THE ADVERTISER.

O. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning

AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

# Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1875.

VOL. 19.—NO. 36

THE ADVERTISER.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

| | |
|---|---|
| One inch, one year | $10 00 |
| Two inches, one year | 15 00 |
| Each succeeding inch, per year | 5 00 |

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

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

## SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

LODGES.

Brownville Lodge No. 15, K. P.—Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited. J. C. McNAUGHTON, C. C. F. E. JOHNSON, K. R. S.

Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week in their hall over Lowman's store. Visiting brothers cordially invited. A. G. GATES, N. G. JAMES GORMAN, Secy.

Brownville Division No. 19, Sons of Temperance.—Meets every Friday evening in Odd Fellows Hall, over Nickell's drug store, Main street. Strangers of our order visiting the city are invited to meet with us. B. M. BAILEY, W. P. S. G. LOCKWOOD, R. S.

Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M.—Stated meetings third Thursday evening in each month.

Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M.—Stated meetings first Monday night in each month.

Nemaha Council No. 3, R. S. & S. E. M.—Stated meetings fourth Monday in each month.

Mt. Carmel Commandery No. 3, K. T.—Stated meetings second Monday in each month.

Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63, K. R. C. R. A. C.—Meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Monday in each month.

Adah Chapter No. 2.—Order of the Eastern Star. Stated meetings third Monday in each month.

CHURCHES.

Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. J. M. RICHARDS, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.—Services each Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m. J. T. BAIRD, Pastor.

CITY OFFICERS.

City Council.—Meets the First Monday in each month. Mayor, F. A. Tisdel. Aldermen—First Ward—W. T. Den, E. S. Wibley; Second Ward—F. E. Johnson, W. A. Jodkins; Third Ward—Lewis Hill, Fredrick Gaecker. Marshal, D. Campbell; Clerk, J. B. Docker. Treasurer, J. Blake. Police Judge, J. S. Stull.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Commissioners—J. Higgins, Alex. McKenzie, John H. Shook. County Clerk, Wilson Riley. District Clerk, W. H. Hoover. Sheriff, D. Pistorius. Probate Judge, E. M. McCord. Treasurer, A. H. Gilmore. Surveyor, J. Gilbert. County Superintendent, D. W. Pierson.

## Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Northern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 11 a. m. Departs 11:05 a. m.

Southern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 2:30 p. m. Departs 2:35 a. m.

Northern—Via Peru, Daily—Arrives 12 m; Departs 1 p. m.

Southern—Via Nemaha City, Daily—Arrives 5 p. m. Departs 7 a. m.

Western—Via Tecumseh to Beatrice—Daily: Departs 7 a. m. Arrives at 5 p. m.

Southwestern—Via Table Rock—Weekly—Arrives Tuesday at 6 p. m. Departs Monday at 7 a. m.

Northwestern—To Helena Semi-Weekly—Arrives Thursday and Saturday at 6 p. m. Departs Wednesday and Friday at 7 a. m.

Post Office Hours from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays from 10 to 10½ a. m. W. A. POLOCK, P. M.

## TIME SCHEDULES.

### MIDLAND PACIFIC RAILWAY

SCHEDULE No. 1.

TAKES EFFECT MONDAY, FEB. 1st, 1875.

| WESTWARD. No. 3. | WESTWARD. No. 1. | STATIONS. | EASTWARD. No. 2. | EASTWARD. No. 4. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| LEAVE. | | | ARRIVE. | |
| A. M. | P. M. | | P. M. | P. M. |
| 7.00 | ..... | ....Brownville.... | ..... | 7.15 |
| 7.37 | ..... | ....† Peru..... | ..... | 6.38 |
| 8.21 | ..... | ....† Barney..... | ..... | 6.10 |
| 8.46 | ..... | ....† Minersville.... | ..... | 5.47 |
| Ar 9.15 | ..... | ..... | ..... | Le 5.15 |
| Le 9.30 | 3.05 | ....Nebraska City.... | 2.00 | Ar 4.50 |
| 9.57 | 3.30 | ....† Summit..... | 1.35 | 4.25 |
| 10.10 | 3.50 | ....† Delaware..... | 1.23 | 4.00 |
| 10.26 | 3.48 | ....† Dunbar..... | 1.15 | 3.50 |
| 10.46 | 3.05 | ....† Arlington..... | 12.59 | 3.25 |
| A 11.15 | Ar 2.27 | ..... | L 12.36 | 2.50 |
| L 11.40 | Le 8.42 | ....Syracuse..... | A 12.16 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.56 | ....Unadilla..... | 12.00 | 2.25 |
| 12.26 | 7.19 | ....Palmyra..... | 11.39 | 1.50 |
| 1.10 | 7.40 | ....Bennett..... | 11.20 | 1.10 |
| 1.37 | 8.04 | ....† Cheney's..... | 11.02 | 12.38 |
| 2.02 | 8.27 | ....† State Prison.... | 10.42 | 12.08 |
| Ar 2.05 | Ar 8.35 | ..... | L 10.35 | L 12.00 |
| Le 4.00 | ..... | ....Lincoln..... | ..... | A 10.10 |
| 4.25 | ..... | ....† Woodlawn..... | ..... | 9.45 |
| 4.43 | ..... | ....† Malcolm..... | ..... | 9.27 |
| 5.10 | ..... | ....Germantown.... | ..... | 9.00 |
| 5.40 | ..... | ....Seward..... | ..... | 8.30 |
| P. M. | P. M. | | A. M. | A. M. |

