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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1874.

VOL. 19.—NO. 27.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns: Space, 1 w, 1 m, Per Month, Per Year. Rows for 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, 6 inches.

Legal advertisements at legal rates: One square (10 lines of Nonpareil space, or less) first insertion \$1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50c.

Official Paper of the County

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

Regular Lodge No. 13, K. P. Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Wagon Lodge No. 1, K. P. Meets every Friday evening in Masonic Hall.

GRANGE DIRECTORY.

Officers of the National Grange. D. W. Adams, Master, Waukegan, Iowa. O. H. Kelly, Secretary, Washington, D. C.

TIME SCHEDULES.

Barstow & Missouri Railroad in Nebraska. MAIN LINE. 11:30 a.m. arrive Plattsmouth, 1:05 p.m. arrive Plattsmouth.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Attorneys: R. C. Parker, Attorney at Law. Physicians: A. S. Holladay, M.D., Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.

CHARLES SUMNER.

By Henry W. Longfellow. Garland upon his grave, And flowers upon his hearse; And to the tender heart and brave The tribute of this verse.

A WOMAN'S REVELATION.

My husband came tenderly to my side. "Are you going out this evening, love?" "Of course I am."

WHERE DID THE RICH MAN GO?

Little Johnny was preparing for Sunday school, situated some distance away, when his mother saw one of her neighbors approaching in his vehicle.

MYSTERIOUS BELL RINGING.

A PUZZLER FOR THE BALTIMORE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. From the Baltimore Sun. The ringing of the bells in a house on North Stricker street, above Cooke, which has caused a little sensation in the northwestern section of the city during the past week still continues.

THE POOR WORKING GIRL.

Little feet, a pity 'tis Neater boots should not encase you; Shapely hands the daintiest gloves Should be happy to embrace you.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Homeless Boys—Interior Cities—A Short History—Sunday—Business. Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser. NEW YORK, Dec. 26, 1874. THE HOMELESS BOYS.

WONDERS OF THE THAMES.

Eleven bridges cross the famous River Thames, and over them go more people in a year than cross any bridges in the world. They are fine specimens of architecture, made either of stone or iron, and some of them cost huge sums of money.

HOW TO GROW THE OLEANDER.

The oleander is a very ornamental plant when properly grown, but we seldom see fine specimens. There is scarcely one of my readers who has not seen dozens of tall, straggly plants.

WHAT A SINGLE BALLOT ACCOMPLISHED.

In 1869 Dan Stone, of Cincinnati, was a candidate for the State Legislature. Walking up Main street on the morning of the election he overtook an acquaintance going to the polls.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

The Germans and French back up the "sacred concert" theatres, and the Americans generally support those endeavoring to crush them out. And the fight is waxing warm. The Bowery theatre was open last Sunday night with their ghastly melo-dramas, as usual, and the old place was jammed with people.

NEW YORK VS. THE INTERIOR CITIES.

I have mentioned several times the trouble New York is laboring under at this time concerning her trade. The merchants of the city have finally discovered that the loss of trade is not chargeable altogether to "hard times," but that the cause is deeper.

A PICTURE OF GRANT BEFORE RICHMOND.

Gen. Grant is cold and silent; he had ordered a tent to be given me at his headquarters, but during my brief stay I never saw him except at dinner, which was as short as it was frugal. I remember that one day one of the staff spoke of an attack to be made at the mouth of the river, and said that the bar at low tide had sixteen feet of water in it.

THE COUNTRY SKOOL MOM.

Shells invariably about twenty-three years and six months old, and remains right there for a term or two. She wears her hair either cut short or hanging around in ringlets, and is as precise in all things as one of Fairbanks improved platform scales.

A DITTY ONE.—A good story is told of one of the city councilmen of St. Joseph. It is this: He was at dinner with a party of gentlemen, and much to the horror of a dandified guest who sat near him, persisted in playing with a cork, in such a manner as displayed a hand long divorced from a wash basin.

A CAROL MAN, who was out until a very late and unusual hour of the night, assured his wife that he had been attending the Old Fellows' lodge, to which the old lady, who smiled a large sized rodent, replied: "Dear me; it must have been an odd fellow you lodged with, for your stockings are mismatched, and one of them is a woman's—and it ain't mine, you brute!" A thin grim visaged war showed its front.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS—An old friend of other days—still holds his opinion that a lady with black stockings on has no business to walk out on a windy day.

LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS.

Neatly printed at this office.