THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning
AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:
One copy, one year.....$2 00
One copy, six months.....1 00
One copy, three months.....50
☞ No paper sent from the office until paid for.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1879. VOL. 24.—NO. 2.

THE ADVERTISER

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers & Proprietors.

ADVERTISING RATES.
One inch, one year.....$10 00.
Each succeeding inch, per year.....5 00.
One inch, per month.....1 00.
Each additional inch, per month.....50
Legal advertisements at legal rates—One square, (10 lines of Nonpareil, or less) first insertion $1.50, each subsequent insertion, 50c.
☞ All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. S. HOLLADAY,
Physician, Surgeon, Obstetrician.
Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1855. Office, 41 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

L. L. HULBURD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
And Justice of the Peace. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

STULL & THOMAS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office, over Theodore Hill & Co.'s store, Brownville, Neb.

T. L. SCHICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office over J. L. McGee & Bro's store, Brownville, Nebraska.

S. A. OSBORN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office, No. 81 Main street, Brownville, Neb

J. H. BROADY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

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

J. W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER
Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed. First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb.

PAT. CLINE,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
CUSTOM WORK made to order, and fits always guaranteed. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Shop, No. 27 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

B. M. BAILEY,
SHIPPER AND DEALER IN
LIVE STOCK
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Farmers, please call and get prices; I want to handle your stock.
Office—31 Main street, Hoadley building.

JACOB MAROHN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
and dealer in
Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths, Vestings, Etc., Etc.
Brownville, Nebraska

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.
First National Bank
—OF—
BROWNVILLE.
Paid-up Capital, $50,000
Authorized " 500,000
IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A
General Banking Business
BUY AND SELL
COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS
on all the principal cities of the
United States and Europe
MONEY LOANED
On approved security only. Time Drafts discounted, and special accommodations granted to depositors. Dealers in GOVERNMENT BONDS,
STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES
DEPOSITS
Received payable on demand, and INTEREST allowed on time certificates of deposit.
DIRECTORS.—Wm. T. Den, B. M. Bailey, M. A. Handley, Frank E. Johnson, Luther Hoadley Wm. Fraisher.
JOHN L. CARSON,
President.
A. R. DAVISON, Cashier.
J. C. McNAUGHTON, Asst. Cashier.

T. A. BATH
is now proprietor of the
City Meat Market,
and is prepared to accomodate the public with
GOOD, FRESH, SWEET MEAT.
Gentlemanly and accommodating clerks will at all times be in attendance. Your patronage solicited. Remember the place the old Pascoe shop, Main-st.,
Brownville, - Nebraska.

PIANOS
AND
ORGANS
The Celebrated
Music House
—OF—
W. W. Kimball,
Of Chicago,
Keep in stock a full line of
PIANOS and ORGANS.
For full particulars, terms & prices, call on or address,
J. R. DYE, Local Agent,
—OR—
E. M. Lippitt,
PIANO and VOCAL TEACHER,
Brownville, - - Nebraska.
4y1

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.
OLDEST
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
IN NEBRASKA.
William H. Hoover.
Does a general Real Estate Business. Sells Lands on Commission, examines Titles, makes Deeds, Mortgages, and all Instruments pertaining to the transfer of Real Estate. Has a
Complete Abstract of Titles
to all Real Estate in Nemaha County.

THE ADVERTISER
JOB PRINTING
DEPARTMENT.
A fine assortment of Type, Borders, Rules, Stock, &c., for printing,
BUSINESS, VISITING & WEDDING CARDS,
Colored and Bronzed Labels,
STATEMENTS,
LETTER & BILL HEADS
ENVELOPES,
Circulars, Dodgers, Programmes,
Show Cards,
BLANK WORK OF ALL KINDS,
With neatness and dispatch
CHEAP OR INFERIOR WORK NOT SOLICITED.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Carson Block,
BROWNVILLE, NEB.

BILLIARDS.

