

# The Nebraska Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE.

VOLUME I.

BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA COUNTY, N. T., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1856.

NUMBER 27.

**Nebraska Advertiser**  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
**R. W. FURNAS,**  
Second Street, bet. Main and Water,  
(Lake's Block),  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**TERMS:**  
Per year (variably in advance), \$2.00  
Six months, 1.50  
Three months, 1.00  
Single copies, 50c

**RATES OF ADVERTISING:**  
One square, (12 lines or less), one insertion, \$1.00  
Each additional insertion, 50c  
One square, one month, 2.50  
Three months, 7.00  
Six months, 12.00  
One year, 20.00  
Business Cards of six lines or less one year, 5.00  
One-half Column, one year, 10.00  
One-third Column, one year, 15.00  
One-fourth Column, one year, 20.00  
One-fifth Column, one year, 25.00  
One-sixth Column, one year, 30.00  
One-seventh Column, one year, 35.00  
One-eighth Column, one year, 40.00  
One-ninth Column, one year, 45.00  
One-tenth Column, one year, 50.00  
Announcing candidates for office, 50c  
Class in advance will be required for all advertisements except where actual responsibility is known. Ten per cent for each change to be added to the above rates.  
Standing Business Cards of five lines or less, for one year, \$8.00.  
No advertisements will be considered by the year, unless specified on the manuscript, or previously agreed upon between the parties.  
Advertisements not marked on the copy for a special number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
All advertisements from strangers or transient persons, to be paid in advance.  
The privilege of yearly advertisements will be confined to their own business; and all advertisements not pertaining thereto, to be paid for extra.  
All inserted advertisements charged double the above rates.  
Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

**BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING!**  
Posters, Blanks, Bill Heads, Show Bills, Labels, Checks, Circulars, Catalogues, Lading, Bills of

**SHIPPING BILLS, BALL TICKETS,** and every other kind of work that may be called for. Having purchased, in connection with the "Advertiser" Office, an extensive and excellent variety of **JOB TYPE** of the latest styles, we are prepared to do any kind of work mentioned in the above Catalogue, with neatness and dispatch.  
The Proprietor, who, having had an extensive experience, will give his personal attention to this branch of business, and, in his endeavors to please, both in the excellence of his work, and reasonable charges, to receive a share of the public patronage.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**  
BROWNVILLE.  
**OSCAR F. LAKE & CO.,**  
GENERAL LAND AND LOT AGENTS,  
OFFICE on Main, bet. 1st and 2d Sts.  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**A. S. HOLLIDAY, M. D.**  
SURGEON, PHYSICIAN  
AND OBSTETRICIAN.  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**W. HOBLITZEL & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,**  
Queensware, Hardware,  
Stoves, Furniture,  
COUNTRY PRODUCE.  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**MISS MARY W. TURNER,**  
**MILLINER**  
And Dress Maker.  
First Street, between Main and Water,  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.  
Bonnets and Trimmings always on hand.

**C. W. WHEELER,**  
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.  
FIRST ST. MAIN AND WATER STS.  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**T. L. RICKETTS,**  
CARPENTER AND JOINER.  
BROWNVILLE,  
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

**J. D. N. THOMPSON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
LOT AND LAND AGENTS,  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**JAMES W. GIBSON,**  
**BLACKSMITH**  
Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**R. W. FURNAS,**  
LAND AND LOT AGENT,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
AND AGENT FOR  
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

**A. D. JONES,**  
THE WESTERN PIONEER LAND HUNTER,  
AND  
DEALER IN REAL ESTATE,  
OMAHA CITY, N. T.  
Lands carefully located, and offered for customers. Lots and farms bought and sold.

**E. M. M'COMAS,**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON  
AND OBSTETRICIAN,  
NEMAHA CITY, N. T.  
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Nemaha county.

**H. HARDING, G. C. BIRNEY, R. F. TOOMEY,**  
**E. HARRING, KIMBOUGH & CO.,**  
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in  
**HATS, CAPS & STRAW GOODS,**  
No 49 Main street, bet. Olive and Pine,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.  
Particular attention paid to manufacturing our finest Mole Hats.

