THE ADVERTISER.

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

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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First National Bank
—OF—
BROWNVILLE.
Paid-up Capital, $50,000
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IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A
General Banking Business
BUY AND SELL
COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS
on all the principal cities of the
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MONEY LOANED
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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.,
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4y1

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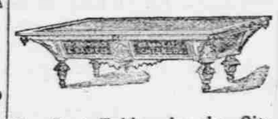
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CIGARS,
LEMONADE,
SODA POP,
Nothing in any Shape Intoxicating.
BEST CIGARS,
and everything
QUIET AND PLEASANT
at
MORRISON'S
Temperance Billiard Hall,

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 in 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 16, 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.
Catalogue, 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, 203 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD DISPENSER.

A Farm Ballad.

If the weary world is willing, I've a little
word to say,
Of a lightning-rod dispenser that dropped
down on me one day,
With a poem in his motions, with a sermon
in his mien,
With hands as white as lilies, and a face uncommon clean,
No wrinkle had his vestments, and his linen
glistened white,
And his new-constructed neck-tie was an interesting sight;
Which I almost wish his razor had made red
that white-skinned throat,
And the new-constructed neck-tie had composed a hangman's knot,
Ere he brought his sleek-trimmed carcass
for my women folk to ogle,
And his rip saw tongue a buzzin' for to gouge
a gash in me.

But I couldn't help but like him—as I always
think I must
The gold of my own doctrines in a fellow-heap of dust;
When I fired my own opinions at this person
round by round,
They drew an answering volley, of a very
similar sound;
I touched him on religion, and the hopes my
heart had known;
He said he'd had experience quite similar to
my own.
I told him of the doubtin's that made dark
my early years;
He had laid awake till morning with that
same old breed of fears.
I told him of the rough path I hoped to
heaven to go;
He was on that very ladder, only just a round
below.
I told him of my vision of the sinfulness of
gain;
He had seen the self same pictures, though
not quite so clear and plain.
Our politics was different, and at first he
galled and winced;
But I arg'ed him so able, he was very soon
convinced.

And 'twas getting toward the middle of a
hungry summer day;
There was dinner on the table, and I asked
him would he stay?
And he sat him down among us, everlasting
trim and neat,
And asked a short, crisp blessing almost
good enough to eat;
Then he fired up on the mercies of our Great
Eternal Friend,
And gave the Lord Almighty a good, first-class, recommend:
And for full an hour we listened to the sugar
coated scamp,
Talking like a blessed angel—eating like a—blasted tramp.

My wife, she liked the stranger, smiling on
him warm and sweet:
(It always flatters women when their guests
are on the eat.)
And he hinted that some ladies never lose
their early charms,
And kissed her latest baby, and received it
in his arms,
My sons and daughters liked him, for he had
progressive views,
And showed the quid of fancy, and gave
down the latest news,
And I couldn't help but like him, as I fear I
always must
The gold of my own doctrines, in a fellow-heap of dust.

He was spreading desolation through a piece
of apple pie.
When he paused and looked upon us with a
tear in his off-eye,
And said, "Oh, happy family!—your blessings make me sad;
You call to mind the dear ones that in happier days I had;
A wife as sweet as this one; a babe as bright
and fair;
A little girl with ringlets, like that one over
there,
I worshiped them too blindly!—my eyes
with love were dim!
God took them to His own heart, and now I
worship Him.
But had I not neglected the means within
my way,
Then they might still be living, and loving
me to-day.

"One night there came a tempest, the thunder peals were dire;
The clouds that tramped above us were
shooting bolts of fire;
In my own house, I, lying, was thinking to
my blame,
How little I had guarded against those shafts
of flame.
When, crash!—through the roof and ceiling
the deadly lightning cleft,
And killed my wife and children, and only
I was left.

"Since that dread time I've wandered, and
nought for life have cared,
Save to save other loved ones, whose lives
have yet been spared;
Since then it is my mission, where'er by
sorrow tossed,
To sell to virtuous people good lightning-rods—at cost,
With sure and strong protection I'll clothe
your buildings o'er,
'Twill cost you fifty dollars (perhaps a trifle
more;)
What little else it comes to, at lowest price
I'll put,
(You sign this agreement to pay so much
per foot.")