The Best Tables in the City.
CIGARS,
LEMONADE,
SODA POP,
Nothing in any Shape Intoxicating.
BEST CIGARS,
and everything
QUIET AND PLEASANT
at
MORRISON'S
Temperance Billiard Hall,

At The
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE OF
T. L. Jones
is the place to get
Groceries,
Provisions,
Confections,
Fine Cigars,
Toilet Soap,
Canned Goods,
Fresh Butter,
Etc., Etc., Etc.
We also keep all the best brands of flour, and everything usually kept in a first class grocery store.
We have in connection with our house a first class FEED STORE

TONSORIAL.
The old Barbershop, No. 47 is now owned and run by
J. R. Hawkins.
It is the best fitted shop in the city, and the place is generally patronized by the people. Mr. Hawkins keeps no assistants who are not
Experts At The Business,
and gentlemanly and accommodating in their conduct. All kinds of
TONSORIAL WORK
done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
THE BEST DYES
made are always in preparation.

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.
Instruction given in all the branches of a liberal education. Open to both ladies and gentlemen.
Candidates for admission to the *Preparatory Department* must pass a fair examination in Orthography, Reading, Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar, and the History of the United States. Instruction is given in higher Arithmetic, English Analysis, and Physical Geography, each for a single term.
TUITION FREE TO ALL.
Fall Term begins Tuesday, September 10, 1878, and ends Friday, December 20.
Winter Term begins Thursday, January 2, 1879, and ends March 21.
Spring Term begins April 1, and closes on the Second Wednesday of June, the day of the annual commencement.
Cattalogue, containing full information can be had upon application to
E. B. FAIRFIELD, Chancellor.
Lincoln, July 6, 1878. 4y1

OPIUM and MORPHINE habit absolutely and speedily cured. Painless. No publicity. Send stamp for full particulars. Dr Carlton, 259 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

O, say can you see from the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose stripes and bright stars through the perilous night,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes;
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream,
'Tis the star spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country shall leave us no more?—
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation;
Then conquor we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—'In God is our trust!'
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

THE WILLOW SWITCH.

About 40 years ago a large part of Central New York, that is now fast becoming a garden, was almost a new country, and people talked of "moving West" when they emigrated from the banks of the Hudson to those of the Genessee. Still one of the cities on the line of the Erie Canal was even then a town of some importance and boasted much of what then amounted to wealth and even aristocracy.

Of this latter class had been the family of Judge Morton, but sundry unlucky speculations had made it impossible for him to retain his accustomed position among his old neighbors, and he was about to seek a new field in one of the younger settlements.

Every thing had long been prepared, the wagons were laden, the adieus for the most part had been said again and again, and a part of the cavalcade was fairly under way. The heavier goods, indeed, had been started two or three days before. The ladies of the party as well as the gentlemen had decided to attempt the journey on horseback, well aware that the condition of the roads, even though spring was now advanced, could not safely be depended upon.

Apart from the rest, mounted on a stout and quiet-looking pony, sat a young lady of some 18 summers, in whose rosy cheeks and bright black eyes the excitement of the occasion seemed almost to have overcome its sober suggestions. Still, something like a shade was on her face as she leaned forward in her saddle and conversed in low tones with a gentleman whose arm was thrown carelessly over the neck of her pony.

'Never mind me, Charlie; why, it isn't three days' riding at the very worst, and that won't hurt me.'

'But me, Susie! I am ordered off for a long cruise, and I can not tell when I shall see you again.'

'But you will come back?'

'Yes—but when? And will you—?

'Will I what, Charlie?'

'Wait a moment, Susie!'

And the young man, who was in the undress uniform of a naval officer, sprang off to the side of the road, where some willow trees were growing in untrimmed luxuriance. Catching hold of one of the gracefully bending bows he cut therefrom a long and pliant slip, with which he returned, stripping off the leaves as he came.

'There, Susie, that will answer for a riding-whip, but do not wear it out on your pony, even if the roads are bad.'

'Why not, Charlie?'

'Because at the end of my cruise I shall come back to claim it. Will you keep it for me?'

A very soft light stole into the black eyes; but she said in a low voice, 'Yes, Charlie, I will keep it. But are you sure you will come to claim it?'

'If I live, Susie.'

'Ah! then it is good-by, sure enough, now, for father is calling me. Good-by, Charlie!'

There was a most passionate earnestness in the young officer's reply, and he stood gazing after the pony and his mistress long after they were hidden by a turn of the road. We can not follow him, however, by land or sea, for our business is with the willow switch.

If Susie's pony suffered on the road it was not from any excessive application of Charlie's queer memento, and on the third day, about noon, Judge Morton rode up to the side of his daughter and announced that they were close at their journey's end.