**C. V. SNOW,**  
SURGEON, PHYSICIAN  
AND ACCOUCHER,  
ROCKPORT, MO.

**NUCKOLLS, RUSSELL & CO.**  
Rockport, Mo.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,**  
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,  
Medicines, Dye Stuffs,  
Saddlery, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,  
QUEENSWARE, STONWARE, TINWARE,  
IRON, NAILS, STOVES, PLOWS, &c.  
Also Furniture of all kinds, Window Sash, &c

**A. D. KIRK,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Land Agent and Notary Public,  
Archer, Richardson county, N. T.  
Will practice in the Courts of Nebraska, assisted by Harding and Bennett, Nebraska City.

**JACOB SAFFORD,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
GENERAL INSURANCE AND LAND AGENT,  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Nebraska City, Nebraska Territory.  
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care, in Nebraska Territory and Western Iowa.  
September 12, 1856. v1a15-ly

**SPRIGMAN & BROWN,**  
RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT  
AGENTS.  
And General Commission Merchants,  
No. 46, Public Landing,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

**A. A. BRADFORD, D. L. MCGARY,**  
**W. M. M'LENNAN,**  
BROWNVILLE, N. T.  
**BRADFORD, M'LENNAN & MCGARY,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
AND  
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.  
Brownville and Nebraska City,  
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

BEING permanently located in the Territory, we will give our entire time and attention to the practice of our profession, in all its branches. Matters in Litigation, Collections of Debts, Sales and Purchases of Real Estate, Settlements of Estates, Issuing of Land Warrants, and all other business entrusted to our management, will receive prompt and faithful attention.

**S. F. NUCKOLLS,**  
Richardson County, N. T.  
**W. M. M'LENNAN & Co.,**  
Brownville, N. T.  
**Hon. James Craig,**  
St. Joseph, Mo.  
**Hon. James M. Hughes,**  
St. Louis, Mo.  
**Hon. John R. Shapley,**  
St. Louis, Mo.  
**Messrs. Crow, McCreary & Co.,**  
Cincinnati, O.  
**Messrs. S. G. Hubbard & Co.,**  
Keokuk, Iowa.  
**Hon. J. M. Love,**  
v1-1

**A. J. POPPLETON, THOMAS W. BYERS,**  
**POPPLETON & BYERS,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
And General Land Agents,  
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

**Land Warrants Bought and Sold.**  
LAND ENTERED ON TIME.  
SPECIAL attention given to the selection and entry of Lands for Settlers, and all others desiring choice locations.  
Land Claims, Town Lots and all kinds of Real Estate, bought and sold and investments made for distant Dealers.

**JOHN S. HOYT,**  
County Surveyor and Land Agent,  
Richardson County, N. T., will attend promptly to all business in his profession, when called on such as Paying Taxes, Recording Claims, Subdividing Land, Laying out Town Lots, Drafting City Plans, &c.  
Residence and office on  
ARCHEL, Richardson co., N. T.

**J. HART & SON,**  
SADDLE & HARNESS  
MAKERS,  
Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.  
Keeps constantly on hand all description of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, &c., &c.  
N. B. Every article in our shop is manufactured by ourselves and warranted to give satisfaction.

**W. P. LOAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LAND AND LOT AGENT,  
ARCHEL, RICHARDSON COUNTY, N. T.

## Miscellaneous.

**MIKE FINK AND THE BULL.**

The story of Mike Fink and the bull would make a comic laugh. Mike took a notion to go in swimming, and he had just got his clothes off when he saw deacon Smith's bull making at him. The bull was a vicious animal, and had come near killing two or three persons, consequently Mike felt rather "jumpy." He didn't want to call for help, and the nearest place from whence assistance could arrive was the meeting house, which was at the time filled with worshippers, among whom was the "gal Mike" was paying his devours to. So he dodged the bull as the animal came at him and managed to catch him by the tail. He was dragged round till nearly dead, and when he thought he could hold no longer, he made up his mind he had better "holer." And now we will let him tell his own story:

So, looking at the matter in all its bearings, I am to the conclusion that I'd better let some one know what I was. So I gin to yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it warn't long before I seed the deacon's two dogs comin' as ef they war seeing which could get ther fust. I know'd who they were arter; they'd jine the bull agin me I was sartin, for they were orful venomous and had a spite agin me. So, says I, old brindle, as ride'n is as cheap as walkin' on this route if you've no objections I'll jist take a deck passage on that ar' back of yourn. So I wasn't very long getting astride of him. Then, if you'd bin thar, you'd have sworn that was nothing human in that ar' mix, the sile flew up so orful as the critter and I rolled round the field; one dog on one side and one dog on t'other, tryin' to clinch my feet. I prayed and cussed and cussed until I couldn't tell which I did at last, and neither warn't of no use, they were so orfully mixed up.

Well, I reckon I rid about half an hour this way, when old brindle thought it were time to stop to take in a supply of wind and cool off a little. So when we got round to a tree that stood ther he naturally halted. So, says I, old boy you'll lose one passenger sartin. So I jist chum up a branch, kalkelatin' to roost thar till I starved before I'd be rid round that ar way any longer. I war makin' tracks for the top of the tree when I heard suthin' a makin' an' orful buzzin' overhead. I kinder looked up, and if thar warn't—well, thar's no use a swearin'—but it was the biggest hornet's nest ever built. You'll "gin in" now, I reckon, 'cause thar's no help for you. But an idee struck me that I stood a heap better chance a ridin, the bull than I was. Sez I, old feller, if you'll hold on, I'll ride to the next station anyhow, let that be whar it will.

So I jist dropped aboard him again, and looked aloft to see what I had gained by changin' quarters; and, gentlemen, I'm a liar if thar warn't nigh half a bushel of the stingin' varmints ready to pitch into me when the word "go" was gin. Well, I reckon they got it, for all hands' started for our company. Some on 'em hit the dogs, about a quart hit me, and the rest charged on brindle.

This time the dogs led off fast, dead bent for the old deacon's and as soon as old brindle and I could get under way we followed, as I was only a deck passenger, and had nothin' to do with the steerin' of the craft; I swear, if I had, we wouldn't have run that channel anyhow. But, as I said before, the dogs took the lead, brindle and I next, and the hornets dre'kly arter—the dogs yellin', brindle bellerin', I a swearin' and the hornets buzzin' and stingin'.

Well, we had got about two hundred yards from the house, and the deacon held us and cum out. I seed him hold up his hand and turn white. I reckon he was prayin' then, for he didn't expect to be called for so soon; and it warn't long, neither, afore the whole congregation—men, women and children—cum out, and then all hands went to yellin'. None of 'em had the fust notion that brindle and I belonged to this world. I jist turned my head and passed the hull congregation. I seed the run would be up soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead. Well, we reached that fence, and I went ashore over the old critter's head, landing on t'other side, and lay thar stunned.

It warn't long afore some of 'em as wasn't scared cum runnin' to see what I war, for all hands kalkelated that the bull and I belonged together. But when brindle walked off by himself they seed how it war, and one of 'em said, "Mike Fink has got the wurst of a scurrage oneed in his life." Gendlemen, from that day I dropped the "courin' business," and never spoke to

a gal since; and when my hunt is up on this yearth, there won't be any more Finks, and its all owing to Deacon Smith's Brindle Bull.

## SAY AMEN.

Larkin Moore was a half crazy, wandering, lazy fellow, who used to amuse the people in and about Newburyport with his eccentricities and his music; for Larkin had a host of old songs, hymns and snatches of melody, which he rendered, in a plaintive voice, to familiar airs, and entertained crowds that would gather around him. Many of these songs needed only to be clothed in better words, and they would take their place among the verses that men will not let willingly die. For example, one of Larkin's songs caught the ear of a true poet, who dressed it up, and it commences:

"A pilgrim climb'd the mountain height,  
Asailed by wind and snow."  
Larkin went to church one Sunday while at Taunton, and Parson Whitney was exercising his gifts which were few and small. His sermons were noted for their great length and very little depth—for their want of thought and the preacher's want of energy; so that oftentimes it seemed as if he could come to the end, if he had but spirit enough to bring himself to a stand still. Larkin walked up the aisle and took a seat about midway of the church. He listened longer than could have been expected of such a restless mind as his, while firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, and so to seventhly, were severally announced and expatiated on; and then exclaimed the minister, "what shall I say more?"

