THE HERALD.

J. A. MACMURPHY,.....EDITOR.

PLATTSMOUTH, NOV. 4, 1875.

We have not received club rates from as many papers as we desire yet, and shall defer our *club list* and offers until another week.

Dague has sold the Hastings *Journal* to a Mr. Wigton.

Either Mobley is rough on Steele, or else Steele is a pretty tough customer.

We are sorry to hear that Bro. Wellman, of the Sutton *Times* has been on the sick list.

For once the *Watchman* got off a good thing on the Jibbenainosay of W. W. We mean "Blood, Iago, &c."

The 'Republican' editors of Cass county are engaged in crimination and recrimination.—*Watchman.*

A mistake. There is but one Republican editor in the county at present. The W. W. chap can hardly be called an editor, but what there is of him is Democrat, died in the wool. The fellow who does the pretty on the *Watchman* is neither—A eunuch in politics.

The *Star* indulges in a perfect "slop over" of advice to Geo. Smith, and attributes his defeat to his connection with Hitchcock, Cunningham, Stout, &c.

We know nothing about that, but we do know that Geo. Smith would to-day, be District Attorney but for a plain fraud. It is utterly impossible that a Republican candidate in Nemaha County, should not get more than 173 votes, if the tickets had been there for the people to vote, Mr. Broady's election is no honor to him, if it was accomplished by such questionable means.

TILTON'S LECTURE.

Mr. Theodore Tilton lectured in Omaha Monday evening, on "The Problem of Life."

The house was fairly full but not crowded, as it was supposed it would be. Tilton is one of the finest looking men that ever appeared on a stage.—His pose is grand; his lecture is full of truths; his speaking is almost perfect. We do not think an audience warms up to him as it does to some men.

He evidently has determined to face his problem in life, in this way, and his appearance before the public will really act in his favor.

Whether he intends it or not, his lecture is a passionate appeal to the sympathies of mankind. While we admire Mr. Tilton's oratory, we could not help this thought: A part of the unsolved problem of life the past few years has been, how big a fool can a man make of himself, and yet survive—to lecture?

"STILL HARPING ON MY DAUGHTER !"

The committee appointed on County Seat from Weeping Water, waited on the Commissioners Tuesday, accompanied by their lawyer, Mr. Stevenson, of Neb. City.

Mr. Stevenson made a very handsome and manly plea for their side of the question, and asked:

First:—That the election be set aside, on the grounds that it was not the Election contemplated by the law, inasmuch as a number of ballots were cast without designating a place, being simply "against re-location of County-Seat."

He claimed the call for an election, illegal, on this ground; referred to the case of Hamilton County (3d Neb.) and asked the Commissioners to call a new election.

Secondly:—He claimed that if said call was legal, the count showed that more than two-fifths of the vote of the county *had* been cast for some other *place* than Plattsmouth, and asked that the second election, contemplated by the law, be called.

Lastly, if neither were done, he intimated very sweetly, but very clearly, that a mandamus would be resorted to to compel the same.

The Com'rs, also acting under legal advice, say they have no further power over the election after the report of the canvassers, and they shall consider the matter as having passed out of their hands.

And so stands the battle—check!

We do not agree with lawyer Stevenson.—The case quoted in Neb. 3d, was under the old law of *Removal* of County Seats. It provided for but one election and does not then state how the ballots shall be printed. We take it this new law suspended the other entirely. It provides for *Re-location* of County Seats, and also for three elections, at the first of which votes may vote against any re-location. After that for a place.

NEW CONSTITUTION.

Gov. Garber's Proclamation.

Whereas, at a general election held on the 12th day of October, 1875, at which was submitted to the electors of this state for their adoption or rejection a new constitution framed by the late constitutional convention, and also separate articles relating to the seat of government, and allowing the electors to express their preference for United States senators; and

Whereas, A majority of all the votes polled were cast for the new constitution and also for the articles relating to the seat of government and for the article allowing electors to express their preference for United States senators;

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the power in me vested, I, Silas Garber, governor of the state of Nebraska, do issue this day a proclamation and declare said constitution, together with the articles relating to the seat of government and allowing electors to express their preference for United States senators, to be adopted, and that the same will take effect and be the supreme law of the State of Nebraska on and after the 1st day of November, 1875.

