

THE ADVERTISER. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Nebraska Advertiser.

THE ADVERTISER. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: Copy, one year, \$2 00; Copy, six months, \$1 00; Copy, three months, \$0 50.

ADVERTISING RATES: One inch, one year, \$10 00; Two inches, one year, \$15 00; Each succeeding inch, per year, \$5 00.

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1875.

WOL. 19.—NO. 35. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

W. W. FAIRBROTHER, T. G. HACKER, AIRBROTHER & HACKER, Publishers and Proprietors.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Church. Services each Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, F. A. Johnson. City Clerk, W. W. Fairbrother. Treasurer, J. B. Piper.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Clerk, W. W. Fairbrother. County Treasurer, J. B. Piper. Sheriff, J. B. Piper.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

St. Paul, Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 11 a. m. Departs 12 p. m.

TIME SCHEDULES.

MIDLAND PACIFIC RAILWAY SCHEDULE No. 1.

Table with columns for Station, No. 1, and No. 2, listing arrival and departure times for various stations.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. C. Parker, Attorney at Law, Land and Tax. Office at 70 Main street, up stairs.

E. E. Knight, Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Office in Court House Building.

T. L. Schick, Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Office in City Clerk's Office.

J. S. Stall, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office, No. 70 Main street, up stairs.

J. H. Broady, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

E. W. Thomas, Attorney at Law. Office, front room over W. W. Fairbrother's Hardware Store.

W. T. Rogers, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in Court House Building.

Physicians. S. H. Holladay, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at 70 Main street, up stairs.

Notaries and Collection Agents. L. A. Bergmann, Notary Public and Conveyancer.

Land Agents. W. H. Hoover, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent.

Blacksmiths. J. W. Gibson, Blacksmith and Horse Shoer.

THE "OLD RELIABLE" MEAT MARKET.

BODY & BRO. BUTCHERS!

Body & Bro. Butchers. Fresh meats always on hand, and delivered to customers.

INTRA, MINTRA, CUTRA, CORN

BY THE REV. J. K. NUTTING. Ten small hands upon the spread, Five forms kneeling beside the bed,

Blue-eyes, Blackeyes, Curly-head; Blonds, Brunette—in a glee and a glow,

Waving the magic word. Such a row! Seven years, six years, five, four, two!

Fifty fingers, all in a line, (Yours are thirty, and twenty are mine), Ten sweet eyes that sparkle and shine.

Motherly Mary, age of ten, Evens the finger-tips again, Glances along the line—and then—

"Intra, mintra, cutra, corn, Apple-seed and apple-thorn, Wire, brier limber lock,

There goes in a flock, Ruble, robe, rabble, and rout, Y, O, U, T."

Sentence falls on Curly-head; One was diligent in "gone and dead," Nine-and-forty left on the spread.

"Intra, mintra," the flat goes; Who'll be taken, nobody knows, Only God may the lot disclose.

Is it more than a childish play? Still you sigh and turn away, Why? What pain in the sight, I pray?

Ah, the true: "As the fingers fall, One by one, at the magic call, Till, at the last, chance reaches all."

"So in the fateful days to come The lot shall fall in many a home That breaks a heart and fills a tomb;

"Shall fall, and fall, and fall again, Like a Law that counts our love but vain Like a Fate unheeding our woe and pain.

"When by one—and who shall say Whether the lot may fall this day, That calleth of these dear babes away?"

"True, too true, Thy hold, dear friend; Evermore both the loth depend On him who loved, and lives, to end;

"Only Love, with his wifely sight; Love, Love, who dwells in eternal light."

Now are the fifty fingers gone To play some new play under the sun— The childish fancy is past and gone.

So let our booby prophecies go, As childish, for we do not surely know The dear God holdeth our lot below?

—Boston Congregationalist.

MAGGIE'S VALENTINES.