The time given above is that of Lincoln, being 8 minutes slower than that of Chicago.

All trains daily, except Sunday.

† Denotes Flag Stations—trains stop only on signal.

J. N. CONVERSE, Supt.

### Burlington & Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska.

MAIN LINE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 11:25 a.m. leave | ....Plattsmouth.... | 2:05 p.m. arrive | |
| 2:46 p.m. | ....Lincoln.... | 11:16 a.m. leave | |
| 10:01 p.m. arrive | ....Kearney Junc.... | 8:45 a.m. leave | |
| OMAHA BRANCH. | | | |
| 1:15 p.m. leave | ....Plattsmouth.... | 12:15 a.m. arrive | |
| 2:40 p.m. arrive | ....Omaha..... | 10:50 a.m. leave | |
| BEATRICE BRANCH. | | | |
| 3:51 p.m. leave | ....Crete..... | 7:45 a.m. arrive | |
| 6:05 p.m. arrive | ....Beatrice..... | 5:45 a.m. leave | |

### Chicago & North Western Railway.

Trains at Council Bluffs arrive and depart as follows

| GOING WEST | ARRIVE | GOING EAST | DEPART |
|---|---|---|---|
| Day Express | 10:35p.m. | Day Express | 6:40a.m. |
| Night Express | 9:20a.m. | Night Express | 4:05p.m. |
| | | Ex. Freight | 10:50a.m. |

W. H. STENNETT, Gen. Pas. Agt.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

**B. C. Parker,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, LAND AND TAX Paying Agent, Howard, Neb. Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care. 16n6

**E. E. Ebright,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary public and Real Estate Agent. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

**T. L. Schick,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—MAY BE CONSULTED in the German language. Office next door to County Clerk's Office, Court House Building, Brownville, Nebraska 16-6y

**J. S. Stull,**

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.—Office, No. 70 Main street, (up-stairs,) Brownville, Neb. 15-6y

**J. H. Broady,**

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.—Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

**E. W. Thomas,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office, front room over Stevenson & Cross's Hardware Store, Brownville, Neb.

**W. T. Rogers,**

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.—Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

PHYSICIANS.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician. Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1855. Office, Lett & Creigh's Drug Store, McPherson Block. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. 16-6m

H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office in City Drug Store, No. 22 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

NOTARIES & COLLECTION AGENTS

**L. A. Bergmann,**

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.—Office, No. 41 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

LAND AGENTS.

WILLIAM H. HOOVER, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in District Court Room. Will give prompt attention to the sale of Real Estate and Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District.

BLACKSMITHS.

**J. W. Gibson,**

BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER, First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

THE "OLD RELIABLE"

MEAT MARKET.

BODY & BRO.,

BUTCHERS!

Good, sweet, fresh meat always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed to customers. 17-22-1y

The Nebraska Advertiser is for sale at Geo. S. Dunn's Book Store, next door to the Post Office.

Written for the Advertiser.

## THE RIVER OF TEARS.

BY LOMBARDY MAPLE.

There's a river whose tide is e'er murmuring low,
As it flows through the swift fleeting years,
And they who dwell on its side only know
It by the name of The River of Tears.

That river e'er rolls its tide heavy and blank,
Through the long, dim, sorrowful years;
And he who'd take up his abode on its bank
Must first pay his tribute of Fears.

And many there are who dwell on its strand
And watch its dark waters roll by,
With ceaseless moan through the weary land—
Paying tribute of many a sigh.

And, yet, not forever is each one delayed,
Through the long, dim cycle of years;
But each one may pass—when his tribute is paid—
Pass over this River of Tears.

