While [illegible] left behind,
For his mo[illegible] had no mind.

Five years at school the students spent,
Then each one into business went;
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
And parted his hair (of course) in the middle,
Though his brother looked rather higher than he,
And hung out his shingle—"H. Brown, M. D."
Meanwhile at home, their brother Tom
Had taken a "notion" into his head;
Though he said not a word, but trimmed his trees
And hoed his corn and planted his peas,
But somehow, either "by hook or crook,"
He managed to read full many a book.

Well, the war broke out; and "Captain Tom"
To battle a hundred soldiers led;
And when the Southern flag went down,
Came marching home as "GENERAL Brown."

But he went to work on his farm again,
Planted his corn and sowed his grain,
Repaired the house and broken fence,
And people said he had "common sense."

Now common sense was rather rare,
And the State House needed a portion there;
So our "family dunce" moved into town,
And people called him "Governor Brown."
And his brothers, who went to the city school,
Came home to live with mother's fool.

## LOSING THEM BOTH.

The dearest little rosebud of a girl, with cheeks where a pink flush came and went, and blue eyes, with long, golden brown lashes and hair that waved without the aid of pins or irons. I always thought her name was the most suitable that could have been chosen for her, though the only wonder is that old farmer Budd did not name his only daughter Deborah, or Rebecca, or Sarah Jane.

Rosanna had fortunately been her father's grandmother's name, however, and so came a Rose Bud into the world; for Mrs. Budd had made the Anna a middle name instead of the first, and dropped it.

When I began to like Rose Budd so much I seriously thought of proposing to her. Hiram Roper liked her too. He was five years older than I; a plain man of twenty-nine, with faint scars on his face and a bald spot on the middle of his head. A poor man, studying medicine late in life, because he had not been able to study in his youth, only hoping for his diploma in a year, with the practice all in the future; and I, at twenty-four, had the Mosswood estate for my own, and money enough to live on comfortably. There could be no comparison between us, I fondly hoped, that would not be favorable to me, and I coolly, though politely, took my place before him, and cut him out on all occasions with Rosebud. I, young and rich and handsome, and, as I supposed, elegantly dressed; he, plain, poor and shabby, looking ten years older than he really was. What chance had he against me?

And so he slipped quietly into the background and I made love to Rosebud, and one day kissed her on the cheek, and told her life would not be worth having to me if I could not win her; and she said nothing, but outblushed all the roses, and let me kiss her again. After that we walked boldly arm-in-arm through the village, and friends teased me, and the other beaux dropped away, and one day I gave her a ring to wear on her left hand forefinger.

Two weeks from that day I went to London on business. I intended to stay a week, but I was so successful that I remained longer; finally I went into business in the city, and began to know people. I visited at the houses of wealthy merchants, and met their wives and daughters, and by degrees began to understand that, though my Rosebud was very fair and sweet, she was not a hot-house flower. In other words, her dress was not like the dress of a fashionable belle; her manners were homespun, her education poor. She was very good—excessively good, but not an elegant lady. Then, too, she sent me notes in big buff envelopes, and used little "i" for the personal pronoun, which should have been honored by the capital "I."

And Farmer Budd with his uncouth coats and wonderful hats and long straggling beard and hair, was not the sort of father-in-law that I should admire; and there was Miss Hannover. Perhaps that fact was the most powerful one of all the workings of my disenchantment; for Miss Hannover was beautiful, all millinery and upholstery; and Papa Hannover was called Prince Hannover by his friends, and had his dinner table set for forty every day; and wore a fortune in diamonds on his bosom, and made friends wherever he went, by his lavish gifts, and was the greatest stock gambler in London.

Papa Hannover had smiled on me, and counseled me how to invest, and had dined me with his daily forty friends, and had said, "Violette, love, this is Mr. Markham, one of those country gentlemen of whom we are trying to make city men."

And Violette had smiled radiantly upon me.

