

More Wife than Country.

The other night after a ward meeting had opened, one of the electors present began edging for the door as if he meant to leave the place. He was soon stopped by a friend, who said:

"Don't leave us now, I want you to hear what that speaker is saying. Hear that! He says we must triumph or the country is doomed."

"Yes, I know, but I've got to edge along toward home," was the reply.

"Home? Great Heavens, how can you talk of going home until he has finished that speech. There he goes again! He asks if you want to see grass growing in the streets of our cities—our fertile farms returned to the wilderness—our families crowding the poor-houses until there is no longer room to receive another?"

"No, I don't know as I would, but I guess I'll sort of work my way out."

"Wait fifteen minutes—ten—five—wait until he finishes. There it is again. He asks whether you are a freeman or a slave? He wants to know if you have forgotten the patriotic principles defended by the blood of your grand sires—if you have forgotten the sound of Liberty bell?"

"I don't know as I have, but I must go—really I must."

"Hear that—hear that! He says your country will bless you."

"I can't say as to that," replied the man as he crowded along; "but I'm dead sure that the old woman will if I don't get home in time to put this codfish to soak for breakfast."

"Great guns! but do you prefer codfish to liberty?" exclaimed the other.

"I don't know as I do, but I git more of it."

"And you will see this country ruined—see her go to destruction?"

"I'd be kinder sorry to see her go down hill," slowly observed the delinquent as he reached the door, "but if you had a wife that could begin jawing at 10 o'clock and not lose a minute until daylight, and then end up with a grand smash of crockery and a fit of hysterics, you'd kinder stand off as I do and let this glorious old republic squeeze thro' some mighty fine knot-holes."—Detroit Free Press.

Ingersoll on Hancock.

Col. Bob Ingersoll, when in Chicago last week, was interviewed and expressed grave doubts as to whether his party would carry Indiana. Saturday evening he returned from making a series of republican speeches in that state, and says that the meetings were among the largest and most enthusiastic he attended. Republicans are making large gains in northern Indiana, and if they are doing as well in the southern part, and there is an honest election, Col. Ingersoll has no doubt that they will carry the state.

"Have you read Hancock's letter?" asked a reporter.

Ingersoll—Yes; and as far as it goes it is satisfactory. I go one step further. If the rebel is not to be paid for trying to destroy the government, neither should he be entrusted with its control. What Gen. Hancock refuses to do is of exceedingly small moment with what he proposes to do. I had rather see Jeff. Davis on the pension list than paid for trying to destroy the government, than to see a man president that he could control; in other words, I would rather see him receive charity than make laws. I can hardly understand why General Hancock should make haste to say that he will veto any bill for the payment of such claims or for the pension of Confederate soldiers. Of course, he knows that the democratic party of the south is altogether too patriotic to pass any such laws! Why should he agree to veto laws that he must know will never pass? I cannot convince myself that he would consent to be the candidate of a party that he fears will pass such laws; how came he to suspect that such laws might be passed? Certainly the people of this country know the democratic party as well as they know him. I think the letter of Gen. Hancock is exceedingly unwise. Hancock is a soldier and Gen. Hancock should depend on his sword. Gen. Hancock should let the pen alone.

God's Way and Man's Way.

God says: Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all these [earthly things] shall be added unto you.

Man says: Seek first worldly wealth and fame and power; religion you can get on a dying bed.

God says: Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

Man says: Let prayer go, and work for what you want.

God says: Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosoms.

Man says: Charity begins at home. Why give to others that for which you have toiled so hard? Your own family may want it.

Trials of Literary Men.

Talent of any sort is generally accompanied with a peculiar fineness of sensibility; of genius this is the most essential constituent; and life in any shape has sorrow enough for hearts so formed. The employments of literature sharpen this natural tendency; the vexations that accompany them frequently exasperate it into morbid soreness. The cares and toils of literature are the business of life; its delights are too ethereal and too transient to furnish that perennial flow of satisfaction, coarse, but are pleasurable and substantial, of which happiness in this world of ours is made. The most finished efforts of the mind give it little pleasure; frequently they give it pain; for men's aims are ever beyond their strength. And the outward recompense of these undertakings, the distinctions they confer, is of still small value; the desire for it is insatiable, even when successful; and when baffled, it issues in envy and jealousy, and every pitiful and painful feeling. So keen a temperament, with so little to restrain or satisfy, so much to distress or tempt it produces contradictions which few are adequate to reconcile. Hence the unhappiness of literary men; hence their faults and follies.