I signed it, while my family all approving
stood about;
And dropped a tear upon it—(but it didn't
blot it out)
That very day with wagons came some men,
both great and small;
They climbed upon my buildings just as if
they owned 'em all;
They hacked 'em, and they hewed 'em, much
against my loud desires;
They trimmed 'em up with gewgaws, and
they bound 'em down with wires;
They trimmed 'em and they wired 'em, and
they trimmed and wired 'em still,
And every precious minute kept a-running
up the bill.

My soft-spoke guest a-seeking, did I rave and
rush and run;
He was supping with a neighbor, just a three-mile further on.
"Do you think," I fiercely shouted, "that I
want a mile o' wire
To save each separate hay-cock out o' heaven's consuming fire?
Do you think to keep my buildin's safe from
some uncertain harm,
I'm going to deed you overall the balance of
my farm?"
He looked up quite astonished, with a face
devoid of guile,
And he pointed to the contract, with a reassuring smile.
It was the first occasion that he disagreed
with me,
But he held me to that paper, with a firmness sad to see,
And for that thunder-story, ere the rascal
finally went,
I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single cent.

And if any lightnin'-rodder wants a dinner
dialogue,
With the restaurant department of an enterprising dog,
Let him set his mill a-runnin' just inside
my outside gate,
And I'll bet two hundred dollars that he
won't have long to wait.

—*Will Carleton, in Farmers' Review.*

Ike Partington Goes a Fishing.

In a few minutes, after bidding Bill good-by, they were on the packet, drifting down stream with the slack tide, for there was not a bit of air stirring. The way was long to Rivertown, and promised little of interest to the young voyagers. The river was very beautiful, bordered by deep woods and majestic rocks, whose dark shadows lay upon the waters, but they did not care much about such things. They would talk for a moment to people in boats, making signals to any one they might see on shore, shout to hear their voices echo among the rocks; but boys are impatient, and so they were bored on board the packet. There was a little cabin in "the Sally Ann," (which was the vessel's name,) and they went down to see what it was like. It was a little close place, with two small holes in the stern for cabin windows, and a shelf each side, on which, if hard to put it, one or two might sleep. The boys stretched themselves on these shelves, and looked out dismally over the still water far behind.

There was an elderly passenger, who was also annoyed by the slow movements of the boat. He had grown tired of viewing the scenery, and thrown his magazine one side, and now asked the skipper if he had a fishing-line on board. One of the men opened a little closet near at hand, and produced a line; and then, as there was no other bait, he brought a piece of fat pork to put on the hook. Thus provided, the gentleman threw over his line, the sinker on which being heavy, it sank quickly to the bottom, the tide keeping it in place. Then the fisher began the customary performance of pulling the line up and down, keeping the sinker a little way from the bottom, and poising it so that the least nibble might not escape him. There is nothing that pleases a lazy man so much as this kind of fishing—of course if he catches anything; and when he is too old to carry a pole all day through bog and brier, it is just the kind to "taper off with," and brag about like an old Nimrod. So he fished.

'What's that?' said Sim in a whisper, as he saw the line drop into the water.

'Somebody's fishing, I guess,' replied Ike, who had been about half asleep.

'He can't catch anything.'

'No, of course not.'

'I don't believe he'll get a bite.'

'Nor I.'

After waiting awhile Ike said, 'Say Sim, s'pose we give him some bites?'

'How?' asked Sim.

'I'll show you.'

Suiting the action to the word, Ike reached out of the little window, took hold of the line, and gave it a gentle twitch. Up went the line, hand over hand, very rapidly, and they heard a voice say' ''Twas a splendid bite.'

'Bite him again, Ike, as soon as he gets his line down,' said Sim, laughing at the fun of the thing.

'I'll give him a bigger bite next time,' said Ike.

Down went the line, and it was pulled up nervously for a minute, when, reaching out again it was pulled in swiftly; and the boys were convulsed with laughter, but kept as still as they could so that they might not be heard.

'Didn't catch him that time,' said Ike.

'I never had a more positive bite,' they heard the fisher say. 'It must have been a tautog; they always seem to shut their jaw right down on the bate.'

The skipper did not think it could be a tautog, because none had ever been caught in the river; but it might be some heavy cod which had come into the river to feed on the muscles at the old bridge further up.

