THE ADVERTISER.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

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Oldest Paper in the State.

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THE ADVERTISER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	One W'k	Two W'ks	Three W'ks	One Mo.	Two Mos.	Three Mos.	Six Mos.	One Year
Half inch	$1.00	$1.50	$2.00	$2.50	$3.50	$5.00	$8.00	$10.00
One inch	1.50	2.50	3.00	4.50	5.00	7.00	10.00	15.00
Two inches	2.50	3.50	4.00	5.00	7.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
Three inches	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	30.00
Six inches	5.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	18.00	25.00	40.00	60.00
Twelve inches	8.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	25.00	40.00	60.00	100.00
One column	10.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	45.00	60.00	100.00	150.00

Legal advertisements at legal rates: One square, (eight line of Agate space, or less,) first insertion $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50c.

☞ All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

LODGES.

Furnas Council No. 3, R. & S. M.—Stated Communications first Monday in each month, immediately after the Chapter meetings. JNO. BLAKE, T. I. G. M. T. A. CREIGH, Recorder.

St Carmel Commandery Knight Templar No. 3.—Meets in Masonic Hall on the second Monday night in each month. R. W. FURNAS, Em. Com. J. A. CARSON, Recorder.

Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M. Regular Communications first Monday night in each month. Lecture Meetings every Monday night. JOHN BLAKE, M. E. H. P. RUFUS T. RAINEY, Secy.

Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M. Regular Communications held on third Tuesday evenings of each month. Lodge of Instruction every Saturday night. JOHN BLAKE, W. M. SIDNEY FRENCH, Secy.

Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F. Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. A. J. MCFALL, N. G. R. W. BENNETT, Secy.

CHURCHES.

Presbyterian Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m. J. T. BAIRD, Pastor.

Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. J. W. MARTIN, Pastor.

Christ's Church—Episcopal.—Corner Atlantic and second streets. Services every Sunday Morning at 10½ o'clock p. m. Sunday School at 2½ o'clock. Evening service at 7½ o'clock. Holy Communion administered on the first Sunday of each month. Seats free. G. R. DAVIS, Rector.

Baptist Church.—Corner Fourth and Atlantic streets. Services every Sabbath, at 10½ o'clock A. M., and 7½ o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening. T. J. MORGAN, Pastor.

Christian Church, London.—Divine service every Sabbath at 11 a. m., and in the evening.

M. E. Church, Peru.—Services every Sabbath. Rev. G. S. ALEXANDER, Pastor.

CITY OFFICALS.

City Council.—Meets the First Monday in each month. Mayor, F. A. Tisdel, Jr. Aldermen, W. D. Lewis, F. K. Johnson, C. Neddhardt, H. Plate. Marshal, B. A. Campbell. Clerk, J. B. Decker. Treasurer, J. W. Middleton. Police Judge, W. T. Rogers.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Northern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 11 a. m. Departs 1 p. m.

Southern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 2:30 p. m. Departs 2 p. m.

Northern—Via Peru, Daily—Arrives 12 m; Departs 1 p. m.

Southern—Via Nemaha City, Daily—Arrives 5 p. m. Departs 7 a. m.

Western—Via Tecumseh to Beatrice—Daily: Departs 8 a. m. Arrives at 5 p. m.

Southwestern—Via Table Rock—Weekly—Arrives Tuesday at 8 p. m. Departs Monday at 7 a. m.

Northwestern—To Helena, Semi-Weekly—Arrives Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6 p. m. Departs Wednesday and Friday at 7 a. m.

Post Office Hours from 7 a. m., to 7½ p. m. Sundays from 10 to 10½ a. m. W. A. POLOCK, P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

STULL & SCHICK, Attorneys at Law, Brownville, Neb. Attention given to the purchase and sale of Real Estate, payment of taxes, conveyancing and loan collections. May be consulted in the English and German languages. Office over Hetzler's store. 45 tf

CAPT. J. N. LUCAS, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, Brownville, Nebraska. 37tf

HEWETT & NEWMAN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Brownville, Neb. Office No. 70, McPherson Block, up stairs.

W. T. ROGERS, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

THOMAS N. BROADY, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in District Court Room, Brownville, Neb.

W. H. H. MCLENNAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Nebraska City, Neb.

NYE & HUMPHREY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pawnee City, Pawnee County, Neb.

N. S. ROBINSON, Attorney at Law and Land Agent, Beatrice, Gage County, Nebraska.

PHYSICIANS.

