

John Furnias

Nebraska Advertiser

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUG. 22, 1867.

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NOTICE TO FARMERS

FLOURING MILLS

CUSTOM WORK

BEN ROGERS & CO.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA

SA LOON

Wines, Liquors, Flemings and Scotch Ales

Henry P. Sherburne, DEALER IN MUSIC

Poetry

IN A BAD FIX

IN THE FIELDS

ON THE SIDE HILL

BEHIND THE BROOK

AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS

WE THANK HIM FOR HIS FLOWERS

OUR HEARTS IN BETTER TIMES

THE AIR, THE LAND, THE SEA

WE THANK HIM FOR HIS FLOWERS

OUR HEARTS IN BETTER TIMES

SELECT STORY

EDITH'S PRIDE

"I don't! I don't! that fool boy has stretched him on the bloody plain"

"Edith, will you forgive me?"

"No, never! Henry Ross!"

"Think of it calmly before you decide this."

"I have thought of it, and I firmly say that I will not."

"What have I done, pray, to incur your ladyship's displeasure in such a degree?"

THE OLD PROBLEM

It is a question with me whether all work and no play is not quite as demoralizing as all play.

When the weary Barney McGuire, with his tin dinner pail, crosses at night the threshold of his miserable tenement-house home, and sees the same stereotyped picture of a frothy wife at the wash-tub, and a dozen fractious children quarrelling at her dragged skirts, I cannot but feel a strong sympathy for Barney; and when I read in the morning paper that he was on trial for a drunken brawl, the evening before, I well understand that he might be drawn into it because he was too utterly disheartened to sit down amidst the filthy, uncomfortable surroundings of his home.

But what of Mrs. McGuire? that human fixture, with her perpetual baby, and its snarling brothers and sisters, whose disputes she has only time to settle with a heavy sigh or a rough pinch out of the way? Though it is very hard for Barney, I think it is much harder for her, and I can't think that Barney betters matters much by giving her only enough of his sympathy and presence as to run for the doctor at the birth of their thirteenth child. Alas! it is hard enough for people in a pure atmosphere, with plenty of clean clothes and leisure to put them on, to feel and act like Christians; how can we expect it from those who live amid perpetual demoralizing dirt? A Christian out of such a dingy heap should have jewels enough in his crown to dazzle the eyes of the seraphim, and I have no doubt he has, if ever he gets in his company.

Sometimes I have thought if the poor wives of these laboring men had some place where they could go once a week—to some cheerful, innocent merry-making, under the charge of some benevolent person; their self-respect might wake into life, and the native might be powerful enough to secure a tidy apartment for the occasion, even through all these disadvantages. But work in and work out the same, old drudging, senseless life! As I have been passing, in their impatient, despairing, unmeaning words, I think of all this, and forbear to judge, then harshly.

How is all this to be helped? Funds every year in the twenty-four—Our good city missionaries, with the terrible drain on their sympathies and purses, educate the cry—How I said a very benevolent lady to me the other day, "I see so much of this misery, that sometimes I am positively ashamed even to eat my own comfortable dinner."

How I wish we had bridges stretching out from this overcrowded island in every direction; just beyond which might be whole villages of clean cottages, with their vegetables and flower-patches, where life might be a blessing, instead of the curse it is to so many of our working people. It seems to me this is the best remedy! As for the children, reared in these places, one only hopes that they may die speedily. The other day I saw a mere boy, who could just stand alone, and at the distance of a fence, by a cord attached to his wrist. It was a bleak, cold day, and at every fresh, sharp gust, his little cotton dress blew up from the purple legs, and the little red hands moved helplessly up and down, while the tears flowed from his eyes. The sharp air, ran down his cheeks, looked about, and at the distance of a block, "playing snow-ball," found his protector, in the shape of a ruffianly, little boy of seven years, who had been sent out with it, to get it out of the way of his distracted mother. I saw the wretched little captive, and saw it safe on its way home. After leaving it, I passed into a better locality, I met two beautiful little girls of three and six years, dressed in the present extravagant mode of juvenile adornment, under the charge of a pert nurse. Just as I passed, one of the children stopped to look at something in the street, when she caught it by the arm, and shaking it violently, exclaimed, "come here, you little hussy, or I'll knock your head off your shoulders for you." Now here were the two extremes of misery; I puzzled all the way home, trying to ascertain which of these children was the more to be pitied. Life is getting too much for me, any way! F. S. S. F. S.

Edith Myron returned home late at night from a fashionable revel. As she entered the family sitting room the evening paper which her father had been reading caught her eye. She picked it up, and saw, by the heading, that a desperate battle had been fought, and that the loyal wire victors. While glancing leisurely over it, she came to the list of killed and wounded. These names she carefully read, some of which were familiar to her. But what was it that made her start and grow so pale? A second time she read it. Yes, there was no mistake. Printed in bold letters she saw, "Harry Ross,—the Mass. Vols.—dead." She stood a moment as if stunned, then uttered a faint cry, and sank to the floor, where she lay until her mother found her in the morning.

A week later a letter was given her by a wounded soldier containing the words:—"Oh, how I wish I had my father's eyes! I have been very wicked in the army, but hope that God will not deal hard with me. Forgive me, if I have wronged you. Harry Ross."

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Rooms of the Committee on the Treatment of Prisoners of War and Union Citizens

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 17, 1867.

In pursuance to a series of resolutions passed by the House of Representatives, July 10, 1867, the undersigned were appointed a committee to investigate the treatment of Prisoners of War and Union Citizens held by the Confederate authorities during the late rebellion.

All persons in possession of important information upon either of these subjects are respectfully requested to address the Committee, as directed below, stating: First, the names, age, and post-office address of the writer.

Second, if a soldier a seaman, his rank or position, and with what command he served.

Third, A full statement of all facts known to the writer touching his own imprisonment or treatment and that of others, either soldier or citizen, giving, as far as possible, names, places, and dates, with names of Confederate officers in charge.

Correspondents from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, and States and Territories lying west of the Rocky Mountains, will please address:

JOHN P. C. SHAWNEE, M. C., Washington, D. C.

Correspondents from Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, and the Territories east of the Rocky Mountains, will address:

WILLIAM A. PIER, M. C., St. Louis, Mo.

Correspondents from Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Minnesota, will address:

ABRAHAM C. HARRISON, M. C., Mammouth, Ill.

Correspondents from the New England States will address:

ABRAHAM P. STEVENS, M. C., Nashua, N. H.

Correspondents from Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee, will address:

WILLIAM HUNTER, M. C., Findlay, Ohio.

Committeemen addressed to the members of the Committee will be free of postage.

It is the intention of the Committee to collect all facts necessary to make a thorough official history of this subject. The various newspapers, throughout the country are requested to give this Circular a gratuitous insertion, together with such notice as they may deem proper.

JOHN D. LARRABEE, Clerk.

THE BURN DISTRICT IN CHALISTON IS USED AS A COW PENSURE

The New York Express has discovered that this is a great evil for snakes.

Horace Greeley announces his purpose never again to be a candidate for office.

The population of the city of London is as great as that of the whole of Scotland.

The centre of the United States has been fixed at Columbus, Nebraska, ninety-six miles west of Omaha.

In 1866 Andrew Johnson said:—Whenever you hear a man prating about the Constitution, you know he is a traitor!

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