

TERMS: One year in advance, \$3.00; if paid at the end of 6 months, \$3.50; if paid at the end of 3 months, \$4.00.

Nebraska Advertiser

"Free to Form and Regulate ALL their Domestic Institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States."

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising services and their corresponding rates.

BUSINESS CARDS. JAMES S. BEDFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND Master Commissioner in Chancery.

Johnson & Schoenheit, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

J. O. L. CARSON, ALIEN AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

DR. D. GWIN, Having permanently located in BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D. Physician and Surgeon.

T. W. TIPTON, Attorney at Law.

L. M. JOHNSON, M. D. Physician and Surgeon.

Ladies of Brownville, Mrs. Mary Hewitt.

Light Literature, Newspapers, and Periodicals.

J. D. N. THOMPSON, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer.

E. S. DUNDY, Attorney at Law.

Mudd & Holladay, Produce and Commission Merchants.

IRON, D. A. CONSTABLE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, CASTINGS, SPRINGS, AXLES, FILES, BELLOWS.

BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS, Also: Hubs, Spokes, and Bent Staff.

SAINT JOSEPH, MO. Highest Price Paid for Scrap Iron.

THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC, On foot or by Stage, amply accommodated for horse, mule or cart.

"Pike's Peak, or East." PROVISION STORE, DRY GOODS HOUSE, No. 11, Main street, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

J. BERRY & Co. Have just completed their new spacious house on Main Street, near the U. S. Land Office.

PIONEER BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY AND BINDERY, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

AMERICAN HOUSE, New Hotel in BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

THE NEBRASKA FARMER, Devoted to Agriculture, Stock Raising, Horticulture, Mechanic, Education.

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CHARTER OAK Life Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn. Incorporated by the State of Connecticut. Capital Stock \$200,000.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS: JAMES O. WALKER, President, JOHN L. CARSON, Vice President.

Dissolution. The partnership heretofore existing under the name and style of Leachman & Carson at Brownville, Nebraska, was, on the first day of November, dissolved by mutual consent.

JOHN I. CARSON, Banker, Land and Tax Paying Agent.

OFFICE, MAIN STREET, BETWEEN THE TELEGRAPH and the U. S. Land Offices.

REFERENCES: Philadelphia, Pa. J. W. Cannon & Co., Baltimore, Md. Hester, Dick & Co., New York, N. Y. J. B. Smith, Esq., Wash. D. C. J. B. Smith, Esq., Wash. D. C. J. B. Smith, Esq., Wash. D. C.

NEBRASKA Carriage and Wagon MANUFACTORY, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

S. E. & J. T. BERKLEY, ANNOUNCE that they have commenced the Manufacture of CARRIAGES, WAGONS, BUGGIES, SULKIES.

WE ASK BUT A TRIAL, T. E. & J. B. BERKLEY, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

CITY LIVERY STABLE AND Feed Store, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

ROGERS & BROTHER, ANNOUNCE to the public that he has purchased the Livery Stable and Stock formerly owned by William Kessel and added thereto the stock, and is now prepared to accommodate the public with Carriages, Buggies, Sulkies, Saddles, Horses, &c. &c.

THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC, On foot or by Stage, amply accommodated for horse, mule or cart.

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Miscellaneous

From the Child's Paper.

Amos and his Bossy.

Never did I feel prouder or richer than when father said, "Amos, I guess I shall give you Bossy; that calf shall be yours." He was mending a yoke in the old barn door, while his eldest boy was watching Bossy's frisky movements in the yard.

"Mother," I cried, "please look out of the window and see this calf. Well, she is mine, Bossy is mine." "Niece call," answered mother, peeping pleasantly out of the dairy window; "I suppose you'll let me turn your butter for you."

The next person to be informed of my good news was Joshua Pepper. Joshua and I were schoolmates, always on the best of terms. School did not keep them and his farm was three miles off. However, I made out to see him, and squatting down under the old ash in his pasture, I set him guessing out any good fortune.

"Well," he said, after many unsuccessful attempts, "if it isn't a new knife, I'll give up. Tell me, 'No, no,' I cried, roisteringly, 'no. It is a calf, our Boss. Father gave it to me. It's mine, old fellow.' 'Yours, Amos,' he looked delightedly incredulous. 'Why is your calf so good in your father. I suppose you know I have got a lamb. And now Amos'—he stopped, and twitched me by the sleeve, as if a great thought was striking him—'Will the calf's calves be yours too? You'll have a drove soon, Amos.' Respect and admiration twinkled in his little grey eyes as he glanced at me: 'Yes, a drove soon.' 'I shall, shall I? A drove?' I cried, starting on my feet. 'Now have it understood,' he said with a knowing and confidential look. 'Tell him, as Boss is yours, her calves will be yours too, no mistake.' 'I will, that's a fact,' feeling in full force that two heads are better than one.