They were nearly at the fork of the road, at the foot of a gently sloping hill, and just where the two ways met a little spring bubbled up and wandered off into an adjoining meadow. There were more signs of improvement than Susie had expected, but enough of wilderness remained to add to the rural beauty of the spot.

'Our new home,' said the Judge, 'will be on the top of this knoll when it is built, and our present quarters, such as they are, will be a little further on.'

A sudden thought seemed to have entered the brain of Susie.

'Father, won't willows grow from slips?'

'Yes, my dear; that's the usual way of setting them out.'

'And they wan't water, don't they? Is this one fresh enough to grow?'

'I should say it was?'

'Well, then, may be we can have something growing here to remind us of our old home.'

In an instant Susan was down from her pony, and the willow switch was carefully planted, just above the little spring. It would have all the water it wanted, at all events. And then Susie and her father rode on to their new home; but there was a warm flutter at the young girl's heart and a blush on her cheek, as she wondered, 'Will it ever grow?'

The new settlement was a good one for the Judge, and Susie's willow prospered famously. Even the rude farmer boys had learned how it came there, and respected it religiously, while a little paling kept off intruders. Susie's heart throbbed high with hope and faith, at times, as she noted the wonderful vitality and prosperity of her leafy favorite. It grew as if it had a duty to perform and was determined to do it well. And the little spring bubbled up more briskly from under it, and seemed to murmur softly, 'He will come! He will come!'

Still, one year and another and another went by and Charlie did not come, and letters were terribly uncertain and far between. All around the world he had been sent, and Susie's heart at times grew sick and weary in spite of the willow.

But she had other suitors, for her beauty seemed to grow every day, and her father was getting along well in the world once more. Truth to tell, Susie had something of a Mother Eve in her, and was by no means adverse to admiration and attention.

So it happened that one day in June of the fourth year of the residence of the Mortons in their new home, just as the sun was setting, Susie found herself taking a stroll along the shaded roadside, accompanied by the handsomest and most favored of her numerous train of worshipers.

They did not seem to be in a talking humor, but walked slowly along until they came to the forks of the road and paused a moment by the side of the spring. Here, at last, the young man seemed to have found his tongue and he pleaded eloquently and passionately for the half-reluctant hand which he had seized in both his own.

Still Susie was silent, and it may be that the bubbling spring and the sighing willow were talking to her; but just then they heard the sound of horse's hoofs coming at a quick pace up the road, and in a moment more a rider drew his rein beside them and asked politely if he could be directed to the residence of Judge Morton. The young man had dropped Susie's hand, and, half-vexed at the interruption, was proceeding to give the desired information, but his words were not listened to.

The horseman was leaning forward in his saddle, and had fixed a gaze of earnest penetration on the face of Susie Morton, on which the blushes had given way to a deadly pallor.

'Susie, I have come! The willow—'

The light came back to Susie's eyes in an instant, and, with a long sigh of relief, she pointed to the lithe branches which swept her shoulders, and answered, 'Here it is, Charlie; it has been growing ever since you went away.'

Susie's other companion was not obtuse enough to linger longer in the shade of such a tree as that, and before she returned to the house Charlie had reclaimed his gift. The song of the spring only changed enough to sound like 'He has come—he has come!'

* * * *

Thirty years went by, and the Morton willow kept on growing, until it became a well known landmark, towering high in the air above the little spring at the forks of the road. But 30 years work changes in other things beside trees, and a slip from the willow had been dissevered to grow above a little mound in the village graveyard, for the Judge slept, like a true American, not with his fathers. Every thing else had undergone changes, if not always improvement, and at last came the fearful changes of the war of the rebellion.

It was not many days after the Gettysburg fight and a matronly lady in deep mourning, supported by a fair young girl similarly clad, walked slowly and feebly down the sloping road to the spring.

'If there is a bough within reach, dear, I would rather gather it myself, and then if I can find where they have laid him I will go and plant it with my own hands.'

One long, sweeping branch of the willow tree seemed as she approached it almost to be held out to her with sympathizing purpose, and with a pale face and quivering lips she was proceeding to sever the slip she wanted, unmindful of the rattle of coming carriage-wheels. As for her girlish companion, she had sunk down upon the grass and covered her face with her hands. The good lady's trembling fingers almost refused to perform their duty, and the carriage drew within a few paces of her just as she severed the slender rod.