Down went the line again, and it was drawn up and down as before; but the boys waited fully five minutes before they touched it.

'Now, Ike, give him a halibut bite,' said Sim.

This time Ike gave a more determined pull, with the same result; when thinking they had carried the joke far enough, they crept out on deck, where they found the fisherman in a state of great excitement, trying again for a bite, and disappointed because he could not get another one, declared that he never had finer bites in his life. The boys chuckled to themselves, but said nothing.

The old gentleman at last discontinued trying, but left his line hanging over the stern. A breeze sprang up, the tide increased, and the packet moved swiftly, the line stretching far behind.

'Sim,' said Ike in a low tone, 'go down and get that old umbrella-frame we saw there.' Sam crept down, and soon returned with an umbrella, whereof little was left but the sticks; to which the line having been drawn in, Ike attached the hook near the ferule, that the frame might not spread, and threw it overboard. Having done this, the boys walked away very unconcerned to another part of the vessel.

The line ran out to its utmost length; and then a great commotion appeared in the water, as the umbrella was dashed from side to side and over and over as if some large fish that was struggling to free itself. No real fish could have been more active; and one of the men glancing toward it, cried:

'What's on the line?'

The cry immediately attracted the attention of the old gentleman, who rushed aft, and insisted on his right to pull in the fish, as he had been tantalized by the bites. The polite waterman gave way; and, seizing the line, the gentleman began to pull it in. The excitement in the water increasing with the effort he made. It was undoubtedly a blue fish, he said, because he had caught hundreds of them in Bazzard's Bay, and knew one by the pull. The line slipped from his hands, the resistance was so great; and he eagerly began to pull in again. All on board were now watching the line.

'I guess it is a whale,' said Ike.

'No, shark,' said Sim.

The skipper said nothing, but he looked funny around the corners of his mouth as he glanced sideways at the boys.

Never was there greater trouble in catching a fish; even the Commodore Huntress and his halibut hooked by the tail, were beaten by this fish that flashed and floundered out there in the water. The sunlight was in the eyes of those looking on so that it was no wonder they could not make out what it was. The old gentleman had nearly got it in, and giving a last effort he drew the sea-monster over the stern. Surprise and anger filled the ancient fishermen as he threw down the line and walked away, laying all the blame to the one who first gave the alarm.

Somehow or other it leaked out before they reached Rivertown, that the boys did it, as well as what sort of fish it was that gave the bites; and though the old gent felt vexed with them at first, he afterward confessed to the skipper that they were 'lively boys.' And, when he found out that one of them was Ike Partington, he asked him for his autograph!

Ike was warmly welcomed home by Mrs. Partington, who looked him over to see if he had come back whole, and then began a catalogue of questions as to what he had seen, how he had behaved, and how they treated him.

'I hope you were a good boy,' she said.

Ike assured her that his conduct had been irreproachable, for the proof of which she might ask Sim.

'Well I am glad to hear that you didn't do anything to vindicate your good name, for people judge a person's conduct by the way he behaves himself, and, we are always happier when we have done nothing that our conscience acquits us of.'

Ike said 'Yes'm,' as he navigated through a quarter section of custard-pie.

'And did you like farming?'

'Boss.'

'What part did you lik best?'

'Fishing.'

'I hope you didn't go on the water to catch fish,' said the dame anxiously.

'How could I catch 'em if I didn't?'

Mrs. Partington silently admitted the logical force of this question, looking at him over her glasses, and then turned his valise inside out to see if he had brought back all of his clothes. She shook every garment; and, as she served an old jacket thus, a paper dropped out of one of the pockets, which she picked up.

'What is that, Isaac?' she asked.

'My gracious!' replied he, 'if that isn't Joe Moody's letter which I wrote him up to the farm? I put it into my pocket and forgot to send it.'

After rebuking him for his neglect to write to her, when he could find time to write to any one else, she opened the letter, and read:

'HILL TOP, August 5,

'DEAR JO—I rite this on a bee hyve in a barn turned bottom up with lots of swallers flying round but you can't ketch em and I found three hens nests whitch was laid away in the hay whitch I shall try and find some more. I and Sim went for sum hornets nests into the field and they stung Uncle Tracy on the nose wen we drowned out a woodchuch whitch we didn't becose he got away before we drowned him. You ort to see the crower that me and Sim painted red white and blew and we histed the cat up on the well sweape to tellegraff the boys over the river who histed up a pare of boots and a corn baskit whitch is fun but Uncle Tracy don't like it much. I'm going fishing tomorrer with Sim and Bill and tell the fellers that we are hunky dory also the old woman up the crick.

