THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning
AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

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One copy, three months.....50
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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1875. VOL. 19.—NO. 38

THE ADVERTISER.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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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.

Excelsior 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 new hall over Lowman's store. Visiting brothers respectfully 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. L. 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.

Genoa 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. & C.—Meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Monday.

Adah Chapter No. 32.—Order of the Eastern Star. Stated meetings third Monday in each month.

CHURCHES.

Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 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. Ingersoll, E. S. Wisley; Second Ward—F. B. Johnson, W. A. Judkins; Third Ward—Lewis Hill, Frederick Carker. Marshal, D. Campbell. Clerk, J. R. Decker. Treasurer, J. Blake. Police Judge, J. S. Stull.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Commissioners—J. Higgins, Alex. McKinney, John H. Shook. County Clerk, Wilson E. Majors. District Clerk, W. H. Hoover. Sheriff, D. Masters. Probate Judge, E. M. McCord. Treasurer, A. H. Gilmore. Surveyor, J. Gibert. County Superintendent, D. W. Pierson.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Northern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 11 a. m. Departs 1:00 p. m.
Southern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 2:30 p. m. Departs 2:00 p. 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.
North western—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 7½ p. m. Sundays from 10½ to 11½ 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. A. M.	LEAVE. P. M.		ARRIVE. P. M.	ARRIVE. P. M.
7.15		Brownville		7.45
7.27		Peru		6.38
7.33		Barney		6.10
7.37		Minersville		5.47
A 8.05	5.05	Nebraska City	2.00	Lv 5.15
Lv 8.15	5.05		1.45	Ar 4.20
8.27	5.20	Summit	1.35	4.25
8.40	5.40	Delaware	1.23	4.00
8.53	5.48	Dunbar	1.15	3.53
9.05	6.00	Arlington	12.59	3.25
A 12.15	Ar 6.27		L 12.30	
L 12.20	L 6.32	Syracuse	A 12.26	2.50
12.00	6.58	Unadilla	12.00	2.25
7.22	7.10	Palmyra	11.40	1.50
6.17	7.20	Brunell	11.30	1.10
5.45	7.54	Cheney's	11.02	12.38
5.05	8.27	State Prison	10.32	12.08
Ar 2.00	Ar 8.30		L 10.30	L 12.00
Lv 4.00		Lincoln		A 10.10
4.25		Woodlawn		9.45
4.33		Malcolm		9.37
4.40		Germantown		9.00
4.50		Seward		8.50
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

The time given above is that of Lincoln, being 22 minutes slower than that of Chicago.
All trains daily, except Sundays.
† 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
2.00 p.m.	Lincoln	11.15 a.m. leave
6.35 p.m. arrive	Kearney June.	8.45 a.m. leave

OMAHA BRANCH.

1.55 p.m. leave	Plattsmouth	12.15 a.m. arrive
2.40 p.m. arrive	Omaha	10.50 a.m. leave

BEATRICE BRANCH.

2.35 p.m. leave	Cedar	7.45 a.m. arrive
6.05 p.m. arrive	Beatrice	3.45 a.m. leave

Chicago & North Western Railway.

Trains at Council Bluffs arrive and depart as follows:

GOING WEST		GOING EAST	
		DEPART	
Day Express	10.35 p.m.	Day Express	6.30 a.m.
Night Express	6.15 a.m.	Night Express	4.00 p.m.
		Ex. Freight	10.55 a.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. 16m6

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. 18-8y

J. S. Stull,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.—Office, No. 20 Main street, (up stairs,) Brownville, Neb. 18-6y

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

E. W. Thomas,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office, front room over Robinson & 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. 10-6m

H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office at City Drug Store, No. 32 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

NOTARIES & COLLECTION AGENTS

L. A. Bergmann,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.—Office, No. 8 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 door west of Jones House, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

T—R—Y
HIGGINS'
FLOUR
BEST IN MARKET.
Every Sack Warranted!