In testimony whereof I have hereunder set my hand and caused to be affixed the great seal of state.

Done at the city of Lincoln, this the 30th day of October, 1875.

By the Governor:

SILAS A. GARBER.

BRUNO TZSCHUCK, Sec'y of State.

THE SUPPER!

MAKING GAME OF IT.

The Hunters' Club gave their Annual Supper last Saturday evening.—We presume they chose Saturday evening so that their guests might have all day Sunday to wrestle with indigestion, caused by such gamey larks as this. We are informed that few of the club could attend Church Sunday—but then that is not so unusual as one might suppose, and does not always follow from a game supper.

TO COME TO BUSINESS,

The Club has largely increased this season, and numbers some 40 members. If each one brought a wife or a sweetheart, that would alone make 80 guests to sit down at *Stadelman's*, where the supper was prepared.

Those who were obliged to be absent, "sent a hand." The *Press* together with some invited guests, made about 90 persons who sat down to canvass this game proceeding.

Such a table is seldom seen; though we have hard times and no money in Nebraska, they cannot cheat us out of something to eat while our hunters survive, and powder holds out to burn.

Here is the Bill of Fare:

ANNUAL SUPPER OF THE PLATTSMOUTH SPOTSMEN'S CLUB, OCT. 30.

MENU:

GOOSE.—Roast, a la Esquimaux. delire de France. Hunters' delight.

BRANT—Stuffed with onions. a la Chinois.—Stuffed with apples.

MALLARDS—Roast. Baked. Stewed. Stuffed. Fricandeau.

GREEN WINGED TEAL—En voyageur. Indian style. Stuffed with onions.

BLUE WINGED TEAL—Roast. Baked. Stuffed with apples. Fricassee.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN—Pot pie. Baked pie.—Roast. Fricandeau.

QUAIL—On toast. On Tomate.

SNIPE—On toast.

PLOVER—On toast.

SQUIRREL—Pie. Fried. Saute Jaux petis pois.

RABBIT—A la Italienne. Souffle. Pate.

VEGETABLES—Mashed Potatoes. Fried Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes. Kali. Celery. Salad. Cold Slaugh. a l'hiver.

PASTRY AND DESSERT—Apple Pies. Cranberry Pies. Pies.—Tarts. Cranberry Jelly.—Currant Jelly. Wine Jelly. Almonds. Filberts. Raisins.

COFFEE.

WINES—Catawba; Muscat; Champaigne; Star; Los Angeles; Gold Seal.

The Ducks on the table were only rivalled by the Dears at the table, and the Quail that lay on the board were not as handsome as the Doves that fluttered over it. Geese flourished on the cloth and by the cloth. No (gutter) Snipe allowed, but glorious Plover lay scattered about. Game showed in the eyes of the men, and watered in the mouths of the youth. The trophies of the chase (somewhere) glittered in many a bonnet, and dead shots glanced from more than one bright eye.

At 8 o'clock the live game commenced to devour the dead, and a chap had to be quick on the trigger, to get his pouch full before the hunt was over.

When the eating match was closed and the club lay back for evening roll-call,

THE PRESIDENT ANNOUNCED:

"The hour having arrived when the banquet of Game must cease, (for lack of material) the higher feast of reason, and the flow of Donelan's Muscat will commence:" He called for Cap. Holdrege.

QUERIES, TOASTS, AND SPEECHES.

When the glasses were filled, Mr. Holdrege said: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am a poor hand at any kind of a toast except Quail on toast, so will offer you a connundrum:

"Why are the Quail that we brought in, and our host, Mr. Stadelman, in some respects alike, at this supper?"—

"You tell"—"give it up"—"ask us something easy,"&c.

"Because they both helped cook Capt. Jones' Goose." *

"Good for Holdrege!"