A. S. HOLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur. Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1856. Office, Left & Crook's Block, Main st. Northwest Block. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. 19-6m

C. F. STEWART, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Brownville, Neb. Office hours from 7 to 9 a. m. and from 2 to 4 p. m. Office in H. C. Lett's Drug store.

H. L. MATTHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office in Lett's Drug store, No. 32 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

LAND AGENTS.

A. P. CUSSWELL, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in Cogswell Block, corner Main and Atlantic streets. Will give prompt attention to business in Real Estate and the Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District. 7tf

RICHARD V. HUGHES, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public. Office in northeast corner McPherson Block, up stairs, Brownville, Neb.

WILLIAM H. HOOVER, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in District Court Room. Will give prompt attention to the sale of Real Estate and Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District.

GRAIN DEALERS.

EVAN WORTHING, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, and Dealer in all kinds of Grain and Country Produce. Office and Warehouse, No. 6 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

MERCHANDISE.

JOHN MCPHERSON, Dealer in General Merchandise. Sales room in McPherson Block, No. 66 Main street, Brownville, Neb. 15-1y

E. L. JOHNSON & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise, No. 52 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

WILLIAM T. DEN, Dealer in General Merchandise and Forwarding and Commission Merchant, No. 28 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Corn Planters, Plows, Stoves, Furniture, etc., always on hand. Highest market price paid for Hides, Pelts, Furs and Country Produce.

NOTARIES.

C. E. EBERSHIZ, Notary Public and Conveyancer, No. 52 Main street, second floor, Brownville, Neb. Agent for the Equitable and American Tontine Life Insurance companies.

JUSTICES.

J. W. BRUSH, Justice of the Peace and Tax Paying Agent. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office at his residence in Loudon, London Precinct, Nemaha County, Nebraska. 8-1y

SADDLERY.

J. H. BAUER, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Etc., No. 76 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Mending done to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BRIDGE BUILDING.

C. W. WHEELER, Bridge Builder and Contractor, Brownville, Neb. Sole agent for R. W. Smith's Patent Truss Bridge. The strongest and best wooden bridge now in use.

HOTELS.

SHERMAN HOUSE—C. M. Kauffman, Proprietor. No. 46 Main street, Brownville, Nebraska. Thoroughly remodeled and refurnished. Feed Stable in connection with the house. Stages for all points west and omnibusses for all trains.

AMERICAN HOUSE, L. D. Robison, Proprietor. Front street, between Main and College. Good Feed and Livery Stable in connection with this House.

DRUGGISTS.

MCHENRY & NICKELL, Dealers in Drugs, Stationery, Etc., No. 32 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Full assortment of Drugs, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Stationery, etc. on hand, and sold at wholesale or retail.

GUN SMITH.

WM. F. CRADDOCK, Gun Smith & Lock Smith. Shop at No. 42, Main street, Brownville, Nebraska. Guns made to order, and repairing done promptly at cheap rates. 5-1y

RESTAURANTS.

BANK RESTAURANT.—Geo. Daugherty, Proprietor. No. 37 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Meals at all hours. Board by the day or week.

BLACKSMITHS.

J. W. & J. C. GIBSON, Blacksmiths and Horse Shoers, First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

ALEX. ROBINSON, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Has constantly on hand a good assortment of Gents', Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes. Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. Repairing done on short notice.

SALOONS.

JOSEPH HUDDARD & CO., Peace and Quiet Saloon, No. 3 Main street, Brownville, Neb. The best Wines and Liquors kept on hand.

Moss Baskets
SOMETHING NICE,
AT W. D. SHELLENBERGER'S.

FOR HARDWARE AND CUTLERY, call on W. D. Shellenberger, No. 14 Main street, McPherson's Block, Brownville Neb. d-w1f

PERU BUSINESS CARDS.

LOCATION OF PERU.

Peru is situated on the west bank of the Missouri river, in Nemaha County, about five miles south of the Otoe County line, and nine miles northwest of Brownville. Has a remarkably pleasant location, and bid fair to become a town of no little importance. It has a population of about 800. The State Normal School is located here, and some branches of business are well represented, but the trade carried on here is not up to the demands of the country. It contains many fine residences, and some good business houses. There are here two fine churches—Episcopal and Methodist; good District School House, one Steam Flouring Mill, two Hotels, one Livery Stable, five general Stores, two Drug Stores, one Hardware Store and Tin Shop, two Lumber Yards, three Blacksmith Shops, one Wagon and Carriage Shop, two Shoe Shops, one Bakery, one Harness Shop, two Paint Shops, two Meat Markets, two Agricultural Implement Houses, one Barber Shop, one Real Estate and Insurance Agency, two Brick Yards, lots of Clergymen, Physicians, Politicians, &c., but no Lawyer's Office nor Saloon in town.