'Youres always,

'IKE PARTINGTON.'

'Who do you have reference to by 'old woman?'' said Mrs. Partington, folding the note, and looking severely over her spectacles.

Ike was confused for a moment.

'I guess I was absent-minded when I wrote that,' replied he; 'I should have said 'lady,' of course. I had a bad pen, and couldn't think very straight.'

'Well, be careful that you don't make such a mistake again, for to be disreputable to old people is not very credible in the young.'

A hand sieve such as plasterers use for screening sand is recommended for sowing blue grass seed. The sieve is held in one hand and the seed rubbed through it with the other.

One of the South Carolina emigrants to Liberia has returned. He says nearly one half of those who went out are dead, and the rest are anxious to get back.

GOOD OLD TIMES.

The Pleasant, but Innocent, Practices Indulged by Former Generations.

New England Bundling.

How Primative Yankee Dulcineas Used to Entertain Their Sweet-Hearts.

Among the many grand old customs which the American settlers practiced, perhaps brought over with them, was one which has not received the amount of attention it deserved, whether from a mistaken delicacy on the part of descendents from the people who were the upholders, or from whatever reason the pleasant, recreative and amatory system of "bundling," which was wont to make the lives of New England youth and maidens sweetly happy, has not been celebrated in song and story of late years.

In the earliest days of this country the settlers were poor, and frequently their habitations contained but a single apartment. Whole families were, therefore, compelled to live eat and sleep in the same room, and the stranger within their gates had, of necessity, to take pot luck with the rest. Even when increasing prosperity added a little to the original cabin, it was yet necessary to practice economy in such matters as fire and candles, and it is altogether probable that bundling came into vogue under these conditions. The girls had their sweethearts, of course, and these, after a hard day's work, would frequently walk 10 or 12 miles through the snow to see their lady loves. It would be cruel, reasoned the complacent parents of yore, to turn the faithful swain out again at midnight; and so, under certain restrictions, he was allowed to share Dulcinea's virtuous couch. Before proceeding to a more exact description of this phase of colonial home life among the humbler classes, we will pause for an instant to remark "yum, yum!"

It is evening in a New England settlement, the time is winter; bright glinting coverlets of snow rest on the bosom of earth; icicles depend from the trees, and the chaste full moon beams from over a fleecy cloud. Hospitable smoke curls from the farm house chimney, and the ruddy fire glow dances on the little diamond panes of the parlor window, whence Jemima watches for her expected lover. Without all is peace; the gentlemen and lady cows are bundled in well sheltered sheds, the chanticleer and chanticleeresses are bundled in the hennery, even the cats are bundling on the kitchen roof; and the "swate little fish, tho' he can't speak his wish," is supposed to be bundling with the female of his kind under the bank of yon frozen brooklet. All nature calls us to bundle—let us bundle!

