

# Bellevue



# Gazette.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Democracy, Literature, Agriculture, Mechanics, Education, Amusements and General Intelligence.

VOL. 2.

BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1858.

NO. 35.

## Bellevue Gazette.

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**S. A. Strickland,**  
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LAW, Bellevue, N. T. 1-f

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**W. H. Longsdorf, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office on  
Main, between Twenty-Fifth and Twenty-  
Sixth streets, Bellevue City. 33f

**W. W. Harvey,**  
COUNTY SURVEYOR OF SARPY CO.,  
will attend to all business of Surveying,  
laying out and dividing lands, surveying and  
plating towns and roads. Office on Main  
street, Bellevue, N. T. 26-f

**B. P. Rankin,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT  
LAW, La Platte, N. T. 1-f

**J. P. Peck, M. D.,**  
SURGEON & PHYSICIAN, Omaha, Ne-  
braska.—Office and residence on Dodge  
Street. (196)

**Peter A. Sarpy,**  
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MER-  
CHANT, Bellevue, N. T., Wholesale  
Dealer in Indian Goods, Horses, Mules, and  
Cattle. 1-f

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office—  
Head of Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa,  
Nov. 13 1-f.

**W. M. R. SMITH, J. H. SMITH,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
& Dealers in Real Estate, Bellevue,  
Nebraska Territory, will attend faithfully and  
promptly to buying and selling Real Estate,  
City Lots, Claims, and Land Warrants. Office  
on Main Street. 21-6m\*

**THOS. MACON, AUG. MACON,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW & LAND AGTS.,  
Omaha City, Nebraska. Office on cor-  
ner of Parnham and Fourteenth Streets. 42f

**Greene, Wear & Benton,**  
BANKERS AND LAW AGENTS, Council  
Bluffs, Potawatamie county, Iowa.  
Greene & Wear, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.  
Greene, Wear & Rice, Fort Des Moines, Ia.  
Collections made; Taxes paid; and Lands  
purchased and sold, in any part of Iowa. 1-f

**D. H. Solomon,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT  
LAW, Glenwood, Mills Co., Iowa, prac-  
tices in all the Courts of western Iowa and  
Nebraska, and the Supreme Court of Iowa.  
Land Agency not in the Programme. no 4-f

**W. LEE'S**  
FASHIONABLE Hair Cutting, Shaving,  
Dyeing, and Bathing Saloon, third door  
west of the Exchange Bank, Omaha, N. T.  
Omaha, Oct. 1, 1857. 47

## BELLEVUE HOUSE.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ABOVE  
**LARGE AND POPULAR  
HOTEL,**

OFFERS EVERY  
**ACCOMMODATION**

To the Public, and will render

**ASSIDUOUS ATTENTION**

To the wants of HIS GUESTS.

J. T. ALLAN,  
Bellevue, Oct. 23, 1856.—1-f

**J. H. BROWN,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW  
GENERAL LAND AGENT,  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Plattsmouth, Cass Co. N. T.

ATTENDS to business in any of the Courts  
of this Territory. Particular attention paid  
to obtaining and locating Land Warrants, col-  
lection of debts, and taxes paid. Letters of  
inquiry relative to any parts of the Territory  
answered, if accompanied with a fee.

### REFERENCES:

Hon. Lyman Trumbull, U. S. S. from Ill.;  
Hon. James Knox, M. C. “  
Hon. O. H. Browning, Quincy, “  
Hon. James W. Grimes, Governor of Iowa.  
Hon. H. P. Bennett, Del. to C. from N. T.  
Green, Wear & Benton, Council Bluffs, I.  
Nuckolls & Co., Glenwood, Iowa. [23f.]

**Ira A. W. Buck,**  
LAND and General Agent Pre-emption  
Papers prepared, Land Warrants bought  
and sold. Office in the Old State House, over  
the U. S. Land Office.

### REFER TO

Hon. A. R. Gillmore, Receiver, Omaha.  
Hon. Enos Lowe, “  
Hon. S. A. Strickland, Bellevue.  
Hon. John Finney,  
Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City.  
Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

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FORWARDING AND COMMISSION  
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BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA.

Dealers in Pine Lumber, Doors, Sash, Flour,  
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WESTERN LITHOGRAPHIC  
ESTABLISHMENT,  
Florence, Nebraska, in Main St.

