THE ADVERTISER.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1872. VOL. 16.—NO. 45.

THE ADVERTISER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	One Week.	Two Weeks.	Three Weeks.	One Month.	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Half inch	$1.00	$1.50	$2.00	$2.50	$3.50	$4.00	$ 8.00
One inch	1.50	2.50	3.00	3.50	5.00	7.00	10.00
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Six inches	5.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	18.00	25.00	40.00
Twelve inches	8.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	25.00	40.00	60.00
One column	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	45.00	60.00	100.00

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☞All transcient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

LODGES.

☞**Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63.**—Knights of the Red Cross of Rome and Constantine, meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Mondays. T. A. CREIGH, Sov.

☞**Adah Chapter No.**—Order of the Eastern Star. Meets in Masonic Hall on the third Sundays in each month. MRS. LOUISA MOORE, W. M. MRS. EMMA BLAKE, Sec'y.

☞**Furnas Council No. 3, R. & S. M.**—Stated Communications fourth Monday in each month. JNO. BLAKE, T. I. G. M. T. A. CREIGH, Recorder.

☞**Mt. Carmel Commandery Knight Templar No. 3.**—Meets in Masonic Hall on the second Monday night in each month. R. W. FURNAS, Em. Comm. F. A. CREIGH, 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. A. R. DAVIS, Scy.

☞**Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M.**—Regular Communications held on third Thursday evenings of each month. Lodge of Instruction every Saturday night. JOHN BLAKE, W. M. J. C. SHORTS, Secy.

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

CHURCHES.

☞**Christ's Church** (Episcopal.)—Corner Atlantic and Second streets. Divine service every Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock. Sunday School at 2 o'clock p. m. Seats free. Rev. J. E. ROBERTS, Rector.

☞**Presbyterian Church.**—Services each Sabbath at 10½ 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 10½ a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evenings. W. H. SLAUGHTER, Pastor.

☞**Baptist Church.**—Corner Fourth and Atlantic streets. Services every Sabbath, at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7½ o'clock p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. T. J. MORGAN, Pastor.

CITY OFFICALS.

☞**City Council.**—Meets the First Monday in each month. Mayor, A. V. Coeswell. Councilmen—First Ward—James Stevenson and Chas. Schlendt. Second Ward—F. E. Johnson and Lewis Hill. Marshal, B. Campbell. Clerk, J. B. Doctor. Treasurer, J. W. Middleton. Police Judge, J. S. Stull.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

☞**County Commissioners**—C. Harmes, H. O. Minck, A. J. Ritter. County Clerk, John M. Hacker. District Clerk, W. H. Hoover. Sheriff, D. Flaherty. Probate Judge, E. M. McCord. Treasurer, G. W. Bratton. Surveyor, C. M. Hayden.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Northern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 11 a. m. Departs 11:30 a. m.
Southern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 2:30 p. m. Departs 3:30 a. m.
Northern—Via Peru, Daily—Arrives 12 m; Departs 6 p. m.
Southern—Via Nemaha City, Daily—Arrives 5 p. m. Departs 7 a. m.
Western—Via Tecumseh to Beatrice—Daily: Departs 7 a. m. Arrives at 5 p. m.
Southwestern—Via Table Rock—Weekly—Arrives Tuesday at 5 p. m. Departs Monday at 7 a. m.
North western—To Helena, Semi-Weekly—Arrives Thursday and Saturday 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.

SIDNEY FRENCH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office over Post Office, Brownville, Neb. 41y1

STULL & SCHICK,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. May be consulted in the English and German languages. Office, No. 70 Main street, (up stairs,) Brownville, Neb. 45-1y

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.

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

THOMAS & BROADY, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in District Court Room, Brownville, Neb.

WM. H. M'LENNAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Nebraska City, Neb.

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

N. K. GRIGGS, Attorney at Law and Land Agent, Beatrice, Gage County, Nebraska.

PHYSICIANS.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon, and Obstetrician. Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1855. Office, Lett & Creigh's Drug Store, McPherson Block. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. 10-6m

C. F. STEWART, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Brownville, Neb. Office hours from 7 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 2 and 6 to 7½ p. m. Office in H. C. Lett's drug store.