No time offered to settle this important item until the next morning, when I tumbled out of bed by daylight and bounded into the kitchen where the fire was already snapping on the hearth. 'Father,' I shouted lustily. He had gone to the barn. 'Father!' I cried, scurrying after him with my trousers half on. 'Father, will Bossy's calves be mine or yours? Can't my calf's calves be mine, father?' 'We'll see about that, when the time comes,' he answered quietly, and as quietly milking 'W. I, but father, if Bossy is mine, I do not see why her calves are not mine, all Bossy's cows. They are mine; are they not, father?' 'Perhaps so, but better wait till they come, Amos.' Father's 'perhaps so' was about equivalent to 'yes,' therefore I immediately set myself to the master of a drove, a fine drove of fat calves, for my boy's calves were as vivid as my eyes were large. I hopped to run over the hills and tell Joshua. As that could not be, I contented myself with snorting round Boss, patting her sides, examining her flanks, until altogether forgetting the duty fit to the master of a drove, I suddenly threw my arm round her neck and kissed her. In coquetish surprise, Bossy kicked up her heels, and switching her tail, I was quite willing to let go of her. The rest of the day was spent in generous appropriations of my prospective stock. Every brother and sister should have a pick—a calf to one, and a calf to another; theirs to keep, as mine was. And in these affluent circumstances I continued for several days, rich, generous and happy as any one need be.

One day, not many weeks after, father sent me into the field with a basket of potatoes to plant, himself soon to follow. I was to drop, and he to cover them. Away I went, and to work I went, dropping, dropping, dropping, until the basket was empty. No father. Where was he? I cut across the potato-patch, and ran home for the hoe, in order to finish the work myself. In the yard I found a man, the very man father always tried to dodge so, and Bossy with a halter around her neck, on the point of being led off. When father saw me he turned and went into the barn. 'What are you going to do with her?' I asked, as the man jerked Bossy along. He looked at me but made no answer. 'What are you carrying off my calf for?' I angrily demanded, marching after him. 'Your calf?' he said, sneeringly. 'Yes, it is my calf; father said so.' 'Your calf?' he repeated, and I shall never forget his tones. 'What you leading her off for?' I cried, as he drew her farther and farther down the hill; 'she don't want to go.' 'Then, as she says, I reckon,' said the man in a surly tone. To rush back and ask father what this all meant, was to lose sight of Bossy, and to lose

sight of Bossy could not be thought of. 'Where are you going to take Bossy?' I savagely demanded, my courage rising with the emergency. 'She's mine.' 'She's not yours, youngster,' said the man, 'she's Mr. Gibbs' I have just taken her for a debt. I am the sheriff, and I shall seize you soon, if you don't behave; and quacking his pace, he urged Bossy after him. The Sheriff, that unaccountable man mysteriously connected with the disappearance from time to time of pigs from the pen, lambs from the fold, and fowls from their roost. The sheriff! I stood still, afraid to go on, yet straining my eyes after Bossy. As she was about to make a turn in the road, I cried excitedly, 'Bossy, Bossy!' Bossy pricked up her ears and turned round her head. The man gave the halter a jerk, and both disappeared behind the trees, leaving poor me in a state of passionate sorrow and bitter disappointment.

A little later, I went in quest of my mother. She was in the bedroom. 'My dear boy,' she said pitiously, well-distinguishing my feelings. The children soon came running in, but she hushed them away, and we were alone. 'Mother,' I asked, breaking the sorrowful silence, 'what business had that man with my Bossy?' 'He took her for a debt which your poor father could not pay,' she answered sadly. 'And can they take anything for a debt?' I asked anxiously. 'Even the house over our heads,' she said. 'Yes, Amos, and turn us all out of doors, though I pray God it may never come to that.' 'Then I will never, never never get in debt!' I cried, 'if they can take all we like best to pay for it; and Bossy's dear image again brought tears to my eyes. It was some time before I could join father in the potato-field, and when I did, neither of us spoke. Father looked unhappy, and I noticed he did not always seem to know what he was doing. I could not go to pasture that night—Ben and Neptune fetched home the cows. Neither could I trust myself in the barn yard, nor could I relish my bread and milk, for it was Bossy's mother's milk; but before going to bed, I crept round the barn and peeped through the fence. There was the old cow, and there 'Star,' chewing their evening cud in sorrowful loneliness. Poor Bossy, the thought of her whereabouts was too much for me, and I made good an escape to my humble quarters in the garret.

This, boys, was my first experience of a debt, and it made its mark on me. I resolved never to get into the hands of a sheriff. If my earnings were not always equal to my wants—and a great many of our wants are fancied ones—'do without,' was my motto. 'Deny thyself,' is the true principle. When I see young men, and even boys, running up cigar bills, oyster bills, stable bills, bills for dress, I say, 'Young man, you are on the road to ruin.' Begin the habit of running in debt, and it is hard to break it. It will be worse than a chain-cable dragging you down. It will damage your integrity and make you a mean, dishonest, and lying fellow.