BY S. ANNIE FROST. "What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

"What are you smiling about if you're looking as blushing as a rose?"

poor," she said lovingly. "The bread you have cast upon the waters will come back. Even Wilfred Mansfield was his first start in business to your influence and money."

"He has paid me back all I loaned him."

"Very true. But you did loan it when he had an opportunity to purchase his present business, that, but for you, he must have left pass by him."

"Tut! Tut! Let him make Maggie happy, and he will owe me nothing. Half-past nine! What do you mean Mrs. Chilton, by keeping me from the store till this time of day?"

"Perhaps Maggie Chilton grieved at the news which formed the subject of conversation between her parents on St. Valentine's day. She had carried her gift from the patron saint of lovers to her room, and read the verses there in a murmuring tone, dwelling upon the fond words with lingering emphasis. She was not a beauty, she was not an heiress. Her accomplishments were summed up by a limited knowledge of the piano forte and the gift of singing ballads in a sweet but not very powerful voice. Her education had been carefully superintended by her father, and she was thoroughly grounded in her own language, a fair German scholar, and well for her eight years. But you would not find a neater housekeeper, a daintier seamstress, or a more lovable little home maiden than Maggie Chilton. Her pretty little figure was always neatly dressed, though Maggie had never owned more than one silk dress at a time in her life, she had soft brown hair; large blue eyes; a nice, fair complexion, and with no pretension to positive beauty, was as pretty and winsome a maiden as ever was covered by a loving heart to brighten a home. Wilfred Mansfield, though ten years the senior of Maggie, had never seen a face that was so lovely in his eyes; and with his whole honest heart he loved her, hoping for no greater happiness than to win her from her own home, to make sunshine in the home he had for her. He had saved enough from his business expense to buy a small house and furnish it, and there he hoped to see Maggie preside, his own loved and honored wife.

At the same hour when Maggie was for once neglecting her household duties, Wilfred Mansfield was returning from a business errand to his own store. He was thinking of the momentous question he meant to ask a few hours later, and his cheek burned and heart thrilled as he thought of his answer. His lady love was no coquette. Modest and maidenly, with no boldness of manner or speech, she had yet, all unconsciously betrayed in her soft blue eyes and pretty blushes how pleasant the society of Wilfred had become to her, and though no one could feel his woe would have as fair a chance of success as he hoped for. He knew Maggie would have but a small dowry, if any, for Mr. Chilton made no secret of the fact that his savings were small. Maggie was the youngest of nine children, and the only one living to gladden her parents' hearts. One after another, at different ages, and often after long and expensive illness, her brothers and sisters had been taken away before she had ever known their love, for her parents had buried the eighth child before Maggie was born. She had been literally the child of their old age, and Wilfred Mansfield deeply appreciated the honor paid to his own worth in his old friend's cordial approval of his suit. He was full of happy, hopeful thoughts when a sudden revulsion of feeling was caused by an alarm of fire and the sight of men running in the direction of Mr. Chilton's store. He hastened his footsteps to find his worst fears realized. The store was wrapped in flames, and a horror-stricken whispser was circulating that the old gentleman was still in the building. He had been active in helping to remove some portion of the stock, but had imprudently gone back to seek a box in the inner office after the flames had become so fierce as to threaten to cut him off. How should the crowd know that that box contained the bonds that would keep his wife from beggary? They only saw the danger of the attempt, not the motive that prompted it. Wilfred no sooner realized the situation than he endeavored to find some means to enter the store by the rear door. Others had also thought of this, and when he reached the street in the rear, he found Mr. Chilton had been rescued alive but frightfully if not fatally injured. He knew too well the loving hearts at home to venture to send there the burned, maimed husband and father without warning; so bidding the men who carried him to follow, he sped through the streets to carry the tidings.

What was the fire, the loss of property, even beggary, compared to this calamity? Even in the midst of his horror and pain, he was glad that the verses already spoken to Mr. Chilton gave him the right to offer comfort and assistance to Mrs. Chilton and Maggie.