Engraving, Maps, Sketches, Certificates,  
and every description of plain and fancy en-  
graving, executed promptly in eastern style.  
3m32

**Thomas Sarpy,**  
GENERAL LAND AND REAL ESTATE  
AGENT, Columbus, Platte Co., Nebraska.  
Having traveled extensively over the Omaha  
Land District, will enter land at the ensuing  
Land Sale at reasonable rates. Taxes paid,  
and money loaned for Eastern capitalists, at  
Western rates on Real Estate security. n29y

**JOHN H. SHERMAN,**  
Snyder & Sherman,  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT  
LAW, and NOTARIES PUBLIC, Council  
Bluffs, Iowa, will practice their profession  
in all the Courts of Iowa and Nebraska.

All collections entrusted to their care, at-  
tended to promptly.  
Special attention given to buying and selling  
real estate, and making pre-emptions in  
Nebraska.

Deeds, Mortgages, and other instruments of  
writing drawn with dispatch; acknowledg-  
ments taken, &c., &c.  
Office west side of Madison street,  
just above Broadway. nov 13 1-f.

**P. A. SARPY,**  
FORWARDING & COMMISSION  
MERCHANT,

Still continues the above business at

**ST. MARYS, IOWA, & BELLEVUE,  
N. T.**

Merchants and Emigrants will find their  
goods promptly and carefully attended to.  
P. S. I have the only WAREHOUSE for  
storage at the above named landings.  
St. Marys, Feb. 20th, 1857. 21-f-t

**Tootle & Jackson,**  
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MER-  
CHANTS, Council Bluffs city, Iowa.  
Having a Large and Commodious Warehouse  
on the Levee at the Council Bluffs landing,  
are now prepared to receive and store, all  
kinds of merchandise and produce, will receive  
and pay charges on all kinds of freights so  
that Steam Boats will not be detained as they  
have been heretofore, in getting some one to  
receive freight, when the consignees are absent.

REFERENCES: Livermore & Cooley, S. C.  
Davis & Co. and Humphrey, Putt & Tury, St.  
Louis, Mo.; Tootle & Fairleigh, St. Joseph,  
Mo.; J. S. Chenoweth & Co., Cincinnati Ohio;  
W. F. Coulbough, Burlington, Iowa. 1-f

## POETRY.

### Little by Little.

“Little by little,” an acorn said,  
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;  
“I am improving every day,  
Hidden deep in the earth away.”  
Little by little each day it grew;  
Little by little it sipped the dew;  
Downward, it sent out a thread-like root:  
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.  
Day after day, and year after year,  
Little by little, the leaves appear;  
And the slender branches spread far and  
wide,  
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the deep blue sea  
An insect train worked ceaselessly;  
Grain by grain, they are building well  
Each one alone in its little cell.  
Moment by moment, and day by day,  
Never stopping to rest or to play.  
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,  
Till the top-looks out on the sunny sky:  
The gentle wind and the balmy air,  
Little by little, bring verdure there:  
Till the summer sunbeams gayly smile  
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

“Little by little,” said a thoughtful boy,  
“Moment by moment, I'll well employ,  
Learning a little every day,  
And not spending all my time in play.  
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,  
“Whatever I do, I will do it well.”  
Little by little, I'll learn to know  
The treasures wisdom of long ago;  
And one of these days perhaps we'll see  
That the world will be the better for me.”  
And do you not think that this simple plan  
Made him a wise and a useful man?

**A Song for Farmers.**  
Give me the spade and the man that can  
use it,  
A figger for your lord and his soft, silken  
hand;  
Let the man who has strength never stoop  
to abuse it;  
Give it back to the giver—the land, boys,  
the land.

There's no bank like the earth to deposit  
your labor—  
The more you deposit the more you shall  
have:  
If there's more than you want you can give  
to your neighbor,  
And your name shall be dear to the true  
and the brave.

Give me the spade—'tis our country's glory,  
It fashioned the field from the bleak,  
barren moor;  
Let us speak to its praise with ballad and  
story,  
While 'tis brightened with labor, not tar-  
nished with gore.

It was not the sword that won our best  
battle,  
Created our commerce, extended our  
trade.  
Gave food to your wives, our children and  
cattle,  
But the king of all weapons—the spade,  
boys, the spade.

Give me the spade—there's magic about it,  
That turns back the soil into bright shin-  
ing gold;  
What would our fathers have done, boys,  
without it,  
When the lands lay all bare, and the  
north winds blew cold?