The other-side shore is so unlike to this,
And so happy its bright waters run,
And so quietly flow the sweet, dreamy years
That it's called the "Land of perfect bliss."
"The fairest land under the sun;"
"Land beyond 'The River of Tears.'"

*Peru, February 20th, 1875.*

## MAKING LOVE IN THE DARK.

"Won't some one make my lines for me, please? My quilting looks very much like Mrs. Partington's turpentine walks."

As Mary Norris said this she raised a pretty, laughing face to the assembled company, which consisted of the elite of Brownsville, with some of the lower strata. The village boasted not of its numbers as it did of its pretty girls, and Mrs. Goodwin was determined to have her quilt finished by fair means or foul, and being desperate, had scraped Brownsville for her quilting bee.

The usual gossip was at its height—when it was interrupted by the appeal of Mary Norris to Mrs. Goodwin, whose interest it was to have every line perfect, and to keep the social machinery in running order. So she bustled about and soon got Mary to work again.

"I wonder," said Jenny Hastings, "if Mary Frazier is coming to-day?"

"Goodness knows, she is terribly fashionable and aristocratic," returned one of the lower set.

"O, she is coming," interrupted the hostess, "she promised not to fail, and is such a quiet, undemonstrative little thing that she will accomplish a good deal, even if she does come late."

"She wouldn't be fashionable and like city people if she came as early as the rest," put in another of the lower strata. "For my part I wish she would stay away entirely. We can live without such stuck up—"

The sentence remained unfinished, for at that moment the lovely face of Mary Frazier looked in upon them with a pleasant smile. In her silent manner she glided in at the side door, removed her hat and gloves without disturbing the hostess, and then surprised them.

Mrs. Goodwin greeted her warmly, and as usual, with fuss and bustle, she was seated at the quilt, where her slight, deft fingers, as Mrs. Goodwin had predicted, soon began to trace line after line in her exquisite and neat fashion, and to out do many who had come earlier.

All the people who could be picked to pieces, were, and Brownsville had to pass through the social feminine mangle, customary on such occasions, and yet strange to say, survived.

After tea the gathering of the rustic swains began. Among them came handsome Dr. Collins and his old bachelor friend, Dr Peters. Of course the entire unmarried portion of the other sex were setting their caps for the handsome young physician, and were doing all they could to increase his vanity and spoil him generally.

Upon the present occasion he joined right merrily in the country games, romped with Mary Norris, and paid more than one forfeit upon her red pouting lips. Indeed, he seemed to revel in sweets, for most of the girls, though making a show of resentment when he kissed them, evidently sought or challenged such liberties, all but quiet little Mary Frazier. She stole into out-of-the way corners, and more than once slipped out of the hands of those who sought to drag her into their pinys.

It was whispered again that she was too aristocratic to mingle with the common herd, while in truth, having been reared in the city, she was unprepared to permit such liberties. Her extremely delicate nature shrank from becoming public property. Her lips were reserved for him who should win her love, and were not to be desecrated. But that she also cast longing eyes upon the young physician was not to be denied. Yet even the most careful observer had not been able to detect the fact—a higher color or sudden bounding of the heart at the sound of his voice, when he addressed her in tones always deferential and polite, as if he was just a little frozen or awed by her manner.

Mirth reigned fast and furious as the evening waned. Chairs were overturned in the boisterous game of blindman's buff, while dresses and sashes suffered sadly.

The doctor seeing Mary Norris dash out of the front door, followed her, resolving (upon the spur of the moment) to seize the time to disclose his love. Such an event had been one of the things of the future, if at all; until now he had not given much thought to it, but her saucy, black eyes, and sweet, warm kisses had completed his enthrallment.

Out under the vine-covered porch of the Goodwin cottage where he could distinctly trace the soft outlines of his love in her fleecy white dress, he followed, and gaining her side, he whispered:

"Mary, I must leave now. I have a patient to visit yet to-night, but I cannot tear myself away without telling you how much I love you."

One little hand was clinging to the trellis as he spoke, and dimly tracing the coveted member, he forcibly possessed himself of it, while his other arm stole around her slender waist. With an air of timid surprise all unlike the usual spontaneous demonstrativeness of Mary Norris, the young girl dropped her head and murmured:

"I—I—did not think—"

"You did not think I loved you? Is that it my sweet girl? Well, I do, most sincerely. But, Mary, I am not adept at love making, and I am very brusque. Yet, will you be my wife?"

"Surely you cannot mean it? You have never shown me the slightest preference!"

"Is it possible that under my careless and light exterior you did not detect a more serious meaning? But I am waiting my answer," and he bent down to catch the timid "yes."