Presently Reuben comes trudging along through the snow, and stamps loudly upon the doorstep, as he shakes a shower of flakes from his shaggy coat. Jemima is at the door instanter, and a pair of plump, round, arms encircle the youth's willing neck, causing his blood to fly "like sparks from burnt up paper." After his long walk, supper, plentiful, and homely, is right welcome, and then the "craps" are discussed for a little while with the old folks—affairs at the meetin' house, and so forth; but shortly the elders yawn, and, expressing the hope that the lovers will find "kiver" sufficient on their bed, they retire in confidence that nothing beyond "innocent endearments" will occur. Some people say that these young couples used to sit up until the night had far advanced, but, "put yourself in his place," and say if you believe it! Pa and ma are scarcely out of hearing before Jemima and Reuben unanimously agree that it is too cold to sit up, and straightway prepare for bed. Do not blush at the apparent impropriety of this arrangement; the early religious teachings of these simple folk were so strict, their religion had so strong a hold upon them, and they were altogether so virtuous and honest that no harm was known to grow out of this innocent method of courting—except sometimes. More than this, both parties kept their clothes on—some of them—and, that being the case, what more harm was there in lying down upon a warm feather bed, with plenty of comfortables over them than shivering before the embers of a dying fire, and wasting candles. Should any scoffer suggest that warmth is more conducive of some things than cold is, we say to that scoffer that he is hypercritical. Etiquet required that the gentleman should divest himself of no more than his coat, vest, trousers and shoes the lady kept on an under petticoat, at least. Thus in the innocent endearments of a chaste love, did youth and maiden spend the nights of courtship, in the golden days of yore. That "natural consequences" sometimes ensued upon these bundlings nobody will deny, but they were comparatively rare, and according to the gossip of that day, not half so frequent as they were in New York, Boston, Salem and Newport, after the more civilized city mothers began to discountenance the practice, and substituted sofas instead, "that courtship might be more proper," or, as the anti-sofaites had it, "more Turkish." It is not to be wondered at that a custom which must have been firmly rooted in the affections of the people, especially the young, should linger long and die hard, although sorely assailed by enemies. So it was with bundling. Nothing in particular had been urged against it, during the earlier life of the colonies, but, after the hardy sons of New England returned from their Canadian campaign in the French and Indian war, they brought back looser principles than those which they had started with, and it began to be apparent that bundling was not as safe as it had previously been considered. We have no record of any fact which would lead us to assume that the buxum lasses of that day were any less favorably inclined than formerly, but as left-handed entrances upon the scene of life increased, the parents began to wonder whether this kind of courting was "what it was cracked up to be." Still bundling was in its most lusty prime at this period, and did not entirely disappear until long after our revolutionary war, which event did, indeed, have much to do with its downfall, owing to the laxity of wartime morals.

In 1776, a clergyman from one of the towns went into the country and preached against 'the unchristian custom of young men and maidens lying together on a bed.' No sooner had the unfortunate parson made his exit from the meeting house, than he was assailed by a mob of old ladies, who began to haul him over the coals with vigor. Said they:

"Do you think we and our daughters are naughty, because we allow bundling?"

"You lead yourselves into temptation by it," replied he.

The irate females then desired to know if he had been told this, or spoke from experience? "The Levite began to lift up his eyes, and to consider of his situation, and bowing said:

"I have been told so."

The ladies, *una voce*, bawled out:

"Your informants, sir, we conclude are those city ladies who prefer a sofa to a bed; we advise you to alter your sermon by substituting the word sofa for bundling, and on your return home preach it to them, for experience has told us that city folks send more children into the country without fathers or mothers to own them than are born among us; therefore, you see, a sofa is more dangerous than a bed."

History tells us that this preacher never again tackled the subject of bundling.

Specialties in Education.

The tendency of late years has been toward practical as opposed to theoretical education. It is but a few years ago that scientific or practical teaching was discouraged, and our colleges were opposed to giving academic degrees except for a full literary course. The aim was at the Universal instead of the special, and consequently the knowledge acquired could properly only be a *smattering*. In opposition to the course adopted by colleges and universities, nearly all the great men—those to whom the world is most indebted—became useful and acquired celebrity from a devotion to specialties.

Had Faraday received a general classical education, it is highly doubtful if the world would have known him in the character he worked out for himself. Without scholastic education, but with a great bent toward the natural sciences, he rose to the highest position.

Audubon had a bent toward ornithology, and, without a general education, produced the most remarkable work upon this subject the world had ever seen. His specialty was magnificently executed. Who knows but he might have been diverted from his great task, had he been crammed in the popular way?

Robert Fulton had a bent toward mechanics, and the development of his specialty gave to the world steam navigation, while George Stephenson, owing to a similar bent, gave the world railroads. All the world's great benefactors have been specialists—have educated themselves practically, worked out their theories, embodied the creations of the brain in works of the hand. This age is growing practical, and we trust it may grow more and more so. We trust our agricultural colleges will all become practical schools, and earnestly work out the problems of agriculture that need solution. Let them really make "agriculture and the mechanic arts the *leading object*," as the law requires, instead of attaching these, as some of them do, as the tail to the literary kite. Then we shall turn out specialists in agriculture and mechanics, who will honor their calling and devote their lives to its elevation, instead of those young men who look with contempt upon agriculture and aspire to the honors of the learned professions, which they seldom reach. *Exchange.*

Remember that sunshine is a good medicine, but that it is liable to kill in over-doses. A cabbage or a plantain leaf in the hat of a laborer, or a sun-umbrella in the hand of one not used to out-of-door exercise, may prevent sun-stroke.

