THE HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
—AT—
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

OFFICE:
On Main Street, between 4th and 5th, Second Story.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF CASS COUNTY.

Terms, in Advance:
One copy, one year.....$2.00
One copy, six months.....1.00
One copy, three months.....50

NEBRASKA HERALD.

NO A. MACMURPHY, Editor. "PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS." TERMS: $2.00 a Year

VOLUME X. PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1874. NUMBER 32.

THE HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
1 square..	$1 00	$1 50	$2 00	$2 50	$5 00	$8 00	$12 00
2 squares.	1 50	2 50	2 75	3 25	6 50	10 00	16 00
3 squares.	2 00	2 75	4 00	4 75	8 00	13 00	20 00
¼ column.	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	28 00	35 00
½ column.	8 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 column.	15 00	18 00	21 00	25 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

☞ All Advertising bills due quarterly.

☞ Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Extra copies of the HERALD for sale by H. J. Streight, at the Postoffice, and O. F. Johnson, corner of Main and Fifth streets.

HENRY BŒCK,
DEALER IN
Furniture,
SAFES, CHAIRS,
Lounges, Tables, Bedsteads,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
Of All Descriptions.
METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

Wooden Coffins
Of all sizes, ready-made, and sold cheap for cash.

With many thanks for past patronage, I invite all to call and examine my
LARGE STOCK OF
Furniture and Coffins.
jan28

DRUGS
AND
MEDICINES
AT
J. H. BUTTERY'S,
On Main Street, bet. Fifth and Sixth.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

☞ PRESCRIPTIONS carefully compounded at all hours, day and night. 35-1y

J. W. SHANNON'S
Feed, Sale and Livery
STABLE.
Main Street, Plattsmouth, Neb.

I am prepared to accommodate the public with
HORSES,
Carriages, Buggies, Wagons,
AND
A No. 1 Hearse,
On Short Notice and Reasonable Terms.

A HACK
Will Run to the Steamboat Landing, Depot, and all parts of the City, when Desired.
jan1-tf

First National Bank
Of Plattsmouth, Nebraska,
SUCCESSOR TO
Tootle, Hanna & Clark.

JOHN FITZGERALD.....President.
E. G. DOVEY.....Vice-President.
JOHN R. CLARK.....Cashier.
T. W. EVANS.....Assistant Cashier.

This Bank is now open for business at their new room, corner Main and Sixth streets, and are prepared to transact a general
BANKING BUSINESS.
Stocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Local Securities
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Deposits Received and Interest Allowed on Time Certificates.
DRAFTS DRAWN,
Available in any part of the United States and in all the Principal Towns and Cities of Europe.

AGENTS FOR THE
CELEBRATED
INMAN LINE and ALLAN LINE
OF STEAMERS.
Persons wishing to bring out their friends from Europe can
PURCHASE TICKETS FROM US
Through to Plattsmouth.

Excelsior Barber Shop.
J. C. BOONE,
Main Street, opposite Brooks House.
HAIR-CUTTING,
Shaving and Shampooing.
ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
CUTTING CHILDREN'S HAIR
Call and See Boone, Gents,
And get a boon in a
CLEAN SHAVE.
n41-1y

GO TO THE
Post Office Book Store,
H. J. STREIGHT, Proprietor,
FOR YOUR
Books, Stationery, Pictures, Music,
TOYS, CONFECTIONERY,
Violin Strings,
Newspapers, Novels,
Song Books, etc., etc.
POST OFFICE BUILDING,
5-tf PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Condensed from Telegrams of Accompanying Dates.

MONDAY, Oct. 26.—To a recent complaint of the Spanish Ambassador that supplies of arms and other materials of war, manufactured in England, were frequently shipped to the Carlists, Lord Derby, Foreign Minister, has made reply that the indefinite continuance of the war in Spain showed a lack of patriotism and energy, and if the Spanish navy was vigilant thelanding of arms for the Carlists would be impossible ....The following are the official returns of the vote for State officers at the recent election in Indiana: Secretary of State—Curry, Republican, 164,955; Neff, Democrat, 182,053; Bowles, Independent, 15,755; Stout, Independent, 2,981. Auditor—Wildman, Rep., 165,263; Henderson, Dem., 181,322; Prescott, Ind., 19,053. Treasurer—Glover, Rep., 164,971; Shaw, Dem., 181,380; Bennett, Ind., 19,025. Attorney-General—Denny, Rep., 166,153; Buskirk, Dem., 178,859; Beele, Ind., 18,584. Superintendent of Public Instruction—Bloss, Rep., 164,952; Smart, Dem., 180,986; Graham, Ind., 18,844. Judge of the Supreme Court—Osborne, Rep., 165,716; Broole, Dem. and Ind., 198,080.