The scenes that followed might have tried even stouter hearts than those of the two loving women who, more than realize the dreadfulness now before they were obliged to give active service to the sufferer. The surgeon made along examination, and longer yet were the ministrations for relief. The wife in the room, the

daughter outside, were kept busy for hours, to prepare cooling lotions, linon bandages and other means of assistance for the half-conscious but keener suffering old man, whose life was the most precious boon they asked of Heaven.

The injuries, terrible as they were; proved to have, as yet, but slightly affected the vital powers, that although the surgeons gave but little hope of recovery, they all declared there was no immediate danger of death. Weeks followed; where time, sleep, every-thing was cheerfully sacrificed to try to ease the suffering of the invalid. Night after night Wilfred Mansfield watched by the bedside of the man he had hoped to call father, nursing him with all the gentleness of a woman, and giving him the benefit of his young, strong arms for the constant changes of position he became would ease his pain. He had fancied so frantic with suffering that opiates were given in quantities that would have been frightful under ordinary circumstances, and lotions were applied almost hourly to the terrible burns. But there came a night when all pain ceased, and sleep came to the tired eyelids. The doctor called late upon the weary nurses, and gave Wilfred the directions for the night. Privately he said to him:

"The chances for life is one in a thousand. If he wakes to consciousness give him this medicine at once and repeat it every half hour till I come in the morning. He may never wake."

There was but little sleep excepting in the sick room. Mrs. Chilton yielding to Maggie's earnest wishes laid down, dressed, to try to rest, and Maggie—pale, weary Maggie watched beside her. They had been kept ignorant of the crisis approaching, but they knew the danger of death had been great from the first hour.

It was early dawn when Wilfred Mansfield came softly to call them. Mr. Chilton lay gasping, dying, and they stood beside him while Wilfred hastened for the doctor. But before he returned all was over.

In the distress and agitation, nobody saw how white and rigid the face of the young man had become. Friends thought he was over-fatigued by his many nights of watching, and even the physicians spoke admiringly of his devotion and the strength of constitution that could endure such a strain of care and wakefulness.

He was the only one to save Mrs. Chilton and Maggie the trying duty of superintending funeral arrangements, and later the details of winding up the business affairs thrown in to disastrous confusion by the fire. No thoughtful act was omitted; every jot to the sensitive hearts that yearful care could avert, was spared them, and they were relieved from the pressure of immediate want by the information that a thousand dollars had been rescued from the business. Nobody but Wilfred Mansfield could have told where that was found. The lawyers tried in vain to save a dollar, though they found no debts. The fire had destroyed everything, even the few bonds Mr. Chilton had given his life to try to save. But from the hour when Wilfred Mansfield called her to her dying father's side, Maggie was all alone. Mrs. Chilton had joined her husband in the better land, and the poor child was alone in the world.

Valentine's Day came. Maggie was seated in her sitting-room, lonely and depressed. Her health was failing with care and overwork, and the grief for her mother's death was yet fresh in her heart. Her servant brought her a letter, but upon opening it, no misative signed St. Valentine greeted her, but a long letter, and at the end, the name of the writer, Wilfred Mansfield. The letter told her she had never ceased to love, but that the agony of bitter self-reproach had kept him from her side. On the night when Mr. Chilton was left for the last time in his care, overcome by his long watching and the stillness of the room, he had fallen asleep. When he awakened, dawn was in the room, and the patient was awake, and looked at him with conscious eyes. He hastened for the important medicine, but it was too late. Before he again reached the bedside, Mr. Chilton was unable to swallow, and again unconscious. Had he not slept, perhaps that precious life might have been spared. He had endured the remorse of a murderer, and dared not speak of love to the child of the man whose death was perhaps upon his soul. He had made what atonement was in his power. The money he had hoped to invest in his own home had purchased Mrs. Chilton's house, and he had been living on a salary one-half of which was sent on St. Valentine's day to Maggie.