Since then how many tete-a-tetes had I not had with her—how many rides! I was learning to dance with her, and I had forgotten to write to Rosebud for two weeks, when came an anxious little note on blue paper, begging thus:

"DEAR HENRY: i take up my pen in hand much troubled in my mind regarding you i know you would write if you were not sick—O, Henry, if you are sick do tallygraff and let pap come up and see you. Henry i will not write any more until i hear from you—i am too troubled in my mind. We are all well and in the hopes that you will enjoy the same blessings i remain

Yours truly, ROSE BUDD."

"P. S.—Do not let pa come if you are sick. i am so troubled in my mind."

I hastened to reply, the awful dread of Mr. Budd's fatherly care hanging [illegible]sely that largeness [illegible]er. What grossness [illegible] hers in the beginning; [illegible] grown by ministering to the grossness of those who could enforce it. If she has vanity and love of dress and display, not women, but men, are responsible for it—the men who give their admiration, their attentions, their time, their good report, to the pretty and well-dressed women, and let the plain and quiet woman, who is not so agreeable an object to the eyesight and so pleasant a stimulant to the senses generally, go to the wall.

It is, after all, giving too much potency to so feeble an instrument to claim that if this man makes a fool of himself, and that one makes a wreck of himself, and the other dishonors his name and his life, a woman is at the root of it all. "My son," said an old Grecian, "is the ablest man in the State, for he has his mother in subjection, his mother has me in subjection, and I have overcome Miltiades." The same principle applied here would make a woman wield a power which none in reality accord her. She is not the lord of creation; and if she had but her equal place beside that lord allowed, we should hear no more of this cowardly cry, "The woman gave me, and I did eat."—*Harper's Bazar.*

## A San Francisco Earthquake.

The middle of the broad street was filled with a crowd of breathless, pallid, death-stricken men, who had lost all sense but the common instinct of animals. There were hysterical men, who laughed loudly without a cause, and talked incessantly of what they knew not. There were dumb, paralyzed men, who stood helplessly and hopelessly beneath cornices and chimneys that toppled over and crushed them. There were automatic men, who, flying, carried with them the work on which they were engaged—one whose hands were full of bills and papers, another who held his ledger under his arm. There were men who had forgotten the ordinary instincts of decency—one half dressed, who had flown from a neighboring bath-room with only the towel in his hand that afterward his nakedness. There were men who rushed from the fear of death into his presence; two were picked up, one who had jumped through a skylight, another who had blindly leaped from a fourth-story window. There were brave men who trembled like children; there was one whose life had been spent in scenes of daring and danger, who cowered paralyzed in the corner of the room from which a few inches of plastering had fallen. There were hopeful men who believed that the danger was over, and, having passed, would, by some mysterious law, never recur; there were others who shook their heads and said that the next shock would be fatal. There were crowds around the dust that arose from fallen chimneys and cornices, around run-a-way horses that had dashed as madly as their drivers against lamp-posts, around telegraph and newspaper offices, eager to know the extent of the disaster. Along the remoter avenues and cross streets dwellings were deserted, people sat upon their door-steps or in chairs upon the sidewalks, fearful of the houses they had built with their own hands, and doubtful even of this blue arch above them that smiled so deceitfully; of those far-reaching fields beyond, which they had cut into lots and bartered and sold, and which now seemed to rise suddenly against them, or slip and wither away from their very feet. It seemed so outrageous that this dull, patient earth, whose homeliness they had adorned and improved, and which, whatever their other fortune or vicissitudes, at least had been their sure inheritance, should have become so faithless. Small wonder that the owner of a little house, which had sunk on the reclaimed water-front, stooped in the speechless and solemn absurdity of his wrath to shake his clenched fist in the face of the Great Mother.

