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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The Resolutions Adopted by the Republican State Convention.

The Broad and Secure Platform on Which We Will Win Victory.

The following is the platform adopted by the Republican State Convention:

WHEREAS, The republican party by its course for the past thirteen years as the dominant political organization of the United States has achieved the world and has made a record which invites the sentiment and challenge of all history for a parallel in elevating humanity and establishing on a firm basis a government of the people for the people, and...

First—That all honest labor should be respected and receive its just reward. Second—That we earnestly desire the credit of the government should be firmly maintained in order that the commercial and industrial interests of the country may not suffer injury or fluctuation in value, and...

Third—That we believe banking under a well guarded national system should be free, and we counsel reform and economy in all departments of the public service, and reduction of the public debt in such a way and as rapidly as it may be done without imposing burdens upon the industries of the country.

Fourth—That we demand a rigid accountability in the discharge of all officials on the part of all officeholders, whether State or National, and that a delegate speaking for our constituents, we disavow any sympathy with dishonest public officials, in whatever capacity they may be employed.

Fifth—That while we recognize and appreciate the advantages derived by the people from a well regulated system of railroads, we demand that these public highways should be rendered subservient to the public good; that while we disavow any hostility toward railway corporations, we insist on our determination to resist by lawful means all efforts to impose oppressive or exorbitant transportation rates.

Sixth—That taxation, to be just, should be equally imposed upon all classes of property; we therefore demand such national and State legislation as will compel railroads and all other corporations to pay the same proportion of tax as is imposed on individuals.

Seventh—That we favor the proper exercise of the powers conferred upon the national government by the Constitution, for the purpose of harmonizing the States, and to this end we recommend that the government establish and operate a double track railway from the Missouri river to the Atlantic seaboard.

Eighth—That we earnestly request that our Senators secure the passage of the Oregon railroad land act, and that we favor the amendment to the Constitution for the election of President, Vice-President, United States Senators, and all other federal officers, by the direct vote of the people.

Ninth—That the unwritten law enacted by the example of the father of his country, declining a re-election to the third presidential term, is as controlling as though it were incorporated in the Constitution, and we therefore demand that the transfer of the management of the Indians to the war department.

Tenth—That we favor the re-appointment of the late President to the office of President, and we therefore demand the transfer of the management of the Indians to the war department.

Eleventh—That the president's so-called Indian policy has failed to afford either protection to the Indians or protection to the frontier settlers, and we therefore demand the transfer of the management of the Indians to the war department.

Twelfth—That we favor the re-appointment of the late President to the office of President, and we therefore demand the transfer of the management of the Indians to the war department.

Thirteenth—That we approve the acts of Congress which put the rights of all citizens under the protection of the national authorities when they are assailed by hostile legislation or by the violence of armed associations, and we therefore demand the enforcement of the law that these rights may be secured and amply protected whenever and wherever assailed; we do however disapprove of all unconstitutional legislation for the cure of any of the disorders of society, or the evils which prevail in our country.

Fourteenth—That we are in favor of and most cordially invite immigration to our State, Nebraska needs immigrants, and the vast agricultural, mineral, and manufacturing resources may be developed. With an area sufficient to make ten States as large as Massachusetts and a soil unsurpassed for fertility, we are a hearty welcome to the destitute masses of the old world, and assure them that they shall be secure in their lives, liberty, and property, and free to hold and express their religious and political opinions without restriction.

Fifteenth—That, relying upon the intelligence of the people of our young and prosperous commonwealth, which is soon to take high rank in the great family of States, we hereby renew our allegiance to the party which we represent, and call upon all classes and conditions of men to unite with us in a perpetuity of business of free government in accordance with the cherished principles which actuate and control the great body of our people.

A Pennsylvania baby is said to have inherited the eyes and nose of father, but the check of his uncle who is an insurance agent.

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Nebraska Advertiser.

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SEPTEMBER.

Flash out, then glowing ember of a year that is expiring. With the flame of red September. The maple woods are dying. With the sparkle and the glitter. And the flush of royal wine. Warm our chilly hearts, ere Winter shall seal thee with his sign.

The sun has been turning To gold and crimson splendor; The maple woods are burning. Far in the distance tender; The tinted hillsides gimmer Within a purple haze. Their brightness growing dimmer, As fade the Autumn days.

The vines, in gorgeous tangle, O'er hoary rocks are trailing; Each roughened point and angle Are on the hillside lying; And where the pine-tree towers, The purple aster blooms, Lifting their starry flowers To light the emerald gloom.

