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Nebraska Advertiser.

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ESTABLISHED 1856. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1874. VOL. 19.—NO. 3.

THIS AGE OF OURS. Dear me, how wondrous wise the old man has grown since we began to read his journal, with each new plan and every new scheme, and how he has outgrown Nature's wonders, laugh down the stupid elder folk, and ridicule their blunders. The youngest boy, with clever head and proper education, can put to shame the hairs of his grandfatherly relation. With feet that fear no ditch, he has a puzzling riddle and riddles, and makes his way, without a scratch, through philosophical brambles. And children of the larger growth—the full-blown men and women of these enlightened days—say they are wiser more than human. With hands that hold all things, they feel the universe and weigh it. Take down the sun from heaven as if by its own consent to pass it.

SERVED OUT. In the year 183—there lived at Bordeaux the last, or one of the last, of a long line of scoundrels who made that part of France infamous (to our eyes) by a succession of cold blooded murders, committed under sanction of what the people were pleased to call the Code of Honor. There was a certain Comte de V—, a man of great physical strength, imperturbable temper, and relentless cruelty. Not a sort of companion, as some said, when the dueling fit was not on him, but this came on once in about every six months, and then he must have blood, it mattered very little whose blood he killed and maimed boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of the quarrel was of no importance; if one did not present himself readily, he made one; always contriving that, according to the aforesaid, he should be the injured party, thus having the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the small sword. It is difficult for us to realize a society in which such a wild man could be permitted to go at large; but we know it to be historically true that such creatures were assured in France; just as we are assured that there were at one time lions in Yorkshire; only the less so, as civilization progressed, than was dealt out to the human brute.

The last exploit of the Comte de V—, previous to the story I am about to tell, was to goad a poor student into a challenge; and when it was represented to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, so that it would be fair to use pistols, he replied that "fools sometimes make mistakes with pistols," and, in the morning, ran him through the lungs. The evil fit was on him; but the blood thus shed quieted him for another half year, and rather more than public opinion was unfavorable to him, the air of Bordeaux became so warm for him.

But the scandal blew over a long time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was a cafe by the river side, where many used to spend their Sundays. Into the little garden of this establishment our waiter engaged one fine summer afternoon, with the heavy dark look, and nervous twitching of the hand, and those who were well acquainted with him knew well meant mischief. He found himself the center of a circle which expanded as he went, and did not displease him. He was to be feared. He knew he could not quarrel when he chose, so he stood around for a victim.

tion appeared. "Take me away from that nasty thing!" pointing to the hat before it. Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his journal, was on the brim of a very "nasty thing," which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The groom was embarrassed. "Do you hear me?" thundered the count. "Take me that thing away! No one has a right to place his hat on the table." "I'll be your pardon," said the strawberry eater, politely, placing the offending article on his head, and drawing his chair a little aside; "I will make room for monsieur."

The groom was about to retire well satisfied, when the bully called after him: "Have I not commanded you to take that thing which annoys me so away?" "Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself." "What does that matter to me?" "Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible!" "What is impossible?" "By no means," observed the stranger, uncovering again; "he so good as to carry my hat to the lady at the counter, and ask her, on my behalf, to do me the favor to accept charge of it for the present."

"You speak French passably well for a foreigner," said the bully, stretching his arms over the table and looking his neighbor full in the face—a tit of contempt going around the table. "I am not a foreigner, Monsieur." "I am sorry for that." "So am I!" "May one, without any indiscretion, ask why?" "Certainly. Because if I were a foreigner, I should be spared the pain of seeing a compatriot behave himself rudely."

"I cannot flatter myself that I do." "Ha! then I must be more plain. You who takes advantage of mere brute strength against the weak, and who, practiced in any art, compels one unpracticed in it to contend with him, is a coward and a knave. Do you follow me now, Monsieur le Comte?" "I came, monsieur." "Never mind for what you came, be content with what you will get. For example—if a man skilled with the small sword, for the mere violence of quarreling, goads to madness a boy who has never fenced in his life, and kills him, that man is a murderer; and more—a cowardly murderer and a knavish one."

ger, rising, "I will satisfy him." "Good," said the other, rising, "I am with you. I waive the preliminaries. I only beg to observe that I am without arms, but if you—" "O, don't trouble yourself," said the stranger, with a grim smile. "If you are not afraid, follow me." This he said in a voice sufficiently loud for the nearest to hear, and he circled parted right and left, like scared sheep, as the two walked away.