TUESDAY, Oct. 27.—In a letter in reply to the protest of the Pope against the persecution of German Bishops, the Emperor William says Germany has done all in her power to live in peace with the church at Rome, but that he is bound to protect the State against the violent attacks and conspiracies of the clergy.... The United States Supreme Court at Washington has denied the motion to advance the Granger cases. The decision will put over the first case as far as March or April next.....George Reynolds, of Salt Lake City, has been indicted for polygamy under the Congressional law of 1862, and held to bai in $2,500. This is the first indictment in that city under the act of Congress, the prior indictments being under the Territorial law.... At its recent session the Missouri State Grange decided to loan money to outside parties to establish an implement manufactory at Booneville, without interest, pledging support to the same in the purchase of implements....At St. Louis, a few days ago, Lizzie Goff, nine years of age, attempted to kindle a fire by pouring coal oil from a can upon burning paper. The usual result followed, and she died in six hours....The Democratic and Conservative State Central Committee of Louisiana have addressed a communication to Gen. Emory protesting against the action of Maj. Louis Merrill, of the U. S. Cavalry, who, on the 22d, at Shreveport, made an affidavit for the arrest of a large number of citizens of the State for refusing to employ voters who would support the Republican candidates. The committee claim that the offense charged by Merrill is one strictly cognizable by the civil courts and appertains in no manner to the military service.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 28.—Madrid dispatches announce the sailing of reinforcements for Cuba....According to the recent school census of Chicago, the population of the city is 395,226.

THURSDAY, Oct. 29.—The preliminary examination of Count von Arnim was concluded on the 27th by his release on 100,000 thalers bail. A Berlin dispatch of the 28th says he would not be permitted to leave the country....The cotton mills at Over, England, were burned on the 28th, together with ten operatives.....The Episcopal General Convention, at its recent session in New York, adopted a canon against ritualistic practices by a vote of 72 to 5....At the election in Baltimore on the 28th for members of the City Council the Democratic candidates were elected, the majority in the city being about 10,000.

FRIDAY, Oct. 30.—John Laird, the well-known builder of the Confederate steamer Alabama, died in London on the 29th, after a protracted illness....The German Reichstag was opened on the 29th by the Emperor in person. ....A private letter has been received at Washington from Dockray, the American who was arrested by the Spanish authorities in Cuba. He gives an account of his sufferings on shipboard, and states that he has been sentenced to a penal colony in Africa for a term of ten years, but that he hopes to be released before long through the intervention of the United States Government....Thursday, Nov. 26, has been appointed by the President as a day of National Thanksgiving....Gov. Leslie, of Kentucky, has offered an aggregate reward of $9,000 for the capture of a band of masked ruffians who recently shot a young colored girl and committed other outrages on negroes in Shelby County....A report that Oliver Dalrymple, the great wheat farmer of Minnesota, had failed is pronounced by Mr. Dalrymple himself to be entirely without foundation....In New Orleans on the afternoon of the 29th a collision occurred between Gov. Kellogg and Maj. E. A. Burke, of the Naturalization Committee of the Conservatives, which grew out of a correspondence between them relating to the manner in which the votes of citizens who had been naturalized by the Second District Court should be cast, the Governor having instructed that they be deposited in separate apartments or boxes. As Gov. Kellogg was riding in his carriage with Judge Atocha, Maj. Burke stopped him, and while engaged in conversation drew a whip and attempted to strike the Governor, when the latter fired a pistol at Burke, who retaliated in kind, firing three or four shots. Neither party was wounded....A fire at Greencastle, Ind., on the night of the 28th destroyed thirty buildings in the business portion of the town, inflicting a loss of $358,500, on which there was an insurance of $122,900. The fire started in a furniture factory, and is believed to have been the work of an incendiary.

SATURDAY, Oct. 31.—Kuhlmann, who had confessed the crime of having attempted the assassination of Bismarck, has been tried and convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for fourteen years in the house of correction and ten years' suspension of his civil rights....A Dublin dispatch says Cardinal Cullen and the entire Catholic Episcopate have issued pastoral letters denouncing the late address of Prof. Tyndall, before the British Association, as a revival of paganism ....The Milford (N. H.) Five Cent Savings Bank has suspended, with liabilities of $500,000, covered, it is believed, by its assets .... A recent boiler explosion in Isaac Roder's saw-mill at Lancaster, Ind., killed two of the proprietor's sons, Timothy and William, and severely and probably fatally injured another son. A man by the name of George Beddle was also badly injured. The building was torn to atoms, and fragments thrown in every direction. The boiler was blown into a thousand pieces, some of them being found half a mile away....Extensive forest fires are prevailing in many sections of Southern Indiana and Ohio, and some towns are in great danger of being destroyed.

THE MARKETS.