Capt. Jones sprang to his feet: "Mr. President, that's a mis-fire; what was the difference between Capt. Holdrge when he returned from the hunt, and a Mackeral just landed in the hold of a Yankee fishing smack?"

Vivian—"Mr. President, I arise to a point of order!"

President—"The gentleman will state his point."

Vivian—"While from the necessities of the case, we may have to allow much that is Fowl to pass around this table, we object to anything Fishy."

[Shouts of laughter]—"Good"—"tally one for Viv"!"

Club—"Answer!" "answer!"

President—"The gentleman's point is well taken; Capt. Jones will propound again."

Club—"No!" "no!" "Jones!" "Jones!" "Answer"—"Answer"—"Division"—"We call for a division!"

President—"Gentlemen, I submit *a la Priceassee*; Jones has the net, let him haul in his fish."

Jones—"Holdrege was well peppered, and the Mackeral well salted."

Club—"Jones ahead!" "Tally two for Jones!"

THE PRESIDENT OFFERS SOME TOASTS.

President—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I offer you as a sentiment to-night,—"The Plattsmouth Sporting Club,"—a set of jolly good boys; and I call on Capt. John O'Rourke for an answer."

Capt. O'Rourke—"That's a line shot, and takes me under the wing. Like Holdrege, I am better at eating a toast, than answering a toast.

The editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: 'The inscription,

"D. Boone killed a bar on this tree in 1775."

—may be found on more than two thousand trees in Old Kaintuck.' That is just about one hundred years ago, and while you were all laughing at our two captains' connundrums, I, imitating Bro. MacMurphy, went one eye on it, and sat meditatively peeping into that last Champaigne bottle we opened. I there saw this vision: One hundred years had fled; a band of jolly hunters and antiquarians, were meandering the banks of the classic Missouri. Not many miles below the mouth of the Platte they found a mound and an old charred post, bearing this inscription:

"This marks the spot where the most famous shot of ancient days,—a man full of vim and humor, gave his last drop of whiskey to a poor old deaf Ferryman, and went without, 'All Hunk, for the rest of his hunt.

For this deed of charity, and self-denial, his loving comrades have erected this monument.—May his example never be forgotten, and his shooting never excelled.

P. S.—His name was R. R. Livingston."

Passing down the stream, they found another mound which said:

"This living clump of Bulrushes has long been preserved from the devastating hand of man to commemorate the spot where a mighty hunter of old, made a very fine point by sitting down suddenly in the water as an immense flock of Ducks came that way. The ducks mistaking his bushy head for a little island of willows, lit down in such numbers that he bagged many hundred, and made more points than the whole sporting club that year.

His name was Bennett."

Still further on, another mound told this story:

"Sacred to the memory of Rev. Geo. Smith, a man of few faults and many cartridges, who from this spot shot a single goose, at an almost incredible distance, thereby causing the youngest toddler of the Farmer's wife who lived close by, to turn three double somersaults and bring up on the kitchen table with: 'Ho, Ma, that preacher man out there shot a goose more as a mile off—Hurra!'

He has long been gathered in the great hunting pouch of Nature, but his loving comrades still remember the great preacher's shot, with awe and wonder, and point to him as a man who never missed his mark."

I am told that the valley is full of such reminiscences of the jolly Plattsmouth boys, of a hundred years ago, but the dry eyes and parched lips of my hearers warn me to take my eye out of that bottle, and open the other. (the other eye I mean). Here's a long range and plenty of amunition through life, (drank.) That's my parting charge Mr. Presidennt.

Three cheers were given for the Captain, and the

PRESIDENT ANNOUNCED:

"To the best shot, Andy McLaughlin."

