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Nebraska Advertiser.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE NOW AND FOREVER."

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AMERICAN HOUSE, D. ROBINSON, PROPRIETOR, Front Street, between Main and Water, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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G. M. HENDERSON, GENERAL DEALER, ST. PAUL AND FANCY DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, GROCERIES, Main Street betw. 1st and 2nd, Brownville, Neb., 27-1

JAMES MEDFORD, CABINET-MAKER AND Undertaker, Corner 2nd and Main Streets, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

J. B. JOHNSON, DENTIST, OFFICE WITH L. ROADLY, Corner Main and First Streets, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

F. STEWART, M.D., A. S. HOLLADAY, M.D., PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, OFFICE South East corner of Main and First Streets, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

C. H. WALKER, Photographic Artist, Successor to W. M. C. PERKINS, ONE DOOR WEST OF THE BROWNVILLE HOUSE, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Mrs. M. W. Hewett, Millinery & Fancy Goods STORE, Main Street one door west of the Post Office BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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LOUIS WALDEY, White Washing and Wall Coloring, Main Street, between 1st and 2nd, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

E. S. BURNS, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGENI, Nemaha, City, N. T. OFFICE AT HIS RESIDENCE, Aug. 8th, 1885.

EDWARD W. THOMAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Office corner of Main and First Streets, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

DORSEY & RICH, Attorneys at Law, And COMMERCIAL COLLECTORS, Office E. E. corner Main and First Streets, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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C. W. WHEELER, CABINET-MAKER AND CARPENTER, Having opened up permanently on Main Street, One door above the Bellows Clothing Store, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in the very best and style. Particular attention given to Contracting.

Meeting of School Examiners, Notice is hereby given that the Board of School Examiners of Nemaha County, Nebraska, will hold meetings for the Examination of Teachers for said County, at the office of E. W. Thomas, in Brownville, on the 1st Saturday in every month, between the hours of one and 3 P. M. Applicants for certificates are required to be present at 1 o'clock, precisely, or they will not be examined. No person need apply at any other time. By order of the Board, E. W. THOMAS, Clerk, April 1st, 1885.

JACOB MAROHN, MERCHANT TAILOR, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. Calls the attention of Gentlemen desiring new, neat, serviceable and fashionable WEARING APPAREL TO HIS NEW STOCK OF GOODS. JUST RECEIVED, BROAD CLOVES, CASIMERE, VESTINGS, &c., &c. OF THE VERY LATEST STYLES. Which he will sell or make up, to order, at unparelled low prices. Having on hand one of SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES, I warrant my work, Hand as well as Machine Work. Those wishing any thing in his line will do well to call and examine his stock before investing, as he pledges himself to hold out pecuniarily favorable inducements. January 1st 1885 'till Oct. 16th 1885.

CHOICE LIQUORS, Wholesale and Retail, Evan Worthing, OF THE Union Saloon, BROWNVILLE, Neb. Has Just Received the largest and best stock of Liquors and Cigars ever offered in this market, and will sell them as low as any House in the Territory.

WHITNEY'S BLOCK, Main Street, Brownville, Feb. 4, '84 'ty.

GRANT'S, GAZAR CASH STORE, Main Street between First and Second, BROWNVILLE, N. T. WE have in store a large and well selected stock of Boots and Shoes, Finest Quality of Winter Stock, WHICH HE OFFERS FOR SALE CHEAP FOR CASH Groceries of Every Kind, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Soda, Allspice, Candles, Matches, Tobacco, Pepper, Starch, &c., &c., &c. All of which he offers at the lowest prices, determined not to be undersold. GRANT, Brownville, Neb. 18-39, 40, 7, 30

Poetry. WOMAN'S TRIALS.

I. Pots, kettles and pans, Flare, kettles and pans, I am sick of their sight, and would give them all For a bunch of "forget-me-nots" But my children are small, and cannot fire On the coast of a money lake; They would much prefer a warm pork pie, To flowers rich and rare.

II. Tabasco and soda, Soda, soap and tub; My arms are red, and my fingers spread, With this long confounded tub. You may talk of straggling tracks, You may rave of blue-plate fair; It would take the waters of both I ween, To make these clothes look clear.