A Mobile paper describes a young lady with hair "as black as the raven's." The ravens wern't wearing any hair to speak of last summer, but we suppose the style has changed this year.

"Raised."

No barber knowth whom he may shave, and the man who rushes into a shop and drops into a barber-chair, without seeing who occupies the next chair to the right or left, may get badly left, as a case proved yesterday. A solid old citizen in the wholesale trade was taking it easy, his face covered with lather, when in came a young man, who flung off his coat, bounced into a chair, and called out:

"Hurry up, now, for I must go back to the store before old Blank does, or he will raise thunder! Hang him, he won't even give a man time to die!"

The solid citizen turned his face to glance at the other, and the barber noticed a reddening of his face.

asked the barber who was preparing to shave the young man.

"Vacation! How in Tophet can I get away from old Blank? And if I could he pays such a stingy, contemptible salary that I couldn't afford even a ride on the ferry boat!"

"Why don't you ask him for a raise?" queired the barber.

"Why don't I ask him for the hand of his freckle-nosed daughter? He'd discharge me in a minute, though he is making money and can afford it. If the old hyena would have a a stroke of apoplexy the junior partner might do something, but such chaps always live to be a hundred years old."

Conversation ceased here, the solid old man out of his chair, took a brushing and sat down, and when the clerk arose from his chair and turned around snow-balls would have looked black beside his face. He tried to bow and speak, but something would not let him, and when he started to put on his coat he held its tails up and collar down. He was still struggling with it when the solid man rose up, looked around and walked out, saying never a word. The barber wet the young man's head and held cologne to his nose, but he walked sideways when he went out, and there was an uncertain wobble to his knees. In applying for the vacant position to-day state what shop you shave at.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Emerson and His New Lecture.

One evening, when Ralph Waldo Emerson was engaged in preparing his new lecture, Mrs. Emerson, who had that moment flattened her finger while trying to drive a nail with the smoothing-iron, thrust her head into his study and said:

"See here, sir! I want you to drop that everlasting pen of yours, for a minute or two, at least, and go down to the grocery and get a mackerel for for breakfast."

"My dear," replied Mr. Emerson, looking up from his work; my dear, can't you go? you know I am billed in a dozen places to deliver this lecture on 'Memory,' and it isn't half finished yet."

"And that's what you call your infernal lecture, is it?" said Mrs. Emerson, sharply. "A nice party, you are, to deliver a lecture on 'Memory!'"

"And why, my love?" said Mr. Emerson, meekly.

"You never go out of the house that you don't forget to put on your hat or your boots, and you never take a letter of mine to mail that you don't carry it in your pocket for six months or a year unless I happen to to find it sooner. During the past thirty days you have carried out of the house and forgot to bring back no less than seventy-five or eighty umbrellas; and you know yourself the last time you went to church you took out your false teeth because, as you said, they hurt your corns, and came away and left them in the seat. I say your a nice man to talk to a cultured audience on 'Memory,' and if you don't trot right right off to the groceny, I'll expose you before you're twenty-four hours older."

Mr. Emerson started on a jump for the grocery, and when he got there he couldn't for the life of him recollect what he had come for.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The *Rural New Yorker* says the following is the way to break and train a colt: When a week old, a colt may be halter-broken and taught to stand tied by its dam. It may be trained to stop at the word "whoa!" and to back up. When two years old, if compactly made, it may be put in the harness and driven slowly before a vehicle; but, if large and loosely formed, it should not be driven at all before it is three or four years of age, or the joints may be injured. Every colt should be thoroughly subdued and accustomed to the harness on its body and about its legs before being attached to anything. If this part of the training is thoroughly done, the animal will rarely become frightened if any accident happens. A stubborn and unmanageable colt may be made tractable in a few minutes by tying the halter to its tail, and whirling it around in a circle. This is better than the Rarey system of throwing the animal, as there is no danger of straining. A colt should be taught but one thing at a time.

An editor has one advantage over a king. When an editor goes out riding in his open barouche, drawn by four milk-white steeds, he is never shot at by a Socialist. You have probably remarked this yourself.