Mr. McL.—"Friends and fellow hunters, that is, you hunt for the game and I hunt for the supper. I can draw a check, but not a bead. I might discount an acceptance, but no man can discount this supper. I can compute interest on note or account, but no one can compute the interest with which I counted on this feast. It makes no difference whether it is green-back canvass-back, or blue wing, specie or currency,—our friends of the sporting club have solved the inter-convertible bond system. They have converted a modicum of circulating duck and geese into a bond of common sympathy, and brotherly tastes; they have converted their strength and their manhood into ducks and drakes, as one may say, for our pleasure. They have presented their currency at the counter of our appetites, and shall we not issue them the best bond on earth in return? the bond of love, esteem, and affection, for all time. Gentlemen, I can cash a draft, but this over-sizes my pile. The best shot doesn't always bring in the most game. I have overchecked my deposit (of words) and shall close the account."

[Loud and continued cheering and hurrahs for Mac.]

CONNUNDRUMS.

J. Marthis—"Why is Cap. Bennett like the great Jewish lawgiver?"

"Because Moses' mother lay him down carefully in the bulrushes, but Cap., like a good boy, sat down without any mother."

Osborne—"Why are the boys who didn't get any game, like an old beer drinker on a bust?"

Club—"Give it up."

"Though they didn't make a p'int, they can all hold a quart."

MORE TOASTS.

The Press—"MacMurphy";—Mac. had been late to supper, but slowly and gravely arose as if oppressed with the weight of passing events, and faced the *presence*. He had a gamey look, his eyes were owly, his cravat had parted, owing to an immense slide of squirrel pot-pie that had passed through while laughing at Vivian's p'int of order, and two buttons of his vest had left to make room for the last quail that had fluttered away from his fork. Waving aloft the leg of a magnificent "green-wing," he took a bite and began:

"Gentlemen of the convention,[laughter]—aside—Confound it! laugh, will you, I ain't half done supper.—Ladies of this sewing circle,[more laughter]—Blast it, some body start me, won't you?—'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' shouted King Richard during a gamey carnage many years ago. Like him on the scene of this battle-field, strewed with the wrecks of past lives, I shout: (waving the leg) 'A duck! a duck for an idea, a goose for two!' I don't mean a goose has two ideas and a duck only one,—that would not be complimentary to the ladies. I mean I'll give a duck or a goose to get the hang of this thing,—the right ex-*press*-ion for the occasion.—Oh! it was a *press* speech you wanted. Well, I am so depressed by the great number and variety of things, that my friends have *pressed* on me this evening, that I cannot express the sense of oppression that *presses* upon my manly bosom (laying his hand on the lower part of his vest, thinking it was his heart) to-night.

Although I am, as one may say, staggering under a *press* of canvass (back), I have taken so much cargo aboard, that like Bennett,‡ I am waist deep in the water, and make no more headway than if I was under bare poles.

There are many kinds of Presses; there is the cheese-press, and the clothespress, and press your girl—to go to supper, you know.

There is the express, and the impress, and the cylinder-press, and the Hoe-press, and the hand press. A man peranbulates your streets with fine ankle jewelry, of iron, and you say he belongs to the Press-gang. A foreign power seizes our comrade at the dance, or revel, and hurries him on shipboard, and we say he is *impressed*. A man gains a great victory, and we say he has the *pressage* of triumph on his brow.

There are more kinds of *presses* in this world than there was game on this table a short moment ago, but I cannot treat of them all.

We come now to the great PRESS;—that means me, and Billy Shryock, down yonder, and Rush, and the Devil, up home, and the old 'Washington' at the office, and the ink, and the rollers, and the type, and all the paraphernalia of a printing office,—that is all called '*The Press*,' now-a-days, and that is what you wish me to speak to, I suppose; well, I will:

The press has revolutionized the World. It has destroyed the oppressions of the old world, it has enabled men to *express* more fittingly their hatred of tyranny and bigotry and impressed all mankind with its force and power. It has made the telegraph and the steam engine available; without the Press to spread the news, of what profit would be the Atlantic Cable.—Without the Press to gather the wants of mankind from the four quarters of the earth, and create new needs and new ideas, the steam engine would be comparatively valueless. Gentlemen, it has done more; it has provided this bountiful supper, that you have just so greatly enjoyed. It has brought the game from the clouds, and spread it before you to-night in this very attractive bill of fare. Without the *press*, you might have gone supperless and hungry to bed to-night; without the press, you would never read of the *pres(s)*tige you have gained this night; without the press, this feast, worthy of the Gods, could never have taken place. Aye! you roll your eyes and shake your heads; I'll prove it; I repeat, you owe all this '*Friceandeau and Esquimaux and Chinois*,' to a little press,—not a 'Novelty' or a 'Gordon',—but, just at the nick of time, to the RIGHT PRESS——on the *trigger!*"

[Loud applause, and Mac.'s other button leaves the vest, and pops a lady in the eye, on the other side of the table.]