"I am not a rich man now, Maggie," he wrote, "but I have a salary offered me here that will give us a home and comfort. I love you better than my life. Shall I return to my dreary exile or will you forgive me. I am waiting at your door for my answer. Say 'I forgive you,' and I will be yours. WILFRED."

"Wilfred," she cried aloud, "come to me! I forgive you!"

There was no rapturous meeting. Very slowly and gravely he entered, and took her in his arms.

"Can you, indeed, forgive me, Maggie?"

"What have I to forgive? What caused your fatigue but care of our loved one? devotion to my mother

and myself? We were to blame to let you watch all night after working all day. You must not feel again as you write here, Wilfred."

"I have just come from the doctor's," he replied, "and I told him all. He says there was no real hope. At best, the medicine could only have stimulated life for a few hours, perhaps one day. Maggie, are you, indeed, my own at last?"

"All your own, if you will have me."

So, very quietly, on St. Valentine's Day, there was a wedding in the little sitting room. The millinery was taken from the store, and Wilfred opened his old business again, while Maggie's health and happiness returned in the deep content of her husband's love.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Tilton-Beecher—The Cold-A-Pitiful Story—The Labor Question—Express vs. Post—Dwellings for Poor People.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23, 1875. BEECHER-TILTON.

I suppose I shall have to write these words about forty times more, the exasperating fact being that this everlasting trial will continue, at the rate it is progressing about forty weeks.

Tilton is now on the stand, and for a week has been examined, re-examined, cross-examined, and examined in every other way that lawyers know of, and yet nothing has come of it, nothing that the people did not know before. All that has been brought out the people were made aware of a year ago in the "Statements" made by the parties connected with this wretched business. This week the proceedings have been nothing more nor less than a series of duels between Tilton and his opposing lawyers, in which neither have shown to advantage. Tilton's answers to questions have been either the smallest of small wit, or grandiose orations on matters entirely foreign to the subject in hand, and Evans seemed to be inspired with a crazy desire to rival him in repartee. There is nothing new in the trial and will not be till Beecher gets on the stand. Then something may be expected.

By the way, why isn't Henry C. Bowen, the editor of the Independent, on the stand? He knows more about this business than any living man, for he has not only been the confidant of everybody who knew anything connected with the two principals. Everybody who ever had anything to say against either came to Bowen with it first. Perhaps he knows too much for either party to want him on the stand. Possibly he could tell more than either of them would want made public.

THE ARCTIC SEASON.

The weather has been colder here than has been known for years. The River between the foot of Courtlandt street and Jersey City has been filled with ice for the first time in thirty years, and ice bridges across the East River are almost of daily occurrence. Ferries are in a continual state of stoppage, and the oaths and curses one hears from the pinched and half-frozen people, who wait for hours for a boat to get to Brooklyn or Jersey City, are frightful to hear. The experience this winter will do more toward hurrying the great bridge to completion than all the newspapers could do in a century.

A SORRY STORY.

Monday morning a young woman, a supernumerary in Booth's Theater, fainted during the rehearsal of the play. Her sister actresses raised her, and carried her to the green room, and when she revived she told her story as best she could. She had not eaten a morsel of food for three days, and her fainting was the result of nothing but starvation. Of course, food was given her, and of course a collection was made for her, and then her ghastly story came out. Her husband was a scene-shifter in the theater, but had been down with consumption for nearly a year. She had a mother, also an invalid, and four children, all of whom she had to support, and the pay on which all this had to be done was six dollars a week. Think of it; rent, food, fuel, medicine, clothing, for seven people, two of them invalids, to be provided out of six dollars a week, and that pittance to be earned by one little woman—not twenty-one years of age, from one of the most precarious of professions. The family were living in the top of the house, in one room, the house so badly built that the wind whistled through the cracks with about as much freedom as it would on an Iowa prairie, and no fire. The poor woman couldn't get fuel for heat, and she never had food enough to make it necessary for cooking. The sick husband and sick mother lay on wretched pallets with scarcely any covering, and another wretched pallet sufficed for the younger mother and her four children. All the day they lay in that horrible nest for warmth, and to that horrible nest the overworked mother came at twelve at night, when her exhausting labors were completed at the theater.