The real damage to life and property had been so slight, and in such pronounced contrast to the prevailing terror, that half an hour later only a sense of the ludicrous remained with the greater masses of the people. Mr. Dumphy, like all practical, unimaginative men, was among the first to recover his presence of mind with the passing of the immediate danger. People took confidence when this great man, who had so much to lose, after sharply remanding his clerks and everybody else back to business, re-entered his office.—*Bret Harte in "Gabriel Conroy;" Scribner for June.*

## The Liberty Cap.

When a slave was manumitted by the Romans, a small red cloth cap, called pileus, was placed on his head. So soon as this was done he was proclaimed a freedman (*libertinus*), and his name duly registered. When Saturnius took the capital, in the year 263, he hoisted a cap on the top of his spear to indicate that all slaves who joined him should be free. Marius employed the same symbol when inciting the slaves to take up arms against Sylla, and when Cæsar was murdered the conspirators marched forth in a body with a cap elevated on a spear as a token of liberty. The Goddess of Liberty in the Aventine Mount was represented as holding in her hand a cap, the symbol of freedom. In France the Jacobins wore a red cap (*bonnet rouge*); but in England the cap of blue, with a white border, is the symbol of liberty, and Britannia is sometimes represented as holding such a cap on the point of her spear. The American "cap of liberty" is also of blue, with a white band or border on the bottom, upon which thirteen stars are placed, and has been adapted from the British. There is no absolute or positive regulation in regard to this cap, beyond its shape or color, so far as America is concerned. It is in shape of an old-fashioned night-cap or truncated cone.

Man often acquires just so much knowledge as to discover his ignorance, and attains so much experience as to regret his follies, and then dies.—*W. B. Clulow.*

[illegible] have always loved [illegible]ebud. 'Tis true, a siren laid her [illegible] upon me, but the hallucination is [illegible]ver."

"I shall think you are wandering again," said she, "if you don't stop talking so. Do take your toast."

"No," said I, "no, not a mouthful, Rosebud, until you will assure me that you will forget the past, and once more give me the love—"

"Mr. Markham!" cried she.

"Call me Henry," said I. "Rose if you had hated me, would you be here so kindly ministering to my wants?"

"Here?" said she. "Where should I be but in my own house? I'm sure I've nothing to forgive you, either. Since you allude to our flirtation of three years ago, and since you will talk of it, I will tell you, once for all that I don't think that we ever should have been happy together. And I always liked Hiram the best, only he was so shy. And my goodness, we were married as soon as he got his diploma."

"Married!" cried I.

"Why, yes," said Rosebud. "How else should I be here? You know this is Dr. Roper's house? Didn't you know I was his wife before? Dear old fellow he is the best husband woman ever had, I'm sure, and Mr. Markham, I know now that I never really loved you."

I don't know whether that was true or not, but that did not matter. She did not love me then, and does not now, and I lost her.

I live alone at Mosswood now, an old bachelor, with a limp, and the dyspepsia, and she and a boquet of little blossoms flourish over the way at Doctor Roper's.

Some time, perhaps, I may marry. Miss Flint would have me and so would the Widow Wiggins; but whatever I may get to wear over my heart it will not be a rosebud. I threw that away long ago, and Roper picked it up, and it makes his life fragrant.

## The Woman Tempting.

How evident it is that we are all descended from Adam! We do not need the subtleties of ethnologists nor the dogmas of doctrinaires to make the thing certain. A father's face is repeated in his child, his gestures are, his habits of thought, his tricks of speech; it is unnecessary for an angel to descend with the living coal in hand to lay upon some prophet's lips that he may declare the parentage; it is unnecessary for a philosopher to make deductions and draw parallels and confute impossibilities to the same end; the thing is manifest; they are coins struck in one die. And certainly we hardly need anything more especial to demonstrate our descent from the man who hid himself behind a scantier fig leaf than the fig-tree bears when he declared, in the face of his accuser, "The woman gave me, and I did eat," for it is the first excuse that rises to the lips of most of Adam's sons to-day. Moses, if he had not had greater messages to bear, would have needed, for that one masterful stroke in masculine delineation, no further inspiration than that given by his own observation and his acquired knowledge of human nature, which taught him that the not-unusual man will never fail to shelter himself behind the object that there is, for shame's sake, tacit compact to leave unstruck, and belongs to some corps like that old army which went into battle with its children and its gods in front, on which no gallant enemy liked to open fight.

