

THE HUNTSMAN'S ECHO.

The Platte Valley--The Home for Millions--and Highway to the Pacific.

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is published every Thursday Morning--terms \$3.00 a year, in advance--for six months \$1.50--single copies 10c.

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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Every variety of Fancy Goods and perfumery, toilet articles, extracts, colognes, penicils, toilet and fancy soaps, hair, nail, and tooth brushes. A full and complete assortment of
STATIONERY;

For Sale,
A TRADING POST and Toll Bridge, situated on Sweet Water River, on the road to California, half a mile east of Independence Rock, and five miles east of the Devil's Gate, and one of the most favorable points for trading on the road. Said Post consists of a Toll-bridge across Sweet Water River, one Store, Warehouse, Kitchen, Blacksmith shop with tools, five dwelling-houses and two corrals. Any gentleman wishing to purchase will learn further particulars by applying to the owner, Mr. Louis Chevrolet, at the Upper North Platte Bridge, N. T.

M. TOOTLE,
Sign of the
Elephant,
TOOTLE'S BLOCK,
FARNHAM STREET, --- OMAHA, N. T.,
Retail & Jobbing Merchant,
Have just opened a splendid Stock of

Spring & Summer
GOODS--Also keep a complete Stock of Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Crockery, Woodware, etc., etc., which he offers at the lowest figures of any House in this market.
Cash paid for hides and furs. n1-ly.

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Good Stables,
Hay and grain, and Yards for Stock.
Attention paid to the wants of Emigrants--Charges as moderate as could be asked. n1-ly.

P. S. REED,
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SEVEN MILES East of Elkhorn Bridge, N. T.,
Is prepared to accommodate the traveling public with Entertainment, for man and beast--good stables, hay and grain, Stock wintered, and provisions and supplies kept on hand. n1-ly.

Spring & Summer
GOODS
For 1861,
JUST ARRIVED AT
MEGEATH, BROTHERS & CO
FARNHAM STREET, OMAHA;
(Between 15th and 14th Streets.)
Where may at all times be found one of

The Largest
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WEST OF THE MISSOURI RIVER:
Consisting in part of Dress Goods, Prints, Bereges, De-Lains, Ready-made Clothing, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Crockery, Hardware, Carpets, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, etc. n1-ly.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.
"Little by little," two snow-flakes said,
As they came down on their earthy bed,
And by degrees did their numbers grow
Till the earth was dressed with flescy snow.
Little by little the bud unfolds,
As if a fragrant spring-time onward rolls;
And the child, who watches it with care,
Sees it summer, full blown and fair.

Little by little a young oak grew,
As year after year passed from its view;
And at last it stood in all its pride,
Amid the storms which it well defied.
Little by little the corals rise,
While the race of man grows old and dies;
And little by little still they gain,
Till a lasting lease stands in the main.

Though little by little we secure
Knowledge more precious than gold, so pure
Yet, like the corals, we'll surely gain,
And our labor ne'er will prove in vain.
EMMA L. FULLER.

SOMEBODY'S WAITING FOR ME.
Just down in the meadow where willow flowers grow,
And winds from the north whisper o'er the sea,
Where the brook murmurs softly, sadly, and low,
Somebody's waiting for me.
On a green mossy seat in the flowery vale,
Where so oft I have played in wild childish glee,
And read till I wept o'er each strange fairy tale,
Somebody's waiting for me.

In a low latticed arbor, mossy and old,
Half hidden by grape-vines, which clamber so free
Where shadows at noon-time their dark mantles fold,
Somebody's waiting for me.
The moonbeams are gleaming o'er meadow and hill,
And bathe with their beauty each lone forest tree;
But where they like diamonds, the flower-cups fill,
Somebody's waiting for me.

I know that he listens my footsteps to hear,
So I'll sit on my hat and haste o'er the stair,
Far down in the arbor my childhood held dear,
Somebody's waiting for me.
CLARA ERIZABETH.