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is one more kind of press. A Frenchman once heard a gentleman 'press' a lady to promenade with him. He got the dictionary and found that 'Press' meant to 'squeeze.' An evening or two after, wishing to hear a lady sing, that had refused once, he said: 'Madame, please let me squeeze you to sing.'

I've pressed home my last cartridge; I am expressed out,—you may press me all you please, you can squeeze no more speech out of me to-night."

[Whoop! Whoop!! Whoop!!!]

TOAST.

"Goosey goosey gander,—Rev. Geo. Smith:"

Mr. Smith—"I object to being made game of. Sport me no sports if this is true sporting usage. I object to being fired at in this manner, with both barrels. Some of you use breech-loaders; I don't mind that, for your cartridges are weak, but one or two muzzle-loading chaps leave their ram-rods in and fire clear through my well stuffed breast. Gentlemen, unless this double shot firing ceases, in your next annual hunt, I shall spread myself and sail away, on the wings of the morning, beyond the reach of your goose shot, where the shaft of malice cannot reach me, nor the dart of envy clip my wings; beyond the range of all your small arms I shall soar until the supper evening, when I shall appear at your table with an empty game bag, and astonish the natives by the sportsmanlike manner in which I will fill it.

A Goose is a noble bird; once it saved Rome, and I may yet be called on to save the reputation of this club by my long range shot.

TOAST.

"The best man on a cross-fire—Sam. Chapman."

Mr. Chapman—"I expect to hunt this match over again Thursday, and I want to save my wind. I'll read you a little poetry MacDonagh, of the *Watchman*, gave me for this occasion:"

"Our hunter boys can make a noise,
With either mouth or gun;
To shoot with bulls, they're nothing loth,
Take nothing back and never run.

They're game enough to cradle snuff,
When geese fly fast and high;
Their shaft are true, when the game is drew,
And the wine cup handy by.

Mr. Cunningham and a number of other gentlemen responded to toasts, but we should fill the paper up to give them all. At last the President, Doctor Livingston, was called:

Livingston—"Ladies and gentlemen, and Mr. Vice-President: The gentlemen who have fired before me have left me nothing to shoot at. Cap't. O'Rourke has demolished any antiquarian castles I might have cocked and primed myself upon. The gentleman of the Press has expressed so much of the gravy of fun from this occasion, that I am left without a horn of anything to heat up with. My legal friend has so *bridgily*, but so elegantly stated the case, that I am thrown out of Court. I am, so to speak, flat on my back with the fever of surfeit, my flask has gone from my reach, wherewith I might cool my tongue. I am apoplectic with the rush of wit and wisdom, and my medicine chest is spilled in the sea of humours. I am buratling with the good things that have been crammed down me, and my faucet is but in a pool of Muscat.—Gentlemen, carry me home on a shutter of despair,—spread over me the wings of your imaginations; cover me from the flash of your powder, for I'm a gone coon after such a blaze of hot shot as we have had to-night. Ladies and gentlemen, good evening."

* The boys mean a fine side of getting Quail rolled from a count of 8 to 10, after they had secured the best quail hunters,—which lost Jones the game.

¶ Holdrege got well peppered with great shot from Laying's gun, while each were hunting in the bush.

‡ Mac. Bennett sat down to get behind some bushes, forgetting he was also at work deep in the water.

STATE ITEMS.

Mrs. Taxbury, wife of Col. Taxbury of Nebraska City, died on the 20th inst.