The night was moonless and dark, so much so that the doctor could not see, as he longed to, the blushing face of his Mary. He kissed at random and being determined to leave the seal of betrothal on her lips, kissed first her ear, then her cheek, and after meandering about, at last settled on her sweet lips which were turned temptingly upward.

"To-morrow evening I may come and see you, I suppose, and then we can adjust our happy future."

Just then the shouts of some lasses who had been chased out of the back door by their rustic admirers, startled the lovers.

Dr. Collins kissed his affianced again and dashed away before he was discovered.

Of course he "walked upon air," and it is quite likely his prescription for the invalid was a little mixed. But after he had gained the quiet of his own room, he lay awake for a long time reflecting upon the stupendous step he had taken. Somehow he had regreted that he had been so hasty, as he communed with himself.

"I am afraid," he thought "that my mother will think her a bit hoydenish. But it cannot be denied that she is beautiful and shrewd, and if transplanted into a more refined soil will improve. How she seemed to melt when she found I loved her, and how changed were her manners. I confess I expected her to accept my wooing with her old time half defiant and saucy dash. But lo! she became sweetly womanly, tender and gentle. I could feel her pliant form tremble and thrill in my arms, and her timid "yes" was given almost with a sob. By Jove! I had no idea the child loved me so much; and I shall always be good to the sweet girl. "She shall be the very apple of my eye."

With this resolve, Dr. Collins floated into the dreamland, to rehearse over again the little love passage in the rustic porch of Mrs. Goodwin and beneath the twining morning glory vines.

The following day passed for him with leaden feet. He longed to see Mary Norris in her character of his affianced bride. That she would be gentle and sweet with him, now that they were engaged, he did not doubt, and he felt he should like her better when a trifle toned down. So the early shadow of the evening found him close to the Norris mansion.

Mary was at the piano. He could distinguish her voice in some peculiar strain. No doubt this was a ruse to cover her natural confusion.

A servant showed him in, and he instantly discovered that Mary was not alone. A masculine from a neighboring village was devotedly leaning over her and turning the music. The closing of the door announced him. Mary started up from the instrument, and without the slightest deepening of the rose color upon her cheeks, and simply and naturally as ever, came forward, greeted him, and introduced her friend, Mr. Cummings."

The bad blood surged into the cheeks of the doctor, and he attempted to express his disappointment and and ardor with one eloquent glance, but it fall entirely short of its mark. No answering expression came back to him. As if unconscious of their near relation to each other, Mary Norris ran on in merry jest and railery until he became thoroughly out of humor, and espoused the contrary side of every question, and at an early hour took his departure.

When in the hall, where the girl accompanied him, he turned upon her with words of reproach.

"How could you admit that fellow to-night when you were expecting me?"

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Collins," she replied, with her saucy black eyes dancing. "You are very much mistaken. I did not expect you to-night. That "fellow" is one of my dearest friends."

"Mary, you are trifling with me; have you forgotten what transpired in the verandah?"

"What verandah?"

"That of Mrs. Goodwin, to be sure."

"You must be insane, doctor, or are laboring under some hallucination. I was not in Mrs. Goodwin's verandah with you for a single moment last night, and if you made any engagements with any young lady at that time and place, it was not with your humble servant."

"Not with you!" he gasped, pale to the lips. "Who the deuce was it then I should like to know."

"I can't say. You should not be so careless, doctor. No doubt some fair Brownsville girl is at this moment looking her eyes out, while you are wasting your time with me. But I must go back, or Charley will be jealous—yet stay. I have one trifling bit of confidence for you. We are engaged."

"Certainly. Don't I know it!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand, with a suddenly radiant face.

"Knew it! and had the audacity to call my Charlie a "fellow," and to be angry because I did not deny myself to him on account of your stupidity in thinking that under Mrs. Goodwin's porch you had informed me of your intended visit to-night! O, good ness! what a coquette you must believe me to be."

His hand fell away from her's suddenly, and his voice was husky as he answered:

"I congratulate you. Good-evening."

Out into the silent and dull village street he ground his teeth, and used some very intricate and harsh words against himself, the worst of which perhaps was that he might be considered an ass."

He went directly to his office, and Dr. Peters noticed the change in his manner, and kindly inquired what was the matter.

"Any bad news, my boy?" he asked jocosely. "You look as though you had been having a case of double conniptions, and didn't know what to do with them."

"I am an unmitigated fool, that's all. I've gone and engaged myself."

"To be married! Not that, hey?"

"Yes, just that, old fellow," and he sank into a chair with a most disgusted air.