A LITTLE WHILE.
A little while and every fear,
That o'er the perfect day
Fling shadows dark and drear,
Shall pass like mists away;
The secret tear, the anxious sigh,
Shall pass into a smile;
Time changes to eternity--
We only wait awhile.

A little while and every charm,
That steals away the heart,
And earthly joys that warm,
And hush us from our part,
Shall cease our heavenly view to dim;
The world shall not beguile
Or reveal aught of thoughts from Him
Who bade us wait a lit le while.

A little while, and all around--
The earth, the sea, and sky--
The sunny light and sound
Of Nature's minstrelsy,
Shall be as they had never been;
And we, so weak and vile,
Be creatures of a brighter scene--
We only wait a little while.

THE MERRY HEART,
Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing love,
A fig for those who sigh--
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
The bright and sparkling eye!
There's care enough to darken still
Life's path where'er we roam;
Let melancholy brood not o'er
The festive board at home.
Hurrah, etc.

The stately form, the haughty brow,
The cold majestic air,
May awe the slaves that worship them,
The pomp they cannot share,
But the smiles that past the rosy lips,
The look of artless glee,
That speaks the warm and cheerful heart,
O, that's the love forage!
Hurrah! etc.

An exchange gives the substance
Of the verdict of a recent coroner's
jury on a man who died in a state of
inebriation:
"Death by hanging--round a run-
shop."

A woman who recently had her
butter seized by the clerk of the mar-
ket, for short weight, gave as a reason,
that the cow from which the butter
was made, was subject to a cramp,
and that caused the butter to shrink
in weight!

A MORMON PROPHECY.
We have in our possession a pamphlet, published at Liverpool, in 1851, containing a selection from the revelations, translations and narrations of Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism. The following prophecy is here said to have been made by Smith, on the 25th of September, 1832. In view of our present troubles, this prediction seems to be in progress of fulfillment, whether Joe Smith was a humbug or not:
A REVELATION AND PROPHECY BY THE PROPHET, SEER, AND REVEALATOR, JOSEPH SMITH.--Verily thus saith the Lord, concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls. The days will come when war will be poured out upon all nations, beginning at that place; for behold, the Southern States shall be divided against the Northern States, and the Southern States will call upon other nations, even the nation of Great-Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other nations, in order to defend themselves against o'er nations; and thus war shall be poured out upon all nations. And it shall come to pass, after many days, slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshaled and disciplined for war; and it shall come to pass, also, that the remnants who are left of the land will marshal themselves, and shall become exceeding angry, and shall vex the Gentiles with a sore vexation; and thus, with the sword, and by bloodshed, the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn; and with famine, and plague, and earthquakes, and the thunder of heaven, and the fierce and vivid lightning also, shall the inhabitants of the earth be made to feel the wrath, and indignation, and chastening hand of an Almighty God, until the consumption decreed hath made a full end of all nations; that the cry of the Saints, and of the blood of the Saints, shall cease to come up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, from the earth, to be avenged of their enemies. Wherefore, stand ye in holy places, and be not moved, until the day of the Lord come; for behold it cometh quickly with the Lord. Amen.

The war began in South Carolina. Insurrections of slaves are already dreaded. Famine will certainly afflict some Southern communities. The interference of Great Britain, on account of the want of cotton, is not improbable, if the war is protracted. In the meantime, a general war in Europe appears to be imminent. Have we not had a prophet among us?--*Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.*

"OLD BRIDGER" ON THE PLAINS AGAIN.--We give the following from the Rocky Mountain News of May 15:
Capt. James Bridger arrived here this morning by coach, and will proceed at once to lay out and locate a Government road, passing through Denver and on north-west through Bridger, past toward the Pacific. This well-known pioneer came to this country forty years ago (1822), with Henry's expedition, and afterwards with Sublette, and was of Weaver's party when they went on to Salt Lake in that winter, supposing it certainly to be the Gulf of California or the Pacific Ocean. The Captain says they found gold every where in this country in those days, but thought it unworthy of their notice to mine for it, as beaver (then worth \$8 per pound), was the best paying gold they wanted to mine for in the creeks and rivers. Fort Bridger takes its name from this gentleman, who built the same.

