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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1874.

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A CHOICE.

In yonder mansion in the park There dwells a man of money, He owns both gold and ships and land, And all his days are sunny; He has a gilded chariot, drawn By prancing grays, goes stately; He has a something grim for one Whom fortune loves so greatly.

Hand by the park a peasant wight His straw-thatched hut hath chosen; He owns a jackass and a cow, And cocks and hens—a dozen; He has a little from morn to night, And seldom looks seditiously, But hath a merry foe for one Whom fortune treats so badly.

The gentleman a daughter hath, Two prettily common patiens, Her face is somewhat coldly out, But she has wondrous talents, For hand hath slowly nurtured been By a wise man from college; She plays Beethoven, sings with taste, And is brimful of knowledge.

The peasant hath a daughter, too, Some happy wight may win her; Poor Bessie cannot play or sing, Though she can cook a dinner; She milks the cow, she weaves the wool, Knits stockings for her father, Her cheek is redder than the rose, You from her porch may gather.

THE BACHELOR'S SURPRISE.

A chill December evening, with the rain and snow forming a disagreeable coat of conglomeration on the sidewalk, the gas lamps at the corner flickering sullenly through the mist, and the wind taking one viciously as one came round the corner.

Not a pleasant evening to assume possession of a new home; but necessity knows no law, and Mr. Barkdale put up his night key into the red lock house in the middle of the block, eagerly hoping his new landlady would have common sense to light a fire in the grate.

"Is it you, sir?" Mrs. Hinman quoth, beamingly. "There's a good fellow, and it's all right."

"All right, eh?" said the bachelor, feeling the blue tip of his frosted nose to see whether it had escaped being frozen off entirely. "Well, I'm glad to hear that. Have the trunks come?"

"O, yes, sir, and the other things," said Mrs. Hinman, pursing her lips up. "I wasn't to tell, sir, please."

"But Mrs. Hinman pursed her lips up. "I wasn't to tell, sir, please." "Bather an eccentric old lady," thought Mr. Barkdale, pushing past her to the third story front room, which he had solemnly engaged the day before.

REMEDY FOR SNAKE BITE.

Dr. Ashbul Smith, a Texas physician writes to the *Houston Telegraph* how he cured himself of a snake bite with iodine. The following is an extract from his letter:

"About dark Saturday last, as I was walking up the hill from the bay shore, I felt a heavy scuffling about one of my legs, and at the same instant the bites of sharp teeth. Reaching the house, I saw by the light several little wounds, with blood exuding from them, on my leg, three inches above the ankle. There were two punctures to each wound, made by the two fangs of the snake that had bit me. Swelling had already commenced—less than five minutes from the biting. Still I determined to do nothing, for awhile at least, in order to observe the effects of the poison unmodified by treatment. The swelling increased rapidly, and in fifteen minutes more the pain had become excruciating, and I could not bear any weight on the leg. I was obliged now to lie down.

I now took, in a wine-glass of water, a half teaspoonful of saturated tincture of iodine. About fifteen minutes afterward I repeated the iodine—about twenty drops. A short time after, perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, a third dose of iodine—fifteen drops—in twenty-five or thirty minutes after the fourth. The length of these several intervals is conjectured. I had the orifices of the wounds several times touched with the tincture of iodine, and the leg, which was now swollen from the ankle to the knee, was painted with iodine.

The pain was excruciating, but by 10:30 or 11 o'clock—two and a half or three hours after the bite—had abated sensibly. About 1:30 in the morning I fell asleep, and awoke at sunrise with complete stiffness and superficial soreness of the limb on touch, now swollen to double its former size, but with no pain worth mentioning. Nor have I since had suffering further than complete disease of the leg, till this morning, and being obliged to have it at all times elevated. (and indeed still does) in a few minutes perfectly lived.

The interest of the matter in question lies in the use, the efficacy of iodine as a remedy for venomous bites. Nothing else than iodine was used; no spirits, no harshness, not the least poisonous thing in the world, internally or externally, except the iodine and one small drink of water.

Former experience had given me confidence in iodine by its use with others. I was determined to give it a fair showing in my own case unaided and unobstructed by any other medication. I have attached the greater interest to this case because, though one is seldom a safe judge in his own case, the present bite has been by long odds the severest snake-bite I ever knew. If left to itself, it would, in my opinion, have been fatal in a very few hours."

MITCHELL'S RETURN TO IRELAND.

How He Regards Home Rule—He is a Candidate.