Dr. Peters looked at him a moment and then burst into an uncontrolable fit of laughter.

"Why, the deuce take it," he said, as soon as he could get his breath, "one would think you were doomed to be hung. I give you my word that if I had gone as far as you say you have I should try to look more cheerful."

"Good heavens! how can I? Listen for a few moments. As I said before, I am engaged to be married, but I swear to you I don't know to whom"

The old physician sat up, his face suddenly elongated, and he stared at his partner in pills with open eyed astonishment. Presently he said, as if to himself:

"The boy is as mad as a March hare."

"No, I am not—wish to thunder I was."

He related minutely everything that had occurred under the porch and screening vines at Mrs. Goodwin's and continued:

"Whoever I mistook for Mary Norris evidently believes in and loves me. She solemnly yielded herself to my caresses as my betrothed wife, thinking that I fairly worshiped her and her only.

Dr. Collins groaned, and ran his fingers through his hair until each particular fiber stood on end.

His partner vainly attempted to control his risibles. One glance at the disconsolate visage of his friend was too much, and (to use an Hibernianism) he let off a roar that shook the very foundation of Brownsville, and it was a good half hour before he could sufficiently control himself to give his friend the comfort and advice he so much needed.

"No doubt," was the reply, "it is a laughable matter, and it is ridiculous, besides being exceedingly funny; but for the life of me, Doc., I can't see it. And now, as a gentleman and a man of honor, what am I to do?"

Doctor Peters wiped his eyes, settled himself to considering for a time before replying, and then said:

"If I were in your place I should first find out to whom I am engaged, and if she proved agreeable, or rather desirable, I should marry her, unless my heart was firmly set upon having Mary Norris."

"Fortunately, the spell is broken I see that I was merely infaturated. Besides I find that she is already engaged. But that does not matter. Suppose I find the young lady the very reverse of my expectations and hopes. What shall I do then?"

"Make yourself so disagreeable and exacting that you drive her to the extremity of jilting you"

"That advice is very sound, no doubt. But how in the name of common sense am I to find the girl?"

"You would make a poor detective Evidently her name is Mary. If I understand you correctly, you called her that alone, with a few pet epithets thrown in,"

"I had not thought of that."

"Well, think over all the girls in Brownsville by the name of Mary, and the one most likely to be she. Then visit her once. There's Mary Carter."

"It wasn't her," interrupted Dr. Collins, with a gesture of disgust.

"How do you know? Remember you shot in the dark."

"Don't you think I should know if I were hugging a saw-log? Didn't I tell you her form was slight and delicately moulded."

"Oh, if you had occular demonstrations of the fact, I yield. Might it not have been Mary Lewis?"

"No, she is too tall."

"Then clearly it is, as I suspected, Mary Frazier, and I congratulate you my dear boy, for having stumbled upon a happy fate in the dark. She is, without a doubt, the dearest little woman in the whole world, and a perfect lady withal."

The handsome face of the young physician cleared, and he reddened visibly as he answered:

"I had not thought of her other than to admire her gentle and sweet manner and radiant intellectual face. Some how she is always so reticent and retiring that I have found it rather hard to get on with her."

"If you had been read in the ways of women, this at once would have convinced you that she was willing to acknowledge to herself that she loves."

"A thousand thanks, Doc. I confess that you have helped me wonderfully, and if it is indeed the lovely Mary Frazier to whom I am affianced, and by whom I believe myself greatly beloved, I will try not to be wholly miserable."

The next evening, according to the advice he had received, Dr. Collins called upon Miss Frazier. As she rose to greet him, a sudden uplifting of a pair of soft brown eyes and upsurging of the tell tale blood, convinced him that he was on the right track."

"Of course," he said, taking her hand and looking down into her timid blushing face, "you expected me last night."

"Certainly, and I presume I ought to give you a lecture for not coming," she said, smiling through the roses.

"I most certainly deserve it. But you are aware one is never certain of a physician. His time is not always at his own command; and you must be confident pressing engagements kept me from this dearer one."

He blushed as he said the words, though he found it no hard task to again seek the lips of the lovely girl.

Dr. Peters, Mary Norris and "her Charley," danced not many months afterward at the wedding of Mary Frazier and Dr. Collins, who could not help drawing comparisons between the two, and most favorably to his own sweet, gentle wife.

And as the years go by he never ceases to thank fate for the rare gift bestowed upon him in the dark.