OCTOBER 30, 1874.

NEW YORK.

COTTON.—Middling upland, 14½@14⅝c.

LIVE STOCK.—Beef Cattle—$10.75@12.75. Hogs—Dressed, $7.75@8.00; Live, $5.50@5.75. Sheep—Live, $4.25@6.25.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Good to choice, $5.15@5.75; white wheat extra, $5.75@6.15. Wheat—No. 2 Chicago, $1.01@1.03; Iowa spring, $1.02@1.04; No. 2 Milwaukee spring, $1.04@1.06. Rye—Western and State, 92@94c. Barley—$1.30@1.35. Corn—Mixed Western afloat, 86@86½c. Oats—New Western, 50@59c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork—New Mess, $20.00@20.25. Lard—14@14½c. Cheese—12½@15¾c.

WOOL.—Common to extra, 45@68c.

CHICAGO.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Choice, $5.25@5.75; good, $4.00@4.75; medium, $3.25@3.75; butchers' stock, $2.00@3.25; stock cattle, $2.25@3.25. Hogs—Live, $5.75@6.30. Sheep—Good to choice, $3.75@4.50.

PROVISIONS.—Butter—Choice, 31@38c. Eggs—Fresh, 19@20c. Cheese—New York factory, 15@16c; Western, 14@15c. Pork—New Mess, $19.50@19.60. Lard—12¼@12½c.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—White winter extra, $5.00@7.00; spring extra, $4.50@5.25. Wheat—Spring, No. 2, 82@82⅞c. Corn—No. 2, 71@71¾c. Oats—No. 2, 48@49c. Barley—No. 2, $1.17@1.17½. Rye—No. 2, 82@83c.

WOOL.—Tub-washed, 45@57c.; fleece, washed, 40@50c.; fleece, unwashed, 27@35c.

LUMBER.—First Clear, $50.00@53.00; Second Clear, $47.00@49.50; Common Boards, $11.00@12.00; Fencing, $11.00@12.00; "A" Shingles, $3.00@3.25; Lath, $2.00@2.25.

CINCINNATI.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—$4.85@5.00. Wheat—Red, $1.05. Corn—75@78c. Rye—94c. Oats—50@55c. Barley—$1.15@1.85.

PROVISIONS. — Pork — $20.00@20.50. Lard—12@13c.

ST. LOUIS.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Fair to choice, $4.30@5.50. Hogs—Live, $5.00@5.75.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—XX Fall, $4.25@4.75. Wheat—No. 2 Red Fall, $1.05@1.06½. Corn—No. 2, 68@70c. Oats—No. 2, 48@49c. Rye—No. 2, 80@82c. Barley—$1.05@1.10.

PROVISIONS.—Pork—Mess, $19.00@20.00. Lard—12@13c.

MILWAUKEE.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Spring XX, $5.25@5.50. Wheat — Spring No. 1, 92@93c; No. 2, 86@87c. Corn—No. 2, 74@75c. Oats—No. 2, 45@46½c. Rye—No. 1, 87@90c. Barley—No. 2, $1.10@1.12.

DETROIT.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat—Extra, $1.17@1.17½. Corn—79@80c. Oats—48@49c.

TOLEDO.

BREADSTUFFS—Wheat—Amber Mich., $1.04@1.05; No. 2 Red, $1.03@1.04. Corn—Mixed, 73@74c. Oats—48@49c.

CLEVELAND.

BREADSTUFFS—Wheat—No. 1 Red, $1.08@1.09; No. 2 Red, $1.03@1.04. Corn—77@78c. Oats—50@51c.

BUFFALO.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves — $4.25@6.25. Hogs—Live, $5.50@6.12½. Sheep—$4.00@4.50.

EAST LIBERTY.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Best, $6.25@6.60; medium, $5.00@6.00. Hogs — Yorkers, $5.75@6.00; Philadelphia, $6.75@6.90. Sheep—Best, $4.30@4.75; medium, $3.75@4.25.

The Explosion of the Steamer Brooklyn.

THE propeller Brooklyn, Capt. Harvey Brown, of the Northern Transportation Company's line, bound from Ogdensburg to Chicago, exploded her boiler yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, just after passing Fighting Island, completely shattering the vessel and causing the death of thirteen persons on board, besides maiming and wounding eleven others. She sunk in about two or three minutes in twenty-five or thirty feet of water, only about six or eight inches of her pilot-house remaining out of water, to which nine persons clung for safety, and were soon released by the propeller Cuba, while eight others who were thrown into the water were picked up by fishing yawls from the shore. All but six were injured, and were brought to the city and taken to the Marine, Harper and St. Mary's Hospitals.