H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office in City Drug Store, No. 2 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

DRUGGISTS.

Lett & Creigh,
DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Paints, Oils, Wall Paper, etc. McPherson Block, No. 68 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

FEED STABLE.

Union House Feed & Training Stable.
A. BORDENO, Proprietor. Horse breaking and training made a specialty. Horses boarded at reasonable terms.

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

C. M. HAYDEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR. Post office address, London, Nemaha County, Neb. 23m3

LAND AGENTS.

A. P. COGSWELL, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in Cogswell Block, corner First and Main streets. Will give prompt attention to the sale of Real Estate and the Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District. 21f

RICHARD V. HUGHES, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public. Office in northeast corner McPherson's 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.

GEORGE G. START,
CASH DEALER IN GRAIN AND AGRICULTURAL Implements, and Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Aspinwall, Neb.

MERCHANDISE.

F. JOHNSON & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise, No. 72 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

J. DEN, Dealer in General Merchandise, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Main street, Brownville, Neb. Corn, Stoves, Furniture, etc., always on hand. Highest market price paid for Hides, Pelts, Furs, and Tallow. 2m6m

NOTARIES.

F. E. BRIGHT, Notary Public and Conveyancer, No. 22 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 London, London Precinct, Nemaha County, Nebraska. 7-1y

SADDLERY.

J. H. BAUER, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Etc., No. 81 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.

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

GUN SMITH.

WM. F. CHADDOCK, Gun Smith & Lock Smith. Shop at No. 82, Main steet, Brownville, Nebraska. Guns made to order, and repairing done promptly at cheap rates. 35-1y

BLACKSMITH.

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. 56 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Has constantly on hand a good assortment of Gents, Lady's, Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes. Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. Repairing done on short notice.

SALOONS.

JOSEPH HUDDART & CO., Price and Janet Sutherland, No. 1 Main Street, Brownville, Neb. The best Wines and Liquors kept on hand.

THE ADVERTISER.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1872.

Official Paper of City, County, and the United States.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

HENRY WILSON.

TO THE PEOPLE OF NEMAHA CO

We are urged by many friends to make an effort to extend the circulation of the ADVERTISER. They kindly represent that our paper is, in every respect, worthy of the support of the people of the county, generally, and that it has especial claims upon those of them who are Republicans. These representations are earnestly made, and, we believe, they are true, but we have no reason to complain of the patronage we now receive. It is true, also, however, that there are hundreds of persons in the county who ought, for their own benefit, to be readers of the ADVERTISER, who do not now get it. Considering this fact and desiring to make our paper as widely useful as possible, we adopt the advice of our friends, and offer the ADVERTISER at the following club rates:

20 Copies, one year. - - -	$30
15 " " " - - -	24
10 " " " - - -	17
5 " " " - - -	9
Single Copies for the Campaign, 50 cts	

An extra copy for one year, will be given to each person who gets up one of these clubs.

We make these as business propositions, expecting to advance our own interests by them, and believing the ADVERTISER to be well worth the money we ask for it. On this point we court investigation. If, when fairly judged, it is not up to the requirements of the times, as a weekly newspaper, in selections, news, local interests, and Republican politics, we ask no man to take it.

While we would be glad, indeed, to have three or four thousand subscribers for the ADVERTISER, we are not begging for them. That circulation would be very pleasant and profitable to us, but we must be allowed to insist that it would be no less pleasant and profitable to our readers. We shall receive these club subscriptions very thankfully, and we shall also endeavour to deserve them.

CAFFREY & HACKER.

Republican State Convention.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE STATE REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE, NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA, AUGUST 8, 1872.

A state convention of the Republican party of Nebraska will be held at the city of Lincoln, on

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 4th, A. D. 1872,

commencing at 3 o'clock P.M., for the purpose of placing in nomination three Electors for President and Vice-President from the State at large. Also one candidate for each of the following State officers, to be elected at the next general election the 8th of October, A. D. 1872, to-wit:

Member of Congress.
Chief Justice of Supreme Court.
Two Associate Justices of Supreme Court.
Governor.
Secretary of State.
Auditor of State.
Treasurer of State.
Attorney General.
State Prison Inspector.