The apple-trees are glowing; To shed its fruitage mellow; Beside the orchard fence; The golden-red is yellow; And all the green things growing, Have ripened to their fall; With Autumn sunsets glowing, And golden ovals.

Flame higher, falling ember of a year that now is dying. While the hum of red September lies on the hillside lying; In the beauty and the sweetness of these perfect Autumn days, Crown all the years completeness With a coronal of praise.

From Harper's Bazar. GAWKY GARNETT'S LOVE. It is a kind of a Claude Lorraine Story.

"In the mind's eye—that's the ideal; yes! all in my eye! his ideal. He!" "Natty, Natty Barton, what are you laughing at?"

"A spoony document; the usual thing, you know, Uncle James; a man who says I'm the ideal of his dreams. A love-letter, and from my Gawky Garnett!"

"Uncle James looked grave," "Natty," said he, "I wish you weren't such a dirt."

"But it's such fun, uncle dear." "It's a kind of fun you'll pay for dearly one of these days, mark my word. There never was a biter who wasn't bitten at last."

Nattie Barton, the dreamy worship of the beautiful stirred in his soul, and Gawky Garnett fell in love with Natty. Natty laughed at him to his face. It stung the boy's passionate soul to the quick, but he said nothing—not a word.

Six years later Natty Barton, twenty-three year old, a beautiful, brilliant, witty young lady, much admired, but still unmarried, and spoiled—great guns! how she was spoiled—said to uncle James one day:

"Adorable uncle, let us go to Put-in-Bay this summer. It's a new place. The stuck-up snobs aren't to be seen there, and it's fashionable; that's why I like it. It's the only place in America where I shan't be ashamed of you for being an old fogey. Aunt Ellen goes to Newport with her sister. You and I can take little Cousin Rose, and tramp to Put-in-Bay. You can wear your poky old Leghorn hat the summer long; I'll let you. And I won't tell Aunt Ellen when you go off on a little fishing party with the other young fellows. Come, my precious! Let us depart."

"To Put-in-Bay they went, then a new place, thoroughly fashionable, and consequently enjoyable. Natty wore a calico dress all day long if she wanted to, went to bed at ten o'clock, and learned to row a boat equal to Grace Darling—or was it Ida Lewis, or Dr. Mary Walker? I don't know. There are so many of 'em nowadays that I get 'em mixed up."

About the same time a wise, gray-haired, rich old lawyer said to the slim, dark-haired, brilliant, and poverty-stricken young man he had just taken into his office as a working partner:

"We'll go to Put-in-Bay for a month. I have a lot of titles to hunt up out there all over the islands. You can do the work, and I'll get the money. Start to-morrow."

"Thank you, Sir. Shall be only too glad to go," answered the young man, brisquely.

"Yes, I should think you would," dryly remarked the old bachelor lawyer *ad hoc*, looking after the departing youth; "and if you knew I was planning this trip on purpose, merely from a charitable wish to give you a little rest, you'd eat your head off before you'd go. So dashed proud that fellow is! He'll make his mark, or I'm an idiot. He works like a steam-engine, and he has the ambition of Louis XIV. Worked his way through college, and nearly starved himself to death. Come out of law school looking like a skeleton, and not a second coat to his back, but with his unconquerable determination strong as ever. His ambition seems to be eating him up alive. I must manage to make him get some new clothes somehow. I never saw anybody, high or low, as devilish proud as that fellow is. He won't speak to his old vagabond of a father. It looks rough, but I can't blame him."

At the little hotel at Put-in-Bay (there wasn't any splendid Put-in-Bay House in those days) one morning Nattie Barton looked up from her breakfast plate, and encountered a pair of intensely brilliant black eyes fixed keenly upon her lovely beauty. The magnetic power of the brilliant eyes was so strange and strong that it made Natty look up. But she looked instantly down into her plate again, after the fashion of all modest young ladies.

Rose, and irrepressible of twelve years, nudged her arm. "Nat! Nat! who is that black-eyed man looking across this way?" "Oh, I don't know," says Nat, gazing intently into her plate. "I don't see any body."

"Oh my! what a whop! What a humbug it is to be a young lady! If a young man looks at her she drops her eyes right off, and pretends she doesn't see a living soul, and all the time she's peeping at him sideways out of her eyes as hard as she can, and can tell exactly what he's got on. I wonder what young ladies do that for? I wonder if I'll do it too when I'm a young lady?"

A few days later Nat Barton and half a dozen other young ladies were sitting in the warm July afternoon on the long, low veranda of what in those days was the "principal hotel" at Put-in-Bay. There were no gentlemen there, and the young ladies had their chairs tipped back (young ladies will do that when nobody's looking), and were fanning themselves, and taking life comfortably.