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
BROWNVILLE.

Paid-up Capital, $100,000
Authorized " 500,000

IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A
General Banking Business
BUY AND SELL
COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS
on all the principal cities of the
United States and Europe.

MONEY LOANED
On approved security only. Time Drafts discounted, and special accommodations granted to depositors. Dealers in GOVERNMENT BONDS,
STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES
DEPOSITS
Received payable on demand, and INTEREST allowed on time certificates of deposit.
DIRECTORS.—Wm. T. Den, B. M. Bailey, M. A. Handley, Frank E. Johnson, H. M. Atkinson, Wm. Frazier.
JOHN L. CARSON,
A. R. DAVISON, Cashier. President.
J. C. McNAUGHTON, Asst. Cashier.

BROWNVILLE!

GOOD NEWS
FOR THE PEOPLE OF
Richardson, Johnson, Nemaha,
AND OTOE COUNTIES,
AND
WESTERN MISSOURI!
THE
CHICAGO LUMBER CO.
OF CHICAGO,
have established
A FIRST-CLASS LUMBER YARD
—AT—
BROWNVILLE!
And will constantly keep on hand a full and complete Stock of all kinds of Dry Pine Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Lime, Cement, Plaster and Hair, Cedar Posts, Enamel Paint and Building Paper, which they will sell as low as any point in the West, at the old stand of John R. Bell. Give us a call before making any Purchases, and see how it is yourselves, and examine our Grades and Qualities, as
QUALITY AND
LOW PRICES
Is Our Main Hold.
Try us once and judge for yourselves.
Yours respectfully,
CHICAGO LUMBER Co.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.
HAVING rented the Photographic Rooms and apparatus of J. R. Shroff, I am prepared to do all kinds of Photographic work, LARGE OR SMALL. Photos
COLORED IN OIL,
at reasonable figures. Rooms over Post Office.
14m3 F. R. SYKES.

BANK RESTAURANT.
WARM MEALS AT ALL HOURS
OYSTERS
SERVED IN ANY DESIRED STYLE.
J. G. RUSSELL,
Nos. 37 & 39 Main St., } BROWNVILLE, NEB

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry
JOSEPH SHUTZ,
No. 59 Main Street, Brownville.
Keeps constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on short notice, at reasonable rates.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

J. BLAKE,
DENTIST
All Operations Performed in the best manner.
OFFICE:
At residence on Main street.
At Rock Port, Mo., from 1st to 7th of each month.

A. ROBISON,

DEALER IN
BOOTS AND SHOES
CUSTOM WORK
MADE TO ORDER.
Repairing neatly done. No. 58 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

FRANZ HELMER,
WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP
ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.
WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. [34-1y.

BLESS THE BABIES.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Bless the litte babies!
Ah, they make the *home!*
Keeping husbands evenings,
When he used to roam.
Boon compaions miss him—
Cards have lost their charms
There he sits contented,
Baby in his arms.

Bless the little babies!
Ah, they strip the heart
Of all false allurements
By their native art.
Once the belle a mother,
Fashion, fol-de-rol.
Selfish whims that spoiled her,
Vanish, one and all.

Bless the little babies!
Bridging many a breach
'Twixt wife and husband,
Binding each to each.
Husband stops his growling,
Warmed by baby's smiles,
Wife forgets her grievance,
Watching baby's wiles.

Bless the little babies!
Shame upon the wives,
Ruled by self and fashion,
Living barren lives.
Out upon the practice!—
Murder, nothing less—
Of the scores of women
God had ment to bless.

Bless the little babies!
Blessing, few or many;
Pity on the household
Never counting any.
It is like a garden
Where there are no flowers,
Oh, the pretty blossoms!
Filling happy bowers.

DAYTON'S HOUSEKEEPER.