PIONEER DRUG STORE!
PERU, NEBRASKA.
JOHN PATTERSON,
PROPRIETOR.
THIS Old and Reliable House is fully prepared to furnish any and everything usually found in a first class Drug Store, *at lower prices than any House in the State. COMPETION DEFIED.* 40y1

THOMAS HUTCHINSON,
WAGON AND CARRIAGE
MANUFACTURER,
PERU, - - NEBRASKA.
REPAIRING!
ALL KINDS of Repairing done on short notice. Also Cabinet Work and Coffins made to order. Terms reasonable, and all work warranted. 45-1y

CITY MEAT MARKET.
By CHARLES WEY.
PERU, NEBRASKA.
CONSTANTLY on hand a good supply of Fresh and Salted Meats. Highest market price paid for
FAT CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOGS.

H. F. Morton & Brother,
ARCHITECTS & BUILDERS
PERU, NEBRASKA.
CONTRACTS TAKEN FROM FOUNDATION,
AND FINISHED THROUGHOUT,
ON REASONABLE TERMS.
☞ All work warranted to give satisfaction. 44y1

City Hotel!
CHARLES GAEDE,
PROPRIETOR.
PERU, - - - - NEBRASKA.
THIS House is new, and newly fitted and furnished in every department. Guests will find here as good fare as can be found at any Hotel in Nebraska.
Hacks to connect with R. R. trains leave this House every morning at 9 o'clock.

LIVERY STABLE
In connection with this House. Teams furnished guests on the most liberal terms. 45y1

J. W. BLISS,
Real Estate
—AND—
INSURANCE AGENT,
PERU, NEBRASKA.
Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission.
Collections made and Taxes paid for Non-Residents

Peru Ferry.
GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS for crossing Teams, Live Stock, Freight, &c., at all time. No delay on account of weather.
M. H. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

PERU AND WATSON
U. S. Mail and Transfer Line.
W. H. Thompson, Prop.
HACKS leave Peru every morning, in time to connect with trains South and North on the St. Joseph & Council Bluffs Railroad, returning to Peru every evening. 45y1

F. I. PROUTY,
Tin, Copper
AND
SHEET IRON
WORKER,
—AND DEALER IN—
HARDWARE!
STOVES,
Agricultural Implements,
WOODEN WARE, &c.,
PERU, - - - - NEBRASKA.
TAKES this method of informing the citizens of Nemaha county, and the balance of the world, that he is prepared with a full stock, and good workmen, to furnish any and everything in his line, at as low prices as the same can be bought at any point on the Missouri river.
Special Attention paid to
SPOUTING, ROOFING, &c.
Constantly on hand, a full stock of
HEATING & COOKING
STOVES,
of the most approved patterns. Also
Agricultural Implements,
of all kinds.
Blacksmith's Iron and Supplies.
NAILS.
WOODEN WARE, FENCE WIRE, &c., &c., &c., &c.
Highest Price paid for old Iron, Copper, Brass, Rags, &c.
☞ All goods warranted, and satisfaction guaranteed in reference to price and quality of goods.
Agent for the Celebrated Charter Oak Cook Stoves.

PERU BUSINESS CARDS.

C. C. WHEELER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Corner 5th & Main Sts.,
PERU, NEBRASKA.
Special Attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear.
REFERENCES—Prof. H. D. Cleaner, Keokuk, Ia.; Prof. J. C. Shrader, Iowa State University.

JOY & DAILY,
Dealers in
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS,
Glass, Putty, School Books,
STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.
Post Office Building, - Peru, Nebraska.
Physician's Prescriptions carefully and scientifically compounded. 45y1

WILLIS CARTER,
PAINTER, GLAZIER AND
Paper Hanger,
PERU, NEBRASKA.
WISHES to inform the citizens of Peru and surrounding country, that he is prepared to do all work in his line with Neatness and dispatch, and on terms that will be satisfactory. 45-1y

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry
JOSEPH SHUTZ,
No. 59 Main Street, Brownville.
Keeps constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on short notice, at reasonable rates.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

GEO. DAUGHERTY,
PROPRIETOR,
BANK RESTAURANT
No. 37 Main St.
BROWNVILLE, NEB.