And for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the convention. The delegates to represent each judicial district will nominate a suitable person for District Attorney, for their respective districts.

The following table exhibits the number of Delegates to which each county is entitled:

Adams	3	Johnson	5
Antelope	2	Kearney	2
Boone	2	Lancaster	11
Butler	4	Lean qui Court	3
Burt	6	Lincoln	4
Buffalo	2	Madison	3
Cass	11	Merrick	2
Cheyenne	3	Nuckolls	3
Clay	3	Nemaha	11
Cedar	4	Otoe	11
Colfax	2	Pierce	2
Cumming	5	Pawnee	6
Dakota	4	Polk	3
Dawson	2	Platte	4
Dixon	3	Richardson	11
Dodge	7	Sarpy	5
Douglas	21	Saline	4
Fillmore	3	Sanders	2
Frontier	2	Sherman	2
Franklin	3	Seward	5
Gage	8	Stanton	2
Greeley	2	Thayer	3
Hamilton	3	Valley	2
Hall	3	Washington	4
Hascallom	2	Wahoo	3
Howard	2	Wayne	3
Jefferson	4	York	4

All county republican committees are hereby notified and requested to notify and call county conventions to elect the delegates prescribed, and the chairman and secretary of such conventions to elect the delegates prescribed, and the chairman and secretary of such convention will furnish such delegates with credentials of election, duly certified under their hands.

It is hereby recommended that the primaries be held on the 28th day of August, and county conventions on the Saturday following; also that alternates be elected by all county conventions, who may cast the vote in case regularly elected delegates are unable to attend.

All persons who are in accord with the national republican party, who endorse its principles and will support its nominees, are cordially invited to participate in the nomination of delegates to the convention.

And it is earnestly desired by the committee that all republicans in the state who adhere to the party will turn out and attend the primary meetings, and see that our best men are elected as delegates to this convention, so that a good state ticket will be nominated.

C. W. Seymour, Chairman.
W. T. Clark, Secretary.

A. J. Weaver,	1st District.
T. J. Majors,	2d "
H. A. Newman,	3d "
H. D. Hathaway,	4th "
Geo. G. Williams,	5th "
V. G. Lantry,	6th "
J. N. Hays,	7th "
A. Deyo,	8th "
M. B. Hoxie,	9th "
C. Woodley,	10th "
J. R. Brown,	11th "

Republican State Central Committee.

The Louisville *Ledger* said some time ago, "Don't ask us which we prefer, Grant or Greeley. Ask a man whether he prefers to be bitten by a rattlesnake or a mad dog, and he will tell you neither if he can help it." The *Ledger* takes Greeley. Which is it—rattlesnake or dog? Perhaps the *Ledger* would compromise on a *copperhead*.

Horace Greeley heard the other day that suckers were to be found in plenty on his corn. He started at once with a pole and line, duly hooked and baited, to catch a mess.

[From the Illinois State Journal.

OBITUARY.

Horace Greeley.

Old Greeley is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more,
He used to wear an old white coat,
All buttoned down before.
Upon his head an old white hat
He always used to wear,
To cover up his shining head,
So destitute of hair.
A pair of massive spectacles
He wore upon his nose,
Which made him look benevolent,
As everybody knows.
He was a great newspaper man,
And published the *Tribune*,
And every day, or month, at least,
He always changed his tune.
And no one could be wise enough,
To guess what he would say,
Within the lapse of one short week,
By what he said to-day.
Inconstant, fickle, changeable,
Unstable as the wind,
He first blew hot and then blew cold
Just as he changed his mind.
Philosophy was his delight,
And he could clearly prove
That all mankind would be made blest
By practicing free love.
For farming, too, he had a taste,
Although it has been said,
He never met with much success,
Except on cabbage head.
In politics he fared far worse,
For people were afraid
To trust this man in public life,
Lest they should be betrayed.
And though the Cincinnati men
Joined those at Baltimore,
To make old Horace President,
They all fell through the floor.
Their platform was too weak to hold,
And come down with a crash,
And poor old Horace Greeley died,
Crushed in the general smash.
The coroner was quickly called,
An inquest duly made,
And this is what the gentlemen
Upon the jury said:
"We find that Horace Greeley died
Of pressure on the brain,
Caused by a platform breaking down
That could not stand the strain,
Its timbers and its planks were weak,
And, if they had been good,
No platform, we are satisfied,
Could carry such a load."