III. Wood, chips and coal, Coal, chips and wood; I've arranged them all as well as I can, But my fire will not burn good. You may sing of the sturdy oak, You may praise the lofty pine, I would rather have some splinters now To kindle this fire of mine.

IV. It is hard indeed to reign In kitchen and parlor too, And to meet your friends with a cordial smile, When you smell that burning stew. To fold your hands and be calm, And insist on a longer stay, When you know your bread is being scorched, And the soup all boiling away.

V. Oh, I wish I had never tried A lady's position to take, I should then keep on my cat's paw gown, Ah, I wash, and scrub, and bake. Oh, pity me, ye who dwell In castles, with one small room; Oh, pity me, ye who never know What it is to handle a broom. AUNT ALICE.

Select Story. THE SHERIFF'S STORY.

In the autumn of '42, on my way home from the West, I found myself obliged to put up for the night at the inn of a small settlement on the Wabash. The day had been dark and lowly, and the evening set in with a driving storm. After supper, a goodly company assembled in the bar-room, and story-telling became the order of the occasion. Among our number was a gray-haired man, whose name, I learned, was Warren Alton. He was past three score, but his gestures and vigor betokened all the vigor of middle age.

A number of stories had been told, and finally all eyes were directed towards Alton. Some had called his name and hinted that his time had come. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you choose to listen, I can give you a short story touching a certain criminal that I once had the pleasure of arresting."

"Of course we all would listen. "Twenty years ago, or thereabouts," commenced Mr. Alton. "I was Sheriff of Jefferson county. Close by a sharp bend of the Bottom Branch Creek was located quite a settlement, called Jackson; and nine miles distant in a southerly direction was the town of Huntsville. The creek, after bending around Jackson settlement, took a sweep to the West and then turned back, crossed the track about midway between these two places. Seven miles were through a low, dismal swamp, where the road for a long distance was a corduroy of oak logs. On this dark and sunken road, travelers had been murdered and robbed. Two years before I came in office, as many as six men had been found by the wayside in that swamp. After I became Sheriff, the trouble was renewed, and I went down to Huntsville to look into the matter. I found one of my deputies there—a fair, honorable man, named Watson. He told me every exertion had been made to apprehend the perpetrators of the murders, but without effect. In fact the officers had not yet been able to fix suspicion.

I reached Huntsville in the evening, and on the following morning I rode down with Watson upon the corduroy road. The place was truly dismal and dark enough. The track had been cut through a thick, tangled, matted growth of cypress, cottonwood and running vines; and in many places the logs had sunk so far that the mud and water flowed over the road. And this piece of swamp by the way, was seven miles in extent. About half through we came to a bridge that crossed the creek—not a bridge that such as we usually see, but a spongy mass of timber pinned down by piles and ties, so that the stream could be forded. It was

near this spot, I was told, that most of the murders had taken place. On the following morning word was brought that another man had been found dead and robbed in the swamp. Watson and I posted off with many others, and found it to be as had been related. The dead man lay upon the road side, about two rods from the bridge, with his skull broken and his pockets empty.

A score of people from Jackson were already there, and I soon learned that the murdered man had stopped at the latter place on the evening before. I whispered to Watson that I must not be known, and bade him not recognize me any more in public.

After this I mingled with the people of Jackson, and gathered what information I could, and at length the following facts appeared: The murdered man was not known in section. He had arrived at Jackson on the evening before, on horseback, and put up at that place. He had started on his way very early in the morning, and was next day found dead by a boy who had come down to the creek to look to some traps which he had set the previous day.

The man who had kept the inn at Jackson was present and had been helping to identify the dead body. His name was Laman Stoker, and the moment I rested my eyes upon him, I disliked him. He was a short, square built man, with tremendous breadth of shoulders, a small bullet-shaped head, with prominent cheek bones, and small, thin ears, buttoned back flat upon his skull. I was close by him, engaged in studying his physiognomy, when an old gentleman, who had come down on horseback, approached and spoke to him:

"I say Stoker, what time did this man leave your inn this morning?" the gentleman asked. "As soon as it was daylight," replied Stoker.

"I told him he had better wait for company, but he was in a hurry." "I wonder if he had much money about him?"