## A NEMAHA ROOSTER WORSTED.

### A TILT BETWEEN CHURCH HOWE AND SPEAKER TOWLE.

The question was being discussed in regard to the contract made by Gov. Furnas with T. P. Kennard to look after certain claims made by the State of the general government. According to "Spark's" report Mr. Howe said, "I stand here to vindicate the honor of the State. The contract of the State in this matter was a fraud on its face. The idea of such a contract, giving Tom Kennard 33⅓ per cent on all swamp lands obtained for the State, and 50 per cent. on all Indian reservation lands is a fraud upon its face. I am glad of the opportunity to express my contempt of the administration of Robert W. Furnas, who has made such a contract. It brands him with infamy, and the people of the State know it. Such a contract, it is said, was made in October, 1874. Now it seems from an article in the *Journal*, written by Kennard, that he claims some two years' service in this matter. Now if you can make two years from October, 1874, to the present time, I would like to know how Mr. Kennard figures it. I hope this legislature will abrogate this contract, and let us put our condemnation upon such damnable corruption."

Mr. Towle, in response, said: "I think, the anathemas hurled at the late executive come with a very poor grace from the gentleman from Nemaha. But a few days since, on the floor of this House, he supported the penitentiary bill, which, as claimed by some members, is the representative of the old corrupt State ring and the biggest steal of the session. But the gentleman from Nemaha advocated the bill on the ground that the solemn contract of the State should be held sacred. It ill becomes a man who lives in a glass house to throw stones. It ill becomes him to take advantage of the floor of this house to defame and villify a man who has no advantage to reply. It is a dastardly deed, and, were it not unparliamentary, I would say that he is not worthy to unloose the latchets of the shoes of the man he would villify. But I will not say so, for it would be unparliamentary. The legislature of 1873 passed an act authorizing the governor to contract for obtaining these lands and giving him discretionary powers. The price contracted for I do not consider exhorbitant. A similar contract has been entered into by the State of Iowa, and as the State has entered into a solemn contract in which there has been no fraud shown, it becomes us to sustain the action of the executive. We cannot do less in deference to the people who elected him, and the legislature who delegated this power to him."

Mr. McKillopp made some very pertinent remarks, sustaining the Governor on legal grounds, declaring the contract as not exhorbitant and in no wise clothing the Governor with blame or suspicion of corruption, and close d with a high encomium on the acts of the late Governor.

"And now," complains the Omaha Bee, "the barbarians of the East refer to our female population as Omahens.'

## OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

### St. John's Guild—The Railroad War—Telegraph Companies—Beecher-Tilton—Art—Weather and Business.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1874.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD.

New York may be extravagant, but it is neither penurious nor mean. St. John's Guild is a charity celebrated for the thoroughness and system with which it does its work. Supported entirely by voluntary contributions, it accomplishes more for the relief of the poor than any other dozen charities in the city. It will be remembered that last summer it organized a series of excursions for the sick children of the very poor, taking them up the river in barges, six or seven hundred at a time, and giving the little invalids the fresh air and nourishing food necessary to keep them alive. All this terrible winter the Guild has furnished food, fuel and clothing for four thousand families, twenty thousand persons, all deserving cases, sought out by its officers. But the long continued cold weather was too much for the Guild and its resources were insufficient. Last Thursday morning it was announced that the supplies were exhausted, and that unless aid was rendered at once the charity must close its operations. Many a poor widow, and many a poor man out of work, heard the announcement with a sinking heart, for during the long, tedious winter the Guild had been their only reliance.

They were unnecessarily alarmed. The announcement was made in the morning, and by night $2,000 in money and three enormous truck loads of provisions were sent in, enabling the royal charity to continue in its good work of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. And money is still pouring in to a degree that will enable the Guild to not only feed its present pensioners, but to extend its benefactions. New York supports its charities nobly.

THE RAILROAD WAR.

The railroads have got by the ears, and the people are getting a benefit. The Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Central have drawn the sword and (I hope) thrown away the scabbard, and the result is cheap fare. These roads have reduced their fares to the West, and of course all the others are doing likewise. To-day tickets to Chicago which were $22 50, can be had over any of the roads leading to the West for $16 50, which makes traveling as cheap as can be reasonably asked. If the fight could only last—but it will not. When the fit of passion is over compromises will be effected, and up the rates will go as high or higher than ever. The railroads have us. And speaking of quarrels between corporations, the

TELEGRAPH COMPANIES

are having a turn at it. The Pacific and Atlantic got control of certain patents that facilitate the transmission of messages, and immediately it attacked that monstrous monopoly, the Western Union. The first shot fired by the P. & A. was the reduction of ten word messages to Washington, Philadelphia, Albany or Boston, and to places between those points, to 25 cents, less than half the old rate, and the Western Union was compelled to follow suit. Now the P. and A. managers are arranging for a reduction to all points, and the Western Union is quaking in its shoes. The fact is, telegraphing has been the most unmitigated swindle the people have had to bear. The rates have been three times what they should have been, for the reason that one company virtually controlled the business, and the people had to pay whatever was put upon them. And this struggle, as in the case of railroads, will result in no permanent good After a brief fight a combination will be made, and the old rates will be restored.