The Captain states that he was on deck at the time, and that several men were within a distance of a few feet from him. At the first shock of the explosion he says it felt as though the boat had struck a rock. He was thrown to the deck and partially stunned. He jumped up as soon as he could, and began to realize the fact of the explosion. He saw the boat sinking rapidly at the center, and jumped into the rigging and hauled out the cabin boy, Albert Gibbons, from a cabin window. He also assisted the first mate, Daniel Ryder, who had an arm broken by being struck with a flying missile, to the top of the pilot-house, to which place all on deck hastened, as the boat was completely under water in less than five minutes. There were nine persons on the pilot-house and they remained there about fifteen minutes, until released by the propeller Cuba, when he came with them to this city. He subsequently started back at four o'clock with the tug Oswego to look after the remains of the wrecked vessel, and also to see if he could find any of the bodies of the lost or pick up any who were supposed to be left on the island. He, however, only found the body of a woman, which was tied to the island, and, a Coroner having been sent for to hold an inquest, he determined to leave the body there. The Captain said the Brooklyn was going at a rate of speed of about ten miles an hour, which is not an unusual speed for the boat, and that he was not racing.

Our reporter had a conversation with Fred. W. Stevens, Riley Franklin and John Mullane, passengers of the boat. They say that the steamer Cuba was several hundred yards ahead of the boat, and both were going at apparently the same speed. Two of the men heard Capt. Boardman, who was on the deck, say to Capt. Brown, of the Brooklyn, that the Cuba would keep ahead, and Capt. Brown replied: "She will read the name of our boat on our stern before we reach Detroit."

Missing and supposed lost: Mrs. Peter Rabbin and child, four years old, of Ogdensburg, passengers; one lady passenger, name unknown, from Cleveland; two Frenchmen, passengers, names unknown, traveling from Ogdensburg to St. Louis; John Morley, first cook, Ogdensburg; second cook, name unknown, shipped at Oswego; James Romaine, wheelman, Cape Vincent, N. Y.; William Hilliard, second engineer, Ogdensburg; Michael Huck and James Phillips, firemen; Mike Hanley, deck hand; Samue Anderson, porter, Renssalaer Falls, N. Y. Total, thirteen.

The propeller Brooklyn was built at Cleveland in 1866, and was therefore eight years old. She was considered a first-class vessel, of good speed, and in one of her trips has, it is stated, averaged between ten and twelve miles per hour from port to port. She was valued at $45,000 and was insured for half that amount. She had on board a full cargo of general merchandise, sixty tons of it being for this city, and the balance for Milwaukee and Chicago.—*Detroit Tribune, Oct. 23.*

THE MILFORD BANK ROBBERY.

A Family of Seven Persons Bound—The Cashier Taken to the Bank—A Cool and Audacious Affair.

From an interview with Mr. F. T. Sawyer, of Milford, and the members of his household, the Nashua (N. H.) *Telegraph* gives the following account of the robbery of the Souhegan National Bank, at Milford, a few nights ago:

The desperadoes effected an entrance to Mr. Sawyer's house by turning the key in the piazza door with a pair of plyers. They then ascended to the second story, probably by the front stairway, and proceeded at once to Mr. Sawyer's bedroom. Mr. Sawyer was awakened by having a hand placed upon his throat, and a voice coolly said, "We want you, sir." The hand of another villain was placed upon the throat of Mrs. Sawyer at the same time, and presently she was rudely taken from her bed with her infant child and placed in a chair. She resisted with all her strength and cried out until choked to silence. The cries of the child apparently made the men nervous, so much so that they made several threats of violence if it was not "instantly hushed up."

The struggle with Mr. Sawyer was progressing all the while, two of the ruffians having him upon the side of the bed, forcing handcuffs upon him, a gag made of a piece of broom-handle, with a hole to breathe through bored in the center, was thrust into his mouth, and a "twister" put upon his neck. He was then allowed to put on his pantaloons (from the pocket of which one of the thieves abstracted $20.00) and slippers, and a coat was placed upon his shoulders. He was handled rapidly, but it did not seem to be the intention of the men to injure him.

All the gang were masked, and Mr. Sawyer thinks all were barefooted; they had dark-lanterns, a full kit of tools, and, apparently, a thorough knowledge of the premises, and the number of members (seven) of the household. During the struggle with Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer their attention was called to the screaming of the servant-girl, Mary A. Broderick, in another apartment, when two of the gang made a bold push to "quiet her." She was seized by the head and an attempt was made to smother her, but she struggled and fought like an enraged tiger, and was not conquered until they had dragged her from her bed by the hair of her head, choked her to silence, and handcuffed her hands behind her. In the meantime the two boys, Fred, aged twelve, and his brother, aged six, would not be quiet, and one of the men took one under each arm and hustled them into a closet, and the girl in after them. The closet door was then fastened with screws, and several holes bored through it to admit the air. The work of disposing of the other inmates of the house was rapidly accomplished by other members of the gang. Mrs. Sawyer was handcuffed, and with her infant child and oldest daughter, Bertha, placed in the closet of her sleeping-room, the desperadoes first placing chairs for them to sit in. The door was fastened with screws, as in the first instance, and six holes bored to admit the air. One of the ruffians expressed concern lest there was not enough air for them, so two additional holes were bored.