Rose, the irrepressible, came bounding across the veranda toward Natty. "Oh! oh!" says the irrepressible, "what awful whoppers young ladies will tell! Nat, what did you tell me, when I asked you who that black-eyed man was—that you didn't know? Mr. Garnett doesn't care for young ladies, but he has made my acquaintance."

He is here on business, he says, and has no time to amuse himself. But he talks to me, though he won't look at a young lady. Young ladies are all spoiled he says. And he says, Nat, that he used to know you—Natty, pretend anything, Miss Nat; Mr. Garnett tells the truth—says that he fell in love with you when he was a boy, and you laughed at him, and he will never fall in love with a young lady again, because he's old enough to know better now. He likes little girls, but he thinks young ladies are awfully silly. And I think so too. And I think Mr. Garnett is just as you say he can be. Nat, what made you say you didn't know him? and

don't you wish you could make him fall in love with you now?" "No, I don't," said Natty, coloring angrily. The other young ladies laughed.

"Mr. Garnett—is that his name? He's as handsome as Edwin Booth," said Mary Walton. "I wish he'd fall in love with me."

"But he won't!" upspeaks little Miss Rose, indignantly. "He doesn't like any women but little girls."

The young ladies laughed again. "Let's league together and break his heart," said Vixie Gray.

"Do! Let's break it with a stone-hammer," said Vixie's sister, Alice. But Natty said nothing. Little Rose watched her pretty face carefully; but for all she could make of it, it might have been the face of a gingerbread man. Natty's mind wasn't as indifferent as her face, however. She was making a mighty vow to herself. She knew well enough who the handsome young lawyer was, and the old flirting demagogue stirred within her breast. She was plumed to think he had been at the Bay a full week and never said boo to a young lady. Her uncle was charmed with the brilliant young lawyer.

"I told you so Natty," said he, rubbing his hands. "That young man'll be Governor of the State one of these days. I'm nearly as proud of him as if he was my own son. Don't you wish you hadn't snubbed him, Natty?"

"No, I don't," said Natty, shutting her lips with a snap, and looking vexed. But she said to herself, "We will see!"

They had a yachting party next day. Mr. Garnett went on the invitation of Uncle James. Natty was as gay as a bird, and as bright. She was dangerously fascinating. She sang, laughed and made witty little small-talk for the whole company. Any young man but George Garnett, athirst with his wild ambition, planning out a magnificent future, brooding over his yellow law-books, would have succumbed at once to the wiles of this girl with the gleaming sweet eyes and the red lips.

She looked up in quick alarm, as if expecting to find him already gone. But he approached as she raised her eyes.

"Will you walk on the veranda a little, Miss Natalie?"

She put her hand through his arm without a word, and he led the way out to the veranda.

"I am going away in the morning, Miss Natty. Perhaps I shall not see you soon again. So—"

She caught her breath with a quick sign, as if stricken with sudden pain. George Garnett reached out and took in his own little hand that rested against his arm.

"Natty, little Natty," he said softly, "will you come with me for a moonlight sail? Burrell is down there yet with his boats, and he will take us out. It is so beautiful to-night, and—I have not troubled you often this summer, have I?"

"No, I don't," said Natty. "They went out into the bay, and falling with the moon-light waves. Burrell, the boatman, tended his sail, and George Garnett sat down beside Natalie."

"Yes, I must go away in the morning; I have had a letter from—home," emphasizing the one word sorrowfully. "My father is on his death bed. Miss Barton, you know who and what my father is?"

"Yes," said Natty, faintly, "I do," with a soft, gentle sound in her voice as though she meant, "Yes, dearest, I know; but that is nothing."

"I have not spoken to my father for four years," said Garnett. "Perhaps I did wrong; I don't know. I thought he had disgraced me and the memory of my mother so. But I must go to him now, for he is dying. A distant relative of my father is with him. This cousin is an old man and wealthy. He is who writes the letter. He says I am the only relative he has left in this country, except his daughter, a girl of eighteen. I have never seen her, but I have heard that she is beautiful, and as good as an angel. My father's cousin writes that if his daughter and myself should be mutually pleased with each other, pleased enough to marry each other, that he will be glad to see us so disposed of, and in that case my fortune will be made. He is kind enough to say that he knows of nobody to whom he would more gladly trust his young daughter's happiness than to me. So to-morrow I must leave these pleasant islands, and I go to the fair young cousin whom I have not seen. I hope you will find the rest of the summer delightful, Miss Natalie."