The Spanish King who always, when any trouble arose, asked, "Who is she?" originated nothing; he only followed in his forefather's steps. He held that it was impossible a man should make a fool of himself unless there was a woman in the case, and he advised all men in all difficulties to get behind that screen. And others do as he did.

Does a young man lead a dissolute life? Vindication is ready for him when it is said that he would not lead it if there were not a woman to hold out temptation; he could not lead it if there were not a woman to allure. Nobody has a word for that woman, who could hardly create the youth's demand. Does an older man live days of self-indulgence, neglecting home and his duties there for gay life and wine and cards? The head is shaken in pity for the poor fellow whose home is made so unattractive by the woman presiding there, or so unhappy that he is driven to those baser haunts. Nobody says that his home is unattractive, it is his duty to make it attractive; but neither law nor nature gives him the right to hold himself like an Eastern pasha for the women to fawn upon, to soothe and flatter and delight; that there is a mutuality in all things and if he would do a little of the soothing and delighting himself, he would find his home growing more attractive every day, instead of less so. Does a man commit one dishonor and another, barter power for gold, sell his fair fame for money? Not a voice is heard declaring that the man was tired of honest poverty, with its labors, needs, struggles, tumults; that he wantad the comfort which assurance of wealth gives, preferred it, and took the risks; that he loved his costly wines, his luxurious dinners, his fast horses, his fine mansions, his full bank account. Everybody without dissent avows that his wife wanted her diamonds and her Worth dresses, and to sweep like a queen through society. Even when the charge is not openly made in outrageous words, the dark innuendo supplies its place, and we are given to understand that it is the pettiness, the gross appetite, the vanity, of the woman that is at fault; it is never the sin of the man.

In all this there is a horrible injustice. It is the lion that writes the book, and reads it too. For even were it true, which we are disposed utterly to deny, it is also true that woman is at present only the mirror of man's wish, and what she is he has made her. If she has pettiness, it is because the heavy hand has [illegible] grown by ministering to the grossness of those who could enforce it. If she has vanity and love of dress and display, not women, but men, are responsible for it—the men who give their admiration, their attentions, their time, their good report, to the pretty and well-dressed women, and let the plain and quiet woman, who is not so agreeable an object to the eyesight and so pleasant a stimulant to the senses generally, go to the wall.

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## A Pretty Tough Eye Story.

A few days ago, Mr. Jarrette Pounds, a young gentleman of this county, was engaged in cutting wood, when a large chip flew up and struck him over the eye. A few moments after receiving the blow he made an effort to blow his nose, and actually blew his eye completely out of its socket, leaving its central attachments. The eye was replaced by some friend, but the young gentleman, soon after the accident, became insensible and had several convulsions. The eye was examined by Dr. J. L. Stephenson, of this city, who states that it is unimpaired, and it is firmly fixed in its place again.—*Griffin (Ga.) News.*

Nothing is a misery unless our weakness apprehend it so. We can not be more faithful to ourselves in anything that is manly than to make ill fortune as contemptible to us as it makes us to others.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

A paper company in Holyoke, Mass., has manufactured an immense ream of paper for the Centennial. The sheets are 6 by 18 feet, the ream weighs about a ton, the value of the 480 sheets is $1,500, and if cut into ordinary sheets of note paper they would make 500,000 sheets.

Dallas, Texas, shipped over 40,000 bales of cotton last year.

**Central Yeast Cake.**

Scientific investigation combined with long experience, has enabled the manufacturers of the Central Dry Hop Yeast to offer to the public a yeast that stands unrivaled in every particular. The rapidity with which it is superseding all other yeast is the very best evidence that can be obtained of its popularity. It is tin foil wrapped, and every package warranted to give satisfaction. Try it and you will use no other.