Over three hundred families of Swedes have made a settlement in the western part of Kearney and eastern part of Phelps Co's. Nearly all bring with them from one thousand to ten thousand dollars each. So says the Kearney *Press*.

Connell of the Hebron *Journal* gives an interesting account of a recent voyage up Salt-Creek in company with several companions. It occurred just after the election.

A smart thing—a mustard plaster.

OUR NEW CONSTITUTION.

As will be seen by the Governor's proclamation Nebraska has at last got a new constitution, and we are now living under it. We do not experience much change as yet. It's a good deal like the old lady that lived on the borders of North and South Carolina. The surveys being imperfect she did not really know to which State she belonged. One summer Uncle Sam had the line surveyed and the old woman was located in North Carolina. "Oh dear," says she, "I'm so glad, South Carolina always was such an unhealthy State." Perhaps we may perceive a healthy change as the constitution grows older.

THE ELECTIONS.

New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Mississippi, Maryland, New Jersey, of the States that held an election Tuesday, are heard from.

New York is reported Republican entire.

Pennsylvania has elected Hartranft (Rep.) Governor.

Massachusetts, Rice, (Rep.) Governor.

Wisconsin goes Republican.

Minnesota, largely Republican.

Mississippi, Democratic.

Maryland, Democratic.

New Jersey,—Republican gains reported.

That's enough for this week.

OFFICIAL COUNT OF THE ELECTION.

The following are the complete totals of the votes cast at the last election, as counted and certified by the board of canvassers:

FOR SUPREME JUDGES.

Geo. B. Lake	31,226
Daniel Gantt	29,720
Samuel Maxwell	2,167
E. W. Thomas	15,291
Scattering	324

ON THE CONSTITUTION.

For	30,932
Against	6,474
Majority for	24,758

ON THE CAPITAL COUPON.

For	30,042
Against	12,917
Majority for	7,125

ON THE SENATORIAL COUPON.

For	29,79
Against	6,270
Majority for	16,529

FOR REGENTS.

C. A. Holmes	29,523
S. J. Temple	29,314
J. W. Gannett	28,761
S. P. Morehouse	15,667
E. M. Hungerford	28,918
Wm. Adam	28,717
Tobias Del Hay	11,148
James Tarpy	11,148
D. H. O'Leary	12,033
T. J. Mahaffay	13,708
E. J. Foley	13,687
A. Beer	15,477

FOR DISTRICT JUDGES.

1st Dist—A. J. Weaver	7,759	
Scattering	91	
2d Dist—S. A. Strode	6,114	
G. R. Schofield	5,343	
Scattering	1	
Strode's majority		1,059
3d Dist—J. M. Thurston	2,366	
J. W. Savage	3,024	
Savage's majority		474
4th Dist—Geo. W. Frost	6,869	
W. A. Marlow	3,704	
Scattering	15	
5th Dist—Wm. Gaslin Jr.	1,958	
C. G. Pilkington	1,954	
H. T. Hitman	1,956	
6th Dist—E. K. Valentine	2,142	
T. L. Norval	2,061	
Gaslin's majority		81

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

1st Dist—J. W. Hicks	4,359	
W. O. Hanson	3,759	
Hicks' majority		4,184
2d Dist—Geo. S. Smith	2,888	
J. B. Dowdy	2,892	
Dowdy's majority		4
4th Dist—Geo. Ambrose	1,261	
J. F. Barnes	1,860	
Barnes majority		599

FROM DR. BUTLER.

E. G. DOVEY—*Dear Sir:*—I see in the columns of the HERALD of last week a letter addressed to myself with your sig. In reply I would say I was in Greenwood precinct on election day on professional business, stopped at the polls not to exceed fifteen minutes, and while there Mr. Dovey's name was not mentioned, nor his little trouble with the Sheriff and his bacon thought of. I was not in the town of Greenwood on that day. So you see your informant must have misrepresented the case to you, or you had bad dreams soon after leaving Rock Bluffs. All I said was said at Rock Bluffs in your presence. Afterwards repeated to Andrew Taft, in Salt Creek precinct, verbatim.