This is one case in twenty thousand, only this poor woman had the good luck to faint with her hunger at a time and place where her distress excited pity and brought her relief. Had she fainted in her garret, she would have died as hundreds do every day. It is terrible.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

The worst side of the labor troubles is shown in the present strike of the hands in a stone-cutting yard up town. The men in the same business in Newark and Philadelphia have but \$2.50 for a day's work of ten hours, and the men employed on the Capitol at Albany have not more than \$3.00 for the same hours. The Journeymen Brown-Stone Cutters' Association prohibits its members from working for less than \$4.50 a day's work of eight hours. The firm in question have large contracts, and being able to employ more hands than they have at present, engaged some men who applied for work at a less rate. These men became dissatisfied after working with the other hands, and complained to the Association, who fined the firm \$100, with notice that in default of payment the hands would be ordered on strike. This was paid under protest, as work was pushing; but it was not long before another fine of \$100 was ordered, on complaint of an employee, belonging to the society, that he had been defrauded out of a day's wages. The firm refused to pay the fine, and their men, as ordered by the society, went on a strike. The firm soon had over twenty outside men at work at the same hours and wages as before, but declares that under no circumstances will they again employ society men. In consequence, the strikers have sent threats to the firm of burning its property, and went so far as to assault a testmaster drawing stone from the yard, striking him in the face and knocking him down. The arbitrary rulings of the Stone-Cutters' Association will go far toward breaking up the business, so important in this city. Its terms must seem exorbitant in these times, and whatever, without just cause, which these men cannot complain of, throws men into idleness, and robs their families of their full earnings, must be looked upon as mischievous, and an evil to be sternly resisted and suppressed. It is a singular thing that men dependent on their daily wages for their daily bread, should attempt to control their employers, with the thermometer below zero, and with thousands of men out of employ and eager for work. But it is so.

EXPRESS VS. POST.

The Express Companies are very much stirred-up about the new system of Postal Carriages, by which packages, not over four pounds weight, can be sent by mail, at the rate of a cent for each two ounces. A new system, I called it, but it has been on trial for nearly two years and the public are just waiting to a sense of its benefits, as the Express monopolies are trying to take it from them. It would seem as if there was sufficient field left for them in transporting large packages, and they might reasonably leave this convenient arrangement to profit both Government and people. The convenience of this postal package system to the public needs but a glance to be seen at its true value. Families, remote from anything worthy the name of stores or supplies, can order samples and have orders filled by mail at the expense of only nine cents per pound, to any part of the country. That this is appreciated, the books of New York merchants tell. The packages sent from a single house, by this system, amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars in value, the last year, and every dollar's worth of this paid its tribute to the revenues of the Post Office Department, which needs assistance to constantly establish new routes, as fast as new settlements are made, instead of gorging the over-rich express companies. For years these companies have steadily fought down every effort for cheap transportation, lest it should wrest from them part of their enormous profits, and they are asking the repeal of this pleasant, kindly Post-Office law, which extends its good to every hamlet in the United States. If the Post-Office can afford to carry tons and tons of newspapers, books and pamphlets, at the rate of a cent for two ounces, and finds profit in doing so, there is no reason why it should not extend this work to any description of dry goods, and reap the benefit of it. If the exorbitances of this law are once understood, people will no more hear of its repeal than they will of going back to old-fashioned postage, at 25 cents a letter. I applied for some information on this point, to a firm who were among the first to take pains to inform their customers of the convenience of sending parcels by mail. They say that they can send, within the prescribed weight, in one package, 20 yards of tafeta silk of good quality, and of the lower grades from 25 to 30 yards. Of gros grain, at \$2 to \$3.50 per yard, 20 yards. Of Lonsdale muslin, 14 yards, of New York Mills, 13 yards, and the same of Wamsutter. Lonsdale cambric being much lighter, 20 yards could be sent. While the weight of each parcel sent through the mail is restricted to four pounds, the number of parcels that can be sent is unlimited, so that any number of yards of any fabric can be sent by post, by being cut into lengths that would suit the purchasers.