**Interesting to Musicians.**—A Whitney & Holmes Cabinet Organ will be sold at a reasonable price by the IOWA PRINTING CO., DES MOINES.

☞ Do not neglect a cough or cold. Ellerts Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry is a standard remedy, and will cure a cough in half the time required by ordinary remedies. In asthmatic and bronchial affections, and all throat and breast diseases, it is truly a great medicine and has saved many valuable lives. Sold by all druggists.

We can heartily recommend the Nevada Hotel, 148 and 150 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., as not only one of the cheapest, but also one of the best hotels in Chicago. Mine host, Kendrick, has proven that he CAN keep a hotel.

**A Bargain in Body Type.**—The IOWA PRINTING COMPANY wish us to say that they have six hundred pounds of this style of Bourgeois type on hand, which they will sell at a reasonable price. It is in tolerably good condition, well sorted up, plenty of capitals, small capitals, italic and quads. *Write to the Iowa Printing Company, Des Moines, for price.* Terms, cash.

☞ Neatsfoot and fish oils open the pores of the leather, thereby admitting dampness. Uncle Sam's Harness Oil fills the pores and closes them adding greatly to the durability of the harness.

**To Farmers.**—A Moline wind-mill for sale, by the IOWA PRINTING CO., DES MOINES.

As one pound of Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia,) will do the work of five pounds of any other, it is really the cheapest, though it costs a little more per pound. Try it.

TO ALL, particularly invalids, spring is a trying season. Indications of sickness should at once be attended to. Fatal diseases may be caused by allowing the bowels to become constipated, and the system to remain in a disordered condition, until the disorder has time to develop itself. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, is an old and truthful saying. Therefore, we advise all who are troubled with the complaints now very prevalent—headache, indigestion, disordered liver, want of appetite, nausea, or feverish skin, to take, without delay, Schenck's Mandrake Pills. We know of no remedy so harmless and decisive in its action. It at once strikes at the root of the disease and produces a healthy tone to the system. People never need suffer from any disease arising from a disordered condition of the liver if they would take this excellent medicine when they feel the first indications of the malady. Families leaving home for the summer months should take three or four boxes of these pills with them. They have an almost instantaneous effect. They will relieve the patient of headache in one or two hours, and will rapidly cleanse the liver of surrounding bile, and will effectually prevent a bilious attack. They are sold by all druggists.

☞ UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDER.—It cures and it prevents disease. Every stock raiser should have it on hand to be used as occasion may require. If your druggist does not have the genuine Uncle Sam's, do not be deceived with an inferior article, but send to the Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago, and get it for yourself.

**For Sale.**—A new, No. 6 Harris safe—never been used. Price, $90, cash. IOWA PRINTING CO., DES MOINES.

Vegetine thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

Both men and beasts are liable to accidents; a prompt remedy used at the right time often saves weeks and months of pain. Dr. Green's Crimean Liniment and Liver and Ague Pills should always be kept in the house.

We take great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the statement of the St. Joseph Fire and Marine Insurance Company of St. Joseph, Mo., to be found in another column. This Company has won a reputation for prompt, square dealing, second to no other similar corporation in the United States, and we cheerfully call the attention of our insuring public to this staunch and solid Western Corporation.


MONEY

To Loan in Iowa, Eastern Nebraska, and Northwestern Missouri.

Upon improved farms in sums of $500 and upwards, for a term of 2 to 5 years; interest at 10 per cent, payable semi annually.

Funds supplied on SHORT NOTICE.

SCHOOL BONDS WANTED. Apply to BURNHAM & TULLEYS, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

WHITNEY & HOLMES ORGANS!

The Finest Toned and Most Durable Made.

NEW STYLES. NEW SOLO STOPS.

Warranted five years. Send for Price List.

Whitney & Holmes Organ Co., Quincy, Ill.