GRANT AND GREELEY.

"Men clothed in a little brief authority play such fantastic tricks before high heaven, as make the angels weep." Perhaps of all the curious scenes enacted on the theatre of human existence, the present serio-comic scene of lifting little old Horace Greeley to the Presidency of this Republic, is the most strangely inconsistent and ludicrous. Why has the old man been called from his "farm," where "what he knows about farming" is that you may "sow thistles and gather grapes." The reasons for this "call" are full of mournful interest. A rebellious people want to turn his weaknesses to a way for them to regain their lost power. Disappointed politicians want him as a means of revenge on the Administration which has not placed them in positions they so much covet. Rebellious hate and disappointed ambition, are the influences now at work to destroy this Republic.

The Republican party, firm and true, has steered the ship of State safely along the treacherous shoals of treason, and over the bloody waves of a rebellious war. Can it now successfully meet the enraged enemy who is pursuing, and the deceitful friends, who are deserting? As sure as God is for the right, it can. With such a man as Grant at the head of the Government, the Union must be safe. Remove him, who can foresee the disasters that must follow? All things considered, the Administration of Grant has been the most glorious since the first Congress. Although there may be some clouds casting their shade, yet no other administration of this Government has had to contend with so many, and so serious difficulties.

Grant and Greeley. Two men as widely different in character as the extreme poles of the earth, and their influence corresponds to character. Two men the best fitted to carry out the principles of those who nominated, and are working to elect them to the highest office in the nation. The nomination of Horace Greeley is a bold, cunning, artful *coup d'etat*; the recklessness and daring in it reaches insanity. The scheming men who have done this know he is a *tourner casaque*, who can be moulded, like putty, to their will. Each individual may be of use, if kept in his place, in perfecting the great drama of human life, and Mr. Greeley may be useful as an agitator and disorganizer in moral reform, if he is kept to farming and writing for the *Tribune*, but he is the very farthest removed from his proper sphere, as President of this Republic. He has some powers of intellect, some force of character, of course. If his mind could have been made to run in a right direction, as may be said of all erratic characters, he might have been of some more benefit to the world than he is now.

He is so unfortunate as to have each faculty of his mind act separately. Therefore, extremely inharmonious; acts from impulse; his thoughts are a chaos; his ideas a wilderness; his actions are shots at random, as likely to kill the right as the wrong. Many persons who have more morals than brains will likely be deluded into following some of his many will-o'-the-wisp fancies, until they are swamped in some quagmire. His race in the temperance cause will gull many. We want a temperance man, say they, so we will take sober Horace. It does not take a great amount of discernment to see that temperance is very desirable, and indispensible in a perfect statesman. Neither does it take a vast degree of discernment to see that a temperance man may be a mean, contemptable scoundrel and villain. Mr. Greeley's verdant honesty will lure many out of the right path, politically. Honesty is a rare jewel, and becometh public officers exceedingly. Yet a man may be honest, and yet be a very unwise, unsafe leader.

Grant is the antipodes of Greeley; the structure of his mind and organization of his brain is such that all his faculties of mind act at once, which accounts for his remarkable solidity of nature; his character is like a granite mountain; his firmness of purpose is like the "everlasting hills;" his will power is marvelous; it is fortunate that his will power is ever exerted for the good of humanity; his calmness, judgment and discretion fit him admirably for the head of this Government. President Grant has, perhaps, the most harmonious mind of any one in this Union. Harmony of mind should not always be conceded to an individual until he has been tried by a pressure of adverse circumstances. Grant has been tried in the furnace, and is true; he has been weighed in the balance and is not found wanting,

The silly and false charge that he is not a statesman, grows out of the erroneous idea many have of statesmanship. A wiley, scheming diplomatist, "darkening counsel," is the only one too many consider a statesman. A deep sympathy for the welfare of the people; a quiet discernment of their real wants, and a common sense, practical way of meeting those wants; a willingness and ability to see evils, and a desire and effort to remove them, are the qualifications of a statesman. If President Grant has not these qualifications, then man never did have them. It has been said in truth, "The world is too much governed." There is too much planning and plotting, scheming and wire-pulling by politicians, for the good of a government. Yet this is called statesmanship.

