

Executive League... Teachers... Farmers... Chamber of Commerce... Knights of the Ku Klux Klan...

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, Wm. J. Mayhew... City Clerk, J. H. Baker... Police Judge, J. H. Baker...

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Clerk, A. J. Wilcox... County Treasurer, J. H. Baker... County Attorney, J. H. Baker...

GRANGE DIRECTORY.

Order of the National Grange... Order of the State Grange... Order of the Federal Grange...

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church... St. John's Episcopal Church... St. Andrew's Episcopal Church...

TRAVELING TABLES.

Chicago and North Western Railway... St. Paul, Chicago and Northern Pacific...

CHICKEN RECIPES.

Roast a whole chicken... Fried chicken... Chicken salad...

BUSINESS CARDS.

AT FORNERS... B. C. Parker... AT LAW, LAND AND TAX... T. L. Schick...

PHYSICIANS.

A. R. Holladay, M. D... H. L. Mathews, M. D... W. J. Mayhew, M. D...

BLACKSMITHS.

J. W. Gibson... J. H. Baker... A. J. Wilcox...

Nebraska Advertiser.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1874. VOL. 19.—NO. 23.

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

The following poem was written by Col. Theodore O'Hara, of Kentucky, who served in the Mexican War, and also in the War of Rebellion...

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

No rumor of the fæ's advance Now swells upon the wind; No thought of midnight haunts Of loved one's left behind...

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane That sweeps the great plateau, Flashed with the triumph yet to gain, Came down the sereed fow...

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

Full many a mother's breast has swopt O'er a youngster's pain, And lo the pitying sky has wept Above its molder'd slain...

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

Some of the Dark and Bloody Ground! Ye must not wonder here, Where stranger joys and tangles round Along the needless air...

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

Thin, death's parent turf thy rest, From the gray field, Borne to a Spanish soldier's breast Or smelt a bloody shield...

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

Yes or No. "You have come here to be victimized," said Charley Ashton, as he entered my room on the evening of my arrival at Fairhaven...

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

"No," I answered, with a faint smile. "Thank you, now I will proceed, speaking mildly, I shall my fellow creatures, so do you and friends all degenerate into lovers, while mine—"

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

"Your recommendation reads like one of those pathetic appeals in the Herald, where the advertiser—a veritable Crichton by his own showing—will be happy to work for the smallest possible wages if he may benefit his employer thereby."

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

"You are wantonly cruel," I returned; "will you not say something kind to me before I go?" "You have been very useful," she said slowly, and looking at me indifferently.

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

"That is her own secret," answered Charley, with a rueful glance. "Perhaps though, we were to blame for getting so infatuated with her. She is eccentric certainly, and dresses in the plainest style;—dresses in flannel and hops and verandah flirtations and—"

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

"That evening the world of Fairhaven was surprised and indignant, and even Charley looked at me vengeance as I snatched along the beach by Miss Carroll's side. But what did I care? Was I not happy? Very happy indeed; and as the weeks flew by, I grew happier still in the consciousness that each day I was getting deeper and deeper in love with her."

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"I wish I had known it sooner," muttered Charley; "but it is too late now, and I am done for. You will want to know her?"

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

"I agree with Yates and Thomson," I said to myself, prospecting on Miss Carroll's face, as I sat opposite her at tea. Clear cut features, soft, dark blue eyes, with the pure, faintly flushed complexion which always accompan-

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

"I was just about to suggest our going," she said; "we will take a lunch and spend the day in bidding a pathetic farewell to all our old haunts." "How coolly she takes it!" I thought, biting my lip and longing to say something savage and unchristian in return.

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

"Morning broke gray and chill, and by breakfast-time everybody prophesied rain; but nothing daunted, we set out for the North Cliff, Miss Carroll gayer than I had ever seen her; I very miserable and ill-tempered but afraid to show it."

THE DIVOC OF THE DEAD.

"I ought to have lost my hold and fallen before her very eyes, leaving her to a life-time of sorrow and repentance; instead thereof, I reached the bluff in safety, ran all the way to Fairhaven, and came back by nightfall with men, ropes, ladders, and everything needful for rescuing Miss Carroll from her perilous position. In my pocket was a paper of sandwiches and a tin can of coffee."

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"I am shocked!" I replied. "Is this the severe truthfulness on which you have always prided yourself? Perverse creature, do you want to make us both miserable? See, the boat is getting up steam; in five minutes more I must leave you. Will you make a life-long compact with me?"

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"Give me till to-morrow to think about it," she urged. "I will give you five minutes," taking out my watch and holding it up. "Four, three, two, one! Yes or no, Miss Carroll?" "Yes," she answered.

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"Thank you, you are very kind," she replied with amiable unconsciousness, putting forth her hand for the coveted treasure. "Stop a moment, if you please," said I, still retaining the flower; "before giving it to you, I wish to make a 'compact' with you, as the Scotch say."