"Wanted.—A housekeeper. No one but an elderly person, competent, and of the highest respectability, need apply. Call between the hours of three and four, Thursday, April 6th, No. —— Michigan Avenue."

Kate Franklin read this in the paper which lay on the counter in the little grocery while waiting to have an ounce or two of tea done up, and a roll of baker's bread.

She repeated the number of the house over to herself, as she received the change from the grocer.

She prepared the tea after she returned to the little bare attic, and ate her scanty meal mechanically. She forgot how unsatisfied her appetite still was, in her busy thought.

A stranger in a strange place. Successively she had tried to find a situation as teacher, copyist, in a store, sewing. She had failed in the first three, and was starving on the last.

She would apply for that place, but she would need references. Only one person she knew in the whole great city, of sufficient influence—Mrs. Davenport, the rich, haughty step sister who had ill-treated her gentle mother while she lived, and hated Kate herself.

Perhaps, thought Kate, she would permit her to refer to her, because she was glad to have her descend to menial employment.

Kate was competent for the situation, for during her mother's long illness, and her father's absence, she had entire charge of their large family and splendid house.

But an "elderly woman." Now Kate was not an elderly woman, being only twenty; but she remembered, with a sort of pleasure, that in private theatricals, in happier days, she had imitated the voice, and assumed the character of an old woman with great success. She knew how to stain the skin, to give and old wrinkled appearance, and she had, in the bottom of a box some false grey hair and a muslin cap worn on one of these occasions. She did not need to look so very old—only to present a mature and matronly appearance.

Mr. Edward Dayton waited at home after his dinner to see the respondents to his advertisement. He was a handsome man, not yet thirty, with a gay, frank, good-natured countenance.

He leaned back in a nonchalant way, with his feet on another chair.

"There ought to be a Mrs. Dayton to manage these housekeeping matters. Well, there is time enough."

Two applicants were seen and dismissed in Mr. Dayton's gentlemanly way.

A third was ushured in. Mr. Dayton instinctively laid aside his cigar, and placed a chair for his visitor.

The lady-likeness and propriety of her manner pleased him at once. "Fallen fortunes," he commented to himself.

She answered his questions readily but in a few words.

"A silent woman—a good thing," was his inward remark.

"I think you will suit me. Mrs.—, what may I understand your name?"

"Franklin."

"Mrs. Franklin, you will be required to go out of town about seven mile, to my country house, Oak Grove—in the town of Embury, on the Grand Central Railroad. The salary I propose to pay is six hundred dollars per annum. Do my terms suit you?"

She answered, quietly that they did.

"Then it is all settled. By the way I suppose you have references though that is a mere matter of form?"

"The name of Daveuport was given.

"Davenport? Robert Davenport? I know them. All right. If con enient, you will please go to-morrow, Mrs. Franklin, or the next day. I shall not come till the middle of next week, and brobably bring a friend or two with me. Have the chambers in the wings prepared, if you please. The housekeeper there now will not leave until Saturday. She will show you round."

"Is Mrs. —, is your wife there, or to go soon?"

He laughed.

"Mrs. Edward Dayton? No, she is not there, and I do not know of her going at present." Adding more seriously, "I have not the pleasure, Mrs. Franklin, of having a wife," with a slight stress on 'pleasure.'"

A vivid color came into the brown cheeks of the housekeeper, and her manner showed evident embarrassment.

"I thought—I believe—I cannot—" and stopped.

He did not notice it. His mind had already turned to other things. He rose.

"It's all settled, I believe. By the way," his eye falling on the rusty black dress, "you may like an advance, as an evidence of the bargain. It is quite customary, I believe, to do so."

The housekeeper's hand closed on the fifty dollars that he gave her; and the words she would have said, were left unuttered. She moved to the door. He opened it for her, courteously.

"Good-morning, madam."

"Good-morning," she replied.

"I cannot starve. I must go. I can keep up my disguise," she murmured.