Two men were detailed to watch the inmates of the house, and the others (Mr. Sawyer thinks there were twelve in all) conducted Mr. Sawyer to the bank. The two men that stayed behind made themselves perfectly at home. They sauntered about the house, and talked pleasantly with Mrs. Sawyer, advising her to keep quiet. They hurried Mr. Sawyer to the bank as soon as possible, crossing the suspension bridge and passing through yards and cross-lots, and demanded to know where the keys were. He told them he had not got the vault keys, and when he refused to tell where they were the "twister" was given an extra turn, and he was made insensible. At the bank Mr. Sawyer was again asked where the keys were. One of the men said: "Curse you, you have lied to us twice. We ain't going to lose our summer's work. Now own up." The twister made him insensible, but upon reviving he concluded that his safety depended upon answering their questions, and so he told them they would find them in his Postoffice box. He was placed in a chair and guarded while two of the men went to the Postoffice, broke a light of glass, thrust a hand through, turned the catch, hoisted the window and jumped in. After this they unbolted and opened the front door, obtained the keys and returned to the bank. Mr. Sawyer opened the vault, when they proceeded to examine its contents. One of them asked, previously, if there was $60,000 in it, and seemed quite disappointed to learn that the amount they would probably make out of the job was so small.

As near as can be ascertained without the statement of all the sufferers the total loss is about $100,000.

The robbers (having given Mr. Sawyer in charge of two companions whose duty it was to take him home, which they did as lively as circumstances would permit) coolly locked the outside door of the bank building and separated. On the tramp home Mr. Sawyer noticed a watchman at one of the mills, and the ruffians fearing some difficulty gave the twister a turn that rendered him again insensible. He was hurried forward, however, and at his house conducted to one of the bedrooms, placed in a chair, his legs bound to the rounds, the chair fastened to the bedstead-post and the bed fastened to the floor by cords made of strips of sheets and tied through the eye of stage-screws, which were screwed into the floor for that purpose. This was to prevent Mr. Sawyer from reaching the window to give an alarm. The adventurers then thanked him for the services he had rendered them and hastily departed. Mr. Sawyer thinks the whole programme was carried out in forty minutes, and that it was after three o'clock when the job was ended.

During all this time the prisoners had done more or less screaming. Mrs. Sawyer had exerted herself beyond her natural strength to regain her liberty, had marked and thumped the door with "her bracelets" and endeavored to release herself. Bertha, imprisoned with her, was very cool. The boys and the servant-girl were demonstrative, using their voices in loud cries for liberty. Master Fred finally succeeded in dislodging the casing of his coop and getting out, whereupon he cut the cords that bound his father, and with great effort took out the screws that secured the door to the closet in which his mother was captive.

An alarm was quickly given. The condition of the family at seven o'clock this morning when the blacksmiths had succeeded in liberating them from their handcuffs was not so excitable as might have been expected. Mrs. Sawyer, who has a bad mark upon her throat where one of the ruffians choked her, was a little nervous. She displayed great coolness, however, and entertained all comers. Mr. Sawyer was suffering from excitement and nervous prostration. The children were laughing and relating their adventures to admiring friends and seemed as happy as though nothing un usual had happened.

Buying a Railroad.

THE fact that fruit cars are hauled from San Francisco to Chicago for $1,500 per car reminds the editor of a little story:

Shortly after the completion of the Union Pacific an old friend of ours and an inveterate wag, Ed. Ray, who owned a big ranche in Carson Valley, Nev., came through to Chicago, and while in the city concluded to buy a carload of agricultural implements for use on his farm. He visited the Union Pacific office and inquired the price of a car, and the agent, taking his address, promised to drop him a line giving him rates. In due time the notification arrived, the figures being somewhere up in the thousands. Ed. read the note carefully and then sent the following reply:

DEAR SIR—I regret that I was not a little more explicit in my language yesterday. Your figures would imply that you understood me as being desirous of buying your railroad, whereas I wish only to hire one car one trip. When I desire to purchase a railroad I shall hunt one that is held at lower figures than you hold yours.

E. RAY.

The result was that Ed. was hunted up, and negotiations entered into by which he got his car at a reasonable price, on the ground, we believe, of being a resident of Nevada engaged in building up the country.—*Georgetown (Col.) Miner.*

DON'T RUN IN DEBT!