'Well, mother, I hope that you are not cutting that for me,' said a cheery but somewhat feeble voice from the carriage. The young girl sprang to her feet, but only just in time to save her mother from falling, though she did not quite faint, and recovered quickly.

'Oh, Charlie, my boy!—my boy!'

'Here I am, mother—hurt, sure enough, but in no need of a willow yet; am I, father?'

'Not by any means,' said a hale and hearty old gentleman, in a naval undress, who now sprang out of the carriage; 'and they've given us both a furlough, though mine is a short one. This willow was always a good omen.'

And again the spring seemed to bubble up softly, 'He has come! he has come!'

And the old lady, and the young lady, too, sobbed and laughed, and kissed the returned warriors, till the good mother, with the bit of willow still in her hand, knelt down in the shade of the memorial-tree, to pour out her thankfulness to Him who had made her prosperity to grow with its growth, from the day when she sprang from her weary pony to plant it.

She Was Willing to Pay.

No one can blame her for being mad; and she *was* mad, too.

The little vagabond came into the hall on Fayette street, and wanted to sell some matches. She didn't want any matches; but he drew her attention by asking if her husband's name was John.

"Yes, his name is John, and what of that?"

"Guess I hadn't orter tell," said the match peddler, sliding towards the door.

"O, yes, you had—what is it, my boy? speak right out," replied the woman, struggling with curiosity.

"But I'm 'fraid he'll lick me," said the little wretch.

"O, no, he won't; I'll take care of you;" jealousy was just beginning to warm up; "no he'll not lick you; wouldn't you like a piece of cake, my boy," and she brought him out a big chunk. "Now, what is it—what did he do?"

"O, not much; he was only walkin' with her at first."

That "at first" settled the matter; she was blazing with jealousy.

"Well—well, what did he do next? O, that villain! Come, young man, then what did he do? Do you know who she was? Come, speak up."

The boy opened the door and stood in the opening. He began to whimper a little.

"O, I can't tell, mum; I didn't know's ye'd care. Yes, I know'd who she was, but I can't tell ye; he'd kill me."

"See here, you young villain, you'll never step out of this house till you do tell me." but the boy dodged her and was on the steps. So she coaxed him. "O, come back, my little man; I was only foolin'; jest wanted to see if you'd be scared; come—come back in, and I'll give you something nice."

The boy reluctantly stepped into the doorway again.

"I don't want to tell ye," he snivelled; I know he'd give five dollars not to say a word about it, an' I guess I'll go an' see him 'bout it," and he slid towards the door again.

"Hold on—here, what can I give you? I haven't got much money, here—here's a dollar; will you tell me all about it now? Come that's a good boy; now, what did he do, who was she?"

The boy took the money looked it over to see if it was good, stuffed it into his pocket, looked up at the woman, and replied in a whisper—

"He kissed her, marm—right on these steps."

"O, that villainous deceiver!" wringing her hands. "But I'll make her wish she was cremated when I get hold of her! O, John, John could you! Here, boy, take this fifty cents; and now tell me who it was."

By this time the boy was down on the steps; but he looked back, smiled compassionately, and said—

"It was you, marm, when he went away to his work," and he went down the street at a high rate of speed.

A few days since a party of gentlemen were together. One man, a joker, stepped up to a member of the party, and holding a long hair before his eyes, said: "See here, old fellow, this look suspicious. Where did this long hair come from?" "Why, that's from my wife's head!" "Are you sure of it?" "Sure of it? of course I am. You don't suppose you would find any other woman's hair about me, do you?" "No, probably not; but I am sorry you are so sure it is your wife's hair, for I just picked it off the coat of this gentleman," pointing to a friend near by.

It's going to be real fun in Ohio to see the old Pugh-Thurman-Vallandighammer Democrats raising the bloody shirt, and shouting of their glorious deeds in the war. The boys who marched to the sea can remember when it was not thus.

An accountant who visited Bunker Hill Monument says it is the longest column he ever footed up.

America.