Man says: There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.

Man says: It is only by saving and hoarding what you have that it will increase.

Reader, what says your conscience? Is not God's way better than man's?—Christian Standard.

Democratic Testimony.

The Bourbon organ says Gen. Garfield is a dishonest man. Here is some testimony from distinguished Democrats which may be considered quite as good as any assertions by Bourbon organs:

I am proud to call Garfield my friend, and I would not call any man my friend whom I even suspected of dishonesty.—Hon. Henry B. Payne, of Ohio.

No living American, in my estimation, stands higher for integrity and purity than James A. Garfield.—Hon. Allen G. Thurman of Ohio.

"Garfield's honesty, and integrity are beyond question."—Judge Jerry Black, of Pennsylvania.

"Garfield is one of the most sincere, and honorable men I ever knew in public life, and his record is without a flaw."—Hon. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia.

I will tell you whom I think the Republicans should nominate, and whom I consider THEIR STRONGEST MAN OF PRINCIPLE, AN HONEST MAN, AND WOULD MAKE A GOOD PRESIDENT FOR US ALL. Personally, I consider him the BEST MAN you could nominate. I refer to Gen. James A. Garfield, of Ohio.—Thomas A. Hendricks.

I have been his devoted friend for many years, and I am resolved that I never will believe that he does not deserve the affection I have bestowed upon him. If he would carry the principles which regulate his private life into his public conduct, he would make the best chief Magistrate we have ever had.—Judge Jere Black.

In the midst of the organized carnival of corruption which has been going on now so many weary months and years at Washington, it is really satisfactory to catch glimpses now and then of honesty for honesty's sake, and without considerations of party. Gen. Garfield, of Ohio, is a Republican of Republicans, but it is his simple duty, which we gladly pay him, to admit that he has done more than any other single member of his party, during the late session of Congress, to show that it is not impossible for a man to act with a Congressional unobjection and yet to keep his self-respect and the respect of honest men.—New York World, Democratic.

A Judicious Wife.

A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in the wrong direction. She keeps him in shape by continued pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing you doing it. And by far the greatest part of all common sense there is in this world unquestionably belongs to women. The wisest thing a man commonly does is that which his wife counsels him to do. If Johnson had been married there would have been no boarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts along the street, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you see a man you know little about, oddly dressed or talking absurdly, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure he is not a married man; for the corners are rounded off, the little shoots pared away, in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands. The wife's advice are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

Useful Memoranda.

Morning's milk is richer than that of evening.

Wood ashes form a good lye for softening water.

Green bay leaves allay the inflammation of bee stings.

Old clothes should be saved to weave into door-mats.

Apple pips impart a fine flavor to tarts and dumplings.

All linen pieces should be saved and kept for domestic purposes.

Kettles and stew pans should be washed outside as well as inside.

Sop-suds and soapy water supply the manure for garden soils.

Sage leaves in small quantities make an excellent addition to tea.

Lemon juice will allay the irritation caused by gnats and flies.

Cold potatoes, mashed with peas, will make an excellent pudding.

An oyster shell put into a tea-kettle will prevent it getting furred.

Cold green tea, well sweetened and put into saucers, will destroy flies.

The trouble with the south is they won't acknowledge that they have done anything wrong. On the contrary they claim they have done everything right. It is a question that four years of war, involving thousands of lives and millions of property, did not decide. It is a useless play upon words for them to say the war is over, and then vehemently declare that the principles that Lee and Jackson fought for are yet alive. It seems from this that it is not the North alone that is shaking the bloody shirt. Not by a good deal. The patriots of the lost cause, not alone by their words, but by their actions, keep alive the old secession spirit, and shake the bloody shirt as though they loved it. It is this feeling that they have done nothing wrong, that they are patriots, rather than traitors, and that they will gain by the ballot what they lost by the bullet, that prompts them to assume their present defiant attitude.—State Journal.

A Wise Plan.

Every man should mind his own business, and only that. It is hard to tell him so in plain words; yet it is one of the simplest rules of conduct, and the most useful that mankind can adopt in their intercourse with each other. There is a great deal of Paul Pry in the human heart, or wonderful inquisitiveness in regard to the personal and private affairs of friends and neighbors. This spirit makes more mischief in the community than almost any other cause, and creates more malice, envy, and jealousy than can be overcome in a century. Let every man mind his own business and there will not be half the trouble in the world there is at present.