True, I kept clear from money debts; but by and by I found there were debts of another kind to pay—debts of obedience and gratitude to my God, of love and good will to my neighbor. How I felt this! Alas, no. My conscience enlightened, said no, and condemned me. I felt bad indeed, very bad for I saw it was a long account, and I had nothing to pay it with in the great day of reckoning. Then I saw who Jesus Christ was, and what he had done.

The ever blessed Son of God Went up to Calvary for me; There paid my debt, there bore my load, In his own body on the tree. He could blot out my sad score of sin with his own blood. I fell at his feet, and prayed for his help. I found him good security. His word is sure.

Oxen vs. Horses. From the Germanian Telegraph. It has been a matter of dispute for some time, whether the preference should be given to horses or oxen, as beasts of draught. Both sides have contested the subject with too much prejudice and often with too much animosity; and this is one reason why no positive result has been arrived at.

In speaking of oxen I do not wish to be supposed to allude to half-broken, or slow-walking, or runny-way steers, which are often offered and sold under the name of oxen; and which come about as near being oxen as a tortoise does to being an ox. But by oxen I mean home-raised, well-broken, heavy steers, which know 'wo-ah!' from back, and which are not used to being beaten for not obeying a command that was not given, or if given, so as not to be understood. It has been many years since I have purchased a yoke of oxen for work; one reason for this is that I never could buy a pair that suited me; another is that I liked to keep a yoke of work cattle for several years, and I think that I can raise them cheaper than I can buy them. Twenty-five or thirty years ago it was thought to pay to raise calves, when a full-grown bullock or cow was worth but one-half their present value. Does it cost any more to raise them now than it did then? Yet our farmers will worry year after year with half-broken oxen and sell their calves for slaughter. But if you do raise them, do it right. If you expect to make them nice, heavy stock; you must feed them well and shelter them carefully. I have now two yoke of home-raised oxen,

which money could not buy, if they could not be replaced; yet they were nothing extra as when they were calves; nor would they now take the situation of many farmers—and why? Simply because they are not well-matched with regard to color, but they were mated more with regard to disposition than color; and this I hold to be more important than color. Either one of these two yokes will play as much constant ground as a pair of common farm horses; particular attention was paid in their training, (not breaking) and to their walking, which I consider a very important and often too much neglected item. But now for a comparison of the two horses vs. oxen; and more about breaking (so-called) oxen, horses, &c. some other time.

In favor of horses we have the fact that they are capable of all kinds of high mental labor, that they adapt themselves to any road or any temperature, that they generally perform all kinds of work very expeditiously and are capable of sustaining their speed for a considerable length of time; that although less steady than oxen, the rapidity of their motion and their spirit enable them to overcome all obstacles of short duration, which would often stop a team of oxen. Oxen, on the contrary, have the following advantages: They can execute most of the agricultural draught labor, nearly as well as horses, and if well fed and properly taken care of, will endure as much fatigue; their original cost is less than that of a horse; they are more hardy and less liable to accidents or disease than horses; and last, but not least, an ox, if properly cared for, instead of decreasing in value, becomes valuable, thus paying an interest on their capital; while a horse, after the seventh, some say sixth year, annually decreases in value until he is worth little more than his skin and bones, without some enterprising citizen adds to his value in the shape of sausage meat.

Ther, in his 'Principles of Agriculture,' estimates the annual expenses of a full sized horse to be \$65. This includes five per cent interest on cost, the same on harness, wear and tear of harness, shoeing, annual decay and chances of mortality. That of a full-grown ox he places at \$73.75, including the same items as in the case of the horse, not even excepting shoeing. In this experiment, the ox was not turned out at night after a hard day's work, to find two meals and a night's rest before sunrise next morning, but was fed both evening and morning.

One great objection to the use of oxen is the trouble of hiring men who know how to work with them; at least this is the case with myself, which may result from my peculiar notions as to how they should be worked with. I always have believed that an ox is as capable of appreciating kindness and gentle usage as a horse, and will repay it as well. In my opinion I know that I differ from many of my brother farmers, who think any hired man can drive a yoke of oxen. If I have a man in whom I have no confidence, I would much sooner let him have my mules than my oxen, for I know that if the mules are not treated well they will resent it, while the oxen, being of a more amiable disposition, would patiently bear it all without any resistance whatever. Ill treatment is, in my opinion, the cause of the languid, tired and weary appearance of most of our oxen. Why should not an ox be treated as well as a horse? Is it because he has a thicker hide? which is often made so by oft repeated beating.