As for speech-making a President is none the better, nor none the worse for being capable of it. Just now there is a mania for making speeches, and we have orators both male and female, from whom we may hear truth, and error, too, from the thunder tones of Jupiter, to the dulcet notes of Juno. So the "world will move," and this Government move gloriously on too, with Grant at the head, even if he is not a great speech-maker.

These are "days which try men's souls" as much as in the time of the American revolution, and as there is great sifting going on in the religious world, showing who is the saint and who is the sinner; and showing, too, whether the saint or the sinner is in the church or out of it, so there is a sifting in the political world. The Republican party is being "tried as by fire." But it will be purified from its dross, and the true gold will remain, refined in the severe ordeal. Then it will be seen who are the true statesmen—and true women, too, who save the nation.

JENETTE HARDING.

London, Nebraska.

Journalistic Fun.

An incident in the history of Shadrach Penn's life, which some of the old citizens of Louisville may yet remember, and which doubtless afforded them many a hearty laugh, occurred about thirty-five years ago. Geo. D. Prentice, at the head of the Louisville *Journal*, and Penn, as editor and publisher of the *Advertiser*, were running what was called, in those early days of American journalism, a lively opposition. About a year previous to the occurrence, a horrible murder or some great calamity had occured in the south, not far from New Orleans. It happened that Prentice had saved a copy of this paper, which had not been clipped or cut. His natural wit struck upon a good expedient to get off a good joke on Penn by means of this paper, then a year old. Accordingly he sprinkled the paper, folded it up, neatly pressed it, which gave it the appearance of a new issue, and enclosing it in a large wrapper, backed it: Compliments clerk of the steamer Wacousta, five days, seventy-eight hours out from New Orleans. Quickest trip on record. To S. Penn, editor Louisville *Advertiser*." The boy came rushing into the editorial sanctum almost totally exhausted, threw down the paper on the table, and then scampered off. Penn picked it up, tore the wrapper hurridly, and his eyes immediately rested on the important article of news referred to. No time was to be lost. The paper nearly up, several important matters were in the form, but they were ordered out, and the new copy was in the hands of the compositors, with a few editorial comments, and very profuse thanks to the clerk of the elegant and fast steamer Wacousta, for the invaluable favor, etc. The whole trick proved successful, and Prentice delighted, on every possible occasion, more especially when Penn had a "big thing" in the *Advertiser*, to ask: "Did that item of news come by the Wacousta?" The boat referred to was notoriously slow; she had but one engine, and was commanded by Captain Frank Dohrman, of Stubenville, Ohio.

A Mississippi River Story.

A couple of flatboatmen on the Mississippi River having made an extraordinary good speculation, concluded that while they were in New Orleans they would go for a real first-class hotel dinner at the St. Charles Hotel. Having eaten the meal, they called for their bill. The waiter in attendance misunderstood them, and, supposing they wanted the bill of fare laid it before them, with the wine list appermost.

"Whew, Bill!" said Jerry, "here's a bill! Just look at it! Here, you add up one side and I'll add up the other, and we'll see what the old thing comes to." So Bill added up the prices of wines on one side of the list and Jerry added them up on the other, and they made the sum total $581.

"Wh—ew, Bill," said Jerry, "that's pretty nigh all we've got! What are we goin' to do about it?"

"We can't pay that," said Bill, "it'ud clean us right out. The waiter ain't here now, let's jump out o' the window and put!"

"No, sir-ee," said Jerry; I'd never do sich a mean thing as that. Let's pay the bill, and then go down stairs and shoot the landlord."

A Democratic editor in Michigan says he can eat "biled crow" this fall, but somebody must furnish him lots of good gravy for it before he begins to yank at it!