At this query, Stoker betrayed me a suspicious sign, for I was watching him very closely. He tried to look surprised that such a question should be put to him.

"How do you suppose I know?" was the reply. "He may have had a thousand dollars, and he mayn't have had a dollar, I can't tell."

"But, where's his horse?" asked the old man. "His horse was found in my yard by my hostler, just after breakfast."

"Was there any blood on him?" "I guess not."

At this point Stoker turned away, and I went to look at the dead man. The corpse had been brought up from the wayside upon the corduroy, it struck me that very little blood had been there.

You may call it chance or you may admit that my perception was keener than that of most men, but, at all events, my mind began to take a turn in a direction not yet explored by the officers who had preceded me in the search. At first I suspected that the man, of whom I had committed the crime, resided in Jackson or Huntsville, I had drawn enough out of two old hunters to convince me of that. Next I suspected that Laman Stoker had some hand in the bloody business. He looked fit for the work; and within the past few minutes had exhibited signs of guilt, which to me were apparent enough.

Loose straws indicate the way of the wind, and the man who seeks to ferret out great things, must not pass over little things. Why was there no blood spilled where the dead man was found? Surely, not because the gates had not been opened, for his skull had been broken to a pulp, and it was evident enough, to one well versed in such matters that nearly all the blood in his body had run out. But where was it? From such a man as that, killed by so furious a wound, with all the arteries and veins broke, there could not have flowed much less than two gallons of blood. But where was it? There had not been a pint spilled where the body had lain. I looked to see if I could see blood anywhere else; and by and by I had found a clot nearer to the creek. I continued to move on, and at the very edge of the stream I found more—not much—only a few drops—but I knew that it was blood. And I found the prints of feet there deeply sunken in the mud.

At this point the idea which had before been dimly floating in my mind as a

possibility, became very near a reality. These prints were at some little distance from the sunken bridge, and the man who had made them had crossed a point of turf in reaching the road. I selected a place where the mud was quite hard, and there stepped along by the side of the other track. I was a heavy man, and yet the prints were not half so deep as those other prints. What did this signify? It signified very plainly to me that the man who had made those deeper tracks had borne a very heavy load upon his shoulders. And thus I arrived at the conclusion which explained why the search and investigation of the officers for two years had proved futile. They had searched to the wrong place. They had taken it for granted that the murders had been committed upon the dark road in the swamp. I was now convinced that the dead body I had just left had been borne to its present place of rest from the shore of the creek. And what was here beyond that? How come it upon the shore of the creek? We shall see.

I left the proper officer to take charge of the corpse and having told Mr. Watson to meet me in Jackson on the following morning, I started for the latter place and put up my horse at the stable of the inn—the inn kept by Laman Stoker. I found the hostler; and shuddered when I looked at him—not because he was a ugly-looking man; but because he looked to me exactly fit to help his master do bloody work. He was a thin, pale, cold-blooded fellow, with a low receding brow, sharp, cold, a small triangular nose, and a thick upper lip. If he had been a large man those characteristic features would have been more prominent, and people might have feared him; but as it was, he had passed for a weakly, un-healthy man, and nobly had thought of his doing harm. The landlord had not yet returned, and while the hostler—his name was John Boone—was removing my saddle from my beast, I spoke of the murder in the swamp? The fellow had heard all about it, but had not been down to see the body. His master had gone, and he had remained behind. He spoke freely and unconcernedly—in fact, too much so. It would have been natural in him to have exhibited some little feeling; but the fact that he did not do so, led me to conclude that he had schooled himself to act his part.

After I had seen my horse taken care of, I walked out behind the inn, upon the brow of a point of table land, and a short distance toward I saw the bend of the creek. Toward the creek, I made my way and when within a few rods of the water, I stopped. I saw something on the grass—a dark, red clot, hanging upon a stout blade, and bending it down. I stooped, took it in my fingers, and found it to be blood!

I pushed on to the shore of the stream but there were no fresh foot-prints there. I went back a little way, and found that the trail turned to the left, and led to a point of the swamp which made up behind the bluff upon which the village stood. I made my way into the thicket of vines and cottonwood, and presently I found a boat drawn up upon the shore of the creek. It was of a kind called a "dog-out," and was wet outside and in, as though it had been lately washed down.