GEO. S. PHILLIPS,
Livery, Feed, & Exchange Stables
Brownville, Nebraska.
THE SHERMAN HOUSE.
46 Main-st., Brownville.
C. M. KAUFFMAN, Proprietor
FEED STABLE
IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOUSE.
This House has been remodeled and refurnished throughout, and affords the best accommodations in the city to the local and traveling public. It is centrally located. Stages for the West, and Omnibusses for all trains, go from the Sherman House. Fair first class, charges moderate. 15-tf

JACOB BERKLEY,
Wagon & Carriage Maker!
COLLEGE STREET,
BROWNVILLE, - NEB.
CUSTOM WORK done on short notice and in a style and manner which will guarantee satisfaction.

In connection with Mr. Berkley's Wagon Shop
MICHAEL SWITZER
HAS A
BLACKSMITH SHOP!
And is furnishing out work in first class style, having given general satisfaction in every piece of work which has thus far left his shop. Particular attention paid to
HORSE SHOEING.
☞ Give me a call. 26-3m

J. W. APPLEGATE,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER!
Brownville, Nebraska.
WILL DO ALL KINDS OF BUILDING, Prepare Plans, Draw Designs, and Furnish Specifications. Satisfaction guaranteed. Job Work of every description at short notice. Shop on First Street, between Main and Atlantic. 26-tf

GEORGE G. START,
CASH DEALER IN
Grain & Agricultural Implements
And Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchant.
ASPINWALL, NEBRASKA.
JOHN Q. A. SMITH. E. H. WILCOX.
STORAGE, FORWARDING,
AND
COMMISSION HOUSE
OF
SMITH & WILCOX.
Dealers in all kinds of Grain, for which they pay the highest market price in Cash.
☞ Office at Store of F. H. Johnson & Co. 18-6m

J. BLAKE,
DENTIST
All Operations Performed in the best manner.
OFFICE:
At residence on Main street.

FRANZ HELMER,
WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP
ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.
WAGON MAKING, Repairing. Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. 31-1y.

GET A PAIR OF
CABLE SCREW WIRE
BOOTS AND SHOES.
—FOR—
Comfort, Elasticity, Durability and Economy
THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
OF 140,000 PAIRS SOLD LAST YEAR BY two leading Boston manufacturers, and warranted against ripping.
NOT ONE WAS RETURNED.
Patent Stamp on every one. Sold by all Leading Dealers.
THEO. HILL & CO.
21-tf

J. J. GOSPER,
STATE AGENT FOR THE BEST
Combined Sheller and Grinder,
Wind Mill and Steamer.
Also Breeder and Shipper of the celebrated
POLAND CHINA HOG.
And grower of Hedge Plants and General Nursery Stock. ☞ Write for circulars and particulars. Address J. J. GOSPER,
Brownville, Neb.

THE SLEIGH-RIDE, &C, ETC.

BY L. G. BATES.

Sweet Susie Brown, my pretty one!
I'm sure you must remember—
If not for love, at least for fun—
The sleigh-ride in December,
When all the belles and all the beaux,
In spite of frost, would go forth,
And squeeze, beneath the buffaloes,
Each other's hands, &c.

How brightly streamed the northern lights
Above the snowy ridges!
How pleasant were the Winter nights,
Observed from country bridges!
Where "toll" is sought with such address,
'Mid laughter, fun and flattery;
And lovers feel, amid the press,
Each other's hearts, etc.

'Tis very singular and queer,
Of all most mad devices,
Love's fire should burn so bright and clear,
On fuel formed of ices!
And yet we know its flames, indeed,
Most brilliantly will glow forth,
When fanned behind a flying steed,
Hid under furs, &c.

I'm sure you mind the village inn,
The supper and the revel;
How, in the general dim and din,
Love shot his arrows level;
And don't forget how Henry Kidd
Embraced you, in the buttery;
You kissed his lips—you know you did—
And he kissed yours, etc.

And when the forfeits were all paid,
How one old maid resisted,
Until the younger ladies said,
A prude they all detested.
"Desist!" she cried—the ancient Ann—
Her modesty to show forth;
"I'll never yield to any man,
My virgin lips," &c.