Mr. Dayton, accompanied by a friend, arrived at his country house the ensuing week. Everything within and about the house was in perfect order. If the new housekeeper had made a few mistakes at first, they were soon rectified. Every room that she had touched showed a magical change.

Her predecessor had been one of the kind who believed in the sunlight never entering a room for fear of fading the carpets.

Mr. Dayton felt the change without knowing the reason of it. He looked around him with a satisfied air.

It was not possible to find fault with the variety and quality of the food placed before them, nor the manner of it's being served; and the table appointments were perfect; and Dayton congratulated himself upon having secured such a jewel of a housekeeper.

The weeks passed, and a holiday came. Mr. Dayton had gone to town the day previous, to remain the rest of the week. The housekeeper had given permission to the servants to go also. She felt a welcome relief to have the house and the day to herself. She locked the doors carefully after the last servant. She would make the most of her day. She would have no dinner, only a lunch. She had almost forgotten her real character in that which she had assumed; but to-day she could be herself without fear of intrusion or discovery.

She laid aside her cap and grey dresses, washed the stain from her skin, and arranged her luxurious hair in becoming curls and donned a pretty, fresh muslin, which fitted well the slight, graceful figure. This done, she entered the parlor and stood before the mirror, as attractive a figure as one would often see.

"Truly, I have forgotten my own looks! I am Kate Franklin, after all!" she laughed.

Removed from the long restraint, her spirits rebounded. She felt gay, light-hearted and like committing any foolishness.

"Miss Franklin," she said, in the mincing, affected tones of an exquisite, "it would be inexpressible pleasure to hear the music of that long silent voice."

"It would be a great pity to deprive you of it then," she answered, in her natural voice, "and myself, also," she addded; and going to the piano she opened it and played a few pieces with exquisite taste and skill, and then she sang song after song, in a sweet, clear, cultivated voice. She chose at first the brilliant and triumphant, then the sad plaintive succeeded. There were tears in her eyes when she rose. But to-day her moods were capricious.

"Mrs. Franklin, who is playing on the piano?" she asked, in an excellent imitation of Mr. Dayton' voice.

"It is only I, sir, dusting the keys. They need dusting so often," she replied, in Mrs. Franklin's natural tones; and she dusted them vigorously with her pocket-handkerchief.

"Ah, me," she said. "Now what other foolish thing shall I do to prove to myself that I am not an elderly housekeeper, but a young girl, who by virtue of her age should be gay, by right of birth, wealthy, and of consideration, visited and visiting, as Mr. Dayton's lady visits and is visited. He is noble, good and handsome," she said, with a sigh. "She will be happy. How gracefully she danced here at the party the other evening, when the old house-keeper was permitted to look on. She looks good and amiable, too. Mr. Dayton danced with her three times. I wonder if I have forgotten how to dance?" and humming an air, she floated gracefully about the room.

She stopped, breathless, her cheeks brilliant from the exercise, her splendid hair disarranged.

"I believe I feel like stiff old Mrs. Franklin, with whom dancing does not agree."

"One more song by that heavenly voice, Miss Franklin, and I shall go away dreaming I have heard angels sing," in the ludicrously affected voice she had before imitated.

"Ah," she laughed, yet half sadly, "the compliments poor old housekeeper Franklin receives, I hope will not spoil her, and turn her silly old head.

She sat down again at the piano, and sang "Home, Sweet Home;" then played one of Beethoven's grandest and most solemen pieces.

She rose and closed the piano.

"The carnival is ended. Kate Franklin disappears from the scene, and Madame Franklin enters."

Neither Mr. Dayton nor the servants would have suspected, from the placid and dignified deportment of the housekeer, when they returned at evening, of what strange freaks she had been guilty.

The houskeeper, as usual, when Mr. Dayton was alone, sat at his table. It had commenced to rain violently, and the weather had grown suddenly cold.