Don't run in debt—never mind, never mind
If your clothes are all fap and torn;
Fix 'em up, make them do; it is better by far
Than to have the heart weary and worn.
Who will love you the more for the set of your hat,
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
The style of your boots or shade of cravat,
If they know you're in debt for the new?

Good friends, let me beg of you, don't run in debt;
If the chairs and the sofa are old.
They'll fit your backs better than any new set,
Unless they are paid for—with gold.
If the house is too small, draw the closer together,
Keep it warm with a hearty good-will;
A big one, unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,
Will send to the warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt—dear girls, take a hint;
If the fashions have changed since last season,
Old Nature is out in the very same tint,
And old Nature, methinks, has some reason.
But just say to your friends, I cannot afford
To spend time to keep up with the fashion;
My purse is too light and honor too bright
To be tarnished with such silly passion.

Gents, don't run in debt—let your friends, if they can,
Have fine houses, and clothing and flowers,
But, unless they are paid for, be more of a man
Than to envy their sunshiny hours.
If you've money to spare, I've nothing to say,
Spend your dollars and dimes as you please;
But, mind you, the man who his note has to pay,
Is the man who is never at ease.

Kind husbands, don't run in debt any more,
'Twill fill your wife's cup full of sorrow
To know that a neighbor may call at your door
With a bill you must settle to-morrow.
Oh, take my advice—it is good, it is true!
(But lest you may, some of you, doubt it)
I'll whisper a secret, now, seeing 'tis you:
I've tried it, and know all about it.

"LITTLE JOE."

BY JENNIE WOODVILLE.

TOM WISE, a great big, handsome fellow, with a heart of the same order, was standing at the corner talking to a friend. He held a cigar to his mouth with his left hand and with his right had just struck a match against the lamp-post, when at—or rather under—his elbow a voice exclaimed cheerily, "Busted agin, Mas' Tom!"

Tom threw a glance over his shoulder and there stood "Little Joe," a small, misshapen negro about fifteen years old, with crutches under his arms and feet all twisted out of shape, his toes barely touching the ground as he hopped along. He had on an old straw hat with only a hint of brim. There must be some law of cohesive attraction between straw and wool, for little Joe's cranium was large while the hat was small and set back much nearer the nape of his neck than the crown of his head, yet held its place like a natural excrescence or a horrible bore. Joe had met with very few people mean enough to laugh at him; for, though he possessed all the brightness and cheerfulness and pluck of deformed people generally, there was a wistful look about his eyes which his want of height and his position on crutches intensified (indeed, perhaps, created) by keeping them upturned while talking with any one taller than himself; and this was generally the case, for there were no grown people so small as Little Joe. His shirt was torn and his pantaloons ragged, but to gild these faded glories he wore a swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, which some one had given him, whether from a sense of humor or a sentiment of charity let the gods decide.

"Busted agin, Mas' Tom!"

"What 'busted' you this time, Joe?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Lumber, Mas' Tom. I was in de lumber bizness las' week, buyin' ole shingles and sellin' 'em for kindlin'; but my pardner, he maked a run on de bank—leas'ways on my breeches pocket—an' den runned away hisse'f. Ain't you gwine to sot me up agin, Mas' Tom?"

"What business are you going into this week?"

"'Feckshunnery," replied Joe, taking the quarter Mr. Wise handed him. "Dis'll do to buy de goods but 'twon't rent de sto', Mas' Tom."

"What store?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Dat big sto' Hunt an' Manson is jes' moved outen. Mr. Manson say I may hab it for sebben hundred dollars ef you'll go my skoorty."

Tom laughed: "Well, Joe, I was thinking I wouldn't go security for anybody this week. Don't you think you can do business on a smaller scale?"

Joe's countenance fell, and he suffered visibly, but a cheering thought presently struck him, and he exclaimed, disdainfully, "Anyhow, I ain't a-keering 'bout Hunt an' Manson's ole sto'—der ole seben-hundred-dollar sto'! I can git a goods box an' turn it upside down, an' stan' it up by de Cap'tol groun's, an' more folks'll pass 'long an' buy goobers dan would come in dat ole sto' all de year. Dey ain't spitin' *me!*"

As Joe limped off to invest his money, his poor little legs swinging and his swallow-tails flapping, Tom's friend asked who he was.

"Belonged to us before the war," said Tom. "Poor little devil! the good Lord and the birds of the air seem to take care of him. I set him up in business with twenty-five cents every week, and look after him a little in other ways. Sometimes he buys matches and newspapers, and sells them again, sometimes he buys ginger cakes and eats them all; but he is invariable 'busted,' as he calls it, by Saturday night—Joe! O-oh, Joe!"