Freedom's sons, come join in chorous,
Praise this favor'd spot of earth,
Praise the skies now smiling o'er us,
Praise the land which gave us birth.
Praise the land which gave us birth!
Though our sky is often frowning,
Though our land is rough and sear;
Health and peace our labors crowning,
Bless the cheerful spirits here;
Health and peace our labors crowning,
Bless the cheerful spirits here!

Here are equal rights defended,
Riches fill the busy hands;
Then be welcome kind extended
To th' oppress'd from other lands,
To th' oppress'd from other lands!
Let them come and join the chorus,
Let them praise this spot of earth;
Praise the skies now smiling o'er us,
Praise the land which gave us birth,
Praise the skies now smiling o'er us,
Praise the land which gave us birth!

Freedom's sons of every nation
Here a hearty welcome greet,
While no haughty tyrant frowning,
E'er invades your calm retreat,
E'er invades your calm retreat,
Come and help us swell the chorus,
Praise this hallowed spot of earth;
Praise the skies now smiling o'er us.
Praise the land which gave us birth;
Praise the skies now smiling o'er us,
Praise the land which gave us birth!

THE SICK ARTIST.

We kept a boarding house, Mitty and I. To be sure, people said it was a great shame that Mr. Fontaine's daughters should stoop so low in life as to deal out their hospitality for money. But Mitty said—and Mitty has a great deal of common sense—that we must live, and all the genteel company that came to visit us would not put so much as a penny in our pockets towards coal and taxes.

Mrs. Hall, who lived next door to us, said she knew we wouldn't make it pay. No one but an experienced house keeper could make it pay.

Miss Cynthia Caldwell thought that it would have been much nicer and more select to do fine sewing, or get a place as governess, or something of that sort, which wouldn't have been quite so public.

Old Fernleaf said his daughters shouldn't visit us, and Dr. Millett looked the other way when he brought his fashionable new bride to town and met Mitty face to face in the street.

'Dear me,' said Mitty, laughing; 'what a queer world this is.'

But I was angry enough to cry.

'No matter, Mitty,' said I; we will teach them that we can be quite independent without them.'

Well, as time went on, we had several boarders. Old Mr. Pettigrew and his niece Clarissa, the two Mr. Henleys, and the minister's niece, who gave lessons in wax flowers and water-color paintings. Our rooms were full, all except the little one over the wing.

'Kate,' said Mitty, triumphantly, 'we are making money. I put eleven pounds in the savings bank to-day, over and above all expenses for the past month.'

'I dare say Mrs. Hall saves more than that,' said I.

'I think very likely,' said Mitty. 'Only, you see, Mrs. Hall does everything on a grander scale than we can pretend to keep up with.'

'We do our own marketing, wash and iron our own table linen, and sift the ashes on the sly, while Miss Henrietta Hall is practicing 'The Maiden's Prayer' on the piano.'

'But then,' observed I, 'we are not such fine ladies as Mrs. and Miss Henrietta. We are only two poor little old maids, who are obliged to earn our own living.'

'Kate, you are not an old maid,' indignantly cried out Mitty.

'And you are as fresh as a rosebud beside Henrietta Hall,' said I, patting her cheek. 'Do you know, dear, I think hard work agrees with both of us.'

So things went on, until one summer evening we were out on our steps, when there was quite a commotion in the carpeted hall of our neighbor, Mrs. Hall.

'Of course he must go,' Mrs. Hall's voice shrilly announced. 'It was a great imposition on me that he should ever come here. I supposed he was an author, or a lawyer, or some such genteel occupation, and now, you see, he's nothing but a painter. A common painter.

'An artist, ma'am,' suggested Mr. Birdseye.

'And where's the difference, I should like to know?' sputtered Mrs. Hall. 'Except that one has at least daily wages to depend upon, and the other hasn't. And now here he is down with scarlet fever or small pox, or some such hideous ailment, and——'

'Only a malignant form of intermittent fever, ma'am,' again meekly put in Mr. Birdseye.

'No matter what name they call it by,' said the lady, waxing hotter and hotter in the ardor of discussion. 'I don't keep an hospital here, and if I did, I wouldn't harbor any such low trash. So the sooner he packs off, the better I shall be pleased.'

'But where is he to go?' asked young Diederman. 'He has no friends that anybody knows of, and——'

'All the more reason I should get him off my hands as quickly as possible,' said Mrs. Hall. 'The idea of my becoming responsible for his funeral expenses, or——'

'Hush, Waller will hear you,' interrupted Mr Birdseye. 'His window is open.'