The wintry winds, the homeward way,
Blew chilly in our faces!
But underneath our furs we lay,
All snugly in our places.
One girl upon the forward seat—
The pretty Nellie Satterlee—
Declared Jack Frost had pinched her feet,
And Billy Frost, etc.

Another, underneath her robes,
(The buffaloes, not her dresses,)
Fair Patience, with attendant Job,
Detected in caresses,
Sprang up, with angry, blushing face.
Her innocence to show forth,
But showed her curls were out of place,
Her collar gone, &c.

And then, the parting at the door;
Its tender, mutual blisses!
Sweet lips, from their abundant store,
Gave to the poor—in kisses!
The parting word—the long embrace—
Cupid's most dangerous witchery,
Brought fire to many a boyish face,
And raised sweet hopes, etc.

Dear Susie Brown, save you and I,
Of all that load of merriment,
No other pairs are left to try
Love's latest, best experiment;
And when the coming snows arr spread,
Our mutual hopes shall glow forth—
May Hymen bless us, when we're wed,
Increase our joys, &c.

Incident in Artemus Ward's Early Life.

In his lecture on Artemus Ward, Mark Twain tells the following:

When Artemus was very young, he and a companion got hold of a pack of cards and learned to play euchre. Artemus was perfectly fascinated with the game, and played it as often as he had an opportunity; but it had to be done on the sly, and he had to hide his cards from his parents. So, when he was looking out for a place to hide them, the boys thought the safest place where they could put the cards was in the pockets of the minister's black gown, under the very ægis of the Church. Well, the minister was called on to baptize a convert, and as he went down into the water wearing his gown, the cards began to come up to the surface and float off. The boys who were on the bank watching, tho' in great fear, kept their eyes on the cards. As it happened, there came up first two bowers and three aces. Of course the boys were thrashed, and an old aunt of Artemus proceeded to lecture him on the enormity of his offence.

"Why," said she, "just imagine how the poor man must have felt when he saw the cards coming up!—I should have thought he would have fainted, and I don't see how he got out."

"Well," said Artemus, "I don't see how he could help going out on such a hand."

A CLERK'S STORY

When I used to tend store at Syracuse the old man came round one day, and says he: "Boys, the one who sells the most between now and Christmas gets a vest pattern as a present." Maybe we didn't work for that vest-pattern! I tell you there was some tall stories told in praise of goods just about that time; but the tallest talker, and the one that had the most cheek of any of us, was a certain Jonah Squires, who roomed with me. He could take a dollar out of a man's pocket when a man had only intended to spend a sixpence; and the women—Lord bless you—they just handed over there pocket-books to him, and let him lay out what he liked for them. One night Jonan woke me up with, "By Jo, old fellow, if you think that 'ere's got cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep that it was cut from, and make him own his own wool. 'Twon't wear out, either; wore a pair of pants of that same stuff for five years, and they are as good as when I first put them on. Take it at thirty cents and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Eh, too dear? Well call it twen y-eight cents What d'ye say? Shall I tear it? All right, it's a bargain." I could feel Jonah's hand playing about the bed clothes for an instant, then rip, tear went something or other, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the best sheet from top to bottom. When I awoke next morning I found that the back of my night-shirt was slit from tail to collar band.

Josh Billings, in his Farmer's Allmlnax, thus addresses his agricultural friends:

BELOVED FARMERS:—Agrikultur iz the mother ov farm produce; she iz also the step-mother ov garden sass. Rize at half past 2 o'clock in the morning, bild up a big fire in the kitchen, burn out two younds ov kandles, and grease yure boots.

Wait pashuntly for da brake. When da duz brake, then commence tew stir up the geese and worry the hogs.

Too much sleep iz ruinous tew geese and tew hogs. Remember yu kant git ritch on a farm, unless you rize at 2 s'clock in the morning, and stir up the hogs and worry the geese.

The happyest man in the world iz the farmer; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, he watches for da lite tew brake, and when she duz brake, he goes out and stirs up the geese and worrys the hogs.

What iz a lawyer?—What iz a merchant?—What iz a doktor?—What iz a minister?—I answer, nothing!

A farmer iz the nobless work ov God; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, and burns out a half a pound ov wood and two kords ov kandels, and then goes out tew worry the geese and stir up the hogs.

Beloved farmers, adew.

JOSH BILLINGS.

DAILY ANSWERS MAJORS.