Joe looked back, and, with perfect indifference to the fact that he was detaining Mr. Wise, answered that he would "be dar torectly," continuing his negotiations for an empty goods box lying at the door of a neighboring dry goods store. "What you want, Mas' Tom?" he asked on his return.

"Miss Mollie is going to be married week after next, Joe, and you may come up to the house if you like. I was afraid I might forget it."

"Whoop *you*, sir! Thanky, Mas' Tom. I boun' to see Miss Mollie step off de carpit. But, Lord-a-mussy! dem new niggers you all got ain't gwine to lemme in."

"Come to the front door and ask for me. Cut out now, and don't get busted this week, because I shall need all my money to buy a breastpin to wait on my sister in. Come, John, let's register."

Joe's glance followed Mr. Wise and his friend till they were out of sight; then he turned and paused no more till he reached an out-of-the-way grocery store, in the window of which were displayed samples of fish, and soap, and calico, and kerosene lamps, and dreadful brass jewelry, among which was a frightful breastpin in the shape of a crescent set with red and green glass, and further ornamented by a chain of the most atrocious description conceivable. Before this thing of beauty, which to him had been a joy for weeks, Joe paused and lingered, and smote his little black breast and sighed the sigh of poverty. Then he went in. "What mout be de price o' dat gent's pin in de corner ob der winder?" he inquired.

"I don't see any gent in the corner of the window," said the proprietor of the store.

Joe took the mild pleasantry, and inquiring, "What mout be de price o' de pin?" was told that it might be anything—from nothing up—but it could go for seventy-five cents.

He stood again outside the window, looking sadly and reflectively at the attractive bijou, then seated himself on the curbstone, his crutches resting in the gutter, and thoughtfully smoothed between his finger and thumb the twenty-five-cent note Mr. Wise had given him. "Ef I takes dis, an' de one Mas' Tom gwine to gimme nex' week, dat'll be fifty cents, but it won't be seventy-five, so I got to make a quarter on de two. Ef Miss Mollie knowed, I 'spec' she would wait anoder week to git married, an' den I wouldn't run no resk o' dese; but I ain't gwine to tell her, cos I know she couldn't help tellin' Mas' Tom, an' I want to s'prise him. Mas' Tom is made me feel good a many time; I want to make him feel good wunst. He don't nuvvur come dis way, an' ain't seed dat pin or he would ha' had it 'fore now."

Then Little Joe bestirred himself and, obtaining the assistance of a friend, took his dry goods box up to Capitol Square. There he turned it upside down, spread a newspaper over the top and proceeded to display his wares.

A pyramid of three apples stood in one corner; a small stack of peppermint candy was its *vis-a-vis;* a tiny glass of peanuts graced the third, and was confronted by a lemon that had seen life, and was more sere than yellow. But the crowning glory was the center-piece—an unhappy-looking pie of visage pale and thin physique, yet how beautiful to Joe! He stepped back on his crutches, turning his head from side to side as he surveyed the effect, took up a locust branch he had brought with him to brush away the flies, and, leaning against the iron railing, with calm dignity awaiting coming events.

His glance presently fell on the figure of a negro boy, who stood gazing with longing eyes on the delicacies of his table, and it was with a strange feeling of kinship that Little Joe continued to regard the new comer, for he too had been branded by misfortune. He appeared about Joe's age and should have been taller, but his legs had been amputated nearly up to the knee, and as he stood on the pitiful stumps, supported by a short cane in one hand, his head was hardly as high as the iron-railing. He had none of Joe's brightness, but looked ragged and dirty and hungry, and evidently had no Mas' Tom to help the good Lord and the birds of the air to take care of him. His skin was of a dull ashen hue, and the short wool which clung close to his scalp was sunburnt till it was red and crisp, and formed a curious contrast to his black face. One arm was bare, only the ragged remains of a sleeve hanging over the shoulder, and it seemed no great misfortune that his legs had been shortened, for he had hardly pantaloons enough to cover what he had left.

He looked at the pie, and Joe looked at him. Presently the latter inquired seriously, "Whar yo' legs?"

"Cut off," was the answer.

"How cum dey cut off?"

"Feet was fros' bit. Like ter kill me."

"What yo' name?" asked Joe.

"Kiah."

"What were yo' ole mas' name?"

"Didn't have no ole mas'."

"Was you a natchul free nigger?"

"Dunno what you mean," said Kiah.

"Fore we was all set free," explained Little Joe. "Wos you born wid a ole mas' an' a ole mis', or wos you born free?—jes natchully free."

"Free," said Kiah, thus placing himself, as every Southerner knows, under the ban of Joe's contempt. "Umph! my Lor'! Dat pie sholy do smell good!"

"You look hungry," said Joe gravely.

"I is," said Kiah, "hungry as a dog!"