"For mercy's sake," cried out Larkin, "say amen."  
"Put that man out!" said Mr. Whitney; but he was so put out himself that he did not resume his discourse.

## HIBERNIAN.

A Washington letter writer tells the following, in speaking of the presence of Philosopher Greeley at the Federal Capitol:

A trio of Irish servants were talking politics in the corner of the reading-room, (Irish servants are politicians here,) when one of them suddenly exclaimed—  
"Be jabbers, boys, an' there's ould Greeley!"

"Where?" exclaimed his companions, with as much interest in their looks as they would naturally exhibit on being told that St. Patrick or Bishop Hughes was before them.  
"Standin' yon by the table, talkin' wid the tall gentleman."  
The Hibernians gazed curiously and intently at Horace, for an instant, when the youngest of them, apparently a late importation, with wonder in his voice, observed—  
"Sure, an' he's a white man!"

"Av course he's a white man," said the first speaker, in a patronizing tone, as though Horace and he were the greatest of cronies.  
"Well, be me sowl, I've been desaveil in the ould fello, entirely," continued the other, "I thought he was a nagur."

## QUEER BITS.

BY MEISTER KARL.

**DIE SCHOENE WITTIVE**—Song for the Guitar.—Zat pooty little viddler, vat ve doshent vish to name, is still on zat leetle sdreet, an doing shuss de zame. Die glerks apoudt der korners, sometimes goes down to see how die tarlin leetle vitchy ess, and ask'er how she pe. Dais loves her ver' good laker, dais loves her leetle shore, dais loves her loetle baby, but dey loves die viddler more. To dalk mit zat zweet viddler, ven zhe hands der lager round, vill make das shap zat does it, be happy, vill pe pound—zat ish, if ve canvill believe, die glerks vat trinks das peer—who coes in dare for nothing else, but simply vur to see her.

Oh! die wundershoene wittive mit eyes so prite end broun! She's die aller schoenste wittive vut live in dis here town. In her plack silk gonnimine grashious—all puttoned to de neck, and a poots little collar mitout a shpot or shepck. Hol! clear de drack you odor frows—you can't pegin to shine ven de lofely viddler cooms along. I vish dat she vas mein! Hol! clear de drack, you Yankee chaps, you Englishers and such; you can't pegin to cut me out, mitout you dalks de Dootsch. Ich hab die shoene wittive schon lange nit geschen, ich sah sie gestern Abend wud bei dem counter stehn. Die Wanger rein wie Milch und Blut, die Augen hell und klar—Ich hab sie sechsmaals anek gekuesst—potztausend das ist wahr!

He who has learned to obey will know how to command.

## Splinters.

**STUDYING LATIN.**—The *New Era* relates a story of a young farmer whose son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy:

The farmer, not being perfectly satisfied with the course and conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart, one day, thus addressed him: "Now, Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and cart; what do you call them in Latin?" "Foribus, cartibus, et manuribus," said Joseph.

"Well, Now," said the old man, "if you don't take that foribus, and pitch that manuribus, into that cartibus, I'll break your lazy backibus." Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

**LEAN DIET.**—A methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He at last told the paying trustee that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessities of life. "Money!" replied the steward, "you preaching for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls!" "Soulds," replied the minister, "I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal."

**HOBBING COLLOQUY.**—Peter, Peter, I sees a toad!" said a little darkey to his brother, one day, as they were digging over a heap of manure.  
"Whar is he, Joe?"  
"Why right dar—don't you see 'im?"  
"No—hit 'im wid de hoe!"  
Joe hit the toad a crack, which brought Peter to the ground.  
"Oh, you fool, Joe! dat was my toe. I seed dat all de time."