There was no one to call the police, no one to try and prevent what to all seemed imminent? Not a soul. The dreaded duelist had his evil fit on, and every one breathed freely now that the victim was selected. Moreover, no one supposed it would end thus. The count and his friend (?) were ushered into the apartment prepared for the latter, who, as soon as the groom had left, took off his coat and waistcoat and proceeded to move the furniture so as to leave the room free for what was to follow—the count standing with folded arms glaring at him.

The decks being cleared for action, the stranger locked the door, placed the key on the mantle behind him, and said: "I think you might have helped a little. Will you give me your attention for five minutes?" "Perfectly." "Thank you. I am, as I have told you, a Frenchman, but I was educated in England, at one of her famous public schools. Had I been sent to one of our own lycées I should, perhaps, have gained more book knowledge; but, as it is, I have learned some things which we do not teach, and one of them is not to take a mean advantage of any man, but to keep my head with my own hands. Do you understand me, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I think I catch your meaning; but if you have pistols here—" foamed the bully. "I do not come to eat strawberries with pistols in my pocket," said the other, in the same calm tone he had used throughout. "Allow me to continue. At the school of which I have spoken, and in the society of men who have grown out of it, and others where the same habit thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty of such cowardice and knavery as I have mentioned, would be justly punished, if, some day, he should be paid in his own coin, by meeting some one who would take him at the same disadvantage as he placed that poor boy at."

than it takes to write it, the great braggart was rendered unrepresentable for many a long day. The number one caused him to see fifty suns beaming in the firmament with his right eye; that number two produced a similar phenomenon with his left; that number three obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe the ceiling more attentively than he had hitherto done. And when one or two other "thats" had completely cowed him, and he threw open the window and called for help, the strawberry eater took him by the neck and—well, some other and lower part, and flung him out of it on the flower bed below.

AN INQUEST ON ABEL. Yesterday afternoon an excited individual, with his hat standing on two hairs and his eyes projecting from his head like the horns of a snail, rushed into the office of Coroner Holmes. The Coroner is by profession a dentist, and his first thought as he glanced at the man was that he was well-nigh distracted with toothache. He was soon undeceived, however, as the frenzied individual cried out, as soon as he could catch his breath after running up the stairs: "Been a man murdered!" "A man murdered?" cried the Coroner; "how? where?" "In a garden, I believe; with a club of a rock."

ONE VIEW OF IT. Science is infallible; but any religion not so based is not. Go to any scientist on the globe, and ask him what is the chemical composition of any compound substance, and you will receive the same answer. Interrogate all the physiologists of earth as to the number of bones, muscles, and tendons of the human frame, and the response will be the same. Question all the astronomers of earth as to the number and movements of the heavenly bodies, and you will receive a uniform reply. But ask the religionists of earth concerning the dogmas of what they conceive to be true faith, and the number of replies is endless. Take us to Turkey and we find Allah and Mahomet held up as objects of worship; in China it is Confucius; transport us to India, and the balmy breezes whisper only of Brahma and Gotama. It is folly to assert that any system of religion is infallible. Science alone is infallible. And religion, to be infallible, must be an outgrowth of science. Superstition, in connection with religion, is almost universal. It exists among the civilized and uncivilized. With the latter it tortures the body, and destroys life; with the former it shackles the mind and dwarfs the intellect. This age of facts requires a religion of fact, instead of blind faith.

A Washington special to the Cincinnati Gazette says: On the departure of Senator Morton last evening from the Senate Chamber, a crowd of Senators shook his hand at parting, and it was remarked by a number of the most important acts of the session were substantially his work, especially the Finance bill, and that he had in this session held the leading position in the Senate, and without the aid of the administration, as heretofore; that in the Louisiana matter and the Finance bill he had been opposed by it and yet had won.

