help ourselves. So far as I have observed, those who do the most grumbling do the least work and thinking. —*Country Gentleman.*

"Don't come on Sunday night—I've got a boil," said a postal card received in Chicago the other day and signed "Angil."

A loving couple, at Atlanta, who wanted to start right off on the tour, were married by telegraph the other day, the minister being fifty-one miles away

Mrs. Brigham Young No. 19 is also on her way East to lecure.

WIVES' COLUMN.

SOUP MAKING.

There is no way in which the comfortable abundance of a table may be better insured, while at the same time a strict eye is kept upon economical expenditure of means, than by an almost daily addition of soup to the family dinner. From the careless, slovenly manner in which it is too often prepared, many acquire an almost invincible repugnance to this otherwise palatable and nutritious article of diet. It is only when concocted by an indifferent cook that soup deserves the contemptuous sobriquet of "slops," so often applied to it.

It is surprising from what a scanty allotment of material a dainty dish of soup may be supplied. Let a roast of beef be consumed to the very bone, a turkey or pair of fowls deprived of every joint, yet if the carcass is put away, it furnishes at once the needed basis. The French understand this to perfection, and we read that in Parisian kitchens a closed vessel containing the "potage" is ever at the fireside, awaiting any and every contribution the skillful grisette anon supplies from the surplus of other dishes in process of preparation.

But we propose to give directions suited to American habits and tastes. The following hints, we trust will not be found untimely, and are extracted from the manuscript recipe-book of an old and famous Virginian housekeeper:

In the first place, observe always to lay your meat in the bottom of the pan or pot, cutting the meat up, or if a bone, cracking it well. A lump of butter adds richness, but it is not *necessary*. Select such herbs and vegetables as you prefer, cut them up very small, and lay over the meat, with a very little water, and a cautiously small piece of salt. Cover the vessel with a close fitting lid and set it by a slow fire; this will draw out all the virtue of the herbs and roots, giving the soup a different flavor from what is imparted by putting the full quantity of water in at first. Turn the meat frequently. When the gravy produced is nearly dried up, fill your pot with a sufficient quantity of water to make soup enough for your family. To a large shank-bone of beef, three quarts or even one gallon is not too much to allow.

When your soup is done, take it off the fire to cool, and skim thoroughly from grease. Put it on again and be sure not to dish it up unless boiling hot. Be careful to add salt and other high-flavored condiments sparingly; every table is provided with salt-cellar and castors, so that a deficiency in these respects may be easily rectified. If other thickening than the vegetables used, is deemed advisable, brown the flour for all soups save chicken, veal, and oyster soup.

SAINT PATTY.

St. Patty was an orphan, and dwelt in a cot with a sour old aunt. It chanced, it being bitter cold, that three hunters came and craved for meat and drink. "Pack," said the sour aunt, "neither meat nor drink have ye here." "Neither meat nor drink," said Patty, "but something better." And she ran and brought some eggs, some milk and some flour, and, beating them up, poured the batter in the pan. Then she took the pan and tossed the cake once; and then a robin alighted at the window, and kept singing these words: "One good turn deserves another." And Patty tossed and tossed the cake, and the hunters ate their full and departed. And next day the hunter baron came in state to the cot and trumpets were blown, and the heralds cried "One good turn deserves another." And in token whereof, Patty became the baron's wife, and pancakes were eaten on Shrove Tuesday ever after.—*Jerrold's Fireside Saints.*

If there is one thing more than another to admire in the Omaha *Herald*, it is certainly the neatness and dispatch with which its editor changes positions from day to day on any particular topic. A few days ago he was rampant for war with Spain and Cuban annexation, and to-day he is just as rampant against war. Consistency is a rare jewel which the *Herald* editor has never yet sought to possess.—*Omaha Bee.*

HOW THE SENATE WILL PROBABLY STAND.

The United States Senators whose terms