'I don't care if he does hear me,' snapped Mrs. Hall. 'He ought to be ashamed of himself, coming here under such circumstances as this. But he goes, sick or well, before sunset this very night. There are public hospitals enough, I suppose.'

'Plenty of 'em,' said Mr. Birdseye, dryly, 'and while he is waiting for all the forms to be gone through with, in order to gain admission, he will most likely die in the street.'

'Well, let him die,' said Mrs. Hall. 'That's no business of mine that I know of.'

Mitty looked at me. I looked at Mitty. Our eyes both sparkled mute telegraphic messages to each other—and I spoke out of the choking indignant fullness of my heart.

'Mrs. Hall,' cried I, 'Mr. Waller may come here, whoever he is. A sick man, friendless and alone, should be able to claim brotherhood with all the world. Mitty and I will take care of him until he is able to take care of himself.'

Mrs. Hall took us at our word with extreme promptitude, and before nightfall poor Bernard Waller was snugly installed in the little vacant room over the wing—a pale, ghostly-looking creature, babbling idly of people and places on the Continent that we never had heard of.

Dr. Millett shook his head very gravely. 'He is a very sick man,' was his verdict.

'Kate,' whispered Mitty, when the doctor was gone, and the sick man was all still and settled for the night, suppose—suppose he should die!'

'In that case, Mitty, I don't think we should ever repent that we had done our duty.'

'I am sure we should not,' said Mitty, softly.

But Bernard Waller did not die. He got well—and, of course, according to all the rules of true love, he lost his heart to Mitty's blue eyes and pretty face.

'You'll never allow your sister to marry a painter!' said Mrs. Hall, spitefully.

'I am sure I have no objections to her becoming an artist's wife, as long as they love each other,' said I, laughing.

'Well, really,' said Mrs. Hall, 'if it were my Henrietta——'

'But it isn't your Henrietta,' I interrupted, a little sharply; 'it is our Mitty, and she has chosen to suit herself, and I, for one, am entirely satisfied.'

Well, they were married in a quiet sort of way.

I am reaching the end of my story now—the romance that irradiated our lives, when the cake was cut, and Mitty and Bernard had gone on their tour, with humble little me along in the capacity of bridesmaid.

We had traveled all day, and towards night, on a glorious October day, we drove into the gate of a spacious old place, where were octagonal towers and ivy-mantled walls.

'O, what a fine old place!' said Mitty. 'Ah, look at that lovely glittering fountain, and the beds of scarlet geranioum. Bernard are you going to sketch this place?'

'I may, in time,' said my sister's husband, composedly, as he sprang out and opened the carriage door.

'Are you going to get out her, Bernard? Do you know the people?'

But before he could answer, the great carved oak doors flew open revealing a stately entrance hall, with a fire burning at the farthest end, and a moss-colored carpet on the floor. Wax lights glowed softly, pictures gleamed down from the walls, chairs upholstered in violet velvet stood around. To Mitty and me it was like a glimpse of fairyland.

'Who lives here, Bernard?' still persisted Mitty, as she advanced timidly up the broad marble steps.

'I do. Welcome home, sweet wife, welcome home, sister.'

I stared blankly at his bright face.

'But, Bernard, we thought you were poor.'

'Did I ever say I was? When I came to B. to sketch, I certainly saw no occasion to proclaim my private affairs to the good people there. I engaged a room at Mrs. Hall's because it was convenient. When I was ill and delirious, I could not tell the truth. When I knew how good and true you two dear girls were, I resolved that I could wait and give you a surprise. I was only an amateur artist. I am rich, but I am Bernard Waller still.'

Now wasn't that a romance? And you see, it really happened to Mitty and me, and we are fine ladies now, and drive about with our open barouche and cream-colored horses. And you can guess how discomfited Mrs. Hall and Henrietta were when they first heard the real position of the sick artist.

Peer, who jumped from the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, a few days ago, wore a rubber life preserver, to lessen the depth of his penetration into the water, a sponge over his mouth and nostrils to prevent the water from being forced into them; and thick cloth over his feet and legs, to prevent them from concussion. A brass wire, attached to his shoulders, was reeled out as he fell, with just enough tension to keep him in an upright position. To strike the water flatwise would be certain death. Peer dropped 192 feet in four seconds. He was exceedingly nervous just before the feat, and it was thought his courage had given out.