NEW YORK, July 14.—John Mitchell, the Irish exile, who sails to-day for Ireland to engage in the politics of that country, says that no good can come to Ireland from the British Parliament, and that Ireland can never be prosperous or happy till she has the complete control of her own destinies, and her connection with England shall be entirely severed.

With regard to the present home-rule movement, he thinks it does not represent the real hopes and aspirations of the people, and that it is a sickly and needless effort to patch up the national quarrel in a complete and satisfactory manner. He considers the whole movement a mere milk and water kind of national effort. He will not place himself in antagonism with the home-rule movement, but he intends to demonstrate to England and to the world that there is something stronger and more determined in Ireland than home rule. He has a firm conviction that England will never grant self-government to Ireland till forced to do so, and that all her delusive concessions to Ireland have been wrung from her by force, or fear of it. He himself will seek the suffrages of the people on the broad principle of Ireland's right to complete independence. He has a belief that the British Government will not arrest him; but, should it do so, he is prepared to take the consequences.

A Kentucky Matron.—Mrs. Jas. Alcorn was born in Garrard County, married and moved just across the river into Jessamine, with her husband. He is forty-five or fifty years old, has several children and grand children, has lived in the river bottom all her life, and never was on the cliffs but twice in her life, never saw a turnpike or dry goods store, or school house, never heard a sermon preached, never but once, when the bottom was overflowed and she was persuaded to visit a neighbor's house, saw a carpet or pane of glass. She lives within nine miles of Nicholasville, fifteen from Lancaster, fifteen from Harrodsburg, and twenty-one from Lexington, and two or three miles from a turnpike. She is a very sensible, industrious woman, and her husband is a prosperous farmer, owning about one hundred acres of good land.

THE IRISH BOYS.

An Incident of the Union War. At Winchester, two Irish companies, in the rebel service, refused to join the United States flag.—*Louisville Journal*.

The Irish boys are bold and brave, The Irish boys are true; They love the dear old stars and stripes, The spangled field of blue.

The Mulligan can tell the tale Of how they fought that day, When with the foe at Lexington They met in bloody fray.

Fast whizzed the shot and murderous shell, The bullets fell like rain; But dauntless stood his brave brigade— The heroes of the plain.

Then pressed the foe in serrated ranks; But not to them they yielded, Hunger and thirst had done their work, Before they gave the field.

Oh! honor to the Irish boys, And cheers of three times three; Old Ireland is with our side— I wish that she was free.

The Irish boys are bold and brave, The Irish boys are true; They love the dear old stars and stripes, The spangled field of blue.

Oh! brave were those who nobly fought; But braver still the band, Who, forced by rebels in their ranks, United made their stand.

They saw the old and honored flag Borne out upon the air, And not a gun was raised against Its floating folds so fair!

Oh! honor to the Irish boys, And cheers of three times three; For Ireland we'll fight some day, And she shall yet be free. C. M. —*Philadelphia Press*.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Fourth—The Fire-Cracker Fiend—Hydrophobia—The Beecher-Tilton Scandal—Havemeyer.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser. NEW YORK, July 16, 1874.

The Fourth of July passed off with more than the usual number of accidents from those relics of barbarism, fire-works. The boys of this great crowded city commenced exploding fire-crackers, and setting off all sorts of fire-works, the day before the Fourth, and they continued it, despite the Police, with the most fiendish pertinacity, till late in the night of the great day. Consequently the papers were full of casualties. The summary of the "accidents" and disasters of that day shows some forty-five fires in New York and Brooklyn; more than two score of children injured and maimed in various degrees of hurt—from eyes destroyed to fingers blown away; a riot, half a dozen affrays, a child burned to death, and three persons killed. Beyond these were the thousand other minor disasters unreported to the police, but which leave their marks in suffering and mutilation of greater or less extent. One rocket went through a window in De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, and killed a child outright. It seems to me as though this childish habit of playing with fire on the glorious Fourth ought to be prohibited by law. It is altogether too dangerous an amusement. The roofs are always dry at this season of the year, and everything combustible is in the best possible condition to burn. In such a season, to fill the air with exploding gun-powder enveloped with powder, would seem to be a folly very nearly akin to madness. But so strong is habit, that I suppose the dangerous game will go on to the end of time.