Perhaps you can imagine that I was beginning to be excited in my search. The boat had been washed down and rinsed; but the fatal mark had not been obliterated. The water that gathered in the bottom, standing in little pools, had a crimson tinge, and there were one or two dark spots which had not been washed off.

So far as my own mind was concerned, I had no doubt. Since I first entertained an opinion of the criminality of Stoker, every thing had turned out just as I had looked for it; and, when I had left the boat, had come to the conclusion to make my next movement in my official capacity. When I had reached the inn, Stoker had returned, and dinner was almost ready. The host eyed me sharply, but I kept my countenance. It did me good to have him eye me in that fashion, for I knew that he feared me. Did I not know very well? In short every event from that time forth, gave weight to the testimony I had already collected.

After dinner Stoker asked how long I intended to stop with him. I had intended to stop over night, and meet Watson in the morning; but my plan was changed. The wretch showed me more plainly than before that he mistrusted me, and I feared that something might turn up to injure my cause if I delayed too

long. So I told him I was not going to stop at all—I had a long road to travel, and I was in a hurry. Whether he was pleased with this or not, I could not determine. I paid for dinner for myself and horse, and got away as quickly as possible, and rode post haste to Huntsville.

Watson opened his eyes with astonishment when I told him what I had discovered; but he did not oppose my belief. The whole, as I opened it to him in regular sequence, struck directly to his understanding; and he only wondered that he had not thought of something of that kind before. He was ready to act with me, and our plans were soon laid. He went out and engaged three stout men to accompany us, two of whom were constables, and after tea the whole party set forth on our way to Jackson.

We reached the inn a little after dark. Watson and one of the constables went to the stable and secured John Boone, while I went into the house and arrested Laman Stoker. The latter, as I intimated, was a powerful fellow, and came very near giving us trouble; but a blow from the butt of one of my heavy pistols reduced his strength somewhat, and after that he was easily secured.

Then we commenced to search the house. We hunted high and low, and we had plenty of interested people to help us. Partition walls were torn down, and floors ripped up. We found the property of the murdered man in a secret locker; and in a tank of water, away in one corner of the cellar, we found a lot of bloody bedclothes. We had evidence enough; and the prisoners were carried to the county jail that very night.

On the next day John Boone was dying. He had been sick with consumption for a long time, and during his struggle with Watson on the night before, his strength had completely failed him. When he knew he could not live, he declared that he would make a clean breast of it. I am inclined to think, however, that he hoped his confession might benefit him in case he should by any possible means recover.

This confession was just what I had expected. He and Laman Stoker had committed the murders—had done the killing in the house, and then conveyed the bodies, by way of the creek, to the road in the swamp, and where the murdered men had horses they had been taken out of the stable by a back way, saddled, and turned loose in the road. The whole plan had been adroitly contrived, and for too long had been successfully executed.

John Boone died within three hours after his confession had been made; but Laman Stoker lived until his breath was stopped by the rope of the hangman.

A correspondent at Nashville writes that on one of the prettiest and pleasantest mornings of May, near the close of that delightful month of balmy airs and fragrant flowers, the train for Louisville was freighted with an unusual number of elegant women, and gay, nicely dressed men. As usual, among the latter was a large proportion of Uncle Sam's pets with shoulder-straps. There was no longer any apprehension of guerrillas or any other marauders on the road, and after getting fairly under way, the passengers, catching the spirit of the lovely morn, addressed themselves to the task of making time pass off pleasantly. It was not long ere all who were so disposed were enjoying themselves in some way. On one of the seats in the ladies' car was a married lady with a little daughter; opposite, facing them, was another child, a son, and a colored lady—we believe they are all ladies' now—with the baby. The mother of these children was a beautiful matron with sparkling eyes, in exuberant health and vivacious spirits. Behind her sat a young lieutenant, dressed to kill, and seeking a victim. He scraped up an acquaintance with the mother by attention to the children. It was not long before he was essaying to make himself very agreeable to her, and by the time the sun began to decline, one would have thought they were old familiar friends. The lieutenant felt that he had made an impression—his elation manifested it. The lady, dreaming of no wrong, suspecting no evil, was apparently pleased with her casual acquaintance. By-and-by the train approached the tunnel at Muldrough's Hill. The gay and festive lieutenant leaned over and whispered something in the lady's ear. It was noticed that she appeared thunder-struck, and her eyes immediately after flamed with indignation. A moment more, and a smile lighted up