Mr. Dayton, as he had done occasionally, invited her to the library, where a cheerful fire burned in the grate. He read the letters and the papers which he had brought with him from town, while she knitted.

An hour or so passed in silence; indeed, the housekeeper seldom spoke except when asked a question. At length Mr. Dayton looked up at her, and said abruptly,—

"Yours must be a lonely life, madam. If it is not a painful subject, may I ask how long since you lost your husband?"

Two hands suspended their employment, two eyes looked up at him with an alarmed expression. In his serious, sympathetic countenance there was nothing to frighten or embarrass, but the red grew deeper on her brown cheek.

"It is a painful subject," she said at last, falteringly. "If you will please excuse me."

One morning he was speaking of the great loss to children in being deprived of their parents.

"I never knew a mother," he said. "She died before my earliest recollection. I believe that, man as I am, if I had a mother, I should go to her with all my griefs, as a little child would. I have some times thought of asking you to act as mother in the quiet evenings, when I have longed to confide in some one. My mother would have been about your age, I think."

Again there was a vivid color in the cheek of the housekeeper, such as is rarely seen in the aged, but it was unaccompanied by a quiver of the mouth and ended in a cough, but both mouth and cheek, were quickly covered with a handkerchief, and quite a violent fit of coughing succeeded.

Mr. Dayton, however, did not seem to notice, though he had given her one curious glance, instantly withdrawn, and he continued;

"For instance, respecting matrimony, whose advice is of so much importance as a mother's? Who is so quick to see through character, and make a good selection? Had you a son, whom, about here, would you select for a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Franklin?"

"I am not acquainted with any of the young ladies, Mr. Dayton, she answered, faintly, after a pause, during which he seemed to wait for an answer.

"True, but you have seen them all, and are, I should judge, a good discerner of character, from observation. Whom would you select, from those you have seen?" he persisted.

She reddened and paled.

"I have heard the Misses Grandison highly spoken of. Their appearance would seem to prove the truth. I doubt not that you agree with me," she returned quietly.

It was now his turn to color, which he did, slightly.

"I do agree with you," he answered, emphatically.

It was late in September. Mr. Dayton and the housekeeper were both in the parlor. He had been unusually grave all day. It seemed to the housekeeper that his manner was changed toward her.

"I have a few questions to ask, if you will permit me, Mrs. Franklin?"

She felt, instinctively, alarm at his tone.

"Certainly," with an effort.

There was an ominous pause.

"I have been told," he said, "that Miss Kate Franklin, a young lady, by disguising herself palmed herself off upon me for several months as an elderly lady. Is there any truth in the story?" looking searchingly at her.

She started to her feet, then trembling, sank back into a chair.

"Yes, it is true," she murmured, falteringly.

"I confess I fail to see for what object. My heart you could hardly expect to gain in that character."

"Your heart!" she repeated scornfully. "I had no such laudable ambition; I had never seen or heard of you till I saw your advertisement.—Would you like to know for what purpose I took upon me a disguise so repugnant? You shall. To save myself from starvation. I had eaten but one meal a day for a week when I applied to you, and was suffering with hunger then. My money was all gone, except a few pennies, with which to buy a roll of bread for the next day's meal, and I had no prospects of more, for I had been refused further sewing. But why should you find fault?" her pride rising. "What matter if I were Miss or Mrs. Franklin, old or young, if I fulfilled the duties I undertook? Have I not taken good care of your house? Have I not made you comfortable? If I have not, deduct from this quarter's salary, which you paid this morning, whatever you like."

"I have no fault to find, except for placing yourself and me in an awkward position, were this to become known."

Waves of color mounted to the poor housekeeper's temples.

"I thought—I meant that no one should know, least of all you—besides—I thought when I engaged to come, that you were married. Oh, what shall I do!" and she burst into a passion of tears.

Mr. Dayton's manner changed.