Now, Mr. Dovey, I should not have spoken of this had you not so *thoughtlessly* the good people of Rock Bluffs by your gross profanity in the pulpit after they so kindly opened the church for the meeting; also publicly offered me both a *personal* and *professional* insult.

The truth of the statement that you were *forced* to pay your taxes (whether city or county, makes no difference, they were just) you will not *deny*.

Thanks for your compliments. The county seat question is all right.

M. M. BUTLER.

TO H. E. ELLISON, OR WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

To H. E. Ellison, Probate Judge of Cass County, Neb.

The circular of A. F. Arndt, of Cass County, of October 11th, 1875, was true, every word, and I have the papers to prove the same and shall do so at the earliest opportunity. I am not a liar and will show you that every word of that circular was true. A. F. ARNDT.

We allow this to appear because Mr. Arndt says he wants justice, but cannot allow it to be carried any further here. It is not a subject of newspaper discussion.

THE MARKETS.

HOME MARKETS.

REPORTED BY WHITE & BARNAR.

Wheat, fall	70@80
Wheat, spring	50@60
Corn	20@25
Oats	15
Rye	30
Potatoes	50@60
Turkeys	6@7 50
Chickens	3 50@4 00
Eggs	25
Butter	25@30
Hogs	5 50@5 75
Cattle	3 00@3 50

LATEST NEW YORK MARKETS

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.

Money	3@5 per cent.
Gold	$1 16

LATEST CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.

Flour	5 95
Wheat	1 04½
Corn	35¾
Oats	24¾
Rye	44
Barley	1 00@1 05
Cattle	3 00@5 75

The Best Protection.

The best safeguards against epidemic diseases are thorough digestion and firm nerves. It is because they assure the regular performance of the digestive process, and invigorate the nervous system, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are such a sovereign protective against the influences which beget intermittent maladies, and those which directly affect the stomach and bowels. If the nerves are healthfully tranquill, the assimilation of food perfect, as they are sure to be under the influence of this standard tonic and nervine, malaria may be defied, and if, in the absence of the most reliable of medical safeguards, the system has fallen a prey to disease of an intermittent or remittent type, the fairest will, if persisted in, eradicate every vestige of the malady. Biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia, yield with equal certainty to the operation of this potent vegetable alterative.

I, John Shannon, sometimes known as "Canada John" having long been in the

Livery Business,

and having trusted much, to my sorrow, do now give due and timely notice that I want all my accounts Settled up by the

First of January, next, and they Must be.

I can't stand it any longer.—Hay and Grain cost Cash, as well as several other things I must buy.

Therefore take Notice,

If "you uns" that owe "we uns" don't pony up on or before January 1st, "we uns" will have to start something after "you uns"—Something drives a grey mare and a bay pony and carries numbers of little pieces of paper—which he shall serve on all delinquents. Witness my hand and seal this 25th day of October, 1876, and govern yourselves accordingly.

SELLING OFF

CLOSING OUT!!

AT COST!

FOR CASH!

Store for Sale or Rent!!

FURNITURE,

Of every description

Cheaper Than Ever.

Some things even

BELOW COST!!

Chamber Sets, $25 and up.
Dressing Bureaus, $12.50, up.
Bureau Stands, $7.50, up.
Bedsteads, $3, up.
Extension Tables, $7.50, up.
Chairs, $50c., up.
Boston Rockers, $2.50, up.
Centre Tables, $6, up.

Wool and Wire Mattresses, very Cheap.

Everything in the Furniture Line, Cheap.

If you don't believe it call and see for yourselves, at

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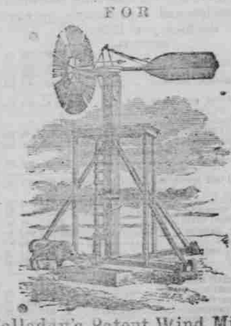

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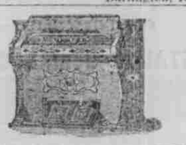

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