REMARKABLE CHANGES.--The Cleveland Plaindealer says the last call of the President upon Ohio for troops has worked some remarkable transformation in that city. Men who never complained of anything before, are rapidly verging towards settled infirmity, and so many have become suddenly near-sighted as to create an unusual activity in the spectacle market. Men considered able-bodied heretofore, are attacked with lumbago and limp along in a manner quite harrowing to the feelings. Hair dye has been discontinued in many instances and locks never before suspected of anything but jet black, are getting gray very rapidly.

"Susan, where's the frying-pan?"
"Jenny's got it carrying muck and clam shells up the alley, with a cat for a horse."
"The dear little fellow what a genius he will make; but get it, we are going to have company, and must fry some fish for dinner."

SOLITUDE.
When earthly cares have been depressed,
When all the world seems dark and drear,
When life to us seems all unblest,
And Hope, bright star has failed to cheer,
Then, then we'll seek some quiet nook,
'Neath forest trees, by babbling brook,
There rest awhile, there seek repose
From toil and strife, from earthly woes.

There, 'neath the silver moon's pale light,
Our spirits calm, at still of night;
When all the world is hushed in sleep,
When out the sky the bright stars keep,
We'll look to Heaven, so clear, so bright,
All are forgot, so blest the sight,
Then homeward turn, our souls subdued,
Our spirits calmed by solitude.

Rainy Days.
Raining again! St. Swithin! is that the patter of big, uncompromising drops on the window panes once more? Are we to live under an umbrella for the rest of our mortal sojourn? And will any gracious individual answer the important question: What shall we do with rainy days?

Somehow there is an awful and impenetrable mystery about rainy days. Old maids always choose them to have the toothache, and tell about the beaux they might have had--old bachelors always discover holes in their stockings, and leaks in their bany bottles, on such days. Children universally catch cold, and get into mischief, babies swallow thimbles and burn their fingers, and visitors from the country arrive, with carpet bags and trunks. And, moreover, husbands stay at home from "the office," and elevate your spirits by alternately rocking fiercely backwards and forwards in the creakiest chair in the house, and flattening their noses against the window-glass, while they wonder audibly "if it is going to rain at this rate all day?" The most angelic husbands become nuisances little short of the small-pox on rainy days. They invariably find out that the chimney smokes, and that the children are badly brought up, on these occasions. Never know such discoveries on a sunny day, in our life!

If people have got a disagreeable streak about them (and who hasn't?) it is sure to strike through to the surface in rainy weather!
We wonder how Mr. and Mrs. Noah lived through the "damp spell" of which history tells us. Did Mr. N. select that particular opportunity of going hen-husssing about with his hands in his pockets--stay, though? People didn't wear pockets in those days, did they? Did he count the number of sticks in the hold, and tell his wife they would not last until the shower was over, unless she was a little more economical in boiling the tea-kettle? Did he sneak into the cupboards, while Mrs. Noah was looking after the goats, to see if the pomgranates and figs were likely to hold out? Didn't the whole family wish he would "paddle off" somewhere, once in a while? Why has not some body perpetuated an account of the domestic economy in the Ark?

Ladies, if you are tempted to grumble at the meddling disposition of your spouses, when rainy weather renders it out of the question for them to get to their respective dens down town, just remember that Mrs. Noah's husband was "bound in the way" for a hundred and fifty days!