Gen. Weaver Speaks.

General Weaver, greenback candidate for president, was in Washington the other day on his way to West Virginia, where he will make several speeches. Before leaving here last night he sent the following telegram to Gen. H. M. Plaisted, Bangor, Maine: "I congratulate you on the grand fight you have made in Maine for the greenback-labor party. It will inspire our friends with confidence and strengthen them for the great battles which remain to be fought. I hope you are elected. It is most amusing to see the democratic leaders masquerading behind the greenback party and palling our victory a democratic boom. They fail to tell the public that you were nominated as a straight greenbacker and that a democrat could not have carried the state. That they requested you to make pledges to them when they gave you their endorsement and that you declined; and that your state central committee subsequently demanded pledges of you and your second refusal; said committee requested you to withdraw as a candidate and you declined to do that. The democrats showed their good sense by voting the greenback ticket."—JAMES B. WEAVER.

Borrowing Trouble.

Borrowing money is a bad habit; and borrowing trouble is no better. Some people are always borrowing trouble, and in this way making not only themselves, but everyone around them uncomfortable. They have contracted the habit of taking a discouraging look at everything. What time they do not spend in lamenting over the unalterable past they devote to the prognostication of evil to come. It is a most pernicious and disagreeable habit. There is no use of regretting the past except so far as to profit by its experience in the future; while half the evils a gloomy-minded person is always predicting never happen. Cultivate a cheerful spirit, not only on your own account, but for his happy influence on all with whom you associate.

The State.

A steam ferry is now in running order at Vermillion.

Johnny Dainy, Fremont, had his arm broken by the kick of a horse.

A colony of fifteen families is expected into Boone county from Indiana.

Mrs. Cooley, near Friendville, fell through a trap door, fracturing two ribs.

Nemaha City will build a considerable addition to her already fine school-house.

Walter Holden, of Nebraska City, was kicked by a horse, and it was thought for a time that he was fatally hurt, but he soon recovered.

Robert Nelson and Anna Wanitchsky, of Nebraska City, ran away from the girl's parents, and were married in Missouri. On their return home they were duly blessed and forgiven.

The Nebraska City News publishes in full the Omaha Republican's arraignment of J. Sterling Morton on the matter of his pocketing a large share of the bonds so confidentially voted to railroads by the people of Otoe.

A Pleasing Woman.

What is more charming than an agreeable, graceful woman? Here and there we meet one who possesses the fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she is ignorant herself of the magical influence, which is, however, for that reason only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like the cheering warmth; she passes by and we are happy. To behold her is to live; she is the aura with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply to be; she makes an Eden of the house; Paradise breathes from her, and she communicates this delight to all without taking any greater trouble than that of existing beside them. Is it not here an estimable gift?

"I now have something for a rainy day," said old Mr. Sulkinks the other evening as he entered the room and greeted his family. "A windfall, a windfall," screamed Mrs. Sulkinks in an ecstasy of mental paralysis. "No, no," he responded quietly, as he drew his slippers from under the sofa, "it's an umbrella."—Andrews Bazaar.

"Unless you give me aid," said a beggar to a benevolent lady, "I am afraid I'll have to resort to something which I greatly dislike to do."

The lady handed him a dollar, and compassionately asked: "What is it, poor man, that I have saved you from?" "Work," was the mournful answer.

To make candied Lemon or peppermint for colds, boil one and one-half pounds of sugar in a half pint of water till it begins to candy around the sides; put in eight drops of essence; pour it upon buttered paper and cut it with a knife.

The greatest sticker for etiquette ever heard of is a man in Michigan City, who objected to interfering with a man who was stealing wood from his wood-pile, on the ground that he had never been introduced to him.

The farmers, who cast nine-tenths of the votes in this state, are beginning to feel the necessity of sending men to the next legislature who are in sympathy with them and will represent their interests.—Omaha Bee.

A teaspoonful of finely powdered charcoal drank in half a tumbler of water will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as it is in most cases, by a super-abundance of acid on the stomach.

A little girl in one of our public schools the other day had occasion to parse the word "angel." Coming to the gender she stopped dismayed and asked her teacher if "there were any men angels."

A miserly man out west is reported to have made a practice of always riding in the last seat of a railway train, to save the interest on his fare until the conductor gets round to him.

There is a fortune in store for the genius who shall produce a boiler-iron shoe for the small boy. Something warranted to last two weeks is what is wanted.

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"YOU BET."

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