We should be cautious not to say all that we know.  
When you see a small waiste, think how great a waste of health it represents.

Punch says there are two things a man rarely forgets—his first love and his first cigar.  
A white woman died on a door step in Baker street, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the coroner's jury said "from rum and want."

**SINGULAR.**—To see a boarding school Miss afraid of a cow, notwithstanding she did "All the milking to hum" a few months previous.

Among the numerous casualties detailed us with more queer feelings than the melancholy announcement "the young man who went off with an angel in book muslin, has returned with a termagant in hoops."

**TO DAUGHTERS.**—The secret you do not tell your mother, is a dangerous secret, and one that will be likely to bring you sorrow and suffering in the end.

**A THIN DRESS.**—An exchange paper under the head of "Good Advice," advises young men to "wrap themselves up in their virtue." A cotemporary well says, "Many of them would freeze to death if they had no warmer covering."

**A BIG "LITTLE ONE."**—The *Hartford Courant* says there is a baby in this city, only five months old, and weighs 155 pounds. That may be a whopper in two senses. If true, the baby is a whopper—if not true, it is still a whopper!

**INNOCENCE.**—"My dear Amelia," said a dandy, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you; say you will be mine! Your smiles would shed"—and then he came to a pause; "your smiles would shed"—and then he paused again. "Never mind the wood shed," says Amelia, "go on with the pretty talk."  
"Old age is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming furiously with cowhide in hand.  
No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.  
"Shine, an't it wasn't poverty that drove me from the ould country," said Michael, the other day, "for my father had twenty-one yoke of oxen and a cow, and they gave milk the year round."

## Farmers' Department.

(Written for the Nebraska Advertiser.)  
**FENCES—STOCK.**  
Fellow Farmers of Nemaha Co.:

There is one question that is highly interesting to us all, and should be taken into consideration immediately, and come to some conclusion, and determine the best plan to adopt. That is in regard to our breachy stock and crops. The former being so destructive to the latter, for the two past seasons, and will be worse next year than ever before, unless we do something to prevent it. It is useless and unnecessary for me here to enumerate the damages done by breachy stock, even in one small neighborhood, by letting them run at large during the winter season, when all stock should be kept up and fed at home, instead of, as is the general custom, feeding themselves in other men's corn fields. It is also an almost unbearable aggravation, to thus see our Summer's labor destroyed in a few days, on which we and our families depend for support, particularly when we are not able at the present high prices to buy more.

The question arises, and is asked by many, what kind of a law will rid the people of this great imposition and pestilence. Some propose that if the Legislature pass a law merely describing the height, quality &c. of a fence, will be all that is necessary; such a law is better than no legislation on the subject, but I fear will by no means answer or accomplish the desired object. The same breachy stock will be among us next season as this, breaking down our fences, no matter how good, and destroying our grain.

And even if the owners do take them in custody, it will not repay us for the loss of, perhaps, fifty bushels of corn they may destroy even in one night. But, says one, the owners are responsible and accountable for damages done by their cattle breaking through or over a lawful fence, true enough but not one in ten will pay you unless you go through the long preamble of a law suit and pay your lawyer all you get by the operation. The above facts we draw from the fact that if the owners of such stock were disposed to do what is right and just they would keep their breachy cattle or pay damages when justice demanded it, as well as when law required it. We do not feel disposed to go to law with our neighbors and live in constant turmoil, as will be the unavoidable consequence if such a law be passed this winter.

There is one plan or law, and one only, that will answer the purpose and it will do it completely and give room for neither lawing or difficulty, and that is, Total Restriction. Let us have a law passed to restrain all the stock from running at large, and then our troubles will be over. It will cost but a trifle, per head, for a neighborhood to hire their cattle herded. A boy 15 years old will herd two hundred head of cattle with ease, and at night, they can be put up in pen or lot prepared for the purpose, and then we will know where our cattle are and be saved the trouble of spending so much time and trouble in the fall of hunting them up. But a better plan still would be to have pastures fenced of sufficient size and strength to pasture our stock during Summer, (as for winter I see but one advantage in letting stock run out and that is to get their living off of other men) which will be much cheaper even for those who have a start in fencing or have timber, or money to buy rails or lumber.