"Kate! Kate! I did not mean to distress you. Nobody knows but me—nobody shall know." and he soothed her tenderly. "Kate, look up; I love you with my whole heart. I want you to be my little housekeeper—my wife, always. Kate, what do you say?" taking her in his arms and laying his cheek against hers. "My own Kate, is it not?"

She murmured something between her sobs, that she must go away this minute.

"Nonsense, darling! Haven't you been here for months? What difference can a day longer make? You are safe with me, Katie. Oh, because I know you are Miss Franklin, will you give me this inexpressible pleasure from that long silent voice? Oh, Katie, you bewitched me that day! I am afraid you will bewitch me always.—But, Katie, let's take off these trappings," untying the cap and removing the grey hair, and with this action down fell the wealth of brown tresses.

"Oh, Mr. Dayton, you were not—surely, you were not at home that day?" looking up, covered with confusion.

"Yes, Mr. Dayton was—in the library," with an accent on his name which Kate understood.

"O, Edward! and you teased me with all those foolish questions when you knew."

"Yes, my Kate, why not?"

"But you looked so innocent."

He laughed.

"I shall soon, I hope, have somebody, if not a mother, to confide in; and Kate, it is my duty and pleasure to give you a husband, so that in the future you can answer without so much pain, when he is inquired after,"

"You are too generous."

"I can afford to be generous," he said earnestly, "when I have the precious gift of your love. Kate, blest forever be the day that I first engaged my housekeeper."

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

One Class of Thieves—A Pretty Operation—A Theatrical Incident—The Scandal—Business.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW YORK, March 13, 1875.

ONE CLASS OF THIEVES.

The ingenuity employed by the thieves of this city is something miraculous. Were the same talent and energy expended upon legitimate pursuits, it would make every one of them independently rich and of some use to the world. It is one of the mysteries of human nature why a man capable of putting up a scheme equal in point of vastness with the best of Tom Scott's railroad plans, and involving infinitely more labor, should devote himself to the making of small sums illegally, and taking all chances that such operations carry.

With the small ones it is the same as with the large ones. The favorite dodge this winter is peddling. A woman appears at an area door with a satchel of small goods, pins, needles, or what not. By hook or crook she gets up stairs into the main hall, and then her object is accomplished. She tries hard to sell, for she wants all the time possible. Nothing escapes her eye. She takes the measure of the hall so accurately that she could walk blindfolded to any given spot. She takes in the position of the doors, the kind of fastenings inside, and if left a moment to herself she gets an impression in wax of the key holes. The position of bolts or other fastenings are observed—in short, she comes away with an accurate photograph in her mind of just as much of that house as her eyes have beheld. All this may be for the purpose of plunder to the amount of a twenty-five dollar overcoat, or it may be for a general raid upon the house. If the house contains valuables enough to make it worth while, this information is imparted to professional burglars, who, with the information thus obtained, are enabled to get into the house in twenty minutes. If not so promising a house, there are at least overcoats, umbrellas and overshoes in the hall to be captured, and sneak thieves make use of the knowledge. In the latter case the time and talent of the woman and of the thief who operates with her are employed for days and days on the mere chance of plunder to the amount of $25 to $50, which, from the very circumstances of the case must be sold for one-fourth its value. The parties interested do not make fair days' wages at their business. There is no class so poorly paid as the thief, and yet once in they never get out. There is a fascination in it that holds them forever. Send one to Sing Sing—make him labor hard for five years, and discharge him, and in a week he is back at his old trade, knowing the chances he takes of detection and the certain penalty that will follow. It is an exciting life, and once embraced is seldom relinquished.

A NICE OPERATION.