On the whole we do not object to a good old-fashioned north-easter occasionally. It is nice, if you have a good steep roofed garret to sit in, to read your old letters, with a perpetual lull of rain-drops playing over head; it is convenient to mend up all the delapidated old clothes, for there is no danger of being surprised by fashionable neighbors, who don't know what a patch means; it is the time to pick up all the dropped stitches of our hurried, over-burdened lives, to look at the past, and weave plans for the future. If we had no rainy weather, our hearts never would leap up at the sight of blue jays of sky, and mellow bursts of sunshine. All things considered, we'll try to get along with the rain, and if there comes a very soaking, pattering, aggravating time, we will think of Mrs. Noah, and be thankful! Mrs. G. W. WYLLY.

The Vicksburg News thus expresses cheerful submission to secession in respect to the following important privation:
"We may be bad off for whiskey, but Mississippi river water, diluted with a dash of tobacco and a grain of strychnine, is a very good substitute for the Cincinnati article, of which we have been deprived."

A Dip in the Dead Sea.--A Syrian correspondent lately visited Jerusalem, and sends some scraps from his note book. Among other places visited was the Dead Sea, the aspect of which, he says, is very peculiar, the lake being hemmed in closely by tall mountains. The beach, half shingle, half sand, was covered with a good deal of decayed vegetable matter, and one could pick up great quantities of a sort of black stone not unlike sea coal, which, when rubbed together, gave forth a strong sulphurous smell. It is a curious fact that when we were approaching the sea, and while yet at some distance, the breeze that blew from it rendered my hands and face almost sticky. Several of us, I among the rest, determined to bathe in it. On entering the water I was much surprised at its extreme buoyancy; in swimming, it is almost impossible to keep your legs down. I suffered considerably from the noxious nature of the water, my eyes, mouth and ears smarting and burning frightfully, and all the rest of my body nearly as much. My hair was literally glued together for some days afterwards.--*Sentinel.*

Taking a Timely Warning.
A writer in the New York Express of Thursday last gives public currency to thoughts which thousands of the citizens of that metropolis have now good reason to seriously entertain. Here is a part of his article:
I see from the published proceedings of the Union Defence Committee, in to-day's city papers, that a resolution has been unanimously adopted by them, calling the attention of the General Government to the necessity of strengthening the defences of New York City. This is a step in the right direction, and it cannot be taken a moment too soon. Almost every day seems to strengthen the probability that we shall have a war with Great Britain, and possibly with France, within the next six months. Those unscrupulous and ambitious monarchial powers have no special attachment for our free institutions--and the recent excitement of the Morrill tariff (which virtually excludes from our market many kinds of British goods) has excited much bitter prejudice against us. Superadded to this, the English and French Governments are almost compelled to have the cotton, tobacco and sugar stores which are produced by the Southern States, and if these cannot be obtained by fair and peaceful commerce, the chances are that they will be acquired, even at the expense and hazard of war. Already do British ships begin to run the blockade of Southern ports, and complaints are being heard against British consuls and British agents. If the complications arise with Great Britain, as seems now most probable, our city is by no means secure against attacks from her powerful navy; and if France should league with her, it would require all our watchfulness and strength to ward off the damaging blows which will be aimed at our commerce and our cities upon the seaboard. Let us, therefore, take counsel from products and our fears; and be well prepared for whatever contingencies may arise.
The semi-recognition which the Queen's proclamation gives to the rebel States, seems to afford apprehensions that the fears above expressed may be realized.

Another Class of Volunteers.
The Washington correspondent of the New York Express hits off the office-seekers that infest the Capital as follows:
"It seems very unreasonable to expect all to volunteer their services in the war and the Government. All our tastes are not alike. Some wish to serve their country in one department and others in another. The Secretary of the Treasury must be well satisfied of the patriotism of the members of his party; for already, up to last Saturday, were examined and filed away 575,000 applications for positions under Government, in the Treasury Department in the shape of fat offices. To expect that these gentlemen, after having tendered their services to the Treasury, would tender their services to Gen. Scott is simply ridiculous."
If all those 575,000 would go into the army, wouldn't the war be finished in short order?
"A traveler in rather a slow coach asked his next neighbor its name. 'I think, sir, it is called the regulator for I observe that all the other coaches go by it.'"

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