Negroes are generous creatures, and Joe's mind was fully made up to give Kiah a piece of pie; but before he signified this benevolent intention he rested his crutches under his shoulders and swung his misshapen feet almost in Kiah's face. He leered at him; he grinned at him; he stuck his chin in his face, and made a dash at him with the crown of his head; finally snapping his eyes and slapping his sides and swinging his heels to the following edition of "Juba," repeated with incredible rapidity and indescribable emphasis:

Ruby-eyed 'simmon-seed
See Billy hoppin' jes' in time;
Juba dis an' Juba dat,
Juba killed de yaller cat.
Roun' de kittle o' possum fat,
Whoop a-hoy! whoop a-hoy!
Double step o' Juba!
Forty pounds o' candle grease
Settin' on de mantel-piece.
Don't you see ole Granny Grace!
She look so homely in de face.
Up de wall an' down de 'tition,
Gimme ax sharp as sickle,
Cut de nigger's woozen pipe
What cat up all de snassengers!
Git up dar, you little nigger!
Can't you pat Juba?

He stopped suddenly and grinned ferociously at Kiah. Kiah gazed stolidly back at Joe. Then Joe stepped to the table, took up a rusty old pocket-knife, and cutting out a piece of the pie handed it to Kiah. Kiah bit off a point of the triangle with his eyes fixed on Joe as if in doubt whether he would be allowed to proceed, but finding that the liberty was not resented he eagerly devoured the remainder, drew his coat-sleeve across his mouth and said "Thanky." And thus their friendship commenced.

It was very touching and beautiful, the attachment which was formed between these two unfortunate creatures. Neither could perform the labor or join in the sports incident to his age, and they seemed drawn together by the attraction of a common misery. Every day some little service, pitiful in its insignificance except to themselves, some little humble office from one to the other, some little act of self-denial—perhaps the saving of a few cold potatoes that had been given to Kiah, or the sacrifice of a buttered roll that Joe got at Mr. Wise's—every day some little thing served to cement this friendship which gave to each a companion who did not mortify him; and they became inseparable, Joe taking Kiah to the little shed where he spent his nights and making him an equal partner in business during the day.

The next time Joe came to be set up he gave Mr. Wise a knowing wink and said mysteriously: "Don't you go buyin' no bres'pin to w'ar to de weddin', Mas' Tom."

"Why not, Joe?"

"Cos ain't no use in two bres'pins, an' dar ain't no tellin' what mout happen 'fore dat weddin' come off."

Mr. Wise laughed, but he had no premonition that Joe had entered into a successful negotiation for the grocer's execrable crescent, and the shock was therefore unbroken when on the evening of his marriage Joe entered his dressing-room and presented it to him with an air of pride so pitiful that it would have made a woman cry.

Tom was fully as much surprised as Joe had anticipated, and affected to be as greatly delighted; and when he had completed his toilet of faultlessly quiet tone he pinned the horrible thing in his shirt-bosom, and thanked little Joe for the gift with all the gracious courtesy of his fine nature.

Mr. Wise was to "stand" with a friend of his sister's, who was a guest in the house, and as they fancied themselves very much in love with each other they had agreed to meet in the parlor an hour before that appointed for the ceremony, that they might enjoy a quiet tete-a-tete before the assembling of the guests. Having finished his toilet he accordingly went down and was soon joined by the lady.

They promenaded up and down the parlors, and again and again her eyes rested curiously on the pin, but she made no allusion to it till her feelings had become entirely irrepressible, when she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence to inquire what on earth it was, and where he got it, and why he wore it.

Then he sat down by her side, with lace curtains shimmering in the twilight, and long mirrors reflecting alabaster vases and oil paintings, and the air heavy with the perfume of flowers, and told her about Little Joe—of his shapeless feet and forlorn life, his empty pocket and grateful heart. And she agreed that it must be dreadful to be so poor and deformed, and all that, and of course he ought to be grateful, but really she thought Mr. Wise rather morbid in his philanthropy when he could wear that brass moon before five hundred people only to please a little deformed negro.

"Perhaps you do not understand," said Tom, gently, "that I have given Joe permission to witness the ceremony (I believe I told you that he was the personal property of my mother, and a favorite with her), and he will certainly know whether I wear this pin that he has worked for, and gone in debt for, and probably starved himself for. Will there be anyone here—save yourself—whose laugh I dread enough to induce me to mortify and disappoint him?"

"It will make us both ridiculous," said she, haughtily.

Tom quietly unfastened the pin and placed it in his vest-pocket, and with it disappeared Miss Annan's prospect of becoming Mrs. Wise, enviable as she deemed the position.

"I have no right to include you in my sacrifice, if sacrifice there be," said he, with grave courtesy, and referred no more to the matter; but as soon as