Horace Greeley and Hank Monk.

[From the Virginia City Enterprise.]

From a thousand platforms on the Pacific slope will be told during the present campaign the anecdote of Horace Greeley's ride from Carson to Placerville, and as often as it is told the bushwhacking orators of the Democracy will deduct from the threadbare story the pointless moral of "Keep your seat Horace, and we'll get you through on time"—whereat the rabble will applaud lustily, they know not wherefor. We are not disposed to steal Democratic thunder, or to rob any oratorical pauper of his scanty stock in trade; but we are compelled to use the anecdote in question in order to render an account of an interview with Mr. Greeley generally intelligible. By so doing we trust that it will not be considered that we have wantonly encroached upon the prerogatives of Democratic stump orators. We give the story as told by Mark Twain as one of the exasperating incidents of his overland trip. From the time he left the Platte, he says, until he arrived at Carson, every stranger whom he encountered assured him that he could tell him a most laughable thing if he would like to listen to it, and proceeded with the narrative that Horace Greeley went over the road once, and when he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture in Placerville, and was very anxious to get through quick. Hank cracked his whip and started off at an awful pace. The coach bounced up and down in such a terriffic way that it jolted the buttons all off of Horace's coat, and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage, and then he yelled at Hank and begged him to go easier—said he wasn't in such a hurry as he was a while ago. But Hank said, "Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you through in time!" and you bet he did, too, what was left of him. The story became one of the standard legends of the Sierra Nevada, and was cited as a happy illustration of pioneer humor. Hank Monk felt himself immortalized by it, and Mr. Greeley might have gracefully accepted the border adventure as a narrative in which his name should live long after the world had forgotten what he knew about farming.

In the fall of 1869, we met Hank Monk at Reno, as we were about leaving for the East. With the recollection of the ride fresh in his memory, and a sentiment of fellowship toward his illustrious passenger, with whom he had passed hand in hand into literature and fame, Hank requested us to call upon Mr. Greeley and tell him that in memory of their celebrated mountain ride he wished him to procure a pass that would enable him to visit his friends in the east. We accepted the mission cheerfully, believing that it would only be necessary to mention to Mr. Greeley the name of Hank Monk to have the request accorded. We met the philosopher at the Astor House, and briefly delivered our message. The reply was concise and emphatic. "Damn him! that fellow has done me more harm than any man in America!" We protested our ignorance of any injury. "But there was not a damned word of truth in the whole story!" rejoined Mr. Greeley. We began to recoil before the benevolent aspect and belligerent language of the great editor; and deferentially represented that though the anecdote might lack somewhat of foundation, it was nevertheless a good story, and had no doubt contributed in a degree to his notoriety and popularity, and that we considered would be only a courteous and generous act on his part to comply with Mr. Monk's request. "The damned drunken scoundrel," replied the philosopher, "I would see him stay there and rot before I would take the first step to procure him a pass to come East." By this time Mr. Greeley had become swelled up like a toad, and his congest countenance threatened an apoplectic fit.

Horace Greeley on his Muscle.

While Alfred Livingston was foreman of the *Tribune* composing-room they took down the stove in Mr. Greeley's old-fashioned, dirty sanctum, where he was wont to sit at a very high desk; the stove-pipe had gone straight through the ceiling, and after its removal no provision had been made for closing the hole. Above, in the composition room, were three printers' stands, equi-distant from the open hole. Printers are proverbially tobacco chewers. These three were tobacco chewers extraordinary. Having covered the floor with their tobacco juice, they altogether endeavored to spit through the stove-pipe hole, using it as a target. It was a warm May day, Mr. Greeley sat underneath, and, worn out with his labors, had fallen into a gentle and innocent slumber. He had on a white waistcoat and a clean shirt. His dreams were suddenly disturbed by a pattering on his forehead. He awoke, half-blinded with the nicotine visitation, and seeing his waistcoat and shirt spoiled therewith, and suspecting the source from which it come, he stalked up stairs at a gait that would startle Startle. The printers, hearing him approaching, and fearing trouble, scampered to other parts of the composing-room. Mr. Greeley, appearing on the scene in the character of the "Gladiator," shouted with an outburst of profanity that gave a sulphurous odor to the apartment: "By—, where is the man that spit down that hole? I can lick the man that did it! Where is he?"