Natty hurried her face in her hands. George Garnett bent over her, and drew the hands away from her face. Natty was crying.

He looked at her a moment, and his own face looked pale in the moonlight. He moved away and said a few rapid words to the boatman, and he sat down beside Natty in silence. He was visiting the saloons "with the rest of the boys." It is likely to be cloudy.

When a man promises to take his wife to a party, and changes his mind after she is dressed, you may look out for a heavy shower.

When a man saves his cigar money to buy his wife a new bonnet, and the children new shoes, it indicates a spell of sunshine.

When a man dies and leaves a nice young widow with plenty of money, and you see her walking out with the executor on Sunday afternoon, a change is imminent.

Progression is the watchword of the hour, but in Missouri mothers haul their disobedient children over their knees and strike on the same spot that the Romans did three thousand years ago.

They are disputing Goldsmith Maid's time. Is she willing to leave it to an investigating committee?

AT TWILIGHT. BY KEN E. HENFORD. The twilight wraps the world in— The twilight still and gray— And all the cares of day-time It shuts from me away. I cannot hear the murmur of restlessness and pain, That thrills my soul with sorrow And longings always vain. I only feel the quiet That wraps the world about And know all its and riot The twilight shutteth out.

Your love, oh little darling, Is like a twilight spell; It brings peace to soothe me In rest unspokeable. It wraps all about me Its tender, loving arms, And I am safe from evil And all the world's alarms. With work-day cares forgotten And you so near, so near, I only think remember— That you and love are here.

THE BOYS OF COMPANY "C." By a Member of the Company. When Company "C" of the first Nebraska Volunteers was organized, there was quite a number of boys joined it, among whom I will name Tom and Wils Majors, Dave Smith, Torrance Callen, Frank Hacker, E. K. Caldwell, Frank Medley, Bruce Arnold and Corwin Tipton. These boys all proved to be heroes, and many a deed of bravery was performed by them in fighting and capturing their enemies, and protecting and saving their comrades.

They were a jolly set, and perfectly reckless, so far as personal danger was concerned. They went into battle with a shout and came out with a laugh. Around the camp fires many a joke was cracked at some mishap that had occurred to some one or more of the number. If volunteers were wanted to perform a perilous service they were sure to go. They carried their lives in their hands, and though they risked their lives scores of times, the most of them came out of the war unharmed.

After the regiment was changed from infantry to cavalry these boys were generally, when on a march, with the advance guard, and woe! to the poor bushwhacker that fired on them. Being well mounted, and being reckless riders, they never stopped to count noses, but with a whoop would dash at their foes, and generally put them to flight. Sometimes they were a little too fast and I will give one instance.

One morning several of the boys were the advance guard, and were some half mile ahead of the main column; when, seeing a farm house and several men on the porch, they raised their accustomed shout and went for them. In going to the house they had to pass a stable yard, and along the fence was a growth of bushes, which prevented them from seeing what was in the yard until they got opposite to it. Imagine their surprise to find 25 or 30 men in the yard in the act of mounting their horses, while a fellow was letting down the fence in order that the rebels could get out. The boys didn't care about going to the house just then, but had pressing business back at the main column, and whirling their horses retired in a hurry. The rebels charged after them for some distance, firing as they charged, but all the boys, except Frank Hacker, got off unharmed; poor Frank received a painful wound in his right foot, from which he suffers now.

There was a noted rebel chieftain in northern Arkansas, named Freeman, and during the winter of 1863-4 several expeditions were sent out to capture or disperse Freeman and his band. Sometimes our men hunted Freeman, and sometimes he hunted them. It was like the Frenchman's tiger hunt. He said "hunting ze tigre is funny while you are hunting him, but, by gaw, ze ze tigre hunt you, ze fun ain't dere." That was the experience our boys had hunting Freeman.

At one time Freeman sent a flag of truce to Batesville, by one Captain Wolf, to see about an exchange of prisoners, and at the same time Col. Livingston was preparing an expedition to capture Freeman. Shortly after Wolf started on his return this expedition, consisting of nearly 200 of the 11th Missouri, and nearly 100 Nebraskans, under the command of Capt. Tom Majors, and the expedition under the command of Lt. Col. Stevens, of the 11th Missouri, started also. Lt. Moore, of Co. H, was on a scout some fifty miles distant on Black river. Col. Stevens was anxious to have Moore form a junction with his command, and wanted Wils Majors to carry a dispatch to him for that purpose. Wils selected Callen and a citizen guide to accompany him and started. The country was rough and the people were rough. There were mountains to climb and rivers to ford or swim. The night was dark, and the paths were dim, and our little party knew that the rebels would make short work with them if they discovered who they were, but nothing daunted they went ahead. About midnight they stumbled into the little village where Wolf and flag of truce men were staying, but by representing that they had got separated from their command in a fight a few days before, they were unsuspected. Passing on, they pretended to be afraid of falling into the hands of a detachment of Feds, and by this means learned that Moore had gone south towards Jacksonport. Knowing that it would be impossible to