If there were any doubt which side would win in this great trial of strength between monopoly and the people, it would call for as strenuous and organized action on the part of the latter as any question that has come up for years past. Every express company is a monopoly in its locality; and the enormous charges

on goods sent to distant States and Territories, operate to shut off those people from any but a local market, with all its disadvantages of high price, poor quality, etc. I have been surprised at hearing the objection seriously made by disinterested parties that they did not see the use of government being made a common carrier. Such an old fogy remark hardly deserves the ready answer that if government sees its way clear to making the work pay—which it must, or the system would speedily be repealed—there can be no reason why it should not do the people so eminent a service, that being precisely what governments and post-office departments are for. It is all well enough to talk of competition being powerful enough to regulate charges, but we all know what that means. Start a new express or telegraph company tomorrow, and one of two things is certain to happen: either the old companies buy up the new ones, or the old and new combine to lay additional burdens on the people. The government is the only relief the people have.

HOUSES FOR POOR PEOPLE.

New York, down town, is full of great, tall buildings, the upper stories of which are scarcely used at all. Some benevolent people are urging upon the proprietors thereof to convert the upper floors into dwellings for the poor; and it ought to be done. It is a terrible hardship for a poor man to travel four miles, night and morning, to his work, to say nothing of the hole the fare makes in his wages. It gets him out of his bed in the morning an hour and a half earlier than is necessary, and keeps him out of it the same time at night. But think, you who have nice homes, of an improvement in a man's condition that means going up to the top of a six story building to live!

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

ROSE FIELD, NER., Feb. 12th 1875. Pursuant to call of the County Superintendent, many teachers and friends of education were at the school house.

The Superintendent called the house to order.

An organization was effected by electing F. M. King secretary, Miss Mary Bagley and Miss Mary Peery orators.

Music by Excelsior Band, led by Geo. E. Dye.

Discussion of School government. Led by Rev. J. B. Piper, and followed by many others.

Discussion of parents' duty to Com. Schools. Led by Mr. Elias Randall. Several participated; much interest manifested. Most thought that teachers should use the red in extreme cases; that the faithful teacher should be supported; and that the Bible should be read in schools.

Music—The Little Brown Church. An exercise in reading, by Miss Mary Bagley. She would use the word method in starting pupils, instead of the tiresome old A B C method.

Music—The Sleigh Ride. Adjourned for dinner.

AFTERNOON SESSION. Music—Switzerland. A class drill in arithmetic by Leroy Mason. Discussion on the same.

Music—Say a kind word when you can. Select reading by P. Crother. Subject—Kindergarten.

Music—Mother's Dying. Adjourned to meet at 7 o'clock. EVENING SESSION. Ciphering match.

Music—Morning Advances. The query box was, then opened and questions to suit the tastes of all were asked and answered.

Many knotty questions made plain. A song by Mrs. C. Tucker—Whole-some Advice. Critics report.

The Superintendent then made a few remarks, tendering thanks to the Band and others who furnished music, and to the citizens for their hospitality and presence during the institute.

Made—Time is Sweet. Adjourned. F. M. KING, Sec'y.

Some of the Southern planters are going to far with their new pet theory of small farms. An Alabama match has out of his plantation into patches, not one of which is bigger than Rhode Island.

Of course a woman doesn't want her plants to freeze, but still one can not blame a man for raising a row when he hops out of bed in the morning and finds a geranium plant in each trowsers leg.

The Ithaca Journal is not the best authority on sporting matters. It states that the original "home stretch" is the stretch across the maternal knee.