"Nothing Improper in It."

By-the-by, that reminds us of a conundrum much in vogue now in polite society in Washington. One of our most fashionable belles was giving it out the other night to a circle of friends, when our accomplished coadjutor, Mr. Edward L. Stanton, put his foot in it—not in the conundrum, but in the proprieties.

"What is that," said the lady, "which Luke had before, Paul had behind, that girls have, that boys do not have, that Miss O'Gallagher had twice in the middle before she was married, and which, if you wish to have both behind and before, you must go to Liverpool?"

As there was considerable giggling and a few blushes after this was given out, Mr. Stanton said:

"Why, ladies' there is nothing improper in it. It's only the letter L."

"Who said there was anything improper in it?" asksd the lady with calm dignity, which made Edward Stanton with an L wilt suddenly. As he is a right blooming serious young man, the consequences were unpleasant.—*The Capital.*

Laura S. Webb, the fair publisher of the sprightly sheet known as *South St. Louis*, announces that she is "on the fence" in politics. We trust she has had the luck to find a flat rail.

Gumbs' Dogs.

Gumbs, who lived next door to us, has bought a new dog. He needed a new one. His last dog used to bark all night in the yard until, in frantic desperation, we would shy our boots, and cologne bottles, and furniture at him. But he always went on worse; and in the morning Gumbs would come camly out and gather up those missives and carry them into the house. He has more than twenty pairs of our boots and slippers in his possession, besides chair legs, and cakes of soap, and hair brushes, and match safes, and towel racks. And he never had the manliness to offer to give them back. On the contrary, he trained that dog to sit by the front gate and seize us by the leg when we came out, three or four times a week, apparently for the purpose of securing some more boots. But we poisoned him one night, and the next morning Gumbs threw the carcass over into our yard. We threw it back. Gumbs returned it. We both staid at home that day, and spent the time in handing the dog to one another over the fence. Then we hired an Irishman to stand there night and day to return the deceased to Gumbs' yard. Then Gumbs also hired an Irishman. It was exhilarating work. The corpse rapidly traversed that fence six or seven thousand times every twenty-four hours. He must have become familiar with the route, even if he was dead. At last he wore away with so much handling, and on the last day the Irishmen whiled away the hours by flinging only the tail at each other. Our Irishman at last buried the tail and resigned. And now Gumbs has got a new dog. It will be excessively singular if we do not fish for that dog some evening soon with a codfish line and a piece of beef, and run him up all of a sudden to our window, and launch him into the sewer. No dog owned by a man named Gumbs shall exult over us.

Ex-Secessionest Westcott on Greeley.

BY ELI PERKINS.

Yesterday I asked the old ex-rebel who he favored for the Presidency.

"Why, sir," he replied, "I go for Greeley."

"Why for Greeley?" I asked.

"Because, sir, if we get him off from the Republicans, we kill the d—d Republican party. For if that hungry *Tribune* set ever gets into office once they will starve out the Grantites, and then steal and gorge themselves till they 'bust,' and disgust everybody else, and compel decent Republicans to go off and join the Democracy. Yes, sir, the salvation of the old Democratic party is to elect Greeley."

"Will the Southern secessionists go for Greeley?" I asked.

"Some will and some won't, sir. There's Gen. Hill—a red-hot secessionist once—he made a speech lately for Greeley, but old Bob Toombs pricked his Greeley bubble, and let the air out in three minutes. But, sir, I'm for Greeley, just as I'd be for the devil himself if he was to destroy this Black Republican Yankee party, which has always fought the South. Now we've got the Black Republicans divided, we must whip them in detail, or ten to one, they will all—Grant, Greeley and Sumner—get around together again. A vote, sir, for Greeley, between you and I, is a vote for killing the Republican party."

Then the old secessionist went off to the other end of the balcony, and commenced abusing the Yankees in general again.

Paper Houses.