HYDROPHOBIA continues to be a prominent topic of discussion. There are thousands upon thousands of curs of all degrees, roaming the city, and any number of people have been bitten by them. There have been several well defined cases of hydrophobia, and several bitten men have died from sheer fear. It was evident from the fact that the dogs that bit them were shown not to have been mad at all. In one case, that of McCormick, the symptoms were those of rabies, the patient refusing to eat or drink, and going into convulsions, in one of which he died. The dog that bit him was kept in a secure place and never showed the first symptoms of madness. It had probably been worried till it bit everything that presented itself. But poor McCormick believed it to be mad, and it so worked upon his imagination that he died.

Of course, there are thousands of cures for the disease promulgated. One young woman of Hoboken, who, having been bitten by a mad dog, was taken with the very worst symptoms of the rabies. A physician was called in, who found her in convulsions. He at once inserted the lancet, taking from her no less than 75 ounces of blood. This was the only treatment, and it is asserted that in five days thereafter the patient was convalescent. The various "mad-stones" in the country have been sent for, but none of them have effected cures, any more than the regulars have with this one exception. Whenever a person has been bitten by a mad dog that person has died.

BEAUTIES OF GRANGE LIFE. A Kentucky patron says: The Order of the Patrons of Husbandry is the only association that originates, exists and works with its members in their daily avocations. It is a part of the farmer's life. It does not call him from his work to put his mind on any other subject, but tends to recreation in his daily duties, and by cheerful instruction, to lighten and elevate his labor. Its teachings are the loftiest man can seek. It does not interfere with his political or religious views. In morality it seeks the highest points. Honesty is inculcated, education is promoted, and brotherly love cultivated. It is designed to bind the farmers together in fraternity, and by encouraging education, advance to a higher state the science of agriculture. We aim to encourage the planting of fruit and flowers, by which to enhance the value and to adorn the attractions of our homes—adorn them with those beauties so lavishly given us by the God of nature. There is no calling more elevating than agriculture, when viewed as instructed in our order.

When "the whole business portion" of a Nevada town is reported burned, then chances to one the conflagration has been limited to a grog-shop and the jail.

Opposition to elder will hardly go down with a true female temperance crusader; for she not only puts it in mince pies, but takes even all her pills in side her.

A PHENOMENON.

Two Cherry Trees Sun-Struck and Destroyed—Astonishing Freak of Nature.

The present heated term has produced at least one phenomenon in this vicinity, which will "astonish the natives" who hear of it, and perhaps open up a new field for investigation for scientists and men of inquiring dispositions. Instances of persons being sun-struck, with serious and sometimes fatal results, have occurred quite frequently of late, as is generally the case during a severe heated spell; but never until last Sunday has there been, we believe, such a thing reported as a case of sunstroke upon trees. Such a phenomenon actually occurred on the day above mentioned, under the following circumstances:

Mr. Adolph Vieser, who resides in the town of Lake View, just north of the city limits and near the lake shore, has on his premises several fine large cherry trees. Two of the largest and best of these trees stood at one end of the garden, very near to a high board fence. Both of them were very thrifty, were covered with green leaves, and bore a beautiful crop of cherries, which were nearly ripe. About three o'clock last Sunday afternoon, Mr. Vieser was standing for a moment near those trees when suddenly he heard a strange noise, as if caused by the splintering of wood or bark above his head. Looking upward, he witnessed the most astounding freak of nature he had ever met with. The bark covering those trees began to peel off at the top, curling downward along the trunk and limbs until it reached the ground, and leaving the trees as naked and barren as though they had been given by the lightning's bolt. Barks, leaves and cherries were all stripped off, and laid a promiscuous mass of ruins upon the parched earth surrounding the desolate trunks. The process occupied but three or four seconds, and as soon as he could recover from his astonishment, Mr. Vieser made a thorough examination of the trees. The ruin was complete. He found the trunks, limbs, twigs, leaves and fruit perfectly dead. They had literally died of sunstroke.

It will be remembered that last Sunday was one of the hottest days of the season, thus far, in this vicinity. There was a lively breeze all day, but the rays of the sun were unusually severe. Of course the fact that the unfortunate trees were standing so near a high, light fence, from which the sun's rays reflect directly upon them, added several degrees to the severity of the heat; and yet, such a result as was witnessed by the owner is certainly one of the most curious and interesting phenomena of the season.—*Chicago Journal*.