There are a great many ways of making money besides stealing it, but the way a Mr. Nelson, of Brooklyn, got capital to go into business is about the neatest for an honest one. Mr. Nelson went to Mr. Herring and purchased a block of lots for $45,000. When the deed was being made he requested that the price paid should be stated at $100,000, and as there could be no objection to it, it was so done. The papers were perfected and placed in the hands of a third party till Mr. Nelson should pay the $45,000. Then Mr. Nelson went to a big life insurance company and said he wanted to borrow seventy thousand dollars on a block of lots in Brooklyn which he had purchased of Mr. Herring. The insurance company investigated the case and found that the deed represented a consideration of $100,000. They had the property appraised, and were willing to take a loan of $70,000 on it, and instructed their lawyers to draw up the papers. A mortgage of the property was assigned to the company. Mr. Nelson received $70,000. He paid Mr. Herring $45,000 and had $25,000 to use in his business, which he needed. Mr. Nelson ought to be immediately made Secretary of the Treasury. He would pay off the National debt in three years.

AN INCIDENT AT A THEATRE.

A most painful incident occurred at one of the principal theatres of the city the other night. A young and very beautiful girl in the ballet corps, who, during the run of a spectacular piece had personated an angel, died suddenly in the theatre in her stage dress. She was arrayed in all the spangles and gauze of a stage-angel, and when struck with death was about to take her place in the scene. The excitement was intense, as may be supposed, behind the scenes. There were two hundred people in piece, and in five minutes the entire company was assembled around the inanimate form of the girl. The women cried and wrung their hands, and the men, "albeit unused to the melting mood," could not restrain their emotions. But the piece had to go on all the same. Another angel's dress was improvised and put upon another girl, the bell rang, up went the curtain, crash went the orchestra, and on went the piece, the audience never dreaming that the smiling faces before them were wet with tears, and that in a dressing-room lay a corpse. The girl died of absolute starvation. Her salary was the regular one of $6 per week, on which she had to support five persons. She was beautiful and could have sold herself for a high price; high enough to have had all the comforts of life and even its luxuries, but she preferred hunger and cold to shame and sin, and so died. She had been sick for weeks, but had not had a physician, for she could not pay fot the services of one.

BEECHER-TILTON.

There has nothing new been developed in the case which calls for special comment. The populace has thus far been horribly disappointed because Beecher has not been put upon the stand. The appetite grows on what it feeds on. After such high seasoned dishes as Tilton, Moulton and Mrs. Moulton, the Ovingtons were flat and insipid. The spicy Beecher was required to keep up the strain. The Chairman of the Lecture Committee at Winsted, Connecticut, swore that the young lady in Tilton's room, who was described by Tilton as "a mere school girl of 17," was a mature girl of 27 or 30, and that the condition of dress in which he found them was not altogether so proper as it might have been, though what that has to do with the question as to Beecher's guilt with Mrs. Tilton, I am unable to see. Possibly the idea is that if it can be established that Tilton strayed into by and forbidden paths, his wife and pastor had a perfect right to do the same.

A prominent member of Beecher's church told me that the trial had affected Beecher's Church seriously—that over one-half of the old standbys had gone out, and that the immense attendance counted for nothing, as it was made up largely by strangers who went from sheer curiosity to see the man. There is some truth in this, but how much I am unable to say. I know personally very many families who have been regular in their attendance at the church for yeas, who have withdrawn under the belief that whether all that is charged is true or not, enough is true to make him an unfit man to keep his place in such a church. And yet the pews sold higher than ever. Probably the new-comers in Brooklyn were those who made the investments. There are seventy-five witnesses yet to be examined, so the trial will probably last a year. The testimony thus far makes a closely printed octavo volume of 600 pages.

BUSINESS

continues dull, generally speaking, though some branches show an improvement. The merchants are, however, hopeful, and the feeling that a good spring trade must be had is general. The weather is terrible.

PIETRO.

A Binghamton man took a twenty dollar sneeze the other day. He blew a new set of false teeth out upon the sidewalk, breaking them to pieces.

SHARP BOYS.