The postal package system is keeping the express companies within bounds, and why should not the same department do our telegraphing? That's the question to be considered.

BEECHER-TILTON.

Theodore is off the stand, and now comes other witnesses. The most important of the new batch was Miss Kate Carey, formerly a nurse in Tilton's family, who swore directly that she saw Elizabeth Tilton sitting in Henry Ward's lap, with his arm about her, and that he came frequently to see her in her chamber. This testimony created a sensation, as might be supposed. Beecher's lawyers were ignorant of the existence of such a woman, and so were Tilton's for that matter. She was found by accident, which gives her testimony more weight than it would otherwise have. She was in Bellevue Hospital, and only the day before she testified, remarked to a lady that she had been a nurse in Tilton's family, and told what she had seen. Immediately the information was given to Tilton's attorneys, and Mrs. Carey was brought forthwith. The most cruel thing that has transpired is the putting on the stand of Joseph H. Richards, Mrs. Tilton's only brother. He very reluctantly swore to having seen the parties in a position that led to the gravest fears as to the purity of their relations to each other. He was distressed at the position he was placed in, and said as little as possible.

But the great interest in this famous trial is yet to come. Beecher will take the stand in a short time to tell what he knows of it, or at least as much of what he knows, as he chooses to tell. Then the fur will fly in earnest. His friends insist that he can disprove every statement that Tilton has made, and that he can clear himself of all the charges made against him, and come out speckless and stainless. Till he appears, the trial will be dull enough.

Friday morning Mrs. Frank Moulton was put upon the stand. If her husband was a terrible witness, the wife was doubly so. She swore directly to the fact that Beecher had confessed the crime to her specifically; and she swore in such a way as to carry conviction. The opinion is that Mrs. Moulton's testimony is the most terrible blow Beecher has received. But who knows what he has to counteract it?

ART.

The city is not quite given up to gossip and scandal, though the scandal makes the most noise. At the sale of pictures at the water-color exhibition, the prices paid were from $200 to over a thousand, which shows there is money in some hands. Schaus the picture-dealer, shows an exquisite Marguerite—the only one that ever approached the ideal purity and grace of Faust's village maiden—which is valued at $5,000, while a carnival scene of Roman girls in a balcony throwing confectionery—girls whose arms and necks on canvas looked as if a touch would dimple them—was for sale at $9,000. The taste for art steadily increases, though perhaps not in the regular channels of paintings and sculpture as in the more familiar direction of decorative art. The best houses in New York have genuine artists in their employ for the finer portions of their work. Tiffany & Co.'s artist made the design for the vase to be presented to William Cullen Bryant, which bore away the palm from numerous competitors; and more than one furnishing company keeps a score of artists in their employ who design the interior of rich houses, so that wall hangings, curtains and carpets belong to each other and are made for each other. The fittings for the Philadelphia parlor of a wealthy banker were all in Egyptian style. The pale tapestry carpets, the upholstery of the antique couches woven for the suite, and the hangings, which represented desert scenes, were tapestry fine as mellow painting, at distance enough to lose sight of the stitches. This compound of light-green and sand-yellow tapestry, ebony and ivory spinx heads, coffins and claws, cost $300,000—money enough, common folks would think, to spend on one suite of parlors. A Californian millionaire ordered from a house here a parlor suite that cost $250,000, gold, all designed and made in this city.

The amount looks very large for these hard times, but it is not business men, or those in active business who do these things. It is those who have accumulated great fortunes in stocks, gold, oil, or in some other way, and who have hauled out of the current with more money than they know what to do with. It seems horrible that with so much distress in the country these immense sums should be spent on mere ornamentation; but it is a comfort to know that if the money must be thus spent it is all paid out in the country. The American artists and mechanics have out-stripped their French competitors, and to-day stand confessedly in the van.

THE WEATHER AND BUSINESS.

The weather is moderating, thank Heaven, and so is business. There is more weather than business, however; in fact, there isn't any business at all. How long this stagnation is to continue the wisest cannot prophesy.

PIETRO.