IF YOU intend visiting the Centennial Exhibition, you should obtain a copy of HUNT'S ILLUSTRATED PHILADELPHIA GUIDE AND CENTENNIAL DIRECTORY, with more practical information in a concentrated form than all others combined, accompanied by a large and authentic Map of the city. In flexible cloth, 50c.; pocket-book, 75c; in German, 50c; cloth, 75c. Postage free. John P. Hunt 29 S. 9th street, Philadelphia.

FLUID Dr. CRAM'S LIGHTNING

instantly cures neuralgia and all nervous pains. Sold by Cram & Melcher, 115 E. Randolph street Chicago, and all first-class druggists. 50 cents and $1 per bottle. Agents wanted.

BROWN'S HOG AND PIG RINGER AND RINGS.

THE ONLY SINGLE RING THAT CLOSES ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NOSE. The Ringer is improved so as to insert one or two Rings. Is also made with a CENTER GROOVE for the purpose of inserting small rings in a Pig's nose, and it overcomes a serious defect in all triangular rings which close with joints in the flesh. Use the Champion Hog Holder. Try the Tripod Groove Ringer with a center groove for Pigs. Hog Ringer, 75c; Hog Rings, per 100, 90c; Pig Rings, per 100, 60c; Holder, 75.

CHAMBERS & QUINLAN, Exclusive Manufacturers, Decatur, Ill.

EZEKIEL, 47th CHAPTER, 12th Verse.

"By the rivers upon the banks thereof shall grow all trees for meat whose leaf shall not fade, and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine." Our great Redeemer has made provision for the cure of diseases of man and beast, yet thousands are overtaken with sickness without suspicion that it is caused by mercury or other subtle poisons that are so freely used in many medicines and remedies of the present day.

A Walking Miracle!

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—Though a stranger, I want to inform you what VEGETINE has done for me.

Last Christmas scrofula made its appearance in my system—large running ulcers appearing on me as follows: One on each of my arms, one on my thigh, which extended to the seat, one on my head, which eat into the skull bone, one on my left leg, which became so bad that two physicians came to amputate the limb, though upon consultation concluded not to do so, as my whole body was so full of scrofula they deemed it advisable to cut the sore, which was painful beyond description, and there was a quart of matter ran from this one sore.

The physicians all gave me up to die, and said they could do no more for me. Both of my legs were drawn up to my seat, and it was thought if I did get up again I would be a cripple for life.

When in this condition I saw VEGETINE advertised, and commenced taking it in March, and followed on with it until I had used sixteen bottles, and this morning I am going to plow corn, a well man. All my townsmen say it was a miracle to see me round walking and working.

In conclusion I will add, when I was enduring such great suffering, from that dreadful disease, scrofula, I prayed to the Lord above to take me out of this world, but as VEGETINE has restored to me the blessings of health, I desire more than ever to live that I may be of some service to my fellow men, and I know of no better way to aid suffering humanity, than to inclose you this statement of my case, with an earnest hope that you will publish it, and it will afford me pleasure to reply to any communications which I may receive therefrom. I am, sir, very respectfully,

WILLIAM FAYN

Avery, Berrien Co., Michigan, July 16th, 1872.

RELIABLE EVIDENCE.

178 Baltic street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1874.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:

Dear Sir—From personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby have seemed almost miraculous, I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the VEGETINE for the complaints for which it is claimed to cure. JAMES P. LUDLOW, Late pastor Calvary Bap. Church, Sacramento, Cal.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Whittier,

617 St. Charles street, St. Louis, Mo.

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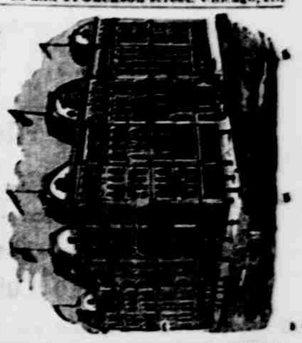

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