M. A. Huet, a French engineer holds it to be a mistake to make ships force their bulk through the water, meeting thereby the large opposing surface of water and a sliding friction over the whole of their immersed surface. This, M. Huet holds, is as great a mistake as if we were to dismount our railway carriages from their wheels and drag them like sleds along the rails. He put forward the theory that vessels should be mounted on rolling drums, that these drums should give principally the power of flotation, and that they should be driven round as paddles to move the ship forward. We should in this way have a floating locomotive, mounted on its supported wheels or rollers. The vessel would offer no resistance but a rolling one to motion, and the whole of the supported weight of ship would be used as a pressure to give adhesive frictional effect to the rollers. In this way M. Huet affirms that a velocity equal to that of our railway trains might be at sea.

TO DESTROY MOLES.—Bryan Tyson, Washington City, gives the following method for making pills to destroy moles: Make a stiff dough of corn meal, mixing with it a small quantity of arsenic. Make a hole with a finger in the runways, drop in a lump of dough about the size of a marble, and then cover over with a lump of earth to exclude the light. After the first rain go over the field again and deposit in all freshly made roads. I once concluded to plant a piece of sandy bottom land in sweet potatoes; but, as it was much infested by moles, my success depended on first exterminating them. A few doses of arsenic given in the way described brought about the desired result, and it was a very rare circumstance to see the track of a mole in this piece of ground during the entire summer.—*Scientific American*.

Arkansas planters just across the Mississippi, west of Memphis, say that this last food deposited over the cotton fields the richest, thickest layer of alluvium ever brought down from the western mountains. It is a quarter of an inch in thickness and full of lime. Crops stimulated by such forces of fecundity grow and mature with extraordinary rapidity, and only vigorous energy in repressing weeds and grass is required, through the first weeks of summer, to assure the production, with a favorable season, of an extraordinary crop.

It is said of the temperance crusaders that "they drink not, neither do they sin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not a rarer kind of these."

A ladies' school and a sugar-house are kindred institutions, inasmuch as both refine what is already sweet.

THE BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL.

The Beecher-Tilton matter remains as it was. Beecher is as cunning as a fox. He knows that his church will sustain him under any circumstances, or, rather, that his flock will not believe the statements made by Tilton, and he goes on gaily, paying no attention whatever to it. He has never opened his lips, and does not intend to. And Tilton is weak in not using the ammunition he has. He asserts that the unpublished portion of the famous confession, is enough to satisfy the world of Beecher's guilt; but he does not publish it. Why, no one can understand, for if he does not make his case, he stands before the world a slanderer. He cannot wait for Mr. Beecher to act—he has gone so far that to stop now is ruin.

People who are in position to know say that Tilton can convict the great preacher of the grossest immoralities, if he chooses to do it. They say that he has in his possession documentary evidence that Beecher did attempt to debauch not only Mrs. Tilton but other women in Brooklyn. If this be so, why does not Tilton give it to the world? He has made charges in a vague sort of a way, specifying nothing, and making nothing direct. He does not state what it is that Mr. Beecher has been guilty of—he only asserts that he has done him a wrong. Now, what the public want is the particulars. They want to know what this wrong was. They want to know, in short, whether Henry Ward Beecher is or is not a proper man to occupy a pulpit in Brooklyn, and as Mr. Tilton has said he is not, they demand that he make good his statement. And until he does this he is in a bad position. For the public believe that there is something in the matter that holds him back and prevents him from saying all that he could. It is not a pretty quarrel as it stands.

HAVEMEYER. The Mayor, has fallen from his high position. Elected as a Reformer, he has filled all the offices in his gift with men of whom Tweed would have been proud. And when two of these men were convicted of mal-administration—Charlick and Gardner—and removed, Havemeyer, with a blind stupidity not easy to account for, immediately re-appointed them. It is curious how thoroughly corruption permeates everything in New York. When Havemeyer took the reins, the city breathed with more freedom. Here was an old merchant, a man who was supposed to be honest, if such a thing was possible, an honest administration was looked for. But the thieves got him as they got his predecessors, and reform is postponed until after another election. An epidemic—something like the yellow fever that devastated Memphis—is all that can possibly purify New York. So long as votes can be bought by the thousand, and the great city has millions of revenue to be stolen, nothing short of an epidemic will do any good.

It is probable that the Mayor will be removed. Governor Dix has been urged so strongly to do it, and so clear a case can be made against him, that it seems that nothing can save him. It is hotter than has been known here for years. PIETRO.

London is famous for its fogs, Paris for its frogs, Madrid for its dogs, New York for its dogs, Cincinnati for its dogs, San Francisco for its frogs, Northampton for its clocks, Portland for its logs and all Ireland for its dogs.