The Harrisburg (Penn.) *Telegraph* says: "The small boy (or a number of him) of Ridge avenue has been in the habit of coasting down Herr street, from the Ridge to Pennsylvania avenue. The residents of Herr street didn't like that—it made the street too icy and slippery, and so they threatened the boys with an imaginary ordinance forbidding coasting: but the boys had 'em by saying they used the middle of the street to do their coasting, and the defied the old 'uns. Then a policeman was stationed to stop them on the crossing; but he was in so much danger of having his legs knocked from under him, and he was compelled to keep so continual a dodging, that he gave it up in disgust. Then a man with a brilliant idea spread coal-ashes in the middle of the street, but the small boys had him where they wanted; they threatened him with prosecution for throwing ashes in the middle of the street, and the man had to sweep the ashes up and carry them away. Then a policeman was stationed at the bottom of the hill to arrest the small boys as they came down, but they eluded him and tormented him so that he used strong language and the boys had him; they promised to report him for using profane language, and he thought it best not to linger about the vicinity. Boy-like, as soon as the excitement of opposition was gone they quit coasting."

SCRIPTURE ON GRASSHOPPERS.

The plague of grasshoppers that overran the far West last fall seems to have been foretold in the book of Joel, in the following words:

A fire devoureth before them, and after them a flame burneth; the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them.

The appearance of them is as horses, and as horsemen shall they run.

Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap; like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble; as a strong people set in battle array

Before their face the people shall be much pained; all faces shall gather blackness. They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war, and they shall march every one on his way, and they shall not break their ranks.

And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the canker worm, and the caterpillar, and the palmer worm, my great army which I sent among you.

COFFEE MADE OF OLD SHIRTS.

We called attention not long since to a recent triumph of science more curious than tempting, viz: The manufacture of nice table-jelly out of old boots. But science stops at nothing, and now matches its last exploit with another. The *Scientific American* says:

Some time ago Dr. Vander Weyde, of this city, (New York,) regaled some friends not merely with boot jelly, but with shirt-coffee, and the repast was pronounced by all partakers excellent. The shirt-coffee was sweetened with cuff and collar sugar, both coffee and sugar being produced in the same way. The linen (of course after washing) was treated with nitric acid, which, acting on the lignite contained in the fiber, produced glucose, or grape sugar. This, roasted, made an excellent imitation of coffee, which an addition of unroasted glucose readily sweetened.

The toad takes off his dotted coat and pantaloons after they get old and dirty, and eats them with a relish. This "old boot and shirt business" looks very much as though the chemists intend that men shall not be outdone in economy even by toads.

A FRENCH REPORT OF THE SCANDAL.

This is the way a Frenchman reported the Brooklyn scandal:

"One Grand Ecclesiastical Scandal—Greal Excitement in New York and Brooklyn, three Clergymen in Moosh Troubell—Mons. Moulting, Tiltong, and Beechare have One Grand Controversee. Mons. Moulting, is ze pastorr of ze Pleemoz Church, of New York, discovered by Columbus, Ohio, in 1492. Mons. Moulting is accused of taking ze impropare liberte wiz ze wife of Theodore Beechare, who is Mrs. Harriot Beechare Stowe, ze mozare of Uncle Tom, ze blind pianist. Mons. Beechare also is accuse of ze impropare libertee wiz Mrs. Tiltong, daughtare of Susane B. Anthony, ze zistare of Mark Anthony, who was make love wiz Cleopatra, Mons. Tiltong have cauze ze separashong of Mons. Beechare and his vife. She resides in ze city of Brooklyn, while he has moved into Elizabeth, New Jersee. Ze congregation of ze Pleemoz Rock shurch will not permit Mons. Moultong to preesh never from zat poolpet. Ze greatest excitement prevell." Our French friend appears to understand this matter as clearly as though he had a statement to make.

The Methodists are the leading denomination in Illinois, having a membership of all sorts of about 99,000. The Baptists are next, with probably 65,000; then come the Disciples, followed by the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, quite a distance behind.