The greater part of the work done on my farm is performed by oxen; with the two yokes alone alluded to, I can plow stiff sod to a depth which would soon injure a pair of horses; and I do it without a driver. Work of the farm, such as hauling lime, grain, and any kind of work where the load is only in one direction, can be best done by horses and mules, for much time may be saved by trotting with the empty wagon, which would be lost if oxen were employed.

If farmers will only try raising their own oxen, even if it costs a little more, which is seldom the case, I think it would pay. And if they do not, but depend on the West, or elsewhere for their supply, then treat them more kindly, and if they do not understand an order, which is often given in anger, and hard to understand even by a rational being, do not beat them, for that does not make them understand any better. Treat them to kindness and it will pay you as well as them; and if it don't, blame

Strawberry Runners. It is perhaps too generally known, that the practice followed by many strawberry cultivators of cutting off the runners upon their first appearance, is not to be commended. The proper time for cutting them, is when they have formed their second joint or bud. If cut sooner, a superabundance of foliage will follow, which is not desirable. A practice prevails with some of the growers of strawberries in Europe, and more especially those of Bath, of cutting off all the old leaves of the plants as soon as the fruit is gathered. In doing this, great care must be taken not to cut or injure the young plantings. By this method, plants require a more vigorous growth before fall.

It is under this system that the Bath growers produce such superb berries; some of them measuring seven inches in circumference; and their plantations remain in profitable bearing condition from seven to ten years.—Cor. of Farmer and Gardener.

How to Wash Cloths. I wish to give my sister readers of the 'New Yorker,' who have not a good washing machine, means of whom I know have never tried it, and which they will find far superior to the old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, pound, pound, pound, in rapid water. Soak the clothes over night, or longer, in cold water, rubbing soap with the hand, on the dirty spots; in the morning bring out, and put in the mangle barrel, the dresses at the bottom; on these pour plenty of boiling water; pound them, taking off the soap as fast as done, and you will find that but few of the very driest will need any rubbing whatever, and but little boiling. In the way I usually get my washing all out of the way before breakfast, Monday mornings, and though so exactly a pleasant recreation, yet the horrors of washing-day are diminished one half. Maa. E. M. V.

Several articles have appeared in the London Gardener's Chronicle, recommending the cutting off the stalks as soon as the blight appears. One correspondent, after trying a score of remedies, says: 'It then occurred to me to cut off the stalks within two inches of the stem, and to remove the drill after, and I can say that I had not a single diseased tuber. The quantity and quality presented a fair average, whereas on that of the same field not cut over, I had not sound roots enough for seed. I may remark that, contrary to my own judgment, I was induced to pull up the stalks of a ridge; but this, as I had anticipated was too violent a process, and spoiled the crop. I began also to remark, that for the last 12 or 14 years I have always cut over my early sorts the moment I observed the blight, and invariably with the same success; only let us plant early and sever the connection between the tubers and the atmosphere, and we need not fear this formidable but unaccountable enemy.'

How to Cultivate Rhubarb. Before setting the plants trench the ground two feet deep and mix in large quantities of manure and some sand. In June or July mulch the ground with stable manure so deep that no weeds will grow. In the fall put down a peg where each plant is, so that their situation may be determined in the Spring, before the buds start. Early in the Spring grade in the mulch which will now be rotten, and rake off smooth; hoe often enough to keep down the weeds and in June or July mulch as before. This course will raise the plants with tender stalks which will continue to be in good condition for cooking till frost in the fall, and even later. I see but little if any difference between Cabot's and the Victoria in cooking qualities, the latter keeps tender a little the longest. Have raised the stalks of the latter last year weighed three pounds untrimmed. The variety produced about the country under the name of 'Strawberry' is the same as Victoria.—Prairie Farmer.

A correspondent of the New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture says that thirty years ago he set some fence posts which, upon recent examination, proved to be perfectly sound. This preservation he attributes to the fact of his having bored each post with a trowel auger hole, about three inches above the ground, filling the hole with salt and plugging it up. The quantity of salt to each post was about a half-pint.

Mrs. Smithers says the only way to prevent steam-blast explosions is to let the engineers to bile their water on shore. In her opinion, the bustle is done by cooking the steam on board.

Discive gum-mastic, and mastic, of each two ounces, and a pint of the spirits of wine, adding about an ounce of the spirits of turpentine. Then take equal parts of isinglass and parchment glue, (gelatin,) and having beaten the isinglass into small pieces, and reduced the glue to the same state, pour the solution of the gums upon them, and melt the whole in a covered vessel, at a heat not greater than 180 deg. Fah. When the whole is melted, strain through a coarse linen cloth, and then put it again over the fire, adding about an ounce of finely powdered glass. In the preparation of liquids containing alcohol, care should be taken not to use too great a heat, and to prevent boiling over, or the vapor catching fire.

A stitch in time saves nine.

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