"Patriot," said the priest, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well, I may as well confess to your reverence for the whole stack, for I'm going after the rest to-night."

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Opposition to elder will hardly go down with a true female temperance crusader; for she not only puts it in mince pies, but takes even all her pills in side her.

ICE. The ice question is next in importance to hydrophobia. The whole business is in the hands of two or three companies, and they are as mercenary as monopolists always are. Taking advantage of the mild winter, they

run up the price of ice from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per hundred, and the people, as a rule, were compelled to submit to the extortion. But an association in Brooklyn decided not to. They sent an agent to Maine, and he secured ice enough for the summer, which will be delivered at the Wallabout Dock at 40 cents per hundred, and at the door of the buyer, from wagons, at 60 cents—and honest weight, which the monopolists never thought of doing. As these associations are forming all over the city, and as Maine is full of ice it is probable that the companies will have to sell this winter. So note it be.

From the Detroit Free Press. A PLAYFUL DOG. About noon yesterday a freight clerk at the Central depot thought he would like to have a good wash and a nice swim, and he proceeded down the yards to a slip, looked all around to see if a policeman was in sight, and then shed his linen and made a dive. He left his clothes on some boards where he had a fair field to look that the boys didn't fly in on them, and he came out of the water happy and refreshed. He looked for his pants and they had disappeared. He looked down the yards and saw a big dog playing with them. The canine would toss the pants aloft and catch them as they came down, and then he would pretend that they were "game," and the sound of his clashing teeth could be plainly heard. The clerk started for the dog, but just then several women, looking for an excursion boat, came in sight, and he had to dodge around a lumber pile. When the women had passed he began whistling at the dog, but he might as well have whistled at a barn. Then he tried coaxing, and when that had no effect he hurled a club. The dog picked up the pants and disappeared around a corner of a wheat elevator, where he was safe. The clerk put on his shirt and vest and started out, but he heard a passenger train coming in and had to get back. Pretty soon he noticed a small boy down by the elevator, and he called to him. Some more excursion women happened along, and hearing cries they approached the lumber. The clerk put his head out and warned them that he was insane and they halted. The boy came up, two workmen approached, and finally a crowd of forty stood gazing at the lumber pile, not one of whom dared approach for a long time. Then two of the men armed themselves with clubs and flanked around, then three stones over the pile to scare the man out, and before any one knew who it was and what had occurred, the crowd had grown to a hundred. The clerk finally made them understand what was the matter, and when his torso and battered pantaloons were brought up he slipped into them and skulked down along by a freight train, swearing at every jump.

Two Rattle Snakes Taken From the Stomach of a Woman. A correspondent writing from Murfreesville Cooke County, Tennessee, under date of June 30, gives the most singular snake story we have heard yet. We clip the following: "A Mrs. Kennedy, a woman of about 40, the wife of an Irish laborer living on French Broad street, has for several years suffered greatly from ill-health. Her symptoms and complaints were singular. She was afflicted with almost constant pains, so that she could seldom or never rest at night. She stated that she felt something running up and down in her abdomen, that she frequently experienced the creeping sensation which is called irritability. She had been in the hospital here, and had been treated for various complaints, but without success. Not long since Dr. Perriam Gyles was called into requisition and took charge of the case. "About a week ago she became subject to uncontrollable uneasiness, and begged Dr. Gyles to perform an operation for her relief. This he was reluctant to do thinking it would hazard her life; but she persisted in the request, and at last he yielded to her importunities, when, on Friday afternoon last assisted by Dr. James Davis of this place, and surgeon William Allen, of Sweetwater, he proceeded to perform the operation. He first made an incision about ten inches long along the medial line of the abdomen. He found a tumor projecting largely, about twenty-six inches in diameter and irregular form. He opened it and found therein two rattlesnakes, one thirty-six inches, and the other thirty-two and one-half inches in length. One of the snakes had five rattles and the other had four rattles and a button. They had yellow and black spots on them, with white bellies. They were quite lively, and would rattle and strike with vengeance when disturbed. They were killed, and their skins and rattles are in the possession of Colonel John Stephens. "The tumor being removed, Mrs. Kennedy was instantly relieved, and is now doing well. The doctor calls the snake *Crotalus horridus*. Mrs. Kennedy says she swallowed two small, soft, white eggs that she found several years ago, as she was walking out in a field near the Warm Springs, North Carolina. Having just come over from Ireland, she was not acquainted with the bird eggs of America, and swallowed these eggs supposing them to be partridge eggs."