Where the tall forest stood, and the wild  
beasts were yelling—  
Where our stout-hearted ancestors  
shrunk back afraid—  
The homestead is raised, and mankind  
claims a dwelling,  
Then hurrah for our true friend, the spade  
boys, the spade.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
**Doesticks' Lager Beer Experi-  
ence.**

Lager Beer is a kindly liquid, and a  
moral agent; it is pleasant to the taste,  
and withal, it is not intoxicating; so peo-  
ple say. Lager has taken out his papers  
and become naturalized, and is now as  
thoroughly American as he was before  
peculiarly German. Lager is a capital  
fellow to know, and I have just formed  
his acquaintance. I never drink inebri-  
ating compounds for several reasons; one  
of which is, I can't afford the money it costs  
to get drunk, or the time it takes to get  
sober. I have therefore renounced my  
former friends, Brandy Cocktail and  
Whisky Punch, who are slippery fellows.  
B. C. left me in a station-house with my  
head the size of a peach-basket, and W. P.,  
on one occasion led me into the company  
of some gentlemanly looking indi-  
viduals who picked my pockets of all my

money, and then blacked my eyes because  
I didn't get a bigger salary.

But the other night I went with Dam-  
phool to drink Lager Beer, because I am  
convinced it does not contain half as much  
alcohol as distillery milk, and there is no  
more danger of a man getting drunk upon  
Lager than sweet cream.

We went to the place; there was a  
huge stuffed alligator nailed against the  
wall, and about fifty men were sitting  
around the tables each with a pipe in his  
mouth and a glass in his fist. Twenty  
girls were running about with great clus-  
ters of beer mugs in their hands, and with  
their pockets full of copper change.

There was a little space at the end of  
the room devoted to music, containing one  
piano with a Dutchman attached, two viol-  
ins, a horn with so many twists and curls  
that it looked like a very elaborate edition  
of Yankee Doodle done in brass, and a  
patriarchal fiddle of immense proportions,  
which scorned to utter a note of less dig-  
nity than the double C, and which was  
big enough for two to sleep in, with room  
to turn over separately.

After a long search we found two  
chairs which were not pre-empted by  
Dutchmen, but the smoke was so thick we  
had to cut little air-holes with our jack-  
knives before we could see to sit down  
without getting into somebody's beer mug.  
Then we thumped on the table vigorously  
till a German lady loomed through the  
tobacco fog, and finally answered our  
summons. Some one of her playful coun-  
tryman had just baptised her with beer  
slops, and she was now dripping from the  
recent flood, and as wet as if she had been  
out in a shower of lager without an um-  
brella.

Damphool gave her a feeble wink, and  
said “zwei,” whereupon she brought us,  
with her own fair hands, two mugs of the  
beverage known as “lager,” and stood  
waiting with her hands on her hips.  
Thought she wanted to enter into a con-  
versation, so by way of making myself  
agreeable, I winked as Damphool had,  
and also said “zwei.” Thought “zwei”  
was a term of endearment. She deserv-  
ed us for an instant, and came back with  
two more mugs of beer. I imagined of  
course “zwei” meant darling, and that  
she had misunderstood me. Attempted to  
explain in a manner following: “zwei,  
zwei,” said I; “no more beer, but zwei;”  
after which lucid explanation she vanish-  
ed and brought two more mugs, at which  
Damphool stopped laughing long enough  
to tell me she would keep bringing pint  
doses of lager as long as I continued to  
remark “zwei,” which he informed me  
meant “two glasses of lager, and be in a  
hurry about it.” He said also that the rea-  
son she did not leave when she served us,  
was because she wanted her change.  
Paid her the money—thanked my friend  
for his gratuitous lesson in German, and  
began to drink.

The first glass seemed like sour strong  
beer with a good deal of water in it; the  
next was not quite so sour, and the next  
one tasted as though the original beer had  
been stronger, and they had not diluted it  
so much. Then we rested, and as I had  
drank three pints already, I was willing to  
quit, but Damphool assured me “Lager  
isn't intoxicating;” so after a little settling  
down, I thought I could hold another glass,  
and ordered it; it was brought by a young  
lady who seemed to have four eyes and  
two noses, pointing in different directions,  
which usual effect was undoubtedly caused  
by smoke.

Then I thought I'd have a glass of La-  
ger, (a liquid known to most of the in-  
habitants of Manhattan.) It was brought  
by a girl so pretty, that I immediately or-  
dered two more, and kept her waiting for  
the change each time so as I could  
look at her. Then we had some cheese  
full of holes; then we had some Lager  
to fill up the holes; then we took a sau-  
sage; Damphool suggested that the sau-  
sage was made of dog, and so we had  
some Lager to drown the dog; then we  
had some sardines; Damphool said it  
would be cruel to keep the fish without a  
supply of the liquid element, so we had  
some Lager for the fish to swim in; then  
we had some pretzels. Damphool said the  
pretzels were so crooked that they would  
not pack close, so we had some Lager  
to fill up the chinks. Then I  
made a speech to the company; short but  
to the point, and received with applause.  
It was addressed to the whole crowd, and  
was to this effect: “Gentlemen let's have  
some Lager.”