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"The clear eyes looked me over, which would have made a less self-possessed man feel very small and humble; but I was not daunted. "I find, Miss Carroll, I went on serenely, "that wondering along the beach and among these hills alone is not pleasant; picking blueberries with only one's own thoughts for companions is a dreary business, as you will admit, while a solitary fisher is the most miserable of mortals. Do not you agree with me?"

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"I look at your lovely face and forget all earthly considerations, supper among the rest," I answered. "I am not lovely at present," returned she; "my nose is too 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.'"

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"On the contrary, how much better to reflect in their last moments that they have not made simpletons of themselves," replied Miss Carroll. "Miss Carroll!" I exclaimed, "a villain would scramble down, leaving you to perish, unless you confessed your love for him. What if I were to do so?"

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"You are not a villain," she replied, "while all matters very much; so it is not worth while to speculate on what I should do if you were to abandon me."

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"The merit is not mine," I have never before deserv'd to be treated badly. Are you really going. Oh, do not forget to bring me some cold chicken and a bottle of coffee!"

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THANKSGIVING.

A PURITAN SAPPHOIC OF 1650.

When the old fathers of New England sought To honor the Heavens with substance and with first fruits, They, with their blessings all uncounted, summed up Their undeserving.

They praised Jehovah for the wheat sheaves gathered; For corn, and cattle, and the thrifty orchards; Blessings of basket, storehouse, homestead, hamlet,

Of land and water.

They praised Jehovah for the depth of riches Opened and lavished in a world of plenty; Wines, whose red ore, unpriced, unboasted, Is poured from

Venus unexhausted.

They made confession of their open errors, Honestly told God of their secret follies, Afters their service as true vassals pledged Him.

And then were merry.

Stone was their purpose, nature made them nobles, Religion made them Kings, to reign forever; Hymns of thanksgiving were their happy faces,

Beaming in music.

GHOSTS TO THE FRONT.

A Strange Story of a Dead Man's Vengeance.

Jealousy, Persecution, Suicide, Murder, and a Ghostly Confession.

[From the St. Louis Globe.]

To what spiritualism is going to lead is a problem which is puzzling many minds. It is a problem, too, which seems in a fair way to find a solution at no distant day. If we may rely upon the accounts of the various wonderful manifestations which are being published from day to day, Formerly the ghostly visitants contented themselves with rapping, writing, tipping tables, moving furniture, speaking with the lips of persons over whom they were supposed to have control, and playing other pranks which were interesting and unaccountable, but which appear to have no particular purpose, useful or otherwise. But in these latter days, if we can place confidence in the manifestations which have been produced at the Eddy household, and in various other manners and places, spiritualism is advancing at a rate which, if it continues to progress, must sooner or later reduce it to one of the exact sciences. Not only do the spirits, supposing these manifestations to be genuine, make themselves heard and felt in the ways to which they have long been accustomed; but they have gained the power of materializing and dematerializing themselves at will, appearing before us in the apparel, as well as in the body, which they wore when in the flesh. More than this—it is asserted in some quarters that they have the power of taking upon themselves the

GHOSTS TO THE FRONT.

IMAGES OF LIVING MEN, and in their shape and likeness doing evil deeds, for which their counterparts must suffer. If this be true—and it would be difficult to say what is impossible in this age—the criminal records of the country will be forelong present some curious features which were utterly unknown to former ages.

GHOSTS TO THE FRONT.

Of this sort is the strange story which is here to be related. At Mendota, Illinois, lives a medium of extraordinary force, named Betty Milton. Although it is but a short time since her powers in this line have been developed, she has succeeded in producing manifestations, according to the testimony of respectable, intelligent and credible witnesses, which are fully equal to any of the phenomena which have been observed among the most advanced Spiritualists. She does not compel spectators to sit in darkness while the materialized forms of disembodied spirits fit before them, nor does she get out of the reach of investigation by shutting herself up in a cabinet; but all the phenomena are produced while she sits entranced among the audience, who are thus able to judge for themselves whether she is party to any fraud.

GHOSTS TO THE FRONT.

Lately she has been troubled by the presence of a spirit whom she feared and dreaded, but who, in spite of all her efforts, persisted in strove to gain control of her organization. It was evident that this spirit desired to make through her some strange and dark statement, and its nature could be guessed at by her occasional wild mutterings concerning hatred and murder, revenge and remorse. She gradually yielded to the influence of this troublesome spirit, and finally, near the close of October—to be exact on the 23d—he stood beside her, in the shape of a slender, tall young man, with long hair and German features. There were a dozen or more persons present all of whom saw him, and saw that the medium was in a state of trance while the materialized spirit made his

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The first Colonial Congress met in Carpenters' Hall, Sept. 5th, 1774, and remained in session fifty-two days, adjourning on the 25th day of October.

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