## AN ACT

To amend seconds 19, 23, 31, 32, 45 and 48, and to repeal section 31 of an act entitled "An act to establish a system of public instruction," approved February 15, 1869.

*Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Nebraska*, That section 19, of an act entitled "An act to establish a system of public instruction for the State of Nebraska," approved February 15, 1867, be amended so as to read as follows:

SEC. 19. The annual meeting of each school district shall be held on the first Monday of April of each year at some place within the district, and the school year shall commence on that day."

SEC. 2. That section 23 of said act be so amended as to read as follows: "Sec. 23. Every male citizen and unmarried woman of the age of 21 years, residing in the district of and owning property therein which is taxable for school purposes in such district shall be entitled to vote in any district meeting."

SEC. 3. That section 31 of said act be so amended as to read as follows: "Sec. 31. Any school district may, at any annual or special meeting impose a tax on the taxable property of the district in any amount not exceeding twenty-five mills on the dollar on the assessed valuation of the property of the district, and such tax, when voted, shall be reported by the district board to the county clerk, and levied and collected in the same manner as other taxes voted by the district."

SEC. 4. That section 32 of said act be so amended as to read as follows: "Sec. 32. The tax levied and collected as provided by the preceeding section, shall be expended under the direction of the district, or in the absence of such direction by the district, then such tax shall be expended as the district board of the proper district may direct."

SEC. 5. Section 34 of chapter 68 is hereby repealed.

SEC. 6. Sec. 45 of chapter 68 shall be amended so as to read as follows: "Sec. 45. The director, with the consent and advice of the moderator and treasurer, or one of them, or under their direction, if he shall not concur, shall contract with and hire qualified teachers for, and in the name of the district, which contract shall be in writing, and shall have the consent of the moderator and treasurer, or one of them, endorsed thereon, and shall specify the wages per week or month, as agreed by the parties, and a duplicate thereof shall be filed in his office. *Provided*, That if the director shall refuse to make and sign such contract, when directed so to do by the moderator and treasurer, then it may be made and signed by the moderator and treasurer; *provided, also*, That said director, moderator, or treasurer, or any two of them, shall not employ as such teacher any person who is a relative of any one of said officers."

SEC 7. That Sec. 58 of said act be so amended as to read as follows: "Sec. 58. They shall purchase or lease such site for a school house as shall have been designated by the district, in the corporate name thereof, and shall build, hire, or purchase such school house out of the fund provided for that purpose, and shall make sale and conveyance of any site or other property of the district, when lawfully directed by the qualified voters at any annual or special meeting. *Provided*, That the district shall not in any case build a stone or brick school house upon any site without having first obtained a title in fee to the same, and also that they shall not in any case build a frame school house on any site for which they have not a title in fee, without the privilege to remove the same when lawfully directed so to do by the qualified voters of the district at an annual or special meeting. *Provided*, That the qualified voters of the district may appoint a building committee to let contracts for, and take charge of the work of building such school house.

SEC. 8. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved Feb. 22, 1875.

## O, "I FEEL SO SO!"

The following heavy bit of testimony was recenty introduced in the Tilton-Beecher trial, for Tilton. Kate Cary being duly sworn, said:

"I was in the house of Mrs. Tilton about six years ago; when I was there Mrs. Tilton went to Monticello, I went with her and returned to the city with her. I saw Mr. Beecher go into Mrs. Tilton's bed room several times, and she shut the door after him. I was in the next room, which was separated by folding doors from it. This before she went to Monticello. I saw her in the back parlor after her return, sitting on Mr. Beecher's knee. The folding doors were open, and I saw her hand on his shoulder, and he said, "How do you feel, Elizabeth?"

She said, "Dear father, I feel so so." I did not see anything else; this was about three weeks after her return from Monticello. Mr. Beecher called thre or four times before she went away; the reason I left was because of some words I had with Bessie Turner.

The cross-examination by Evarts brought out a more circumstantial account, but did not change the statement of the witness.

## How to Make Safes Safe.

The following hints for the use of safes, and of what should be put in them, are vouched for by good authority. Avoid fancy, colored inks, as they are more liable to be obliterated by heat when the safe is under fire.—The black inks are better. Lead pencil will stand the heat better than ether, even when the paper is burned black. Do not put the most valuable account books at the sides of the safe, as the heat coming from the outside will affect them first. Crowd the books from the side to the centre of the safe, for the purpose of making them tight together, as in this condition they will stand the heat much longer. Wood drawers are preferable to iron for cash boxes, and for small papers, as wood is a non conductor of heat, and iron a good conductor. Never use in a safe a leather wallet as a receptacle for valuable papers