By this time my friend had by some  
mysterious process become mysteriously  
multiplied, and there were fifty Dam-  
phools, and they all accepted the invita-  
tion; and we had the lager; there were  
forty glasses, and in trying to make the  
circumstances of the room and touch my glass  
to every one of theirs, I fell over a table  
which very imperceptibly stepped before  
me, and as I went down I knocked a  
small Dutchman into the corner, then fell

over him; then I partially recovered my-  
self and sat on his head; then I demand-  
ed an instant apology; then I called for  
six glasses of lager, and when the girl  
brought them all in one hand, I tried to  
take them in one hand, but broke three;  
then I tried to drink the remaining three  
all at once, and in doing so I took an in-  
voluntary shower bath; then I tried to  
pay for the whole fifty glasses and the  
damage, with a dime and Spanish quar-  
ter, and demanded that he should give  
me my change in gold dollars. There  
seemed to be some difficulty about this, and  
if I hadn't known that lager isn't intoxi-  
cating, I should have thought the man  
was drunk. I was on the point of calling  
in a policeman to arrest him for swindl-  
ing, when Damphool came and explained  
the matter, and his thick head at last  
comprehended that I was right.

Little tambourine girl came along and  
wanted some money for a man who was  
performing with a great deal of skill on a  
crank outside; felt generous and tride to  
put Damphool into the tambourine under  
the impression that he was a half dollar;  
finally presented the girl with my compli-  
ments, two cigars, and a penny, with  
which she went off satisfied.

Then I thought I'd make love to a pret-  
ty girl, who had just brought me a glass  
of lager, (a beverage prevalent in that  
vicinity, and which does not possess any  
intoxicating power,) so I pressed to my  
heart for two minutes, what I supposed to  
be her hand, and did not find out that it  
was her petticoat till I tried to kiss it, and  
got my mouth full of woollen yarn; look-  
ed at pretty girl with indignation, and  
asked her what she meant by such con-  
duct. Then I had a mug of lager (a liq-  
uor which does not intoxicate, and which  
is much used among the German popula-  
tion.)

Then the music struck up. When I  
saw the fellows with the crooked brass  
horns up to their mouths, I thought they  
were drinking some kind of beer that I  
hadn't had any of, so I snatched the trom-  
bone and ordered the girl to fill it up im-  
mediately. Then I volunteered a song.  
The company all kept silent to hear me,  
and I began to whistle Old Dog Tray,  
with intervals of five minutes between the  
notes. Then I had a glass of lager, (a  
kind of beer much fancied by the fore-  
ign element of our city, which does not  
intoxicate,) and I fear I abused the waiter  
because he didn't bring me any gravy on  
the table. Then I had another, into which I  
poured vinegar, mustard, and fine cut to-  
bacco, under the delusion that I was  
making a brandy punch. Then I re-  
membered that I had resolved not to  
drink anything that would intoxicate, so  
heroically threw the brandy punch into  
the fire, and called for a glass of lager,  
(a drink which the early Teutons intro-  
duced into this country, and which does  
not intoxicate.)

Then the music struck up again, and I  
wanted the alligator to waltz. Alligator  
refused to speak to me. Thought I'd take  
off my coat and whip alligator into de-  
cency, but as I was trying to accomplish  
this enterprise, I lost my balance and sat  
down in a plate of ham and mustard be-  
longing to a fierce German, whom I in-  
stantly seized by the moustache, where-  
upon he knocked me down. Resolved  
that I'd kill fierce German immediately,  
and explained to him at length that if he'd  
let me get up, I'd cut his head off with  
the oyster knife. Then Damphool came  
and pacified me, and took the fierce Ger-  
man away. Got up and had some lager,  
the whole of which I poured into my bosom,  
as I was explaining to the bystanders  
that lager (a pleasant compound of un-  
known ingredients) isn't intoxicating.

Suddenly I again determined to dance,  
and started off with that intention. I  
have an indistinct recollection that about  
this time there was a great upsetting of  
tables and smashing of glasses, but I re-  
ally cannot undertake to say whether I  
fired a loaf of bread through the window  
before I threw the castor bottles at the  
fiddlers, or not; or whether that innocent  
demonstration was not preceded by my  
breaking all the decanters in the window  
by a ham, and staving in the beer cask  
with an axe, or can I tell whether I ex-  
tinguished the clarinet player with the  
big cheese before or after I sat down on  
piano and got the cramp in my right leg  
trying to play a bass solo with my heels,  
but I find all these little circumstances  
were in the programme. Why I con-  
ducted myself in this manner I am unable  
to say. I could not have been drunk,  
for I had partaken of nothing but lager  
beer, which is a fluid innocent of alcohol.  
It may have been the sardines or the  
cheese—or perhaps the sausage flew to  
my head.