Houses are now composed very largely of paper—the best known non-conductor of heat, cold, and dampness. The frame is covered on the outside with a heavy, compact paper, weighing nearly two pounds to the square yard. This, when covered with siding, makes a warmer and much cheaper covering than boards. The rafters are covered with rough boards, upon which is laid what is called a double thick roofing paper, being made very heavy in one web, so that the wind can have no effect in uplifting it. This foundation, when covered with mineral paint or cement, makes a substantial and perfectly reliable roof, for about three dollars a square—less than one-half the ordinary cost. The inside walls and ceilings are covered with "Prepared Plastering Board," applied instead of lath and plaster, at a cost of less than twelve cents a square yard. It makes a perfectly smooth and substantial wall or ceiling. Thus, with the exception of a frame, siding, floor and doors, you have essentially a paper house, in every way as durable, warm, and vastly cheaper than the same can be furnished in any other way.

Much has been said derogatory of the Indiana divorce law, but it has never happened as yet, that under its provisions a man was divorced from a wife before he had married one. The Louisville Chancery Court has performed the feat. Mrs. John Berg sued for a divorce; the process was served on the wrong John Berg, and the mistake was not discovered until the wrong man was presented with a bill of costs. Then he got mad and said to the officer:

"Was in der h—l dis means? Ich bin nicht married. Ich not likes dis. Somepodies makes trouble, and makes ein fool auf you. My friend, you better go away mit you now, and gits dot odder man. He plays some dricks dot Ich don't know. D—n dem courds, any ways."

Illinois has a liquor law which permit the selling of strong drinks to husbands only upon the written consent of their wives. A Chicago printing office has got the job of printing the blanks for the good wives to sign, and is rapidly making a fortune for its proprietors. The blank reads:

"Permit.—Permission is hereby granted by me, the lawful wife of ——, and I declare and witness by my own signature that my husband has a perfect right and liberty to drink, and as often as he chooses to drink, and what he chooses to drink, and I hereby relinquish all the claims arising therefrom. [L. S.]

A funny thing happened at a Presbyterian church last winter. The new steam heating apparatus was in use for the first time, and after service, one old lady, meeting an elder in the aisle, said:

"That boiler ain't under our seat, is it?"

"No, it is under the pulpit platform."

"Well, if it blows up we shall have a good man to go ahead of us," was the reply.

The Reason Why Chris "Busted" Up His "Glock."

Vell, Phil, I told you how it was
I don't got any glock—
De onder night I gone up town
And take a glass o' hock.

Unt vun o' dem lob-eared Dutchmen came
Fon bel der flues, you see,
Says, "Hello, Chris, how you vos?
You dake a glass mit me?"

Vell, den I tought I'd take a glass,
Unt, sure as I'm alive,
Me and dat lob-eared Dutchman took
Two or dree gupple cr five.

Two or dree gubble or five, or ten,
Or 'leeven I expect;
And ven we started home all two
Vos drunk, now dot's a fact.

Den I got home, unt catch de bed,
Unt vent to tumble in,
But pretty soon my vife shpoke out,
"Vot time you think it been?"

"Vell, I don't know" I say, "vot time,
'Bout 'leeven, maybe"—vell!
Yoost den dot glock strike one dree times,
I break um all to li—l.

OFFICIAL.

Laws of the United States

PASSED AT THE

SECOND SESSION OF THE FORTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 92].

AN ACT for the relief of Albert W. Gray.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled, That Albert W. Gray, of Middleton, in the State of Vermont, have leave to make a new application to the Commissioner of Patents for the extension of letters-patent granted to him for an improvement in horse-powers, on the ninth day of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, and afterwards re-issued on the first day of July, eighteen hundred and sixty-two; and that the said Commissioner of Patents be authorized to consider and determine said application in the same manner and with the same effect as if it were an original application for such extension, duly filed within the time required by law, and no application therefor had heretofore been made: *Provided*, That in case such extension shall be granted, all persons who, between the date of the expiration of the original patent and the date of such extension, have constructed, or caused to be constructed, or used such improvement in horse-powers, shall be at liberty during said extended term to use, and vend to others to use, said improvement in horse-powers so constructed or use.

Approved, May 29, 1872.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 93.]

AN ACT supplemental to an act ent