It will not require more than half as much fencing to fence pastures as it will to fence a farm sufficient to support the same stock, and the owners family.  
Another still cheaper plan for those who may come into our country late, or be unable at present to fence and have but little stock, is to barriar their cattle out on the grass with a rope, this is far better than running in the dew after cattle even if our fences be ever so good. And then there is another great advantage to be derived from such a law we could have an opportunity

of putting our hedges out and raise fences that will turn even the cattle of the present day that no fence made of rails is any impediment to their troublesome progress, and then after we get our hedge fence grown up, our stock can be turned out if the people desire it. All men, except some few whose hospitality is wrapt up within their own littleness—admit that any community is dependant on each other for success and prosperity, and what is the interest of one's either directly or indirectly the interest of all. This rule is particularly applicable to the farmer.

And by taking into consideration our widespread prairies and the extreme scarcity of timber in the western portion of our county, we see at once that unless a law of some kind be gotten up for the benefit of the prairie farmer that a great portion of our best prairies are destined to remain unsettled for a long time, if not forever. To talk about settling up our large prairies without either timber or a law to restrain stock, from running at large is talking about an impossibility which can never be accomplished. Timber can and will be raised on our prairies provided stock be kept off of it a few years, until people have a chance to get it fairly started and enclosed with hedge fences, which will require some four years after setting.

By such a law, we can all get our farms fenced with good and substantial hedges which will not only enhance the value of our farms about one half, but will give us one of the most convenient and beautiful countries in the western world.

Our western prairies will all settle up, and we will thereby soon enjoy all the privileges of a densely populated State instead of a thinly settled Territory.

These are suggestions which we hope the farmers will take into consideration, and if others have a better plan in view, make it known; and at every let us do something and get up some kind of a petition for our Legislators to act upon this winter. We have confidence enough in them to believe they will execute the will of the people cheerfully, if they will let them know what they want done.

A FARMER.  
Nemaha County, Dec. 20th, '56.

**MODES OF MANAGING WEEDS.**  
Mr. Mole never sees them. They grow in all the corners of his fences, in his yards, in the roads and lanes, and wherever they please. They encroach on his meadows; they invade his plowed land; they sow their seeds by millions. His grounds became nurseries of nuisance, annoyance and ill to all his neighbors. He wonders why his lands, yield weeds so much more than anybody's else around him. It has never occurred to him, that weeds grow spontaneously; but valuable crops must be cared for and cultivated—so he enjoys a harvest of weeds, and nothing else.

Mr. Slow sees the docks growing, and exclaims—"That's too bad—these weeds must be dug up." But they go to seed, after all. After half of them have scattered themselves in the ground he cuts the stalks up and burns them. The Canada thistles come, and take up quite a plat before he discovers that they have become his tenants; and he attacks them "vict arms," and after years of struggle, gets them partly under; but they break out in a new place, and re-appear in the old ones. It is the same with all the other pests that infest his farm. "Faint, though pursuing," he fights on, never gaining the full victory, yet never absolutely defeated. His name is Slow, and it would almost seem as if it was indicative of his character.

Mr. Smart sees the weeds, and he flies at them with a fury. All over his plowed lands his eye ranges, like the eye of the eagle for his prey. Every corner is scrutinized. Hoe and spade, scythe and trowel, fire and hot water, are all made to play a part in the onslaught which he is evermaking on the weeds. His first rule is: "Let none grow." If any escape the application of this, his next is: "Let none go to seed." If, after all, some do go to seed—for what human eye is omniscient?—his third rule is: "Let them be totally destroyed." He gathers them without scattering their seed, and burns them, or packs them in a corner, and lets them thoroughly rot, and their seeds with them. In a year or two, his farm is clear, and with "eternal vigilance," he keeps it so.