I was finally captured by four Dutch-  
men, led on by Damphool, who took me  
off the floor behind the piano, where I  
was trying to pour beer out of an Es-  
tablishment, and was asking the bass drum if it

wouldn't take another mug. I was sup-  
ported by the whole strength of the com-  
pany as far as the door, where Damphool  
took charge of me. I went along well  
enough, though why I desired to snuff all  
the gas with my fingers I don't know,  
nor can I tell what induced me to make  
so many ineffectual efforts to open the  
door with the tail of my coat instead of a  
latch key, nor why I seized my landlady's  
night-cap to light me to bed with, in place  
of a lamp; it couldn't have been the lager  
for that obnoxious beverage does not in-  
toxicate the partaker thereof. The  
sketch of my performance is related to  
me by Damphool, as I lost my memory  
immediately after the love episode with  
the waiter.

Awoke next day at noon, when my  
head felt like a patient windless, with a  
double gang of men at the crank. I laid  
it to the cheese, and made a strong re-  
solve to eat no more without taking plenty  
of lager beer (a medicinal preparation of  
a tonic and diuretic character,) to correct  
its ill effects.

Indeflexibly,  
Q. K. PHILLANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.  
P. S. Lager does not intoxicate.

**A SENSIBLE GIRL.**—As a weary trav-  
eler was wending his way through the  
mud out in the far west, he discovered a  
young maiden standing in the door of a  
small log house. He rode up in front of  
the house, and asked the maiden for a  
drink of water; he drank it; and she be-  
ieving the first woman he had seen for sev-  
eral days, he offered her a dime for a  
kiss. The young maiden accepted the  
offer, and received both the dime and the  
kiss. The traveler was about to re-  
sume his journey, but the maiden never  
before having seen a dime, asked:  
“What am I to do with the dime?”  
“You use it in any way you wish, it is  
yours.”  
“That being the case, I'll give you  
back the dime and take another kiss?”  
The traveler wilted.

**THE VERY LATEST YET.**—During  
the summer of '49, says the Knickerbock-  
er, corn being scarce in the upper coun-  
try, and one of the citizens being hard  
pressed for bread, having worn thread-  
bare the hospitality of his generous neigh-  
bors by his extreme laziness, they thought  
it an act of justice to bury him. Accord-  
ingly he was carried to the place of in-  
terment, and being met by one of the  
citizens, the following conversation took  
place:—  
“Hallo, what have you got there?”  
“Poor old Mr. S.”  
“What are you going to do with him?”  
“Bury him.”  
“What is he dead? I had not heard  
of it.”  
“No, he is not dead, but he might as  
well be; for he has no corn and is too  
lazy to work for any.”  
“That is too cruel for civilized people.  
I'll give two bushels of corn myself rather  
than see him buried alive.”  
“Old S. raised the cover, and asked in  
a dragging tone, “Is it shelled?”  
“No, but you can shell it.”  
“Drive on, boys.”

Mrs. Partington says that she was  
much elucidated last Sunday by hearing a  
fine discourse on the parody of the pro-  
digious son.

The character of the young men of a  
community depends much on that of the  
young women. If the latter are cultivat-  
ed, intelligent, and accomplished, the  
young men will feel the requirement that  
they themselves should be upright, gen-  
tlemanly and refined; but if their female  
friends are frivolous and silly, the young  
men will be found to be dissipated and  
worthless. But remember, always, that a  
sister is the best guardian of a brother's  
integrity. She is the surest inculcator of  
a faith in woman's purity. As a daugh-  
ter, she is the true light of the home.

There is a baby in Cincinnati, the child of  
Mr. Cannon, which weighed twenty-four  
pounds at eleven months of age.—  
He must be, at the age of twenty-and-one  
A dangerous piece 'tis remarkably clear.  
When the young Cyclopean son of a gun  
Is a 24-pounder the very first year.

**HIS LITTLE FAILINGS.**—“My James  
is a very good boy,” said an old lady,  
“but he has little failings for none of us  
are perfect. He threw the cat into the  
fire, flung his grandmother's wig into the  
cistern, put his daddy's powder horn into  
stove, tied the coffee pot to Jowler's tail,  
let off squibs in the barn, and took my  
cup bobbin for fishing lines; but these  
are only childish follies—he's an excel-  
lent boy after all.”

The City Council of Louisville, Ky.,  
has established a paid fire department.