Editor Advertiser:

In "Tom Majors'" epistle of last week, subject, "Willie Daily," the writer manifests his usual spicy, ingenious, versatile talent, intermixed with an exhaustive effort at original wit, such as, "What's the matter mit your nose?" in attempting to divert attention from his recent treachery to the Republican party, and in this last epistle he has more than established the truth of my statement that, like any debased villain having no moral principle to govern his acts, any policy or deed which will effect the end desired, is satisfactory to him, by producing a tirade of low, cowardly, personal slander. However vulnerable Tom may be to personalities, I could not be induced or provoked to write even a page of his dgraceful history, being fearful that it might embrace a subject too *dark* to meet the gaze of an intelligent and refined public.

Suppose that I should charge *you* with swindling the Government in a certain wood contract that you or Glasgow procured through sharp practice, and from which was realized some $4,000—or of being a common gambler and swindling unsuspecting soldiers out of their monthly pittances at cards while you were in the army—or of resorting to the desperate expedient of kidnapping and hanging a certain negro in order to make him divulge the hiding place of certain monies in order that you might appropriate the same to your own use, I do not suppose that it would be interesting to the public or advantageous to the interests of the party.

No, no, Tommy, I decline recipocation in that line, but content myself with having fully established the fact of the falsehood of your last "page" in advance, by having a fair, square set-to with that elderly, affable, good looking, yes, and witty old father of yours, in the fall of 1870, right in the precinct and town where you indicate that I dealt foully with a brother's estate, and wore such nice clothes, right in the midst of the community familiar with all the eventful circumstances so valliantly retailed now. In a contest to elect a delegation to a County Convention, either in the interest of your father or myself, my delegation was elected, easily, and by a handsome majority. And in the contest for nomination last fall, under the primary election system, in Peru, where none but Republicans were allowed to vote, you and the entire Majors' interest could not defeat me, although you selected as your candidate a very worthy young gentleman. Then in the recent contest, with all the Majors and their potent influence, with their official patronage and prowess, backed by their boasted wealth, added to the solid Democratic vote, all united and working together in harmony, with Morgan and Crow to trade on, you only beat me one vote.

Tom, if your sensibilities are so blunted that shame will not effect you, just for the sake of "variety," try something new. Say we talk something about the general agreement among Republicans of this county, that in order to settle all antagonisms and dissensions in the party, (and your special agreement and personal pledge to that agreement,) primary elections should be held, and that the successful candidates should be accepted as the candidates of the party. Then, that because your choice happened to be defeated, and one whom you personally disliked was successful, you flew the track, and, so far as you were able, sacrificed the whole Republican ticket that had opposition, thereby rendering yourself unworthy the political confidence of the party as fully understood and expressed by every Republican paper in the State that has taken any notice of the affair.

Finally, in closing this "stale" subject, I shall advise you, Tommy, to repent of the evil of your ways, and without hesitancy or drawing, say *square out* that you are in favor of Grant's re-nomination and re-election,—tell your Democratic friends that you can't serve them longer, and that they will have to take Grant's administration another term. This will entitle you to a place in the "front ranks." I'd like to see you there as I am satisfied from past experience, that if you "don't act as bell-sheep you won't sheep at all."

You should not attempt to use any sudden, purifying remedy. It won't effect your case. Just march on in the front ranks. You are a Scriptorian, it would appear, and should know that certain bad cases can only be relieved by long fasting and prayer.—You must quit equivocating, and speak right out on the Grant question. This may help your case, some. Then you should look up and read the passage of Scripture which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and be careful, in the future, to obey this Commandment.—You need not try any of that "quiet zepher;" It won't do in your case at all. Nothing short of a good strong breeze, with at least one of the family in the lead, to be "ensconsed" in a good paying office, will hold you steady in the ranks.

Yours, for Ulysses.

WM. DAILY.

The Brownville *Advertiser* is still making it lively for Tom. Majors, because Tom bolted the Republican nomination in his own county. Tom avers that he did it in the interest of integrity and uprightness. It is said that the Majors family comprise all that is valuable of these two graces in Nemaha county.—*Sale Journal.*

A VOICE FROM LAFAYETTE PRECINCT.

In common with other Republicans, I have watched, with considerable interest, the controversy between Daily and Majors in the ADVERTISER. After perusing Tom's last epistle to William, I have ventured to criticise his conduct in the last campaign, and the article mentioned.