ARE YOU A MASON? Rev. Mr. Magill, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Peru, Ill., being asked the above question by a lady, responded as follows: I am of a band Who will faithfully stand In the bonds of affection and love; I have knoeked at the door, Once wretched and poor, And there for admission I stood.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER. The Heated Term—Luxury—Horses, &c.—Helmhold—Dogs—Business. New York, July 6, 1874. THE HEATED TERM. Think of being compelled to stay in narrow streets, built up with stone or brick either side three, four, five, six and seven stories, with the sun's hot rays sending the thermometer up to 90°, and on occasions to 105°! This is what New Yorkers have had to endure for the last two weeks. It has been terrible in the best and most pleasing parts of the city—in the roomy and airy parts—and what it has been in the lower parts, where people herd together in sub-cellars and attics, may be imagined. Think of a building six stories high, with windows only in front and rear, say 50 by 100 feet in dimensions, containing six hundred men, women and children, all the cooking, eating and sleeping being done therein! And this with a glowing sky, a burning sun, a burning sun, with no air! Imagine the atmosphere of such a building, when the thermometers in the open parks stand at 100°!

LUXURY. Where there is extreme poverty, there is extreme luxury. Probably one makes the other. It is a curious contrast, these hot, stifling tenement buildings in the lower part of the city, with the luxurious mansions up town. While the mechanic smothered in a tenement house, Mr. Wm. B. Astor revels in the possession of \$2,500,000 in pictures, plate and furniture. Geo. W. Burnham confesses to \$150,000; the Lennox family can't enjoy life with less than \$1,655,000 worth of jewelry, plate and pictures; the Brown Bros., bankers, have over \$1,000,000 invested in these things; the Kingslands, Taylors, Spoffords, Lorihards, and a score of others wear, sit on and look at such property to the amount of \$200,000 each, and upwards. And, bear in mind, these sums represent only the rare and curious in these luxuries, the diamonds, pictures, ornamental and luxurious furniture, the quaint and curious, the beautiful and luxurious. It is nothing for these people to pay \$20,000 for a picture or a piece of statuary, and as common as eating. That is to say, it was common. Just now men are not investing in this way as much as they were. The tight times has checked this kind of extravagance, and for some time to some the dealers in articles of mere luxury will languish.

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THE WHITE LEAGUE. A Reorganization of the Kuklux in Louisiana. They Publish a Platform which Means War upon the Blacks—Tremble Impending—A Social War May Break Out at any Moment. NEW ORLEANS, LA. July 4. The appearance yesterday of the platform of the "Crescent City White League," has sounded the note of the campaign of this State. The tone of the document is unmistakable. After repeating the woes and afflictions that have fallen upon Louisiana, it disavows all responsibility for the present condition of things, and closes with "a determination to maintain legal rights by all means that may become necessary for that purpose, and to preserve them at all hazards." "It is time," says this reorganized band of Kuklux, "that a timely and proclaimed union of the whites as a race, and then efficient preparations for any emergency, may arrest the threatened

THE SIOUX. An Attack Ordered on them on the 4th of July. Fifty Killed and Wounded, and One Hundred Horses Captured. Loss of Government Forces Two Killed and Four Wounded—Official Dispatch from Gen. Sheridan. CHICAGO, July 8.—The following dispatch was received at the military headquarters last evening: "LONG TREE, NEB., July 8.—Gen. R. C. Drum, U. S. A., Chicago: In consequence of the many depredations by the Sioux in Wind River Valley on the white settlers and the Shoshone Indians, one of the latest being the murder and horrible mutilation of two white women, Dr. Irvin, agent for the Shoshones, made the request that the Sioux should be punished, if possible, on the morning of the 2d of July, while Gen. Ord and myself were at Camp Brown, an opportunity presented itself, and Captain Lorry, of the Thirteenth infantry, commanding at Camp Brown, was directed to send Captain Bates and Lieutenant Robinson with company B, second cavalry, accompanied by twenty Indian scouts, under Lieut. Young, fourth infantry, and 150 Shoshones, under their chief Washakie, to attack a camp of Sioux lately established on the north side of the Owl mountain range, where the Wind River breaks through, distant about ninety miles from Camp Brown. The attack was made at 3 A. M. on July 4th, the result being fifty Sioux killed and wounded, and over one hundred horses captured. Our loss was two men killed and Lieut. Young, and three men wounded. Young was not dangerously wounded. "Captain Torry telegraphs that the result was not as satisfactory as desired, on account of bad behavior on the part of the Shoshones; Captain Torry went out on the 5th with ambulances and additional men to meet Captain Bates's command. "P. H. SHERIDAN, "Lieut-General."

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