her features. What a change! That smile it was not of pleasure, but was sinister. It was unprecipitated by the lieutenant. She made him a reply which rejoiced him apparently very much. For the understanding property of this narrative, this "o'er true tale," we must tell the reader what we whispered and what replied. Whispered the Lieutenant: "I mean to kiss you when we get into the tunnel."

"Sir!" said the lady; "who will see it?" "It will be dark; who will see it?"

Into the earth's bowels—into the tunnel—ran the cars. Lady and colored nurse quickly changed seats. Gay Lieutenant threw his arms around the lady's waist, raised her from her seat, and fast and furiously imprinted kisses on her lips. In a few moments the train neared the end of the tunnel and glided out into broad daylight. White looked amazed: colored lady bashful, blushing; gay lieutenant befogged.

"Jane," said the white lady, "what have you been doing?" "Nothing," responded the colored lady.

"Yes, you have!" said the white lady, not in an under-tone, but in a voice that attracted the attention of all in the car. "See how your collar is rumpled, and your bonnet smashed!"

Jane, poor colored beauty, hung her head a moment, the "observed of all observers," and then turning around to the Lieutenant, replied "This man hugged and kissed me in the tunnel!" Loud and long was the laugh that followed among the passengers. The white lady enjoyed the joke amazingly. Lieutenant looked like a sheep stealing dog—left the car and was seen no more during the trip.

SAINT'S REST (which is in the state of N. Y. Noo Gery.) August 20, 1885. I was born a Whig. My parents was a member of that party; leasways my mother was, and she allex did the votin, allowin my father, av course, to go thro' the manual labor av castin the ballot, in deference to the laws, 'tho' the justice which does not permit females or niggers to vote, no matter how much intellect they may hev in 'em.

In all probability I should hev cast my lot with that party had not an incident occurred; in my boyhood days, wich satisfied me that the Democracy was av appropriate and natural abiding place. It wuz in this wise:

In my playful mood, wan nite, I bustid open a grocery, and appropriatid, ez a jest, what loose change there wuz in the drawer, (alars in these degenerate days av paper currency, the enterprisin theef hez to steel at 40 per cent, discount,) and sich other notions ez struck my boyish fancy. I indooat a nigger boy, sumwhat younger than myself, to aid me, and when we hed bagger the game, I, feelin in my pride, ez wan hevvin the proud Anglo-Saxson blood a cousin, toomuchlusly thro' his vanes, what Chief Justice Taney hez since made law, to-wit: that the nigger hez no rites which the white man is bound to respect, whaled him till he resented the entire proceeds av the speculation to me. The degraded wretch, devoid av every principle av honor, blowed on me, and we wuz both arrested.

The Justice av the Peace wuz a Whig! and after a hurried eggaminashen, he sentenst me! one av his own blood! av his own parentage! imprisonment for twenty days! on bread and water, and the nigger to only ten, on the ground that I wuz the chief offender!

My mother begged and prayed, with tears a stream down her venerable cheeks faster then she could wipe 'em up with her gingum apert, that the arrangement might be reversed—the nigger the 30' and I the 10'; but no? Cold ez a stein, inflexible ez iron, bludless ez a turrap, I wuz inkarceratid and stayed my time.

Sullenly I emerged from them walls, on the evening av the 30th day, a changed individool. Lifun my hands 2 heven, I sowed 3 rows, to-wit:

1. That I wud devote my life to the work av redoomin' the African to his normal speer.

2. That I wud adopt a perferash in 2 which I could steel without bein hauld up fer it.

3. That the water I hed consumed while in doornance vile, wuz the last that wud ever find its way, undiluted, into my stomach.

Hentz, I joined the Democracy, and whoever eggaminas my record, will find that I av my own avants!

PETROBUS V. PASTER, Lait Paster av the Church av the New Dispensashun.