We all know "Tom." He is built after the model and structure of Bolingbroke in his youth, with pomatumed hair, and about as much of it as Absalom carried. He is regarded as a sort of Beau Brummell, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form"—a character on which he plumes himself not a little, and fails to bear his blushing honors meekly. His voice is slow and deep, in "linked sweetness long drawn out," and modulated according to the camp-meeting standard of elocution.

In his last epistle he artfully dodges the issue, and proceeds to drag up billingsgate to furnish a fund from which to draw invective. Without much tension of the imagination one would conclude that he has not only a reckless propensity to lampoon, but that he is suffering from dyspepsia, and that his daily beverage must be aqua fortis stirred up with a lightning rod. The style of this *bombastes furioso* consists of flights of an ambitious rhetoric, vain and infinite repetitions, mock sentimentality and tumid platitudes. He is not clear, brief and pointed; but wandering, discursive and episodical. And he has no more use for his fancy pyrotechnics than a farmer has for Juno's team of peacocks for hauling his corn to market. The manner in which Bill Daily has managed his brother's estate, does not come in question in this connection, and is as foreign to the subject matter of the discussion as the war record of Col. Majors. If he has wronged any one, the law provides a remedy; and it is as mean, sneaking and contemptible to make such malignant and slanderous charges, as it would be for me to say that "Tom would have come out of the army as rich as Croesus, had it not been for his generosity in giving "the boys" an opportunity to win back *by doubling off on the high hand.*"

The object of the primary election system was to bridge the chasm between prominent Republicans of this county, and unite our disorganized ranks. It was admitted by all that there had been bolting by Republicans until it had become almost chronic, and this system was to create harmony out of chaos. The Colonel knew this, and it is no excuse or palliation for him to charge Daily with bolting heretofore. For, in the language of Maj. Caffrey, the originator of this system in this county, it was intended to let "by gones be by gones, close up all old scores and open new record books." To all of which 'Tom" assented and acquiesced in fully until the nomination of Daily by a mass convention of the people. And then Col. Majors, who held an important Government office, sacrificed party fealty and political principle upon the altar of personal feeling and enmity toward Daily. And because he was personally obnoxious, and for the further reason that his friend did not receive the nomination, he sought the defeat and demoralization of the party. *His* way was the Median and Persian law that never changed, and to which everything must bend.

When he bartered his principles for the gratification of personal spite, it was like that which the verdant Moses made with the venerable old gentleman, his father's friend, at the fair, when he traded the Vicar's pony for the green spectacles.

Jonah's gourd withered one night, and next morning the vermin that had nestled under its broad shade were left unprotected, a prey to the swift retribution that came upon them. "Tom's" fate may not be unlike theirs.

One would suppose, from the tenor of his article, that he is intimate with all the notabilities of the political circles; that he is a privileged visitor of the political green room, and has been admitted back into the office where the magnetic wires are worked, and the laboratory where the political thunder is manufactured. Were it not for his superlative egotism we would infer that he was an old Republican war horse, grown gray in the service. But on the contrary he is destitute of all political principle, shapes his course from policy, and changes oftener than the moon.

"On the question of politics he rides on the saddle,
With black or white he is ready to skedaddle."

LAFAYETTE.

ERRATTA.—I find, upon skrutiny, that this year has got one day too much into it; and what makes the blunder more provoking, the extra da haz got into February, and probbly will be a kondem kold one.

The error was not discovered until this Almanax went tew press.

It is human to error.—*Josh Billings' Almanax for 1872.*

There is nothing in this world that a man pays so hi a price for, and gits so little ov hiz munny back, as he doz for repentance.

I hav finally cum tew the konklushun, if a man kant be born but once, he had better issue proposals tew hav it dun sumwhare in Nu England.

What paragraphist is responsible for the following: "An intelligent store cat in Boston improves every favorable opportunity to abstract a five cent nickel from the money drawer, and, carrying it in his mouth to a butcher's shop near by, purchases a "square meal," just like anybody."

THE GERMAM LOVYERS.

LEAF FIRST.

Night was resting gently on the earth The fire-flies were glistening in the meadows, and the moon was galvanizing the ruined towers that border the swiftly rushing waters of the Rhine, while under the shade of them—a massy, ivy-colored, owl-tenanted one it was, too, about which strange legends were told, that made your heart's blood curdle the while you listened to them—sat two lovers.