"The moon is always just the same," he said languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "Its just so with the circus," she answered. He took the hint and bought tickets for two.

Love cannot fully admit the feeling that the beloved object may die; all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves.

Sharper Than a Lawyer.

A wag of a lawyer, says the Iowa *State Register*, was sitting in his office the other day, deeply engaged in unraveling some knotty question, when a gentleman entered and inquired, "Is this Mr. Z?" The student of Blackstone, raising his eyes from the legal book before him, replied: "If you owe me anything, or have any business in my line, then Z. is my name; if you have a claim to present, then I am not the man. If you called simply for a social chat, you may call me any name."

"I propose to present you with some business in your line. I have a note of twenty-five dollars I want you to collect." and handing the lawyer a note departed, to call the next day. As soon as he was gone the lawyer ascertained that it was one of his own promises to pay.

The next day his client appeared and inquired, "Well, what success?"

"All right; I have collected the money. Here it is, less my fees," handing him fifteen dollars.

"Good!" said the client. "I have made two dollars and a half by this operation."

"How so?" said the lawyer.

"Well," replied the client, "I tried all over the city to sell your note for twelve dollars and a half, but could not do it."

An Eagle Killing Ducks.

A farmer and his son, while in a field near Centreville, Md., recently, witnessed a remarkable scene in mid-air—the capture of two ducks by a bald eagle. The farmer says: "Far away in the distance we could discern the main flock, from which the ducks had been separated, flying steadily to the cover of the forest. The eagle would first pounce upon one, and then relinquish it in order to capture the other. Dropping that, he would return to his first capture,—seemingly like the dog in the fable, greedy to secure both. This was kept up for some time, when the eagle, suddenly darting foreward, struck one of the bird with his talons—then, swooping upon the other, struck that too. The first bird fell at our feet; we had hardly time to pick it up when the other fell, with the eagle following. We picked up the second one, and the eagle, observing our presence, flew screaming away. On examination it was found that the eagle had struck the ducks on the head, nearly severing the heads from their bodies. They were fine-sized canvas backs, and we had them cooked for dinner."

Ultimate Nebraska.

What Nebraska must become in the near future when her wealth and resources are fully developed cannot be computed to-day. "Ultimate Nebraska," with a virgin soil more fertile than any portion of the old world, can sustain in comfort and wealth, a greater people than the Declaration of Independence made free, one hundred years ago. Four persons to the square mile occupy Nebraska, while the worn out soil of Europe contains 200. The beauty of our prairie scenery cannot be placed on canvass, it must be seen to be appreciated. Such far reaching scope does the eye span, that like the mental view of the future of this grand *commonwealth* (for it is common to all that will occupy it!)—broadens and expands until the vision like the view mystifies and blends with the sky in the dim distance. Ultimate Nebraska, with an area of 75,805 square miles, with a soil from 10 to 100 feet deep can sustain at the same ratio of population as in the old country, 15,000,000 people.

A Lecture.

A poor drunken wretch before the Omaha police court the other day addressed the following to the Judge. It is a strong temperance lecture; "Judge, you see me here in this sad plight. Once I had a name untarnished, a life unpolluted, an appetite that was within my control. For five years I studied law in Chicago and in Cincinnati, and as you know, I am a lawyer, and was admitted to practice before the supreme court. For three years I preached the gospel, after graduating at the theological seminary. But my God! what have I come to? A mere drunken whelp without even my own self respect left. Many times, judge, I have been strongly tempted to take my own life. Indeed I hardly know why I have not already done so; I have certainly seen misery enough. I am as low down as I can get, crushed, worthless, penniless, friendless, and no hope here or hereafter." And yet we have those in our midst who argue that it is right to license men to assist and encourage such men in their downward road to ruin.

CORN BREAD.—Beat the whites and yelks separately of 2 eggs, one pint of rich sour milk, 2 tablespoons of sugar and 1 of melted butter, and a little salt; mix all well together except the whites of the eggs; roll perfectly free from lumps two-thirds of a teaspoon of soda into 1 pint of corn meal; sift together and stir into the other ingredients; beat well, and lastly, put in the well beaten whites. Pour into a well buttered pan and bake.