reach Moore and have him form a junction with Stevens, our heroes started back and just at daylight arrived at the little village where Wolf was, and had to run the gauntlet of his men, but as they were well mounted and lucky they got away and rejoined their comrades.

Before the expedition reached Spring River Stevens divided it, taking the Missourians one way, and ordering Majors to take the Nebraskians another, so as to surround Freeman and gobble him and his men. Before Majors got to his station there was considerable firing heard, and shortly after the firing ceased our boys ran on to five or six ribs, who fired and retreated. Several of the boys followed them, they scattered and each one of our men plucked his man and followed, trying to kill or capture him. One or two were shot down. Wils Majors captured his man before he had proceeded far, and took him back, but Callen followed a fellow that was pretty well mounted, and though he gained on him, he emptied his revolver before he overtook him, and when he did overtake him found that he was not more than 200 yards from a large body of men, drawn up in battle array. As Callen rushed up to the fellow he pushed the muzzle of his pistol against the rebel's temple and ordered him to surrender. As the rebel felt the pistol he naturally threw back his head, which checked his horse, and Callen went ahead far enough to turn the horse to the right. It was then an easy matter to make the fellow take the back track, and before his comrades were aware of what had taken place, the two men were on a gallop toward the Federal troops, and a volley fired after them did no harm.

"By George," said Callen, "I captured that fellow in the presence of 200 men, and I had nothing but an empty revolver," and showed that his revolver was empty. Imagine that the rebel's feelings. The audacity of the act paralyzed the main body of the rebels for a few minutes, but, as while this skirmish was taking place, the surgeon of the 11th Missouri had come to Majors and told him that Stevens and nearly all his men were captured, it became necessary for the Nebraskians to get away from there, and seeing a number of rebels crossing a mountain, evidently to cut off their retreat, the Nebraskians struck off down the valley, and had not proceeded but two or three miles until they captured a native. This native, however, was a perfect know nothing. He knew of no paths across the mountains, nor fords across the river, but the muzzle of a revolver at his ear, with the intimation that if he wanted to live until sundown he must find both, quickened his memory and he piloted the boys out of that trap. At daylight the next morning the Nebraskians rode into Batesville, but Freeman was still a free man.

As Wils Majors and Callen had been in the saddle the most of the time for forty hours, and had rode a long way over a hundred miles, and had each captured a man with his horse and arms, they were considered to be the bully boys of the expedition.

A Rich Beggar Exposed. An old man, poorly dressed, who limped into a liquor saloon in Detroit and begged for money, was quickly exposed.

The Free Press says that he began by asserting that he lived at a certain number on Seventh street, and that his wife was very ill and he too old and lame to work. In the saloon was a man living at the very number given on Seventh street, and he branded the old man as a liar. The old man then said it was Seventeenth street, but he was so confused that the half dozen men present determined to see how he was made up. He shouted "police" as they approached him, but the men locked the door and threw him down. His green glasses covered as good a pair of eyes as were in the room, and no cause for his limping could be found. He had his left hand tied up, but they jerked the rags off and found no hurt or wound. Last night they flashed out of his pockets \$38.45 in small money as he had begged it, and discovered that he had a bank-book on a Chicago savings bank, with \$480.50 credited to him. He made a great fuss as they went on to expose him, and finally promised that he would leave Detroit by the Pacific express and never return again. He claimed to have begged most of the money in Toledo. One of the men accompanied the old knave to the Central Depot, and remained there until he saw him move away on the train.

There's a \$10,000 South Jersey heiress who has so many lovers sitting on the fence, waiting for her to come out nights, that she has given her entire fortune to endow a lunatic asylum.

Teacher—"Peter, you are such a bad boy that you are not fit to sit in the company of good boys on the bench. Come up here and sit by me, sir."

"Misrepresentatives of the Press!" is Donn Platt's phrase for hotel dead-heads, and a very good phrase it is.

"Frod, how is your sweet heart?" "Pretty well, I guess; she says I needn't call any more."

Between Spinner and Bristol, the former's oaths are the most sonorous.