They spoke not; but he smoked, while she fixed her round liquid eyes with an intense earnestness on the glowing spark that burned in the bowl of his meerschaum. His arm encircled her full, Diana-like waist, and his hand sported in playful dalliance with the tassels of her herring-stitched cap. Their full but tapering fingers were locked together, as if in representation of the state of their hearts—for she loved him with all the intentness her little squab form was capable of, and he, the pride of the village—he, who could smoke his meerschaum for a whole day without lifting up his eyes from the floor—he of the yellow flaxen hair, immense seat, and sturdy legs his—very soul was wrapped up in her—and thirteen red waistcoats.

The minutes rolled slowly by; his pipe was nearly out, and a little dog had just crept up in the moonlight, and laid himself down at the lady's feet, when the heavy tones of a voice came slowly floating through the air, quivering a moment amid the leafy foliage, and started off as if affrighted, gliding along like a summer swallow, over the hedges, and resting, bubble-like, a moment on the water before it reached the ears of the lovers:—"Katrina!" it called; and yet again, "Katrina!"

Slowly they arose; and for the first time for hours, was the delicious and heavenly silence broken—when Frankel taking her hand in his, and turning his head gently aside, with all the modesty that gives young love its holiest charm—expectorated.

"Frankel," she asked, "you gone on the poat vat vill sthart de day afore yesterday?"

"Yaw!"

"Unt I ish gone mit you?"

"Yaw!"

"Vel, if you ish content to gets a petter vun for worse—to be happier for a miserable—unt shmokes der ale, unt drinks der pipe—I shall take you for no petter unt much vorse."

LEAF SECOND.

A fair ship, with her white wings spread to the breeze, and her copper-lined bosom breasting the mighty surges of the Atlantic, flies, gull-like, across the billows. Heavens is leaden-hued and black, but the sea is dazzling bright with the trimillion sparklets of phosphoric matter. On the deck of the ship, nestled close to the stern sheets, were a crowd of passengers assembled.

They were beguiling the tedious hours by relating such stories as those who go down into the sea in great ships are acustomed to tell.

I sat on the main truck, and listened while one old man told a tale.

It was one of those German legends, handed down from father to son, that the old Allemani used, in times gone by, to tell their wandering household, while the Roman legions were sharpening there lances on their hearthstones.

THE STORY

"Vonce, a long viles, I vent intos mine abble oachard to climb a pear tree to git beeches to make mine vrow a blum budding mit; an ven I gets to the tobermost branch, I valls from de lowermost limb, mit von leg on both sides of de vence, an likes to sthove mine outsides in.'

"Mine gott in Himmel!" sighed the fair Katrina, as she descended to the cabin, where, taking her guitar she sang—

"Du bist mein, and ich bin dein,
Soll esso nicht immer sein?"

LEAF THIRD.

They have arrived in New Orleans. The gay ship drops her anchor at the levee, to the joyous sounds of the sailors, "heave-oh's!" and the passengers descend the deck with acclamations. A thousand sounds disturb and perplex them.

"A cab! a cab! who vants a cab, sir?"

"Yaw!" replied the astonished Frankel, "I vants a cabbage, vere does Diedrich Spiegathalder lives?"

They walked the crowded streets. It was in 1841. A crowd on a busy corner stopped the passway. They listened—

1st voice.—"Polk and Dallas ish just so good as Clay, mine Gott in himmel!"

2d voice.—"Dunder and blixen! ter tuyful! Noch ien more!"

3d voice.—"Mine vife ish for Clay unt I ish for Polk, unt mine daughter ish shplit!"

"Mine stengen, vot a counthrey! Vot a peoples!" soliloquized Frankel. And they pursued there way.

LEAF FOURTH

The wandering of the German emigrants are over. On a shady corner at the intersection of two streets in the city of Louisville, may be seen a small but comfortable yellow brick house, painted red. There, in domestic quietness, rest they. No quarreling, no bickerings, disturb that holy sanctuary.

"Yaw!" says the noble-hearted Frankel, as he re-fills his pipe, "alt ish good! I schingle mine house mit schlats' but soon vill schingle it mit straw!"

But one thing happened to mar there tranquility: "De shove pipes vont pull!" Here let us leave them.

A "ring," composed of three Pringles, has been engaged for several years back in stealing Holloway's pills, and selling them for their own benefit. They were trusted employes of the great pill man, and consequently made a good thing out of it, realizing, perhaps $70,000. The matter has been duly investigated, and the Pringles will be compelled to